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ONLY 5 CENT MOVIE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

JANUARY

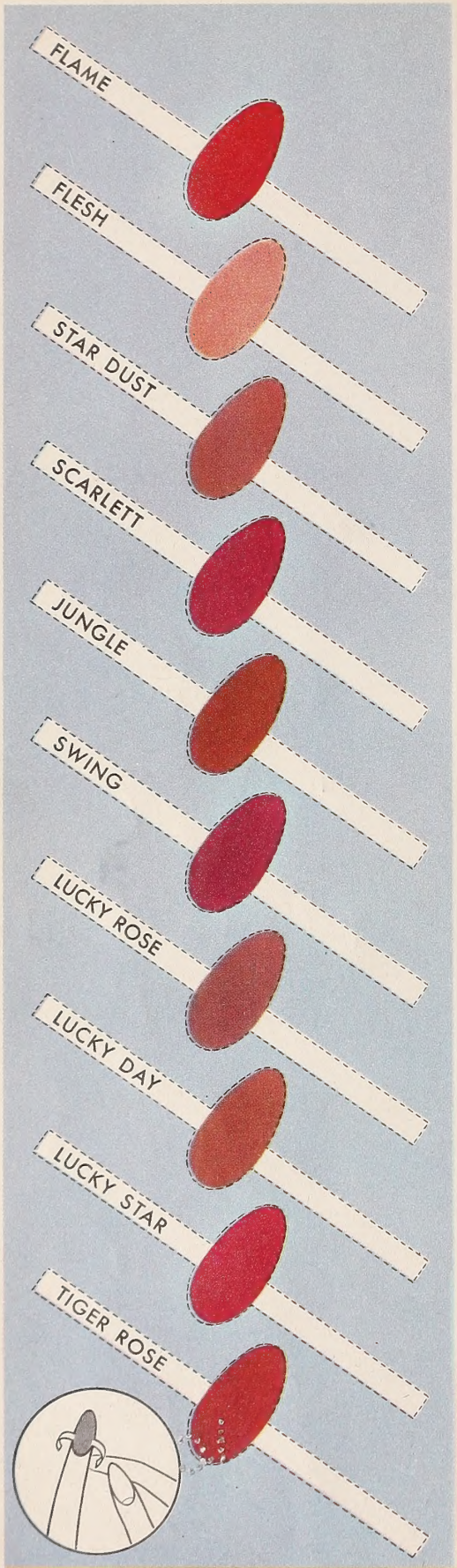
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Joan Bennett with Mugsy and Boojums

OW MUCH DO YOU KNOW? TAKE THE HOLLYWOOD QUIZ



TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

PN1993
.H43

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with *only 1 coat* instead of 2... makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of *enduring loveliness* . . . a polish that goes on in one smooth coat... and *stays perfect* for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling... to keep its lustrous finish days longer... to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents *more* than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an *entirely new way to buy polish* ...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right... but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at left—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish next time you're shopping.

10¢



CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" *and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. *Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.*

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! (*Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?*)



Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. (*He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.*)



Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? (*Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling —to keep your smile attractive.*)



Play Safe with your Smile—

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

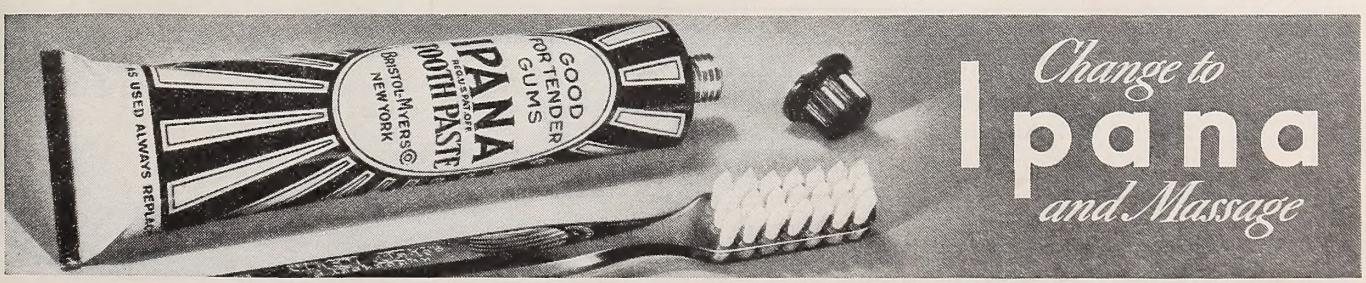
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums —brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new **D. D. Tooth Brush** with the twisted handle.



Change to **Ipana** *and Massage*



with

ALAN MARSHALL • LANA TURNER • GALE SONDERGAARD
ANTHONY ALLAN • HENRY STEPHENSON • GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn Leroy

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

WATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.



It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...



You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.



As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

★ ★ ★

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS", latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

★ ★ ★

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

★ ★ ★

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

—*Leo*

DEC 10 1938
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JANUARY, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 1

Hollywood
Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Larry Simms as Baby Dumpling in *Blondie* starts the New Year with a bang

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

Who says the day of opportunity is past? The story of Joe Pasternak should be an inspiration to anyone determined to carve a career, against long odds, in Hollywood

● "Deanna is growing up as sweetly and naturally as any little girl in the country. Her fans need not be worried that we are going to rush her into a grown-up love story. Later, she will be a great actress and can play anything. But now, to hurry that lovely child into mature parts, that would be an indignation!" said Joe Pasternak.

Pasternak has been the producer at Universal Studios on the Durbin Pictures from the start, so a statement from him should set at rest the anxiety of the thousands of Durbin fans who went into a panic when the rumor got around that Deanna was scheduled for a grown-up part next year.

Pasternak was born in Hungary, and did not come to this country until he was 19 years old. So busy has he been shaping his brilliant career that, linguistically, he has not had time to keep up with himself. He is quite at home in the English language. He expresses himself freely, fluently in a rush of exactly chosen words. But every once in a while something like "that would be an indignation" slips in to give an opinion added weight. He meant to say "That would be an indignity," of course. But how much more effective is his way of putting it! And how exactly it expressed what he had in mind. . . . that an indignity to Deanna would cause indignation on the part of her fans. It is admirable!

Rest assured. There is going to be no "indignation" in Deanna's career. The man who produced her first film, *Three Smart Girls* and went on to *One Hundred Men and a Girl, Mad About Music* and *That Certain Age* is on the job during the filming of the new picture, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. He is watching her interests and yours, too.

● If Universal ever finds itself hard-pressed for stories, it could do worse than making a film from Pasternak's own life story which is one of the most remarkable in the industry.

His father was a bookkeeper. There were eleven little Pasternaks, so sending young Joe to an equivalent of our junior college meant stretching the income by heroic economies. But they did it, and in 1920 young Joe found himself with a diploma. Post war Europe was an alarming place for a boy, determined to make his fortune quickly. Joe decided to join an uncle in Philadelphia and try his luck in a newer world. But post-war America had its problems too! The junior college graduate counted himself lucky to get a job punching holes in leather belts for the magnificent sum of $11 a week to start.



Joe Pasternak, producer of the Deanna Durbin pictures

It was a matter of months only before Joe, who always had gotten high marks in math, put two and two together and took a long look at the answer. Even though $11 a week seemed to melt away like magic, Joe had saved enough for the fare to New York. But he hadn't much to spare. Any job, any job at all was what he needed, and he gladly took the first one offered, which was picking feathers from chickens at a nickel a chicken. But he wasted no time in getting another job, and it was a matter of months only until he was pushing trays around Silver's Cafeteria, all dressed up in a bus-boy's white apron. For that he got $12 a week.

The rungs of the ladder of success seemed to be placed very close together, but Joe didn't miss a step. Within a year, he was getting $15 a week as bus-boy in the commissary of Paramount's Long Island Studios. Then he graduated to waiter. Tips were generous and it was very seldom that he made less than $100 a week.

But, strangely enough that sum began to look smaller than had the $11 he got from the belt factory. Day after day, he waited on men who talked of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Joe began to feel poorer and poorer, though his savings account was growing steadily.

That is why, when he was offered a job at $15 a week, he did not have to think twice. He grabbed it! For the job, which carried a salary hardly bigger than that he had earned as bus-boy also carried the title of assistant to Allan Dwan, at that time directing Gloria Swanson. Joe looked ahead down the years, realized that Hollywood was the land of true promise for him. His savings melted away, but Joe could not have made a better investment and the tips he had received as a waiter laid the foundation for one of the important careers in the movies.

After the Long Island Studios closed, there were some lean months in Hollywood, but another fortunate break came when Joe, then first assistant director at Universal, was sent to make a one month's survey of that company's production in Europe. He stayed for eight years! During that time he produced many profitable films, and, when Universal changed hands in 1936, returned to Hollywood, bringing his best director, Henry Koster, with him.

He had been a success in European production. But how would he do in Hollywood? The new owners of Universal wanted proof. A smallish budget, an inexpensive story, and an unknown little girl were handed to him. "Show us," said the new owners, in effect. Joe showed them *Three Smart Girls*. And, to everybody's pleasure, he has been showing them ever since.

● And that reminds us that for the last month we have been getting a steadily increasing number of inquiries about the possibility of re-releasing that film. Ever since announcement that Deanna was to make *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, readers have been asking for a chance to refresh their memories on the earlier story about the same characters. Although the first film was sensationally successful, there is an enormous audience which missed *Three Smart Girls*, and, after seeing the later Durbin films, it feels cheated. If you are one of those who would like to see the film again, write me a note in care of this magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C. If enough of you feel that 1939 will not be a success without a chance at the older film as well as Deanna's new one, I will write a little note beginning, "Dear Mr. Pasternak: Many of my readers feel that this is an indignation. Can you do something about it?"

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HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They fought, that dark fighting wings might never again roar terror through the night . . . They fought at dawn, these eagles, for women they had never seen and for the love they were never to know.





Brilliantly lighted by the blaze of heroic flying exploits, are the adventures of this gallant leader of the immortal Dawn Patrol.

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

in

"The DAWN PATROL"

With a Dashing Squadron of Famed Players Including

BASIL RATHBONE

DAVID NIVEN

DONALD CRISP



Melville Cooper • Barry Fitzgerald • Carl Esmond

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and Dan Totheroh • From an Original Story by John Monks Saunders • A First National Picture

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Funniest sight of the month—Watching Clark Gable and Andy Devine playing cowboy at Andy's San Fernando ranch. Any day, now, when these two screen worthies aren't working before the cameras you can see them astride a pair of giddyapps, running here, there, and about everywhere, across the broad acres of the Devine rancho vainly trying to rope a bunch of fleet-footed white-face calves. The last private rodeo ended in a startling manner when Clark tossed his lariat around Andy's shoulder's by mistake and jerked the rotund owner of Rancho Pauncho to the ground. At least Clark says it was a mistake. He hasn't convinced Andy, however, who is now nursing a half-dozen *acres* of a different sort.

■ George Murphy, the dancing, comedy star, is going around these days telling the following First Grade school story on one of his movie star friends who has a youngster in school. George was a dinner guest one evening and after everyone had been seated his host asked his offspring what had happened in class that day.

"Well, Daddy," said the youngster, "in Natural History this morning when teacher asked us if we could tell the names of the papa and mama sheep and their little ones I raised my hand and told her."

"That's fine," beamed the proud parent. "And what are they? Mr. Murphy would like to know, I'm sure."

"All right," the youngster said. "It's Ram the Daddy, Dam the Mammy, and Lamb the Kid!"

■ Tom Brown rightly lays claim to being the most educated actor in Hollywood. During his screen career he has appeared as a student of Annapolis, Culver, Harvard, Northwestern, Princeton, and Columbia. Right now he's continuing his education as a cadet in the *Duke of West Point.*

■ Doug (I-Want-To-Be-a-Second-Lindbergh) Corrigan certainly acted the petulant child when he arrived in Los Angeles what with his sarcastic remarks about the parade held in his honor, his treatment of the press, and his statements made during the banquets given in his honor by the various civic bodies. RKO, if it expects to get back the $100,000 alleged to have been paid to him for a picture, had better clamp down on the birdman's talkie-talk. If they don't they'll find out again that he's going to go the wrong way. A few more inadvertant remarks and the newspaper boys are going to take off a lot of that hero gloss. Here's hoping, for the sake of RKO and Wrong-Way Corrigan that the flyer sees the light.

■ Chester Morris, on a personal appearance tour in the East, challenged an old stage superstition that for a time had him worried. In Philadelphia, where the taxicab drivers were on strike, Morris was forced to sleep at the theatre during his week's appearance there. Sleeping in a dressing room is the height of bad luck where theatre tradition is concerned, but it was no jinx on Chet who broke summer appearance records.

■ Jack Benny has been going around biting his fingernails and moaning low for the past two weeks. Seems he bought himself a bangtail, slapped the name "Buck Benny" upon it, next a saddle, next a jockey, and the first time out on the Rockingham track near Boston, "Buck Benny" hoofed it out in front from the barrier and stayed there to the finish wire to pay off with the tidy little long price of $48 for a two-dollar ticket! And Jack Benny didn't have a thin dime on his four-footed protege!

■ Moral for irate hubbys looking for their wives. Don't go chasing up and down boulevards at 55 miles per hour in a gas buggy. And don't drive on the wrong side of the street and don't try to clip the fenders off any police cars that happened to be prowling along on the same street. Stan Laurel thought he could do all these things and in less time than he could yell, "Illiana, where are you?" the coppers grabbed him and kerplunk he landed in the pokey, being arrested on suspicion of drunken driving and intoxication. According to Stan he and his bride had had a little family quarrel, Illiana had left the house, and Stan had been looking for her.

■ Spencer Tracy tells this one on himself. After a strenuous morning of polo practice that left him stiff and sore from head to toe, he went to a Turkish Bath for a massage. After the attendant had finished with him, so Spencer says, he received four resounding smacks on the bare back.

"What th' heck did you do that for?" Spencer bellowed.

"No offense, Mr. Tracy," the attendant explained. "That was only to let the office know I am ready for the next customer. You see, the bell's out of order in this room!"

■ Sonja Henie was watched pretty closely the other night at a "Troc" party during the opening of the ice show and the impression seemed to be that the beautiful skating star is just a trifle too jealous of other skaters for her own good. Bess Ehrhardt, the Minnesota girl who made such a tremendous hit last winter during the Ice Follies show, and who is to appear in M-G-M's ice skating screen spectacle sat right next to Sonja for more than an hour and never got a glance from the Norwegian star. And don't think for a minute that Sonja didn't know Bess was there!

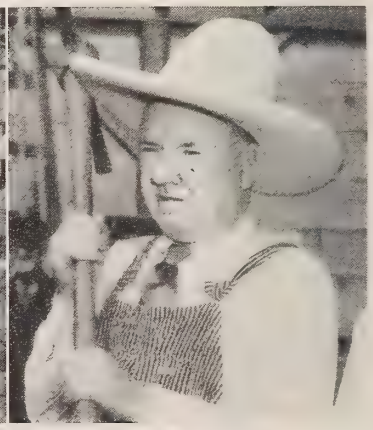
[*Continued on page* 10]



In spite of that look of faint irritation, Jack Benny proves that he is willing to work hard for his entertainment and his friends



"Come and get it!" Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Clare James and W. C. Fields knock off for refreshments, served by Earl Carroll to encourage them in even greater labors on his new show house, now going up in Hollywood



"I could dig a foundation with my own bare hands," explained Fields, "but a man feels better with a weapon in his lunch-hooks"

THE COOPER BRAND OF ROMANCE... Western Style!



I'm only a cowboy and don't know much about women...but I figure they're like horses—you gotta break them gradual-like.



First . . . get out under the moon and talk about anything but love so she don't get skittish. Maybe teach her to roll her own . . .

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

GARY
COOPER
MERLE
OBERON

in

THE
Cowboy
AND
the Lady

with

PATSY KELLY · WALTER BRENNAN
FUZZY KNIGHT · MABEL TODD
HENRY KOLKER
Directed by H. C. POTTER



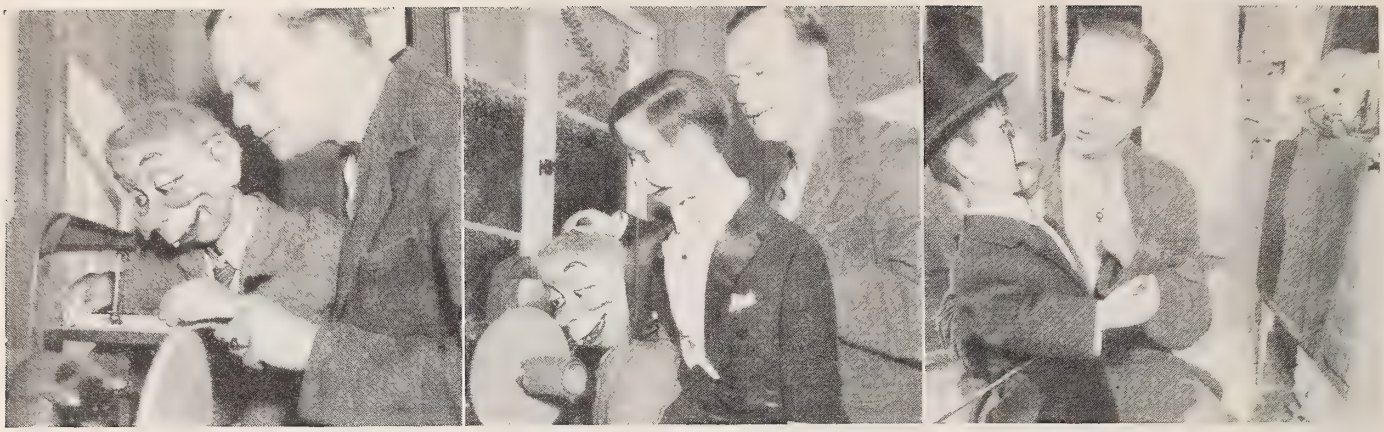
Then the moon magic gets to work and you can't keep your mind on a thing . . . you don't know what you're saying—and all of a sudden . . .



...there you are. The moon's forgotten—the world's forgotten...and you're in a special kind of Paradise.

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Jealousy flamed to fever heat recently when Edgar Bergen allowed Mortimore Snurd to help him in the machine shop. Impulsively the McCarthy tried to mow Mortimore down on the grindstone, but, thwarted in that attempt, he tossed Mortimore into the incinerator . . .

We were out on a Universal set the other day and watched Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom receive his first movie kiss —and was the famous leatherpusher pleased! Marion Martin, Broadway's most beautiful show girl, was the donor and she gave Maxie another just for good measure. "Why," moaned Maxie, "didn't I have enough sense to take up acting sooner? Look at my cauliflower ear! Got it fighting. But say, brother, did you ever hear of a guy getting cauliflower ears from kissing? I'm sticking to acting after this."

Cary Grant is off to England after completing his role in RKO's *Gunga Din* and upon his return, which will be immediately after he settles his affairs there, he will take out his first citizenship papers. He says he makes his money in America, that this country has given him his career and that therefore it's no more than fair and honest that he live here as an American. All of which is pleasant to hear.

Dan Cupid took himself a vacation during the month of September, his score for the month showing the following:

Marriages—Genevieve Tobin and William Keighley; Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan; Constance Deighton-Simpson and Jack La Rue; and Benita Hume and Ronald Colman.

Divorces—Mrs. Glen Morris from Glen Morris; Richard Tucker from 23-year-old Erma Deen; Fannie Brice starts proceedings against Billy Rose; and Mrs. Ernest Truex ditto against Ernest Truex.

According to Wally Vernon, the screen comic, it's no laughing matter, this being a proud papa. He's already the father of twin boys, and, since the stork has been reported as flying toward the Vernon home as this is being written, Wally has taken out a policy with Lloyd's to protect himself against a recurrence of another "twin" bill. If it is twins again, Wally will get $10,000, which ought to pay doctor and hospital expenses and leave enough left over for a savings account for the new arrivals.

Not content with the honor of being the crack athlete of the Hollywood motion picture colony, restless George Murphy, the dancing star out at M-G-M, has gone in for glider building. Gus Briegleb, coast gliding champion, is assisting George in the construction of the craft which will be a two-seater, with a twenty-foot wing spread. The test flight takes place next month at Palos Verdes—and you can bet your last nickel that M-G-M will have a couple of studio cops there to see that George doesn't make it.

Talk to the man—or woman—on Hollywood Boulevard and he—or she —will tell you that 20th Century-Fox acted more than a little bit hastily in giving pretty June Lang the grand bounce. June, you may recall, was sent over to England to make a 20th Century-Fox picture and two days after she arrived officials came into her apartment to measure her for a gas mask, the war scare being at its height. Right then and there June decided that England was no place for her and walked out on the picture.



All's well that ends well, and Charlie and Mortimore are friends again . . . until next time

20th Century-Fox retaliated by taking her off its contract list. But pretty June isn't worrying. She'll be working for Paramount by the time you read this.

Dick Powell says he has just about decided to give up deep sea fishing. He estimates that it has cost him in the neighborhood of $1,800.00 to catch a swordfish and he hasn't had a bite yet. Went out last week in his fishing boat, *Eroica*, and lost $250 in equipment on the first cast.

FLASH—Tyrone Power and Wendy Barrie have reached the hand-holding stage. The couple haven't been seen together in public as yet because both want to keep the romance a secret. Ty plans on flying to South America after he completes his role in *Jesse James*—and what a nice honeymoon trip that would be!

Funniest sequence we've seen in a long time is the "sister-act" dance staged by Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher in *Up the River*. Imagine more-than-six-foot Treacher doing a dance routine! But he does and does it well. "Why not," he says, "I was once a chorus boy on the London stage."

You'll see Shirley Temple riding side-saddle in her latest picture, *Little Princess*. During the shooting of these riding sequences Shirley turned to Richard Greene who plays with her and said: "Did girls have longer legs when they used to ride side-saddle? And I wonder if it's as uncomfortable for the horse as it has been for me?"

They can tell the Brewster Twins apart now. The one with the engagement ring is Gloria who is about to marry Claude Stroud.

Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood's male fashion-plate, sports as many as twenty-eight changes of clothes in *Thanks for Everything* out at 20th Century-Fox. Every morning a prop boy delivers a whole box of gardenias to him on the set from which he selects one that he thinks will match his outfit. Usually a star has to pay

for his own wardrobe, but Adolphe protested about paying for twenty-eight suits and the studio agreed to pay half the expense. And talking about expenses for clothes, Adolphe discovered that moths were making a twenty-four hour restaurant of his clothes closet at home and it cost him $500 to have it made moth-proof.

■ Jack Haley, who sinks his movie-earned folding money in real estate properties, recently built an office building in Beverly Hills and not to be outdone by the swanky studio premieres, held one of his own when he opened the building for tenants. Searchlights, spotlights, music, cameras were only part of the premiere equipment that greeted guests at the office-warming party.

■ Sonja Henie opened an ice carnival of her own on November 2 with 60 skaters in the cast. Troupe goes on tour for two months returning to Hollywood around January 1 in time to start Sonja's next picture. When Sonja returned from her vacation in Sweden she brought back with her fourteen different outfits—all handmade in her native city of Oslo and her feminine friends have been begging her to give a one-girl style show.

■ Phyllis Brooks recently bought herself a home—just the kind of a home she's been looking for for months. After she and her family moved in she decided to let Bill Haines design a batch of oversized furniture. She wanted a six-foot by eight-foot bed, a five-foot, by eight-foot chaise longue among other pieces and Bill designed 'em, but when they arrived they were too large to get into the house. They were inside, however, when Phyllis returned from the studio that evening and she plopped herself down on the chaise longue only to have the thing practically fall apart. Seems Bill had had to saw off the legs to get it in and had put it together again temporarily just to show Phyllis how it would look.

■ That juvenile "swing" band, consisting of Jackie Cooper at the drums, Leonard Sues behind the trumpet, and Buddy Peffer at the piano (you heard 'em



"There's an art to trimming a tree," claimed Glenda Farrell, and invited the skeptical cameraman, Charles Rhodes, up to demonstrate

in *That Certain Age*) certainly are staging some lively swing sessions in the basement of Jackie's Beverly Hills home. Deanna Durbin and a score of other youngsters attend when they're not working in front of the cameras and they're having the time of their young lives.

■ Second funniest sight of the month—watching Maxie Slapsie Rosenbloom trying to learn the rhumba! That guy may be a "nifty" with his dukes, but you can't say that for his feet.

■ That Dead End bunch of boys still manage to be mighty lively—and upon the slightest provocation. And as example. Humphrey Bogart happened to be walking through the set of *Swingtime in the Movies*, a Technicolor short with the Dead-Enders in the cast. In this particular sequence the boys were eating soup—and clowning a little as they gulped—and Humphrey gave one of them a shove. In less time that it takes for a yes-man to nod, the boys were hard at it. They doused one another with soup, smacked away on the nearest noggin with loaves of bread, threw water—and threw the director into a conniption fit. When the battle was over all of them, including others in the cast, the prop boys, technicians and director, had to go to the cleaners.

■ Bette Davis' objections to being squeezed—by corsets—have at last had a response. In the last four pictures she's made she's been wrapped tightly in iron-like contraptions, but now she's out of them and into modern clothes for her next film, *Dark Victory*. "Thank goodness!" she exclaims.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE MOVIE LOTS

Bill Powell, Clark Gable, and a score of other close friends of Ronnie Colman are hotter than so many firecrackers because Ronnie failed to tip them off on the date of his marriage to Benita Hume . . . Dick Arlen may do a Hecht-MacArthur play on Broadway this winter . . . Dog thieves are on the loose again in Beverly Hills and other districts where the stars live . . . RKO drops fourteen players among whom are listed Milton Berle, Jack Oakie, Parkyakarkus, Joe Penner, Ann Miller, Frank Thomas, Miriam Hopkins and Mitzi Green.

Ann Sheridan wins her interlocutory decree on grounds that Hubby Edward Norris made her nervous. A lot of other wives, in and out of moom pictures, will be trying to "tell it to the judge" from now on offering same excuse . . . Looks like Ann started something . . . Constance Worth, George Brent's ex-wife, returns to the land of Down Under . . . Anita Louise and Richard Greene are talking it over these days with Dan Cupid . . . As soon as Sigrid Gurie's divorce is final she'll start altar-ations with Dr. Lawrence Spangard.

Barbara Stanwyck gets the lead femme role in *Union Pacific*, DeMille's forthcoming epic . . . Remember Mary Korman, the long-time ago sweetheart of Our Gang Comedies? Well, she's divorced, now, from Leo Tover, and is seen around the nightspots with Johnny Downs . . . Johnny was also in the Our Gang Comedies when pretty Mary was starring in same . . . Warner Baxter due for series of Sherlock Holmes mysteries at Fox.



"Trouble? Of course not, it's FUN," explained Miss Farrell with a deep sigh after the first hour



"Ouch! Be sure not to let the Christmas tree bite you," warned Miss Farrell after the second hour



"Well, I hope I have given you a general idea how to save time. Merry Christmas!"

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

THAT CERTAIN AGE (Universal)

Fortunate circumstance has brought together Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper, Melvyn Douglas and a writer named Bruce Manning for one of the truly appealing comedies of the season.

Deanna plays, with expected zest and surety, a little girl who has reached that certain age where the longing to be considered a woman of the world is a growing ambition. When a dashing foreign correspondent (Melvyn Douglas) arrives as her father's reluctant house guest, she finds herself suddenly superior to the adoration of her eager slave (Jackie Cooper). The childish enthusiasms of the younger set leave her cold, and she is found frequently by her slightly bewildered parents sitting quietly with a good book carefully opened at an impressive chapter.

Touched, charmed and scared out of his wits is the foreign correspondent when he discovers that he has become a dream man to the daughter of his boss, and entirely delightful is the solution found for the trying situation. There are a number of songs, of course. Better see this one.

MEN WITH WINGS (Paramount)

A few visionary men, looked upon as harmless fanatics by their neighbors, were beginning to dream of airplanes able to rise 100 feet from the ground when Pat, Scott and Peggy were children. Peggy's father (Walter Abel) was so inspired by the achievement of the Wright Brothers (their plane rose to the unbelievable height of 40 feet) that he quit his job as a newspaper reporter and devoted all of his time to the building of a plane. It was a strangely shaped affair with cumbersome scalloped wings, and he died in agony in its trial flight.

His faith in the future of heavier than air ships possessed the lives of the three children, according to their highly different temperaments. Pat (Fred MacMurray) flew the crazy crates which were more dangerous to aviators than the enemy guns in the World War. Scott (Ray Milland) was grounded by his own technical knowledge which was more valuable in a factory than in a cockpit. And Peggy (Louise Campbell) loved Pat understandingly, hopelessly and helplessly.

This short history of flying is fascinating in itself, and equally absorbing because of the carefully drawn characters. Excellent Technicolor adds greatly to the effectiveness of the action which is breath-taking more than once. This is one of the decidedly better pictures.

THE CITADEL (M-G-M)

Uncouth and inexperienced was the young doctor when he journeyed into the poverty-stricken mining district of Wales to take his first position. But he had faith in himself, and in the belief that a doctor is dedicated to the service of humanity.

Because he fought, passionately against ignorance and greed, he found himself, defeated, disliked, outcast. After years of thankless struggle, it is understandable that he could fall in cynically with a group of predatory, conscienceless society medicos, and gain in social ease what he lost in idealism. At least, it is understandable when Robert Donat plays the character, for the young British star does a colorful convincing characterization of the hero of the best selling novel.

Fine as the understanding wife is Rosalind Russell and out-standing is Ralph Richardson as the loyal friend of the early days, the scathing critic of the years of compromise.



Rosalind Russell has an appealing role in *The Citadel*, absorbing tale of a doctor's career

The picture was made in England, and for that reason locations and types in the earlier parts of the film have authenticity and great interest.

SUEZ (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Besides providing a rousing evening of entertainment, *Suez* will send you out of the theatre speculating on the engaging thought-habits of the movie masters.

Just why producers have an irrisistible impulse to put foreign actresses into pants and encourage them to talk baby talk, is something this department does not attempt to explain, preferring to take refuge in mild and uncritical wonderment at the phenomenon. We feel the same way . . . interested but not surprised . . . that young Tyrone Power, graceful, intense and capable as always, ages not a day during the years and years it took Ferdinand de Lesseps to build the Suez Canal.

These disloyal thoughts will not perturb you while the picture is showing, however, for the tale is absorbing and the production is fine, and the cast is above criticism.

How the young diplomat (Tyrone Power) fought his way through the intricacies of European politics as well as the traitorous desert sands is one of the great dramas of history. Loretta Young as the lovely Eugenie who was to become Empress of France, J. Edward Bromberg as the dull-witted over-stuffed heir to the Egyptian throne, Annabella as a gamine of the Foreign Legion provide fine contrasts for the tale of love and intrigue.

The sand storm which all but engulfs the half-finished canal is one of the great production feats and will leave you with a keener wonderment at the technical accomplishments of men . . . both in treacherous sands of the desert and behind the cameras.

THE SISTERS (Warners)

Myron Brinig's greatest appeal as a writer is, to many people, his ability to recapture the minute material aspects of a by-gone day. The film, made from his book of the same name has the same appeal. Those who can remember the first decade of this century will enjoy the sight of Bette Davis in her boned collar. They will chuckle reminiscently as the dance to celebrate the election of Theodore Roosevelt gallops to its elegant close. The rousing outing which Jane Bryan and Dick Foran take in the horseless carriage (you'll find a story about it on page 37) is worthy of a sentimental sigh. The reproduction of the San Francisco earthquake is vividly terrifying. Telling performances are contributed by Beulah Bondi, Henry Travers, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Anita Louise and Lee Patrick. But, somehow, the film does not have the same undeniable appeal that made a somewhat similar offering, *Four Daughters*, an outstanding attraction. *The Sisters* is an interesting story, and Bette Davis' performance of the woman who loved unquestioningly and unwaveringly is powerful, but the film as a whole just misses being one of the absorbing screen tales.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (M-G-M)

Life on the news fronts was never like this, but it does not matter because audiences do not have a moment in which to make comparisons, once this film is under way.

It races from one fantastic episode to another, with never a lagging moment as it whizzes through the exploits of two rival news-cameramen (Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon) in love with the same girl (Myrna Loy).

Action starts in China with bombings,

air-raids and a rescue of the girl from a blazing plane. It moves to New York where the three cover the burning of an ammunition freighter in stride before they take off for South America and the unexplored land of the head-hunters. Between trips, there is a more than generous amount of double-crossing, resourceful trickery, theft, misrepresentation and spontaneous skull-duggery, and it all builds up to one of the fastest films of the month.

IF I WERE KING (Paramount)

The 1938 version of the story of Francois Villon bristles so with an admirable social consciousness that the romantic and unregenerate poet has less time than usual to be a great lover, so busy is he championing the down-trodden.

Mild, patient, reasonable and a little sad rather than dashingly romantic is Ronald Colman as Villon. And quite understandable that is, too, because the script keeps the poet busy every minute with saving Paris, improving working conditions and trying to win Katharine De Vaucelles (Frances Dee). Anyone would be exhausted with so much change of mood.

Shining brilliantly among many fine performances is that of Basil Rathbone as the subtle, cynical, impatient and impulsive old Louis XI. This performance, complete with spasmodic grimace and evil crackle, guides the imagination back through the centuries far more effectively than do the excellent settings or the handsome costumes. Unless we are very far wrong in a guess, Rathbone will be one of the academy award winners for 1938 because of it.

FIVE OF A KIND (Twentieth Century-Fox)

The new film, starring the five little sisters, is just what you have grown to expect of a film with the Dionne Quintuplets. There is a story . . . a rather routine story . . . interrupted in the middle for a good long period in which the little girls tumble around in front of the camera, screaming gaily in French baby-talk. And very interesting it is, too, because the children have grown to the point where they can wander through a dance, sing a song and speak understandable words.

The story deals with a girl reporter (Claire Trevor) her comic assistant (Inez Courtney) and their battle for exclusive news breaks with a rival reporter (Cesar Romero). Jean Hersholt appears once again as the country doctor, Slim Summerville and John Qualen remain in their well established parts as the back-woods law and the father, and Henry Wilcoxon appears as doctor.

STABLEMATES (M-G-M)

Remember the great waves of emotion which swept over theatres some years ago when Wallace Beery, playing human derelicts with hearts of gold and Jackie Cooper were starred together? Of course you do, and with great pleasure, too. That is why you should see *Stablemates*. The same formula is followed respectfully, with Mickey Rooney playing the younger member of the heart-throb team.

Mickey is a tough waif who picks up a living around race-track stables. He becomes a man of heavy responsibility when a horse, about to be destroyed, is turned over to him. His cares grow heavier when Beery, as a bumbling, bibulous discredited veterinarian cures the horse but falls under the alert eyes of the law.

The appeal of this picture does not lie in restraint or subtlety, but there are fast races and fine support, and it all ends happily, as if you hadn't guessed!

YOUTH TAKES A FLING (Universal)

The boy (Joel McCrea) grew up on a farm. His possessing ambition was to go to sea. The girl (Andrea Leeds) grew up in the big city. More than anything else in the world she wanted to find her dream man and settle down to quiet domesticity in a two-room apartment. They meet in a big department store where both are marking time on small jobs. From the moment the girl sees the boy you know that he might as well forget the sea. He doesn't realize it, however, and she has to spend the rest of the picture in such elementary bandishments as cooking at home and being a good listener.

To one who long has wanted a little boat, it all seemed very depressing.

"For Lovely Skin – *Camay is the Beauty Soap for me!*"



ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND

If it's romance you're after, begin with a Camay complexion! So many complexions have hidden beauty that can be brought to light by gentle Camay cleansing.

(*Signed*) AMY CAVANAGH
November 3, 1938 (*Mrs. John B. Cavanagh*)

NO OTHER charm a girl can have counts more than soft, smooth skin! So many brides—so many girls everywhere who win romance—tell you, "Camay is the soap we use to help us keep skin lovely!"

They've *tried* other beauty cares, of course. But they've found no other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather as Camay. They like Camay's thorough, gentle cleansing, too!

And because Camay's thorough cleansing leaves skin feeling so *refreshed*, smart girls use it daily—for their complexions, *and* for a luxurious bath of beauty. It's a wonderful help to all-over loveliness and the exquisite daintiness every girl *must* have! Get three cakes today. Camay costs so little—Camay helps so much toward fresher, more appealing skin!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Silence Is a Blight

The copy books say "Silence is Golden", and it may be for some people but Glenda Farrell has different ideas for good reasons

By JANE OLIVER

Whoever it was who cooked up that little idea that silence is golden, well, Glenda Farrell would like to meet them in a nice dark alley some night soon. With no holds barred.

It doesn't take much to get Glenda in an uproar. It never does with the Irish, and Glenda is as Irish as Bridget O'Toole's shillalah. By the same token, she usually cools off as fast as she blows up, which undoubtedly is one of the reasons her devoted friends forgive her occasional pyrotechnical displays. (And boy, they're something!) But this time it's different; she's got a first class hang-over on her peeve about silence being golden. Nor can man, beast, or our little feathered friends talk her out of it.

"*Silence is a blight,*" she says "*and I ought to know!*" Thereby hangs this tale.

To get the true perspective on the story, you must divorce the real life Glenda from the screen version. In the latter she always is the original fast talking babe who never is at a loss for the correct snappy come-back and hence gets away with murder. She talks herself out of predicaments with dopey husbands and irate wives, chisel-hearted gangsters and duty-bound minions of law and order. Words are her weapons and she's never lost a decision. But in real life. . . .

"I'm always behind the eight ball!" she wailed. "And do you know why? Not because I talk too much but because I never can find anything to say. Take the other day for example."

She was driving down a boulevard with the speedometer needle playing tag between the 60 and 65 m.p.h. marks. She wasn't going anywhere in particular and certainly wasn't in any hurry, just ambling along in the California sunshine. Suddenly a motorcycle cop appeared along side and motioned her to the curb. Ticket book and pencil in hand, he marched over to the car.

"Where's the fire, lady?" he asked with that devastating sarcasm which must be Rule No. 3 in *How To Be a Motorcycle Cop.*

"In your eyes, darlin'," [*Continued on page* 50]

Glenda Farrell, soon to be seen in *Torchy Blane in Panama* and in *Exposed*, is shown teaching the police dog, Cyclone, a few new words so that he won't suffer as she has from the blight of silence





1 Out of bed like a flash!





2 So a shoe-string has to break . . .

Turning the New Leaf

Above is William Frawley, smiling in the happy sleep of the man who means to keep his New Year's resolution . . . . to be on time at the studio every morning (You'll see him next in *St. Louis Blues*) Below he learns that you can't win



3 And there is awful news on the sports page

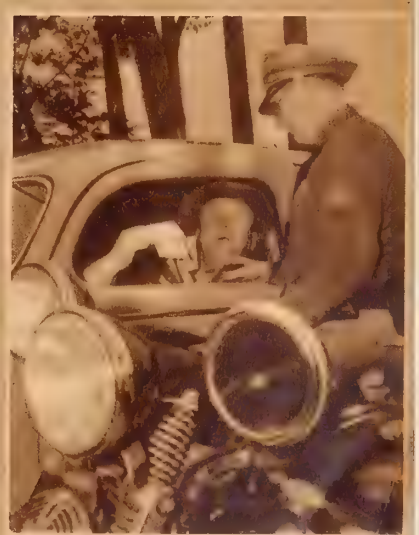


4 And the Welcome mat is slippery with dew



5 More time on a flat tire





6 "But, officer, I'm your friend!"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR *Highlights of 1938?*

Here is our annual News Test. One answer in the four statements after each question is correct. Do you know which one is the right one?



By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ During the year 1938 musicals continued in the ascendancy, color advanced in popularity, million dollar spectacles appeared on every side. Supplanting in favor every other type of production were the homespun dramas and comedy-dramas. Pictures like *Four Daughters* and *The Judge Hardy Family* and *The Jones Family* series giving rise to a demand for more films of this class.

Juveniles of all ages made their bid for attention, in increasing numbers, and Europe dispatched some of its loveliest and most talented daughters to score immediate hits upon their American screen debuts. The Screen Actors Guild rose in importance. Olden pictures like *The Sheik* and *Son of the Sheik* were reissued. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* was conceded the outstanding novelty film of the season. Divorces scored over marriages, unlike last year, and romantic combinations were shuffled in endless array.

How much of interest transpired may be gleaned only through a study of individual events . . . and that's what HOLLYWOOD has prepared for you in the following questionnaire. In each of the half-hundred questions, you'll find some incident, personality or production that highlighted the year 1938.

Although FOUR answers are appended to each question, only ONE is correct. You must, then, select the wheat from the chaff, so to speak . . . for the object of this test is to determine your knowledge of what has happened in Hollywood during the past year.

The perfect score is 100, grading yourself two points for each correct answer. If you can average 90 points or better, you are practically an authority on news in the movie world; if your score is above 80 you may pat yourself on the back as a well-informed person; a score of 70 isn't good but it isn't bad either. If your score is below 70, you better brush up on current events in Hollywood.

Okay . . . here we go . . .

CHECK THE *ONE* CORRECT STATEMENT

1. The name that has attracted the most attention in Hollywood during the past year is:
   (1) David Windsor; (2) Mayor La Guardia; (3) Charlie McCarthy; (4) Weber and Fields.
2. When Shirley Temple left Hollywood for the East, it was hoped:
   (1) She would break attendance records in every city she visited; (2) she might make a New York stage appearance in a play written specially for her by Sir James Barrie; (3) she would participate in the New York-Bermuda yacht race; (4) she might enjoy a vacation like any other little girl, without the fanfare of publicity.
3. Norma Shearer stepped out of the role of Scarlett O'Hara because:
   (1) She felt she was too old for the part; (2) she didn't believe her fans wanted to see her in the character; (3) Bette Davis personally requested this courtesy, so she herself might play Scarlett; (4) she didn't want to appear again with Clark Gable, scheduled to enact Rhett Butler.
4. During her personal appearance tour, Jane Withers:
   (1) Interviewed President Roosevelt for the nation's largest news syndicate; (2) was ordered by her studio to discontinue immediately her impersonation of Shirley Temple; (3) was rushed to the hospital in Boston; (4) called on Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean to see the famous Hope Diamond.
5. All the following were married in 1938, but can you tell which combination is correct:
   (1) Jon Hall and Claire Trevor; (2) Stan Laurel and Sylvia Sidney; (3) J. Walter Ruben and Frances Langford; (4) Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot.
6. It's a (1) baby girl; (2) trial separation; (3) cruise to the South Seas in their own yacht; (4) new forty-acre estate, for Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahagan.
7. *Boys Town* was notable for:
   (1) Mickey Rooney's singing; (2) Spencer Tracy's great portrayal of Father Flanagan; (3) its slapstick

comedy; (4) the tear-jerking acting of Lionel Barrymore.

8. Jackie Coogan (1) was divorced by Betty Grable; (2) will play the leading masculine role in Cecil B. de Mille's *Union Pacific*; (3) filed suit against his mother for an accounting of his childhood earnings; (4) gathered a print of every picture he ever made, beginning with *The Kid*, and presented the collection to his mother in memory of his father.

9. When Simone Simon sailed for France, she declared:
(1) She planned to marry abroad; (2) she might never return to Hollywood; (3) she expected to make her operatic debut in London during the coming season; (4) all American men are bores.

10. Because she scored so heavily in ———, ——— is the new Glamour-Queen of the year:
(1) Fay Bainter in *White Banners*; (2) Margaret Lindsay in *Garden of the Moon*; (3) Hedy Lamarr in *Algiers*; (4) Virginia Bruce in *Yellow Jack*.

11. Constance Bennett figured in the nation's headlines for her:
(1) Slander suit against Jimmie Fidler, radio commentator, for $250,000; (2) divorce from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray; (3) winning the Academy award; (4) retirement from pictures.

12. Hollywood gasped with amazement when:
(1) Marguerite Clark announced her return to the screen; (2) Wallace Beery piloted his own plane to Honolulu; (3) Janet Gaynor revealed she secretly was wed to her chauffeur; (4) Venita Varden divorced Jack Oakie.

13. For her wondrous rise to fame, Sonja Henie was:
(1) Given a block of stock by her grateful studio; (2) made a Norwegian Knight at her country's legation in Washington, the youngest person to receive this order; (3) awarded the Order of St. Helga by Norway's King himself, upon her visit to his Majesty; (4) elevated to the position of Hollywood's Foreign Citizen No. 1 by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

14. Hollywood wasn't overly-surprised when (1) George Brent; (2) Franchot Tone; (3) Charles Farrell; (4) Robert Montgomery announced he was quitting pictures for the New York stage.

15. March 2nd will be long remembered in Hollywood because:
(1) It marked the date of the greatest strike in the history of motion pictures; (2) the sisters of King Zog of Albania made their motion picture debuts; (3) Hollywood was deluged with a fearful flood; (4) Earl Carroll moved to Hollywood.

16. (1) Jack Benny; (2) George Burns; (3) Don Ameche; (4) Eddie Cantor journeyed to England to raise funds for removing Jewish children from Nazi countries.

17. Gene Autry, top-ranking western star, threatened to walk out of his contract with Republic if:
(1) He couldn't direct his own pictures; (2) the studio refused to allow him to choose his leading lady; (3) visitors weren't banned from the set while he was working; (4) his demand for more money wasn't acted upon favorably.

18. Notable among the year's events was:
(1) Katherine Cornell consenting to appear in a picture; (2) Nelson Eddy announcing his engagement; (3) the Ritz Brothers appearance in *Room Service*; (4) Jean Arthur emerging from her self-imposed retirement to make *You Can't Take It With You*.

19. Kids are happy now, because:
(1) Hollywood has decreed that all theatres shall admit free every boy and girl who is accompanied by one paid-admission; (2) an exchange has been set up in Hollywood where stars' signatures are sold for a penny apiece; (3) the popular radio program, *The Lone Ranger*, has been serialized on the screen; (4) for every movie boner they catch on the screen, they will be rewarded with a miniature movie camera.

20. (1) Paul Muni in *The Good Earth*; (2) Spencer Tracy in *Captains Courageous*; (3) Paul Muni in *The Life of Emile Zola*; (4) Robert Montgomery in *Night Must Fall*, won the Academy award for the best actor's performance of 1937.

21. Carole Lombard set Hollywood tongues a-wagging when she:
(1) Announced she didn't resent the Government taking a substantial portion of her picture-earnings as income tax; (2) presented Clark Gable with a ten-acre ranch adjoining her own property; (3) demanded $250,000 per picture; (4) engaged a hospital room near that of her ex-spouse, William Powell, so she might be with him during his serious illness.

22. During the well-remembered and so-called Recession, most of the studios:
(1) Borrowed additional millions from Wall Street to meet growing payrolls; (2) embarked upon the most rigid economy program in screen history; (3) produced more pictures to ensure greater revenue; (4) closed during the months of March and April.

23. Jean Hersholt (1) finally became an American citizen; (2) celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in motion pictures; (3) was received by the King of Denmark, during a holiday in his native country; (4) decided not again to portray the role of Dr. Dafoe.

24. Robert Taylor was particularly anxious to appear in *The Crowd Roars* because:
(1) Frank Morgan would portray his father; (2) it enabled him to prove that he could play characters other than "pretty roles;" (3) Barbara Stanwyck was to have been in it, when the new studio cast him; (4) the studio promised him a new contract if he would enact the prize-fighter.

25. It was a source of great satisfaction to Hollywood when:
(1) Andy Devine socked a producer in the eye, for a kayo; (2) Paramount announced it would produce "The Life of Samuel Goldwyn," with Gregory Ratoff portraying the oft-quoted producer; (3) Helen Hayes told reporters she was looking forward to appearing again in pictures; (4) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., deserted English films to return to Hollywood.

26. Rumors are only rumors, but the rumor persists that:
(1) Metro intends dropping Joan Crawford from its contract list; (2) Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin will divorce; (3) Universal and Warner Bros. will merge; (4) Bing Crosby has lost interest in horse-racing and will go in for the South American sport of llama-racing.

27. (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Billie Dove; (3) Sally Rand; (4) Theda Bara, returned to the screen in *Murder On Sunset Boulevard*.

28. The most talked-of radio ballyhoo in the history of the screen was accorded:
(1) *Marie Antoinette;* (2) *In Old Chicago;* (3) *Alexander's Ragtime Band;* (4) *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*

29. Which of these events amused Hollywood no end:
(1) Mary Pickford conducting husband-Buddy Rogers' orchestra at the Casino in New York; (2) Joan Bennett "smacking" a member of *The Texans* cast, when he got fresh; (3) Leopold Stokowski romantically pursuing Greta Garbo to Europe; (4) Ginger Rogers kicking Fred Astaire in the shins after the dancing star tripped her before a stage-full of spectators.

30. Announcing her engagement to a German Baron, Kay Francis further declared:
(1) They would establish residence on the French Rivera; (2) her future husband would open a studio of his own and star her in a series of pictures; (3) she expected to retire from the screen; (4) theirs would be a trans-Atlantic marriage, she remaining in Hollywood while he continued his aviation career in Germany.

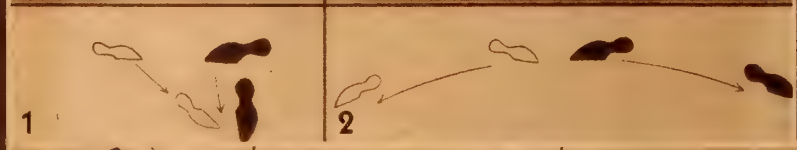
31. The past year has seen:
(1) More marriages between the stars than in any previous season; (2) most of the stars appearing in guest spots on the radio; (3) every studio making half their pictures in color; (4) Greta Garbo opening her house to [*Continued on page* 54]

THE

One of the highlights of *Zaza* will be the dancing of "The Can-Can" which scandalized an earlier generation and which still is a riotious romp. Dorothy Dayton and Billy Daniels demonstrate its adaptation for today









1 Here is the first position in the new swing swagger . . . Hop eight beats on one foot, swinging the other

2 The hop step is continued for another eight beats, but notice the new positions of the swinging feet

3 Partners change sides on a two step for four counts, return to first position, repeat the "Can-Can Hop"

4 Partners circle each other, Billy imitating Dorothy's "swish" with a vigorous hop, then they do the . . .

5 "Slap it" in which both dancers hop left, slapping right foot, alternating this step for eight counts

6 For the "Cake Walk" Dorothy and Billy swing back to center on four counts and face center for . . .

7 "The Can-Can Walk." Both partners hop on left foot, crossing right foot over for four counts, and repeat

8 After a jump into the air, Dorothy and Billy show, energetically, how to do "The Break" after which . . .

9 Dorothy circles, extending right foot. Billy does "The Brush-off," dusting her shoe for eight beats

10 The partners swing back to back, heels together, in their original position. Continue till exhausted!

"ZAZA" CAN-CAN

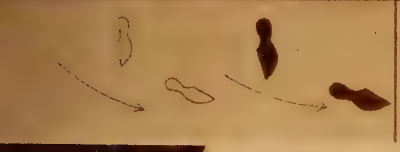












8



9



10



Claudette Colbert practices the saucy flip of the skirts which is so important a part of the old "Can-Can" while Bert Lahr stills his beating heart. You'll see them when *Zaza* is released in January

Why Colman Changed His Mind



Beautiful Benita Hume became the second Mrs. Ronald Colman at a ceremony kept secret from all but a few close friends in Hollywood



Beautiful Thelma Raye was separated for many years from the star before their divorce was granted without fanfare two years ago

Why did the romantic star of many movies change his own statement, "I do not expect to marry again"? The answer is as interesting as a movie

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Ronald Colman has done it again!

For the third consecutive time he has outsmarted Hollywood completely and is the town burned! It's getting to be too much of a habit the way he springs surprises by not playing according to Hollywood Hoyle.

This time he did it by taking the lovely, dark-eyed Benita Hume as his bride in a secret ceremony on the last day of September.

Not that there was any good reason why Ronnie shouldn't remarry. He is one of the best, and deserving of every happiness and good fortune. It was just that Hollywood had made up its collective mind Mr. Colman *would not* marry again. And said so.

"Ronnie marry?" everyone said. "Don't be silly! As much chance of that as Temple playing Scarlett. The guy's a bachelor and he's going to stay that way."

In all fairness, Hollywood had ample justification for that stand. Not only had Ronnie never given any indication of more than casual interest in any woman (and some of Hollywood's loveliest glamour ladies would have given a right eye for a sign of Colman interests) but he'd said right out that he did not want a second marriage. And said it publicly!

Ronnie and I discussed marriage a couple of years ago in one of the rare interviews in which he permitted matters of his heart to be mentioned. At that time he insisted his past marriage to the English actress, Thelma Raye, remain a closed book as it had been to him since his divorce in 1934. It had been an unhappy failure for reasons that concerned no one but the principals involved, and Ronnie had had to wait long and patiently for his freedom.

But at that time, two years ago, he did say this to me:

"I have made no place in my future plans for a wife."

Then he told me why.

It was not because he had been irreparably hurt or disillusioned by his first marriage. It was not that he had been made cynical by the hit-or-miss system of marriage that [*Continued on page* 48]



Man's worst enemy is the alarm clock!



Tea with a side order of mail for breakfast

All Around the Clock

Our energetic cameraman who knows all and sees all got up early and stayed up late to record the activities of Louis Hayward, star of *The Duke of West Point*



Early morning is cold in Hollywood



But a warm greeting at the studio gate helps



The finishing touches



Light! Camera! Action!



Ah, there, Miss Lupino!

Early dinner . . .



because there's that script again . . .



and man's worst friend is set for 5:30



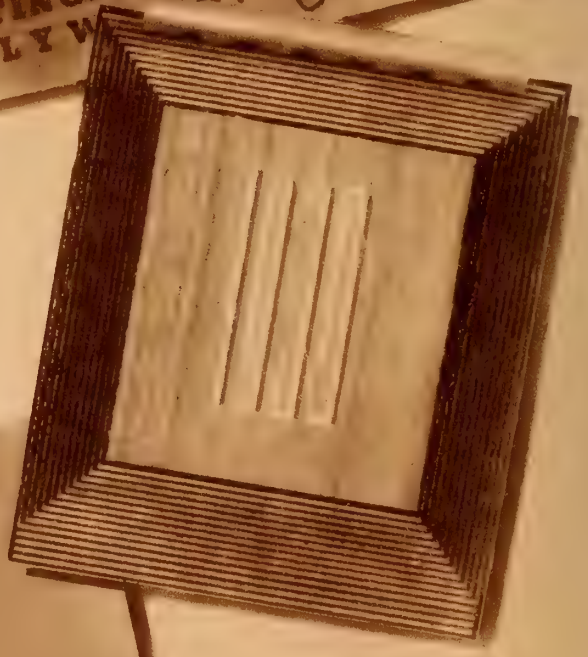
Greetings!

Here are some unusual and beautiful cards with which stars will greet their friends

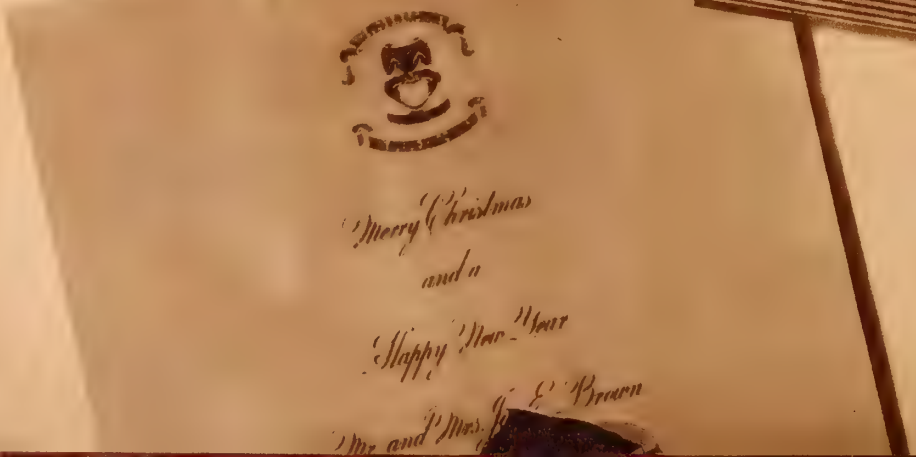


Midnight blue paper under heavy cellophane for Basil Rathbone's Greetings.





A white and gold calendar bears Mary Boland's good wishes for the whole year

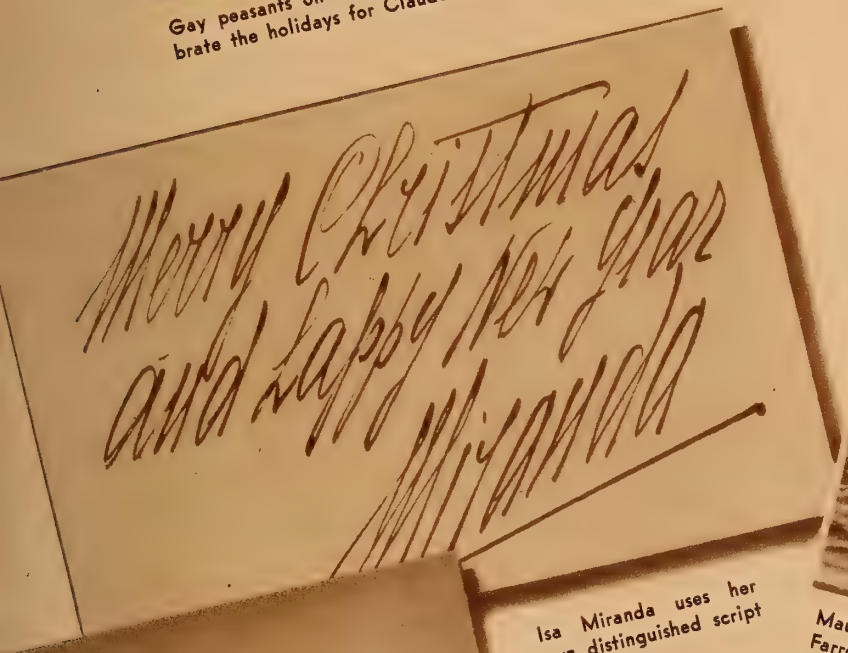




Gay peasants on a blue card help celebrate the holidays for Claudette Colbert



Frances Langford loves snow scenes, even if she is from the south

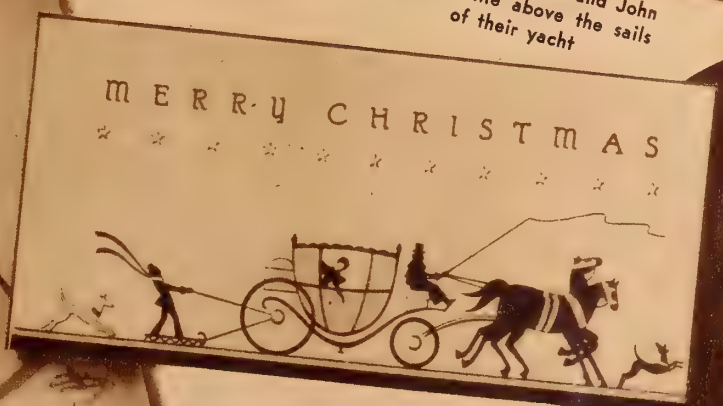


Isa Miranda uses her own distinguished script



Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow smile above the sails of their yacht





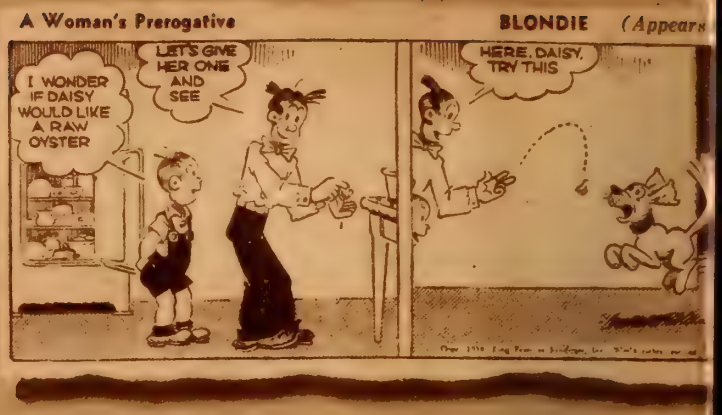
Jeanette MacDonald's card is white and gay red



Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman had a record of their greetings cast for friends

See You In the

The favorite reading in Hollywood just now is the comic page for the screen is turning to the papers for new characters and stories



■ Hey kids, come on, Grandma Hollywood is going to read the funny papers. Thanks to the dear old lady, fifty million mamas and papas can now sleep late Sunday mornings, relieved of the task of swinging from tree to tree with Tarzan, having to live again their own little follies with Blondie and Dagwood, and going the adventurous way of Flash Gordon.

Grandma reads rather well, don't you think? As she points out the pictures with her gnarled old fingers and quaveringly reads the balloons, the characters seem to leap right out of the newspapers and come to life. There they are! Look!! On the screen at your favorite motion picture theatre!

There is *Tarzan,* with a whoop and a whirl; there is the glittering *Flash Gordon,* accomplishing unbelievable miracles on Mars; there is O'Hara doing doughty deeds in *Radio Patrol,* and remember when *Harold Teen* consumed ice cream sodas and desperately tried to get dates with Lillum?

Johnny Weissmuller, as Tarzan, can thank the funny papers for his rise, literally and arboreally speaking, in pictures; another champion swimmer, Buster Crabbe, is practically the funnies animated, what with Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and Red Barry to his credit so far; Grant Withers was O'Hara, and Arthur Lake and Harold Teen were almost synonomous. Mr. Lake's success in that picture will undoubtedly be duplicated by his portrayal of Dagwood in *Blondie,* soon to be released as a feature picture.

War scares and national catastrophies come and go, but the little ink figures of the comic strip pages go on year after year depicting ridiculous situations, amazing scientific advances, just plain American domestic scenes, and every possible and impossible kind of adventure to prove that good always triumphs over evil.

National heroes are the characters of the comic page, and it was a delicate job to choose just the right actor to portray Dagwood, the husband of Blondie; Dagwood, the typical American, human



Above, Penny Singleton as Blondie, Arthur Lake as Dagwood, Larry Simms as Baby Dumpling and Daisy as they appear in the film version of the famous funny-paper strip, "Blondie"



Right, Larry "Buster" Crabbe as the unbeatable Flash Gordon struggles in one more episode of the series which has rocked movie theatres with the wild shrieks of delighted youngsters

Carol



The grim Spirit of Christmas Future sternly draws the veil of the future aside for the miser



"Never was there such a goose!" Gene and Katharine Lockhart as the Cratchits and Terry Kilburn as Tiny Tim make merry

"Why he can smile!" The miser, waking from his nightmare of ghosts and spirits, mends his manners



Reginald Owen as Scrooge

Right, Joan Bennett as she appeared with her own blonde hair piled high in the new mode. Below, a very different Joan in the black wig which she wears during much of the action in *Trade Winds*.





Catching Up With Joan

Some facts about the girl whose striking picture is on the cover

■ Joan Bennett, the tamest of the turbulent Bennetts, is Hollywood's current enigma these days with her hair done up high on her shapely head one day and unrecognizable the next as she wears her dark wig for her newest picture, *Trade Winds*. But if one gets up early enough to see the youngest of the Bennett clan arrive at the studio, he will find Joan looking as girlish as when she played in *Little Women* and the same eager and determined person who made the rounds of Hollywood studios a good long time before success arrived.

Success, and many pictures with many compliments, haven't turned the dainty Joan's head and that, my fine feathered friends, is something that can't be said of a number of other young and beautiful girls whose names are on theatre marquees. She's had her trials and tribulations and plenty of disappointments and heartbreaks but you have yet to see her carrying around a crying towel. If and when, she does any complaining or weeping, it's when no one is either looking or listening. She's that kind of a girl.

Ten generations of actors are behind her. She inherited talent, but there have been no short cuts just because she was Dick Bennett's daughter. On the contrary, more has been expected of her because she is the daughter of a stage star.

It was Father Bennett, by the way, who offered Joan her first stage role. After her divorce from John Martin Fox which took place after she returned from England in 1928, Joan's ambition was to open an interior decorating shop in New York. She attempted to persuade her mother to give up her stage career and go into business with her, and when Mrs. Bennett refused Joan's enthusiasm for the decorating enterprise gradually died down.

Without the slightest experience before the footlights she "went on" in *Jarnegan* and set the writing boys and girls back on their heels with her performance. Her first role in [*Continued on page* 47]



Left, full of confidence is our hero, but the horse seems a bit nervous



"See," smiles our hero, "it's simple to be a lone ranging cowboy"

Dickie Rides Again

In his new film, *Going Places*, Dick Powell plays a steeplechase rider with the startling results shown on this page



"Hey, wait a minute, can't we talk this over?" demands the intrepid rider as the starting line nears

They're off!



And our hero wishes he were, too



The winnah!





The Adolphe Menjous at the Ice Follies



The Andy Devines at the fights



The Jack Bennys at dinner.

Meet the Mrs.



The John Barrymores at the theatre

In the back-ground of nearly every star's life there is an important woman. Some are well known to the public through careers of their own. Some are not, but you may depend on it that all of them influence the careers of their brilliant husbands. So . . . Meet the Mrs.!



The Robert Youngs and the Allan Joneses



The Harold Lloyds at the races



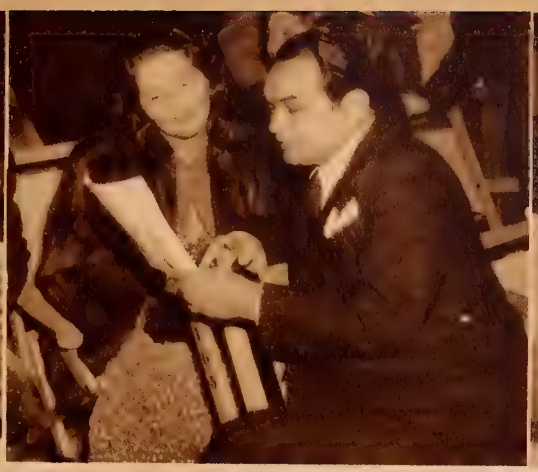
The Gary Coopers at the theatre



The Stuart Erwins at the races



The Warren Williams at the Hollywood Bowl



The Edward G. Robinsons at the Bowl



The Jean Hersholts at the Polo Grounds



The Henry Fondas at the races



The Bing Crosbys at the races



The Robert Montgomerys going places



The Errol Flynns doing the same



The Fred MacMurrays at the Grove



The Don Ameches out for dinner



The James Cagneys off for a trip

Hitting the Come-Back Trail



Charles Farrell has been on the top, the most sought-after young leading man in Hollywood. He also has seen the time when parts were poor and very far between. His story, between his last success and his part in Shirley Temple's film, *Just Around the Corner*, is absorbing

By ED JONESBOY

■ Way back in the bleak, black days of the First Depression, tall, likeable, and handsome Charles Farrell, the Cape Cod boy who made good in Hollywood, stood at the top of the movie ladder of fame, a celluloid king of all he surveyed.

More stories were being written about him than about any other actor in the business. His fan mail had grown to such huge proportions that it was a big headache to the postoffice department. He had an airtight contract with Fox Film that called for a weekly salary of $3,000. He had, as we backwoods folk so drolly put it, the world by the tail and a downhill pull. His pictures with Janet Gaynor were making so much money that the studio had to hire extra help to cart it to the bank and Fox executives were wearing those 'smiles that won't come off' as they figured on future profits.

And then it happened!

Charley Farrell, Cape Cod boy who had made good in Hollywood, decided to call the whole thing off and before a director could say "cut" he tore up his contract that was worth $100,000 if it was worth a cent, and said he was through being a party of the first or second part in pictures if he had to play those sappy, sugar-sweet roles he'd fallen heir to.

Well, the ripping of that contract made a sound that was literally heard around the world. Charley was smothered by fan mail that said he must be more than slightly 'teched in the haid' to commit such a movie blunder. Other studios offered him big important money if he'd reconsider and sign on the dotted line for roles similar to those he'd been playing, but to all enticing offers Charley turned two deaf ears. The chances are that if he'd had six he would have turned them, too, being just that stubborn about the whole thing once his mind was made up.

He was, so he calmly stated to all and sundry, definitely through with all sugary parts that tabbed and typed him as a "walk-in, walk-out" sweetheart. From now on, he said, his movie diet would consist of one [*Continued on page* 53]







Holiday Hair-Do



Here is a new hair-dress, especially designed to make the holidays gay for Nan Grey, who just has completed her part in the new Deanna Durbin film, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. Jewelled clips take care of that short hair situation at the back of the neck, and even quite short hair may be piled into a coronet of curls to give that new grown-up look so desirable at this moment

Out West With Mickey

Mickey Rooney is willing to try anything once for the sake of his art, but he ran into a little trouble when he tried to show the cameraman a few tricks during filming of *Out West With the Hardys*



"It's simple! Grasp the rope firmly . . .



"Pick out your victim . . .



Mickey climbs the ladder to success!



"A simple twist of the wrist . . .

"Aw . . . am I fit to be tied?"





"And let the rope out freely . . .

Car Stars GO ON FOREVER

All cars do not hit the scrap heap. Some of them have an honored old age in Hollywood, at work in movies

By HELEN BUNCH

"We've got to have some class here," says the director to the head of the studio transportation department. "This scene is going to be terrific. It's where Josie Goldilocks and Homer Highpockets escape from the London traffic cop."

The transportation man scratches his head.

"What you need here," he says, "is Rudy Valentino or Mary Pickford. Or maybe Gloria Swanson. I'll call 'em up, and you can see—"

The director leaps to his feet.

"Have you gone nuts?" he demands. "I don't want actors—I want automobiles."

"That's what I'm talking about," says the transportation man. "What I mean is, we can get you the Isotta-Fraschini which Valentino owned—cost $27,000. Or you can have Mary Pickford's old DeLage. That's the 1924 job you used two pictures ago. Or you can have Gloria Swanson's old Rolls-Royce."

The years have marched on. Valentino is dead these many years, Mary Pickford has retired, and only Gloria Swanson remains. But the "million dollar hacks" which they and many other stars of the silent days linger on—in auto rental establishments. Time may have dimmed their luster—but the cars have acquired personality. The garage men call them by name. They still make $50 a day—when they work.

And thus it is that we present another screwy Hollywood business.

Of course, the older cars develop tempera- [*Continued on page* 57]



This Overland was built in 1909, but it's chugging along stronger than ever in Hollywood films



This was Buick's most dashing model in 1909, and it still gets "Ahs!" from movie audiences

Below, the Isotta-Fraschini, once owned by Rudolph Valentino, now a star among the best "character" cars



Below and right, Dick Foran at work on the horseless carriage, built by the Singer Sewing Machine company in 1904 and put back on the road for *The Sisters*



Play Ball!

Scared and no mistake about it was Merle Oberon when the umpire insisted that she play her first baseball at a company picnic for *The Cowboy and the Lady*



Oh, come on, it's simple!



Now what do I do?



Strike one!

Strike two!



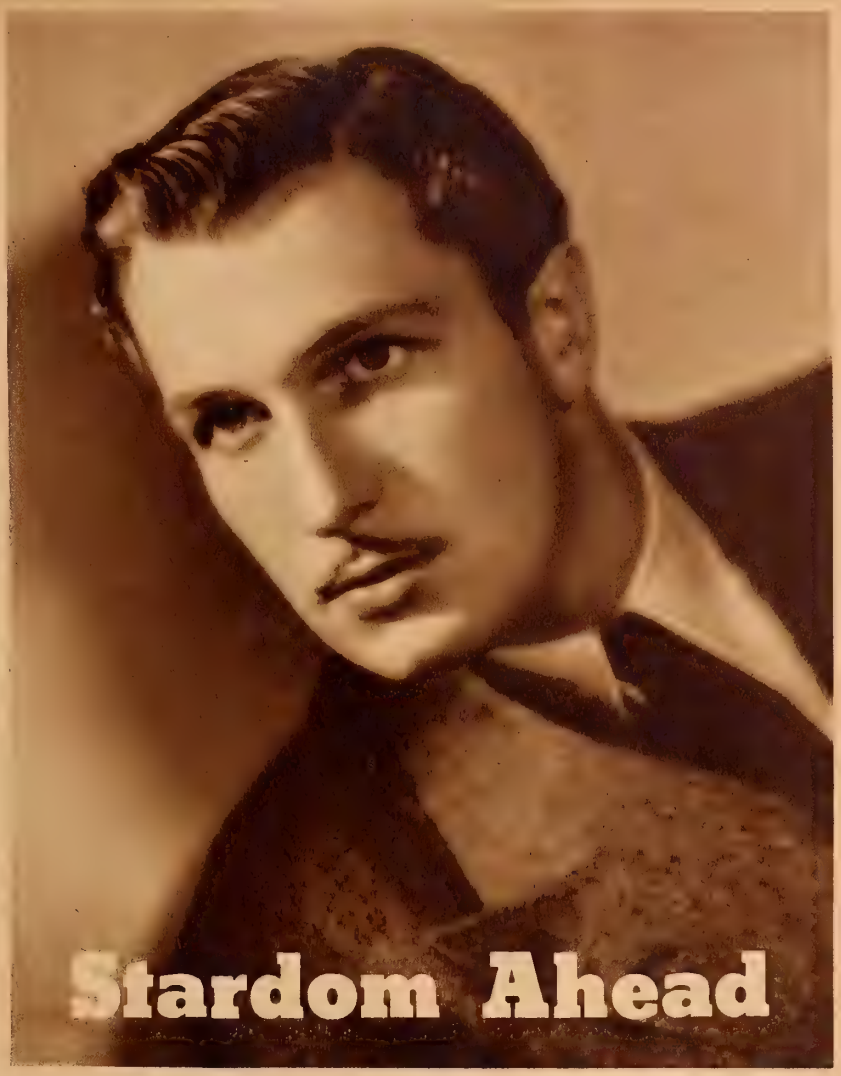
Strike three and out!



Or rather IN the doghouse



By E. J. SMITHSON



Stardom Ahead

After a brilliant success on the stage, Vincent Price is making a start for screen stardom in *Service De Luxe*

■ We'll say this for the parents of Vincent Price, the tall and handsome Broadway leading man who has been making more than a few gentle stabs at a motion picture career in his first screen effort, *Service De Luxe*, out at Universal—both father and mother were mighty smart people. When they discovered that their young son (age five, mind you!) had been bitten by the stage bug and was going to be, so he said in no uncertain terms, an actor, they did not hold up their hands in holy horror to exclaim: "Heavens! What will Aunt Minnie say?" If they had done that, their young offspring would have been one up on them. Because it was no less a personage than Aunt Minnie, herself, who had arranged for his first theatrical appearance in *The Angel of the Annunciation*. That was a kindergarten production which had won for him a nice long 'rave' column in the local paper. Aunt Minnie had read to him the verbal bouquets and that, definitely, had settled it.

"I'm going to be an actor!" he announced, "and let's don't start an argument!" Or words to that effect.

"Go ahead," the parents answered back. "We want you to be anything you have the nerve and courage to become." Or words to that effect.

And so it was. From that time on, through kindergarten, grade, high school, and college, Vincent kept adding fuel to the theatrical fire that burned within him.

It wasn't until his college days at Yale were over that he discovered that wanting to act was one thing, and getting the chance to do it was another. Once out of school it didn't take him long to discover that the school plays in which he had served what he chose to call his "apprenticeship" didn't mean a thing on Broadway. He was a big boy, six feet, four inches up in the air in his stockinged feet, and good looking, but these two physical assets failed to make much of an impression upon the producers who were kind enough now and then to listen to his acting ambitions. "Come back when you've got a toe-hold, kid," they'd say after he'd recite his experience in high school and college goings-on. And come back he would a day or two later as he slapped his broad brogans up and down the hard pavement of Broadway. And always with the same result.

"Meanwhile," he says, "I drove a bus for the students at Riverdale Country School and after that I was an assistant teacher of English, German, dramatics and art. I had to eat. I could have written home for funds, but somehow that wasn't playing the game."

■ "I was down, all right," he admits, "but not out and it occurred to me that maybe if I went to London and saw the stage producers there I'd be able to wrangle some sort of an acting job. I knew London like a book, knew just where to go and whom to see so it wasn't like going into a strange land. I'd spent several summers abroad during my college vacations. I had been a research student in the universities of Nuremberg, Vienna, Frankfort, and London. In 1932, during one of these vacation periods I had spent my days piloting tourists through museums and art galleries, tutoring in history and English while at night I had sung in a Vienna night club. Oh, I knew my way around—but that's about all. But my knowledge and acquaintance of Europe never fazed the London producers at all! They said, even more politely than the American producers: 'You can't get a professional stage job without professional experience and you can't get professional experience anywhere outside of a professional theatre', all of which not only left me more than slightly bewildered but completely nonplussed. For a week or so, that is. Then, desperate, I lied my head off to an English producer and with such good effect that in no time at all I was given a part in the London production of *Chicago*. That was in 1935 and I made my professional bow at the Gate theatre as a squeaky-shoed cop, doubling as the judge in the last act! Now, I slapped myself on the back, I was actually getting somewhere in this acting business!"

And he was, too. Two months later, at the same theatre, he was playing the most coveted leading male part of the London season, Prince Albert, in *Victoria Regina*. Gilbert Miller, then in London, had bought the play for American production, to star Helen Hayes. After watching Vincent Price through the first act Miller knew he had found the perfect lead to play opposite Miss Hayes. And then Broadway, which had snubbed him and his efforts to the well-known fare-you-well, was suddenly made aware of young Mr. Price as an actor. The critics began yipping and roaring his praises and Aunt Minnie, gloating in her easy chair had a scrap-book of rave notices to show her neighbors and friends. For two solid years Vincent continued without a break in the part of Prince Albert.

[*Continued on page 47*]



PAULETTE GODDARD

now to be seen in *The Young in Heart* has a featured role in *Dramatic School*, soon to be released. And the rumor still persists that she will play Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*

Little Caesar At Home

You think of him as the most sensational of all of the gangsters, or as the monomaniac doctor in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, or as the tough attorney in *I Am the Law*, but this is the way he looks at home in his roles as art collector and devoted head of a family









Above and left, a peaceful scene in the music room with five and a half year old Mannie and Mrs. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd)

Above, Little Caesar bends an affectionate head to hear what his mother has to say about this business of posing for the camera

Left, Mannie wants to be a fireman, and Little Caesar is never one to miss any excitement. Here both of them answer an alarm

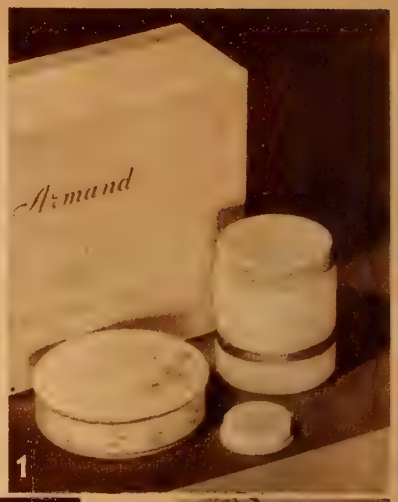




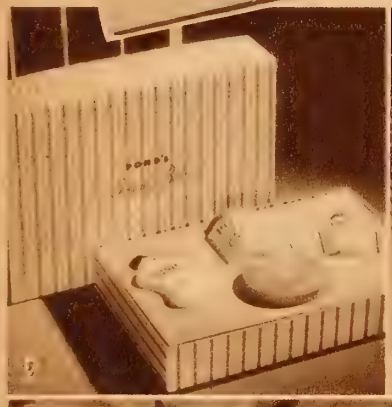
And here are the brave fire laddies with the situation under control, except that they forgot their helmets. The costume department wouldn't like that!

THE GIFT OF *Beauty*

By ANN VERNON



1


2


3


4



5


7


8



9



1 Armand Blended Cream, Wind Blown Roses Face Powder and Cream Rouge come Gift-packed for presentation to a beauty-seeking young girl

2 Ponds grand hand lotion, Danya, as well as the famous powder, cleansing cream and vanishing cream step out in a gaily striped "Beauty Box"

3 They please the nose in different ways, this box of Luxor Complexion Powder and a large bottle of alluringly fragrant Gardenia Cologne

4 The girl who travels will find that Lady Esther's satin lined box of face powder, four-purpose cream and lipstick pack safely and snugly

5 When you are caught under the mistletoe you'll appreciate Princess Pat's Liquid Lip Tone, the lip rouge that really stays on until removed

6 Mary Pickford fans—and who isn't—will love a set of her new cosmetics packaged in Wedgewood blue and white, priced very moderately

7 Any girl who receives cosmetics from the House of Westmore will want to take a screen test immediately. And it will probably turn out well

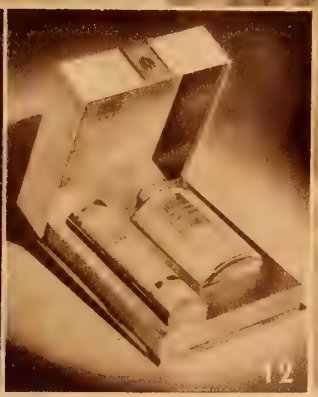
HOLLYWOOD

Do you rate under the mistletoe? If not, write Ann Vernon for help with your beauty problems. She will be glad to advise you, free of charge. ust send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter (3 cents U.S. postage, please!) to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y




10


11


12

13

8 For the girl who values the appearance of her dressing table *and* her skin, Kleenex offers the dainty Pastel Pack and the Multicolor Pack

9 Good grooming for father, brother or beau comes in Colegate's set of Lilac Toilet Water, Rapid Shave Cream, Dental Cream and Talc

10 A Jewel Case that will keep your fingers looking like precious stones is the Cutex Manicure Set available in wine, blue or green leatherette

11 Five beauty aids from Varady include Oil of Youth, face powder, cream, rouge and lipstick —a suitable gift for the beauty-minded

12 Mother will appreciate Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Talcum Sachet and Bathsheen, the water softener faintly scented with Honeysuckle perfume

13 Along with Max Factor's Vanity comes the new Tru-Color Lipstick, a special gift combination that delights pretty, brunette Ann Rutherford

14 Marie Wilson may well smile, discovering a large flacon of Lanvin's Pretexte, the imported perfume that adapts its scent to the individual

■ Santa Claus doubling for your fairy godmother isn't as fantastic as it sounds. For if the old saint leaves cosmetics under Christmas trees, he is bestowing the Gift of Beauty as surely as does a fairy godmother's star-tipped wand. The only part the recipient has to play is to *use* these cosmetics faithfully. I have spent a lot of time choosing the gifts shown here, because I wanted them to be quality products, as practical as a box of hose, as glamorous as sapphire earrings—yet very inexpensive. I think you'll agree that all these gifts measure up to specifications. I included several sets of creams, lotions and cosmetics for they are, after all, the sort of things you can never have enough of; the basic preparations needed to transform a plain jane into a beauty. . . . A manicure set that will be a treasure to any girl who is proud of keeping her hands lovely—an inspiration to her sister who's inclined to neglect *hers*. . . . Softly colored cleansing tissues that provoke more frequent removal and re-application of make-up. . . . Perfumes and scented colognes that add as much invisible beauty as the liquid lipstick adds visible prettiness. . . . Bath luxuries that make bathing a delight, and leave a hint of their perfume for hours. . . . A double compact that works like a dream, and helps to preserve the dressing-table perfection of finish far past midnight. . . . All these are here as suggestions to your own private Santa and to you, playing the role yourself. You'll find them priced to please your purse, many of them less than a dollar, and none over five dollars.

A BUTLER IN THE KITCHEN



Arthur Treacher uses the cook's privilege of tasting as he works. You'll see him soon in *Up the River* and in *The Little Princess*

The most famous of all screen butlers gives some recipes of favorite English dishes and proves himself to be an expert in the kitchen as well as in the pantry



By
BETTY CROCKER

■ The screen's foremost butler certainly should know something about cooking—and Arthur Treacher doesn't disappoint us. The tall and witty Englishman, who lives alone and likes it, has a keen appreciation for good food, and an understandable weakness for English dishes in particular. In America he soon discovered that to get English food he would jolly well have to cook some of it himself, which he did.

"Treacher"—as everyone in Hollywood calls him—sent for the ancestral cook book and here discloses recipes handed down from his grandmother, to his mother, to Treacher. His favorite dish is Sussex Pudding. This is the way it's made:

"Mix 1 pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 saltspoon of salt together and then mix with milk to form roll. (Not too wet.) Roll this in floured pudding cloth, pin or tie up fairly tightly and boil one hour only. Do not lift lid until hour is up. Take up, remove cloth, cut in slices about half an inch thick and fry until brown in frying pan with fat from joint."

To go with a Sussex Pudding, here's a truly British side plate called Breakfast Sausage:

"Pass one pound lean rump steak and ½ pound fat bacon (uncooked) through a mincing machine several times, and add 2 small teacups of bread crumbs (not dried) and 1 dessert spoon of Harvey's or Worcestershire Sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon pepper. Mix all together with 1 well-beaten egg. Form into a roll and boil in a well-floured cloth for two hours. Turn it out (do not tie *too* tightly) and when cold, glaze it over if liked."

Another favorite of Treacher's is a Raisin Pudding which Treachers have been eating for generations. And if we seem to run to puddings, remember that Treacher is a son of Merry England where puddings are very popular. He makes his favorite Raisin Pudding by taking ½ pound flour, ¼ pound suet, ¼ pound raisins (stoned), and 1 teaspoon salt and mixing them with milk. This is rolled in a floured cloth and boiled for 4 hours. Then it's served with butter and brown coarse sugar.

They seem quite different from our customary American recipes, don't they? And the "puddings" they make are different, too. While they are foods that will be hailed with delight by all true Britishers, I suspect many died-in-the-wool Americans will say they prefer their own American dishes. So for the benefit of these Americans, I'm adding these three recipes which come the nearest to bearing a family resemblance to the pudding Treacher and his family have enjoyed for generations. They are Dumplings, Beef Loaf and Suet Pudding.

DUMPLINGS

2 cups all-purpose flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. shortening
¾ cup milk
½ tsp. salt

Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or a pastry blender. Add milk to make a soft dough. Roll out and cut with biscuit cutter or drop by spoonfuls on chicken (if made with Chicken Fricassee) or stew (dumplings should rest on meat and vegetables and not settle in the liquid) or they can be cooked in well-greased steamer which fits over kettle. Cover kettle or steamer closely and cook 12 minutes without lifting cover.

BEEF LOAF

1 tbsp. sweet green pepper
1 tbsp. chopped onion
1 lb. ground beef
2 cups bread crumbs
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 egg
1 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce
½ cup milk
½ cup water
6 slices bacon

Chop pepper and onion very fine. Mix with ground meat. Add bread crumbs, salt, pepper, egg, Worcestershire Sauce and milk. Mix thoroughly and form into

a roll. Lay strips of bacon on top. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. AMOUNT: 6 servings.

SUET PUDDING

- 3½ cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup suet
- 1 cup sour or sweet milk
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup chopped figs or dates

Sift flour once before measuring. Take out about ½ cup of the flour for dredging the fruit. Mix and sift together the remaining flour, the soda, salt and cinnamon. Chop the suet fine and add to the milk and molasses. Combine the two mixtures and add the fruit which has been dredged with the flour. Fill well-greased pudding molds ⅔ full of the mixture. Cover and place in a regular steamer over boiling water (or arrange on rack over boiling water in a large kettle). Cover steamer tightly and steam 3 hours. Serve with hard sauce or any desired liquid sauce. SIZE OF PAN: 3 one lb. baking powder cans. AMOUNT: 8 generous servings.

"Treacher" and Shirley Temple are pals. The day he brought his recipes into the studio at 20th Century-Fox, he climbed into a convict's costume for *Up the River* and then encountered Shirley.

"Where's your police badge?" she demanded. "If you're a member of the Temple Police, you must wear your badge or be fined five cents." Treacher talked fast, "A convict couldn't be wearing a police badge, could he?" That let him out.

Treacher is building his own home in San Fernando valley. During the first weeks of construction he rushed out to watch the carpenters every chance he had. But no more. Every time he visits the house he changes something, and that costs money. There was one change that had to be made, however. The screen's foremost butler had forgotten to put in a butler's pantry!

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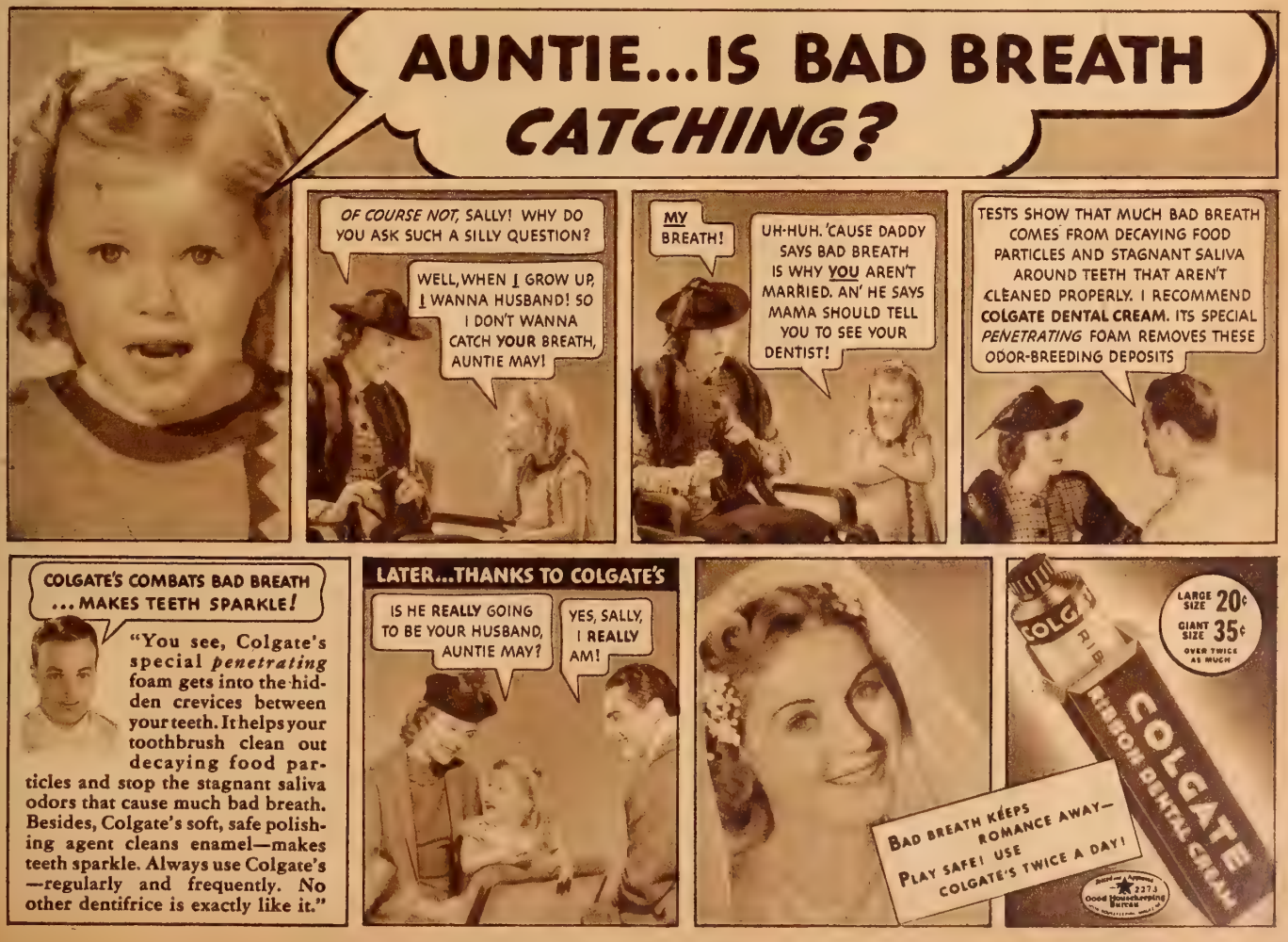
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Johnny Davis, now to be seen in *Brother Rat*, got all mixed up with jitterbug slang, and took his baton out to try "swinging the corn"



See You in the Funny Papers

[*Continued from page 25*]

those newspapers and whose papers, incidentally, carry the "Blondie" cartoon strip.

■ Lake's screen wife is Penny Singleton. "There's a Baby Dumpling in *my* home," she boasted. We were sitting on the sidelines while the technical crew dressed the "arena," the Dagwood parlor, for another domestic skirmish.

Miss Singleton told me that she was cleaning her house when she was informed that she was to be Dagwood's All-American wife.

"After years of studying voice, dancing and dramatics; after spending a couple of mints on the higher things of life," she laughed, "it is my household duties that equip me for my most important part in pictures!" Addicts of the Blondie cartoon strip know that whenever Blondie is not involved in budget difficulties, she is doing housework. With golden hair fluffed over her forehead, Penny looked uncannily like the cartoon character, and it was difficult to believe that she had been Polly in *After the Thin Man,* Cookie in *Swing Your Lady,* and Gladys in *Racket Busters.*

Two important changes occurred in the Singleton household when the funny paper mantle fell upon Penny, and the changes effect not Penny but her three-year-old daughter, called Dee-Gee, short for Dorothy Grace, and her husband, who is a children's dentist. The baby's punishment is now exactly what is meted out to Baby Dumpling . . . standing in a corner. But it is Dr. Singleton who suffers the most. When the kids heard that his wife was going to be Blondie, he immediately lost all claim to dignity, and is now greeted by his young patients as "Hi, Dagwood!" Patricia Lake also has a cross to bear, Arthur reports, for naturally she has become "Blondie" to all her friends.

■ The Baby Dumpling you will see on the screen is Larry Simms, a well-preserved young man of four who, I predict, will be the next screen idol of America. His portrait, on the *Saturday Evening Post* cover of August 27, 1938, reduced the country to coo-mania. Ivan Dimitri, the famous photographer, discovered the youngster cavorting with his mother on the beach at Santa Monica and casually took some pictures of him. Imagine Mrs. Simms' surprise when all of a sudden she came face to face with her son on the *Satevepost.* Mr. Dimitri has since received thousands of letters asking who the little boy is and all about him. Here's the dope:

Larry got his start by appearing in fashion shows at the age of fourteen months. He modeled diapers and made a tremendous hit. Mrs. Simms used to be on the stage. She was one of The Lawrence Sisters. She always dismissed her career on the stage with just one sentence—"Not for *my* child!"—until Larry somehow acquired an agent, a part in *The Last Gangster,* and then the Baby Dumpling role in *Blondie.*

Mrs. Simms swears that Larry is just as smart as Baby Dumpling and offers several examples as proof. Once his uncle tried to punish him for a misdemeanor by threatening to "go away." He made a great show of departure and got as far as the door when the unimpressed Larry offered, "You forgot your coat."

One morning, his mother discovered that he had raided the ice box and consumed some jelly. He readily confessed but added, engagingly, "But I saved just enough for you."

Another time, denied a ride in a car he was sure he was going to take, Larry trudged back to the house, a pathetic figure with unhappy fists in his eyes, his shoulders hunched in resignation. He was a figure of such dejection that the grown-ups experienced a change of heart and told him he could come after all. "Pretty good trick I pulled, wasn't it?" he said, as he clambered back into the car.

Now, that's good Dumplingiana, and on the set he sends Mr. Lake and Miss Penny into hysterics by insisting that he's "in the funnies," not in the movies.



Ann Sheridan was made an honorary member of the Lake Arrowhead Police Force recently when she was resting at the resort following work in *Angels with Dirty Faces.* The gun and cap are regulation. The "uniform" is her own

■ Turn the page over, Grandma Hollywood. Oooooh! Universal! I mean, *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers.* Universal loves comic strips and quite naturally, too, for they make much more money than the good, average, reliable program picture. This studio has the most skilled group of serial technicians in the film city. The men who worked on *Flash Gordon* and who are now turning out *Buck Rogers* can do anything. No trick shot, no collision between planets, no rocket ship or fantastic ray is too much for them. You might think that the mechanical extravagances of *Flash Gordon* exhausted their bag of tricks, but there are even more elaborate contraptions in *Buck Rogers.* One reason for the tremendous success of these pictures is their cameraman, Jerry Ash, for he used to be a famous magician. Ash, who photographed *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* is responsible for many of the startling effects in these films and is having so much fun with gadgets on Universal's serial stage that he wouldn't leave even to photograph Garbo.

"I'm so accustomed to these fantastic adventure roles," says Buster Crabbe, "that nothing will ever surprise me again. I wouldn't blink an eye if my car suddenly developed wings and flapped off to the Milky Way. I am absolutely shock proof." Not so, the fans and visitors who swarm around Universal's commissary every noon, yelping with excitement as Crabbe, in his shining boots and his metal shirt and tight glittering pants, comes in for his lunch; for he presents an exciting advance picture of what the 25th century hero will look like.

In between *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers,* Buster Crabbe has starred in *Red Barry,* super-detective in the cartoon strips, who frantically searched for a mysterious two million dollars.

Turn over, Grandma. Ooooh! *Jane Arden.* Warner Brothers own this cartoon character and Jane, who is popularly acclaimed "the best looking girl of the comic strips," is being handled with care, and the Brothers Warner are appealing to the public to aid in the selection of the actress.

Next page, grandma! Goody, it's *Little Orphan Annie!* Little Ann Gillis who played Becky Thatcher in *Tom Sawyer* is bringing to the screen the adventures of Annie who has her full share of troubles and sucesses before the end of the feature.

Why is it Hollywood is so funny-paper-conscious? Barry Sarecky, producer of cartoon pictures for Universal, probably hits the nail on the head when he says, "The secret of the success of these serials is that they appeal to adults as well as to children."

And educators and psychologists have something to say on the subject, too. Boldly included in a report complied after an attempt to determine statistically how happy married couples are, is the statement: "People who like comic strips are happy in marriage more often than those who do not."

Catching Up With Joan

[*Continued from page* 30]

motion pictures was that of Phyllis in *Bulldog Drummond* starring Ronald Colman. Next came a part in *Disraeli* in which she supported George Arliss. Following this she shared acting honors with Joseph Schildkraut in *The Mississippi Gambler* and from then on it was just one picture after another with the tamest of the Bennett clan chalking up one fine performance after another.

■ Few screen stars live a more active life than Joan. Her day starts early—even when she is not working—and she manages her own household and carries on a huge correspondence (aided by competent Betty Ryan). Besides all this, Joan probably makes as many radio appearances in a year as any other player—more than most stars since her throaty voice seems to have an unusual radio appeal.

Joan has been taking a lot of criticism lately for perfection of her coiffure in *The Texans*. Some of the critics were downright sarcastic. Joan answered them all.

"For every person who criticized my hair there would have been a hundred who would have said that I looked like a frump if it had not been carefully attended to every day. Speaking of hair," she went on, "reminds me of something that really happened on the *Trade Winds* set. I invited my dad to visit me one afternoon when I was wearing my dark hair. A boy from the front office ushered him over to the set. I had a moment or two of rest between takes and when I saw father coming in I tried to attract his attention. He looked right past me, saw Freddie March and Tay Garnett and went over to talk to them. When I came within a few feet of him he still failed to recognize me. I've heard a lot about gatemen failing to recognize stars in make-up, but when your own father doesn't recognize you that's really something!"

Miss Bennett's dark hair does change her personality. She is a different Joan Bennett entirely but the dark hair is only a temporary thing. She isn't going to desert her ash-blonde hair.

Last year Joan starred in two pictures, *Vogues of 1938* and *I Met My Love Again*. Then followed five months on tour with the stage hit, *Stage Door*. So far this year she has made three pictures— *The Texans, Artists and Models Abroad,* and *Trade Winds*.

Joan has been independently starred or co-starred in more than 20 pictures. She has played opposite most of the male stars in Hollywood. Her roles have ranged from a girl of thirteen to society debs, wives, detectives, spies, slavies, and sophisticated young misses.

Shortly after reaching stardom she fell from a horse breaking her hip and, for a time, it looked as though her screen career might be over. Good care and patience brought her back to perfect health again and not even a bayonet wound, received during the filming of *The Texans* has made her miss one day from the studios during production since. During convalescence following her hip injury she met Gene Markey to whom she was married in 1932 and from whom she was divorced in 1938.

Her chief interest, outside of her studio activities, center around her two children, nine-year-old Diana and three-year-old Melinda. She admits she's temperamental, and mildly superstitious. She hates crowds and noises and has been accused of being "snooty." "Which isn't true," she says. "I'm so near-sighted that sometimes I have difficulty in recognizing close friends."

Stardom Ahead

[*Continued from page* 39]

■ The rest of the country, too, would have had a chance to judge the excellence of his acting talents if it had not been for Helen Hayes. She, herself, advised against his touring the United States in the part. "I want very much to have you come with us," she said when the play was ready to go on tour, "but if you did that, I, personally, should be very sorry. You will be typed forever after in Prince Albert parts. My advice to you is to stay here in the East and play summer stock for all you are worth. All sorts of parts and every part you can get. Vary them as much as possible. It will be the greatest experience for you."

Being a very smart young man, he wisely accepted her advice and spent that summer in Westport, Conn., Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and Showhegan, Maine. He came back to Broadway in the fall to play the lead opposite Elissa Landi in *The Lady Has a Heart*. It ran for three months. Then he appeared at the Mercury Theatre in *Shoemaker's Holiday* and when that finished its run played in *Heartbreak House*."

■ Then Old Man Moom Pictures got him! Almost from the beginning of his two-year Broadway stay in *Victoria Regina* the screen bigshots had baited their contract traps for him, but right from the very beginning he had evaded them. That is, until Universal inked in an arrangement which permits him to return to the stage between picture committments.

He has just finished *Service De Luxe* in which he plays opposite Connie Bennett. By the time you read this he will be working in another and after that another because Universal is really determined to put this young man through his acting paces.

Next Month
Norvell takes a look at the planets and foretells joy and sorrow for the Hollywood stars in the coming year. Read what is indicated for your favorite.

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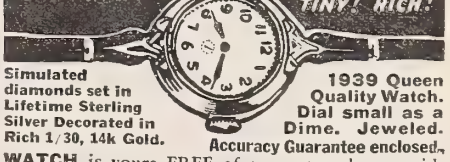


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Why Colman Changed His Mind

[Continued from page 20]

seemed to prevail in Hollywood. It was not because he was "a born bachelor" at heart, as so many opined. It was none of these factors. It was because he felt marriage would rob him of the one thing that was irrevocably essential to his happiness—independence!

"Perfect marriage is one thing," I remember him saying, "and the average marriage is quite another. Rarely is a couple privileged to know that first ideal state, and for me, the alternative is not sufficient. My philosophy of living has as its basic tenet absolute independence of thought and action, selfish as that may be considered. Such a philosophy is irreconcilable with the average marriage as we know it today.

"Living a single life precludes my knowing a perfect bliss that I realize is possible ideally. But that is the price I must pay for the independence I must have."

He considered the chance of finding a woman with whom "perfect marriage" would be possible was a million to one bet.

And yet, somehow, I think even then he desperately was hoping within his heart for that millionth chance, for I remember the "out" he left himself in his flat denial of a second marriage in his life. With a quizzical smile he reminded me it was stupid for a man to predict anything in life when all he can be certain of is death.

Now he's married.

What happened in those two short years? Did he lose his taste for freedom? I think not; the Colmans of the world never do. Was he willing to compromise on something less than perfect marriage? I think not; he's not a man to lower his standards. Benita is the answer. She has taught him both are possible.

The romance of Ronnie and Benita was the kind that doesn't happen very often in Hollywood. It had depth and substance, and it was not ballyhooed to the high heavens during the three years it was unfolding. Which proves it can be done, despite all the bitter wailing you hear from some stars about the atrocious lack of privacy and the abominable invasion of personal rights.

First let me tell you something about the girl Ronnie married. You've seen her dark beauty many times on the screen but not as often as her fine talents warranted. *Rainbow on the River* with Bobby Breen was her last. You'll see her soon in *Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus.*

As against Ronnie's forty-seven years (yes, he's that old, according to the marriage license but he's still the handsomest man on the screen for my money), Benita is thirty-two. She's a slim little thing, about five feet five, with glorious dark eyes and a wealth of dark brown hair. She has a fine mind, is excellently versed in music, plays the piano beautifully, is extremely well read, is moderately proficient in certain sports, loves fishing and boating, is an enchanting conversationalist and a gracious hostess. Like Ronnie, she was married once before. Her first husband was Eric Siepman from whom she was divorced years ago.

Ronnie once told me how he rates qualities in a woman.

"Brains and intelligence are a prime importance," he said. "Charm comes second, and after that, beauty."

Benita possesses all three qualities.

As was Ronnie, Benita was born in England. Her father was a well known solicitor, which is the British way of saying "attorney" or "lawyer." After the normal childhood of a well-bred little English girl she was educated in London and Bristol. That schooling was followed by study at the Guild Hall of Music and The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Her work at the latter led to roles on the English screen where she was a great favorite. In 1929 she went to New York to appear in a stage play with Ivor Novello called "Symphony in 2 Flats." From there it was a step to Hollywood and the movies. Under contract to M-G-M, she had leading roles with Jean Harlow in *Susie* and Joan Crawford in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* among many others.

Ronnie and Benita first met in 1932 on a sound stage at Samuel Goldwyn studio. She was being tested for the feminine lead in *Cynara* which Kay Francis later played and he, of course, was the star of the production.

"Miss Hume, Mr. Colman," they were introduced. A moment later they were in each other's arms in an impassioned embrace. A camera is no respecter of persons when a scene is to be filmed. When the test was finished, Colman bowed gallantly.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm happy to have met you."

"Thank you," she answered. "It was a pleasure."

They did not see each other again for many months. Not, in fact, until after she had made a trip to England and returned and he had been divorced. Perhaps he wanted to see her again. I don't know. You don't ask Ronnie that kind of question unless you want to be shriveled to shrimp size with a discomforting look from him. But I do know this: Although estranged from his wife at that time, he still was a married man and the Colman code will never let a lady's name be put



The world's tallest movie fan is Robert Wadlow, nineteen years old, and still growing. He is eight feet and eight and a half inches tall. Maureen O'Sullivan and Ann Morriss gave him autographs between scenes for their new picture, *Spring Dance*

in jeopardy through gossip or rumor, however ill-founded.

I'm not sure Benita particularly wanted to see him again. On the surface he seemed quiet, retiring, aloof. He had the reputation of being a monastic mystery man, a recluse who seldom if ever was seen in public. She, on the other hand, loved life and gaiety. She liked to dance till the early hours of the morning with high spirited companions. She liked fun, excitement and people. Temperamentally they seemed unsuited to each other.

They met again eventually at the home of mutual English friends, and then again and again. The British film colony in Hollywood is a close-knit one, content for the most part to stay within itself. Before long, Colman and Hume were an accepted twosome although their interest in each other never seemed to progress beyond the platonic point. They dined together with friends, occasionally went to the theatre or concerts, joined others for yachting trips and on rare occasions, spent an evening dancing.

Before long, Benita made two discoveries; that far from being the withdrawn introvert he was reputed to be, Ronnie actually was a lot of stimulating fun; and that somewhere, somehow, she had lost her former taste for the gay night life and was developing as acute a repugnance to the spotlight as Ronnie had.

Ronnie was making a few discoveries himself about this time. He found that Benita calmly accepted and sincerely believed in what few women ever will grant —that a man must keep a certain part of his life to himself. (And what's that but independence?) That he must feel free and be free to go on fishing trips with "the boys," eat stag dinners with them and join their poker sessions when the spirit moves him.

All three discoveries were of vital significance to their future. And yet the months rolled into years and still they seemed no closer to marriage. Even their closest intimates admitted it, with genuine regret. A few hazarded guesses . . . A burned child fears the fire . . . Neither was the domestic type . . . They were not yet sure of their hearts or minds . . . Neither was willing to gamble the present against the future. . . .

Then, like a bolt from the blue, the two were married at the home of friends at 6 o'clock of a Friday evening.

The marriage was the kind that doesn't happen very often in Hollywood. It had dignity, which is pretty much a minus quantity around the town these days.

At that, they had to fight for that dignity! It entailed a lot of sacrifices neither of them wanted to make.

It meant, for example, all the friends they really wanted to attend the simple ceremony had to be excluded for the sake of secrecy. It meant any news, even, of the impending event had to be kept from intimates like Bill Powell and Winifred and Warner Baxter lest an unwitting slip of the tongue permit the press to turn the solemn affair into a veritable 3-ring circus as has happened in Hollywood before.

Denial of that confidence perforce left hurt and misunderstanding in its wake. And it meant, finally, that the date and place for the wedding had to be changed hurriedly at the last moment to throw keen newshawks off the scent.

It sounds incredible, I know; you'd think a man and a woman could be married in peace. Not so when they happen to be Hollywood stars. And most particularly, Ronald Colman, the handsome, dashing hero of millions of women. On his wedding day he couldn't be just a man on the threshold of a great adventure and as nervous as all men before him have been. Oh, no. He had to be Hot News.

But, as I said, Ronnie outsmarted the town.

The wedding originally was scheduled for the preceding Monday in Benita's Beverly Hills home. The plans were cancelled when the press, in some inexplicable way (they seem to *smell* weddings in the air!) got wind of it. When nothing happened that day or the next, the press relaxed its vigil. Just another false alarm.

Ronnie and Benita moved fast. They were due at a cocktail party at Ralph Forbes' on Friday afternoon. At five o'clock they telephoned their regrets. They had been out for a drive, they reported, and it was such a heavenly day, they'd driven farther than they realized. Terribly sorry. Please forgive. But they couldn't possibly get there from fifty miles up the coast, now could they?

At six o'clock Benita entered the living room of the Alvin Weingand home at San Ysidro Ranch in Montecito, just south of Santa Barbara. Colman and Weingand own the ranch in partnership. She was wearing a formal afternoon dress of filmy black and carried a small cluster of white orchids. Walking with her was Heather Thatcher, the English actress, smartly garbed in a soft shade of dusty pink.

As simply as if she were greeting him in her home on an afternoon call, Benita joined Ronnie who was standing in front of a great fireplace banked with ferns and white flowers. Grouped around him were the Weingands, Tim McCoy, the serial star, and Bill Hawks, the Colman business representative.

The sun dipped into the western horizon as Judge Frederick T. Harsh read the brief civil marriage ceremony of the state of California.

"Do you, Ronald Charles Colman, take Benita Hume Siepman for your wife?" he intoned.

Never on the screen was Ronald Charles Colman so thrilling, never was his voice so eloquent as when he answered his firm "I do" to that question.

After a buffet supper, the couple left on a motor honeymoon for an unannounced destination in the northwest. Their real honeymoon, a leisurely trip to England, will come later.

Yes, Ronnie outsmarted Hollywood three times in a row. And it's my hunch he'll make it four in short order. His will be no typical Hollywood marriage with gaudy public trappings. It will be the life of an English gentleman and his lady, living in quiet devotion and good taste.

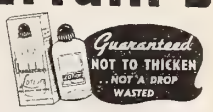
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Silence is a Blight

[*Continued from page* 14]

Glenda promptly answered, flashing that famous Farrell smile. "You wouldn't want to put it out, now would you? A beautiful fire like that?"

"Faith, no," said The Cop. "Go along with you, but mind, not a mile over 55!" (Forty-five is the legal limit.)

A lovely story, isn't it? The only trouble is, it happened to the screen Glenda. It was a scene for her new Warner Brothers Torchy picture, *Torchy Blane in Panama.* That very night she was driving her own car home from the studio. She had an important engagement and she was late. Nonetheless, she kept half an eye on the speedometer, and the throttle around 45.

A mile or so from home, the warning wail of a siren split the air and a few seconds later a khaki-clad stalwart thumbed her to the curb.

"Where's the fire, lady?" he demanded, quite in character.

Glenda opened her mouth to give him one of those wonder-working retorts. No words came, so she closed it again.

"Hmmm," said The Cop. "And I clocked you at 48. You know that's over the limit, don't you?"

Glenda could only nod in acquiescence. Whereupon he dourly wrote out a summons and handed it to her.

"You call that silence golden?" she demanded after telling me the story. "Lady, that ticket cost me five bucks!"

That's the way it's been going for a long time now. Silence has kept her in dutch from the time she was a kid in grammar school. Like the day one of the pupils aimed a spitball at the seat of higher learning (teacher was writing out problems on the blackboard) and made a perfect hit.

"Who did that?" the teacher shouted, whirling to face the class.

Inasmuch as she hadn't done it, Glenda saw no need to speak up, one way or the other. Seventeen other kids, however, answered in a single chorus of "Not me!" So Glenda stayed after school and wrote "Young ladies do not throw spitballs at teachers" one hundred times on the board. By the time the hundredth line had been written, by the way, a doubt as to the golden quality of silence had been born within her seething soul.

Then there was that fright of a hat ($20.60 with state tax) she came home with one day. She didn't like it but the saleslady did, and Glenda couldn't seem to find any words to argue her out of it. But hats are only the beginning of it. Jean has put his foot down about Glenda answering the front door any more. Jean is her cousin who serves as her business manager. And is *that* a job, what with Glenda all the time giving away everything but the silk chemise off her back!

Jean has three new furrows in his brow since I last saw him and I wouldn't be surprised if the vacuum cleaners were responsible. I know they were the reason the no doorbell answering edict was put into effect in her North Hollywood home. You see, she has three vacuum cleaners, all brand new. She bought them all from door to door agents.

The first purchase was okayed by Jean; every household can use a vacuum cleaner and the poor guy probably did have three kids and a wife sick in the hospital. He even let the second one pass; the first one might get out of order in which case the second one would come in handy, and it was possible the poor guy did have three kids and a wife sick in the hospital. But when the third one, complete with accessories, arrived C. O. D., Jean hit the ceiling.

"I suppose this guy, too, had three kids and a wife sick in the hospital!" he stormed.

"Nope, four," Glenda said. "That was what stopped me cold."

"Can't you ever say 'NO'?" he asked in exasperation.

"Sure," Glenda grinned, "but never at the right time it seems. Like I didn't say 'No' when the cop asked me if I didn't know I was speeding. But," she added brightly. "I'll tell you what let's do. Some people collect books or paintings or stamps. That's pretty dull. Suppose we collect vacuum cleaners!"

If the makers of aspirin wondered why the market took a sudden jump that day, now they know. Jean practically had a corner on it.

If you are among the lucky few who get to witness the lavish film premieres in Hollywood, those incredible affairs at which the screen darlings put on their best bib and tucker (to say nothing of diamonds and sables) and strut their stuff, or if you are among the countless thousands who listen to the broadcast versions of the Hollywood hi-jinks, you may have wondered why you never hear Glenda cooing into a microphone There's a reason.

"I always plan to arrive *after* the microphone has been tucked away for the night," she explained.

There's a reason for that, too, it seems. A reason she'll never forget.

It was a brilliant premiere. Something on the scale of *Marie Antoinette* although that wasn't the picture in this instance. Everybody who was anybody was there and the magnitude of the event had been so well publicized, millions of movie fans had their ears glued to their radios at home. A sweet set-up indeed for a star to make a lasting impression.

"And did I!" Glenda remembered. "And how!"

All the way to the theatre she was culling over in her mind the choicest witticisms stored there. Boy, would she slay 'em! The remarks she finally decided upon would all but stop the show, and little Glenda would be the fair-haired gal of the night, with producers scurrying around wondering how they possibly could have overlooked a bet like that for so long. Yes sir, Hollywood would be Farrell-conscious when she got through her turn at the "mike".

"It was," she said. "But definitely!"

In the first place, all the crushingly funny things she had rehearsed so carefully in the car evaporated into thin air when she stepped to the microphone to de-



In *Topper Takes a Trip*, Roland Young as the long-suffering banker, is badgered by the ghostly Marion (Constance Bennett) to seek entertainment on the Riviera. Here are half a dozen of the beauties he finds gamboling on the sand when he arrives

liver her greeting and from her lips came the corniest of the old stand-bys. "Hello, folks," she simpered. "I wish you were here. I'm sure it's going to be a wonderful picture."

Stricken at her inadequacy, she stumbled on.

"I'm sure it's going to be a wonderful picture because Warner Brothers are noted for spectacles like this."

Someone nearby gave a low "pst!" and yanked her away.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Did I say something wrong?"

"Oh no," she was informed. "Nothing at all. It's just a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, you dope!"

A mere trifle. Something like calling Hitler "Il Duce"!

■ Then, there was the little *contretemps* with Joe. Joe was a nice guy but he was strictly a platonic friend. Or so she thought until the night he suddenly pulled a proposal of marriage on her.

"This is so sudden!" she retorted.

"Yes, isn't it?" he blithely answered.

A fast-thinking, fast-talking girl might have figured out an answer to that one, but Glenda said it left her holding the conversational bag and before she could utter another word, the dumb bunny had slipped a ring on her finger and ecstatically was murmuring about everlasting happiness. She got the mess straightened out in the morning but it was quite a night she spent figuring out how to do it gracefully. After all, you see, Joe *was* a nice guy if a stupe.

■ Glenda currently is co-starring with Otto Kruger in Universal's *Exposed* in which she plays a candid camera photographer for a magazine. She's under contract to Warners for the Torchy Blane stories but aside from them, she's freelancing. Trim as a clipper ship in a tailored brown suit with the trickest pair of tailored brown pumps (they're square-toed and short vamped and she has dozens of pairs made in different colors and materials from the same pattern) she was going through an amusing scene in which she rattled off words faster than machine gun bullets. I noticed one ankle was taped and asked her if it was part of the plot. It wasn't, she said; she'd turned it on the final day's shooting on *Torchy in Chinatown.*

"But, speaking of silence being a blight, let me tell you the pay-off. It has to do with the ankle and I'll never be the same, I'm sure," she said.

The studio doctor had taped her ankle when the injury occurred and when the day's shooting was concluded, told her to go home to bed. Everyone was quite concerned about it all and lauded her courage in finishing the picture when she could so easily have stalled and upset everything.

She was in bed, by the doctor's orders, when the doorbell rang that night. The maid brought her word it was a nurse. How nice, Glenda thought, of the studio to be so thoughtful as to send professional help to make her rest comfortably.

Bustling efficiency all over the place, the nurse entered the bedroom carrying a flock of lamps, bottles and what-nots. She nodded a brief greeting to the patient and plugged in a sun lamp.

"Turn over on your stomach," she directed Glenda.

"But my back doesn't . . . . ." Glenda started to protest.

"Please don't argue," the nurse said curtly. "I know what's wrong with you. Turn over on your back."

Glenda figured it must be a new approach to a twisted ankle treatment but docilely complied. For ten minutes she was massaged thoroughly up and down the spine with an evil smelling ointment. Several times she tried to call attention to her ankle but to no avail. Next the nurse mixed a white powder in a glass.

"What's that for?" Glenda demanded.

"Patients are not supposed to ask questions," the nurse rebuffed her. "It's doctor's orders, so drink it down."

It tasted like an old shoe, but Glenda dutifully gulped as directed. Next she was turned on her back while her tummy and thighs were anointed and rubbed. Every protest she started to make was cut short with the terse words, "Doctor's orders. Please don't argue."

After an hour the nurse finished and began to pack her equipment.

"If you feel uncomfortable during the night, just apply a cold compress to your head," she gave in parting advice.

"A cold compress?" Glenda repeated. "On my head? Are you sure. . . ."

The nurse faced her. "Listen, Mrs. Scudder. You're being a very difficult patient. Dr. Campbell told me I must be gentle with you, but I must say you would try the patience of a saint. You've had your orders. Please follow them."

A long, loud wail from Glenda at last. "But I don't know any Dr. Campbell and my name's not Scudder!"

That shot the professional bed-side manner of the nurse to blazes. "Good Godfrey," she finally exclaimed, "isn't this the second house from the corner on Whitsett?"

"Yes and no," Glenda answered. "It's the second house from the corner but Whitsett is one street over."

A little matter of one street, a twisted ankle, and no words and Glenda got a first class treatment for Mrs. Scudder's chronic rheumatism!

Yes, indeed, the next person who tells Glenda silence is golden better be prepared to meet her in a dark alley. With no holds barred.



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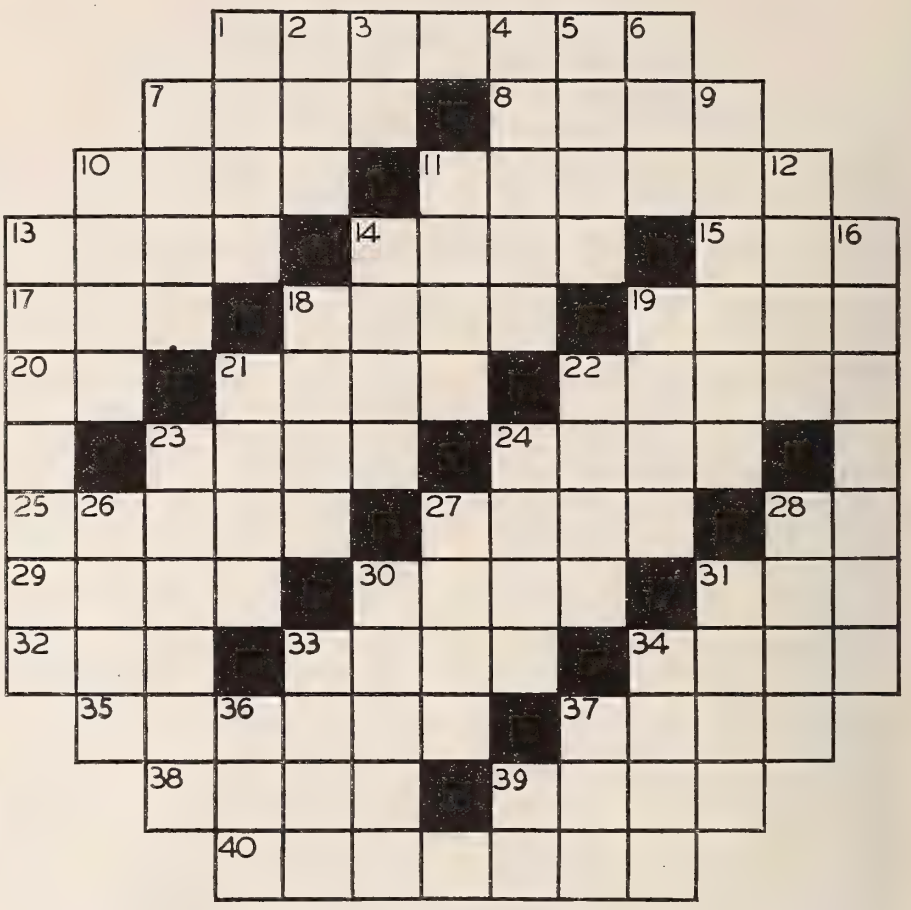
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Stars of *Five of a Kind.*
7. Constance Bennett's sister.
8. The siren's coquettish glance.
10. His last name is Errol.
11. Star of *Professor Beware* (poss.).
13. What the tragedian hopes we will shed (sing.).
14. To register distress in sound films.
15. Fredric March was born here (abbr.).
17. *Hilda* in *Room Service.*
18. Anne Shirley's former name.
19. *You* ——— *Take It With You.*
20. Mr. Stander's initials.
21. Irving Berlin often supplies this for musicals.
22. Descriptive of Joe E. Brown's mouth.
23. Katharine Hepburn's birthplace (abbr.).
24. ——— *That Co-ed.*
25. Miss Massey's first name.
27. She had title role in *The Affairs of Annabel.*
28. Initials of one who had title role in *Telephone Operator.*
29. Descriptive of *Dracula* or *Frankenstein* films.
30. Her last name is Lee.
31. *Look Out* ——— *Love.*
32. Cedric Hardwicke's title.
33. The assistant coach in *Mr. Doodle Kicks Off.*
34. Ann Harding was born in ——— Sam Houston, Texas.
35. Dorothy Lamour's garb in several films.
37. The girl in *Touchdown, Army.*
38. Lucille's last name.
39. *The Girl* ——— *No.*
40. She plays opposite Bob Burns in *Arkansas Traveler.*

DOWN

1. *Stage* ———.
2. *Phillip Marshall* in *Always Goodbye.*
3. *Down* ——— *the Farm.*
4. *Raymond Grayson* in *King of Alcatraz.*
5. He was *Mr. Levine* in *You and Me.*
6. Descriptive of the scheming villain.
7. The kindly doctor in *Five of a Kind.*
9. *Joe Marsh* in *Boys Town.*
10. Part of a movie camera.
11. He was *Capt. McCarey* in *Every Day's a Holiday.*
12. ——— *You Sinners.*
13. Popular name for sound films.
14. Remember Margaret ——— in *Four Sons?*
16. He played opposite Margaret Sullavan in *Shopworn Angel.*
18. She was *Stella* in *Rascals.*
19. ——— *of the Yukon.*
21. Alice Faye's husband.
22. *Thea* in *Four Daughters.*
23. Inclosure for animals in westerns.
24. *Kane* in *Breaking the Ice.*
26. Garlands worn in Hawaiian scenes.
27. A comedian in *Vacation from Love.*
28. He was *Injun Joe* in *Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*
30. Elissa ———.
31. *Uncle Dud* in *The Texans.*
33. Miss Andre's first name.
34. *County* ———.
36. Commissionaire in *I'll Give a Million.*
37. Marcia Jones' middle name.
39. Initials of star of *Little Miss Broadway.*

(Solution on page 58)

Hitting the Come-Back Trail

[*Continued from page 34*]

hundred per cent roast beef—or else. Otherwise he was through—and very definitely.

Well, movie history proves that when all was said and done, "through was the word for Charley."

Eight long and idle months passed by before he got the "nod" from a studio for camera work. He'd had plenty of offers to play the same type of role that had contributed to his fame, but he had turned them down as fast as they had come along. During those eight long and camera-idle months Charley read scripts, studied hard, and in between times acquired a tan, a fishing boat, some horses and small pieces of property. He appeared more confident, more enthusiastic, more sure of himself and his future, and a hundred times happier than he'd ever been despite his self-maneuvered eclipse. And he showed it, too, in his first comeback picture, *A Girl Without a Room,* for Paramount, and later in *Aggie Appleby* for RKO, and still again in *The Shakedown* for Warners. It began to look as though the shrewd Cape Cod boy had at last vindicated his judgement of himself, and the comeback trail began to smooth itself out to accommodate the long, sure strides of the young man who had bet a $100,000 contract against the success of his second career in pictures.

And then he began to backslide. He popped in and out of a few pictures, each one, so he says now, worse than the other until he finally discovered that if he kept it up he'd most likely win the Hollywood title of the official Keeper of the B's—not overlooking the C's and the D's.

By now a lot of water had passed under the movie bridge since the eventful day he had been co-starred with Janet Gaynor in *Seventh Heaven,* the picture that had shot them both, as unknowns, up into the higher reaches of stardom. Over-the-fence gossips began to pass the good word around that Charley's voice was so high-pitched that it was and always would be unadapted to the "mike" and these rumors, piped into the elaborate front offices of the powers-that-be, began to have their effect. Picture committments were soon infrequent, and Charley, smarter by far than a hundred other actors who had failed to see the handwriting on the wall decided to call the whole thing off.

And he did, save for one brief return to the Fox lot in 1934 when he was assigned the leading male role in *The World Is Ours* in which he was reunited with Janet who had been going it alone and doing pretty well for herself in such films as *Adorable, State Fair,* and *Paddy, the Next Best Thing.*

Although she wasn't aware of it, nor anyone else for that matter, it was about this time the movie moving finger began to write the history of her gradual decline—a descent from greatness that almost carried her down and out of the Hollywood scene. Almost, but not quite. Thanks to *A Star Is Born,* her return along the comeback trail last year has been in a blaze of glory and her name once again is one to be reckoned with when "important people" are mentioned in the film factories.

But back to Charley.

For a boy who had been so liberally sprinkled with star dust, Charley took his defeat without a whimper. What hurt him the most were the wounds inflicted by his "fair weather" friends who began to give him the cold shoulder and the icy stare as only Hollywood fair weather fellows can give it, but he managed to take this "chill" without much complaint.

"It all hurt a little," he admits honestly, "and I'd be an out-and-out liar if I said it didn't, but strangely enough it failed to ruin my life. I bought myself some polo ponies and learned how to play saddle golf with Big Boy Williams. I had a nice home, a lovely wife who refused to let me mope, a little money in the bank and a philosophy that somehow just wouldn't let me turn sour on either the world or myself. I traveled around a bit and made a few pictures in Australia, England, and Germany. When I wasn't doing that I was deep-sea fishing and when I wasn't deep-sea fishing I was playing tennis and when I wasn't doing that I was looking around for good real estate investments."

Now we're getting somewhere.

Playing tennis and looking around for good real estate investments brings us right down to the Mojave Desert in general and Palm Springs in particular where Charley has made himself a sizeable fortune in a few short years.

"I used to go down there," he says, "just for the ride and to play a little tennis during the winter months. It was usually for the ride because what tennis I could play had to be played on the hotel courts when the guests weren't busy bouncing the ball back and forth. It finally got so that the guests were playing all the time which didn't help my game any, so after a bit of looking around, I bought a sandlot or two, interested a friend or two in my idea of forming a tennis club, and in a month or two had established what is now known as the Palm Springs Racquet Club. It's turned out to be quite profitable although we haven't declared any dividends as yet, preferring to turn all earnings back into improvements."

Charley is as modest about the Racquet Club as he is about everything else. Any time a young man can work up a membership in a tennis club from 100 to 750, have a waiting list almost as long as the home stretch at Santa Anita, while running the business only four months a year, has something that puts him in the plutocrat class. It took a different kind of sand that goes to make up the Mojave Desert to start it—and Charley has plenty of it.

The Racquet Club has been a fortunate investment in another way, too, because to it goes the credit of getting him back into pictures.

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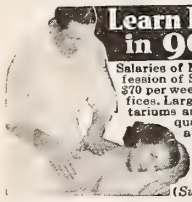
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director, walked into the club not long ago, spied Charley, the genial host, and almost sprained both ankles getting to him. "Listen, you old fossil and Peter the Hermit, where have you been hiding? And why? Don't answer. All I want you to tell me is that you'll take the nice part I've got for you in Shirley Temple's new picture—tentative title, *Lucky Penny*. Don't say no and don't say yes. Just think it over for a minute. I'll wait. Okay then. it's all set."

Charley finally managed to squeeze in a mild protest. "Listen, you old liar and so-and-so, don't try to kid an old desert rat. You know as well as I do that Fox would never take me back. Maybe you don't remember the battle I had getting out of my contract."

Irving said he remembered ALL about it, told Charley to stop worrying, and went to a nearby phone and put in a call for Darryl Zanuck and when the connection was made told 20th Century Fox that he wanted to make a test of Farrell. Zanuck, being pretty quick on the verbal trigger, wanted to know what was holding him back.

Two weeks later Director Cummings made the test and when Zanuck saw it he said: "You know, Irving, the best thing I like about that guy is his voice!"

"Which just about knocked me for a loop," Charley says, "because it was my voice that put me on the shelf."

■ It turned out that Charley had been his own voice teacher without knowing it.

"We installed a microphone at the Racquet Club and in time I got to be a 'mike' bug. At night, when the place was crowded, it was difficult to be heard, but I discovered that if I lowered my voice the sound of it seemed to penetrate through all the noise. A month or two of that and I found myself talking in a low-pitched voice whether I was near the mike or not. Fortunately for me, it got to be a habit good enough to win a screen test and a picture contract on the lot where I had made my first great success, *Seventh Heaven*. In the good old days I starred with Janet who turned out to be America's Sweetheart—and here I am again, starting over with Shirley Temple, the present-day America's Sweetheart. A good omen, don't you think?"

Highlights of 1938

[*Continued from page* 17]

the press for the first time in ten years.

32. One of these actresses turned successful newspaper columnist:
(1) Gladys George; (2) Rosalind Russell; (3) Constance Collier; (4) Hedda Hopper.

33. Although considerable time has elasped since his marriage, Dick Powell finally:
(1) Formally adopted Joan Blondell's son, Norman Scott Barnes; (2) presented Joan with an engagement ring; (3) took his wife home to meet his parents; (4) took a night off for a poker game with "the boys."

34. Smiling and happy, the Harold Lloyds:
(1) Left for a six-months visit to South America; (2) announced they were converting their beautiful Beverly Hills estate into a home for crippled orphans; (3) celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary; (4) finally acceded to their daughter Gloria's wish to be an actress and produce a picture starring her in *Five Little Peppers*, with their other daughter, Peggy, enacting another of the Peppers.

35. What have Martha Raye and Eleanore Whitney in common:
(1) Both were born on the Fourth of July; (2) they were carried on the stage as month-old babes; (3) both their fathers sued them for maintenance; (4) they were victims of near-fatal automobile accidents.

36. Glamour and Fame are wonderful things to possess, but they meant very little when:
(1) Loretta Young was arrested for throwing beer bottles through Producer Darryl Zanuck's windows; (2) Claudette Colbert "mixed" with Isa Miranda in a hair-pulling match after Isa had accused Claudette of stealing her role in *Zaza*; (3) Dorothy Lamour narrowly escaped from a crocodile's jaws in *Her Jungle Love;* (4) Fay Wray was attacked by her cook.

37. (1) Richard Arlen; (2) Charles Boyer; (3) James Cagney; (4) Fredric March took a terrific flopperoo when he appeared in a New York play.

38. All Hollywood turned out for:
(1) The thirty-fifth anniversary of the famous old Hollywood Hotel; (2) a look-see at Heather Angel when she rode in a race at Bing Crosby's race-track; (3) Alice Faye's song-recital in the Hollywood Bowl; (4) the preview of Walt Disney's latest cartoon-feature.

39. Practically every studio in Hollywood fought to gain the signature of ——— on a contract:
(1) James Roosevelt; (2) Douglas Corrigan; (3) Joe Louis; (4) Max Schmeling.

40. The President's Birthday Ball at the White House was attended by:
(1) Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone; (2) Billie Burke and Alice Brady; (3) Deanna Durbin and Shirley Temple; (4) Janet Gaynor and Eleanor Powell.

41. After more than five years of marriage, ——— and ——— were finally divorced:
(1) Bette Davis and Harmon O. Nelson; (2) Charles Farrell and

Virginia Valli; (3) Sally Blane and Norman Foster; (4) Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller.

42. Howard Hughes intends:
(1) Making another world flight; (2) producing a picture based upon the life of Amelia Earhart, with Katharine Hepburn enacting the role; (3) deserting Hollywood for good and accepting an aviation post in the government; (4) producing a big musical extravaganza, starring his latest girl-friend.

43. Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Anne Shirley, Dick Powell, Phyllis Brooks and George Raft belong to the same club now. They:
(1) Were suspended by their respective studios; (2) purchased homes in swanky Bel-Air; (3) holidayed in Hawaii; (4) are stamp collectors of note.

44. (1) Mrs. Jock Whitney; (2) Maude Adams; (3) Eva Le Gallienne; (4) Ellen Terry signed a contract with David O. Selznick of Selznick-International and will be seen in a picture in the near future.

45. Luise Rainer for the second time in successive years won the Academy award for her acting in:
(1) "The Toy Wife;" (2) "The Good Earth;" (3) "The Emperor's Candlesticks;" (4) "Big City."

46. When he was in Havana on vacation with Lili Damita, Errol Flynn proved himself a movie hero in deed as well as in name by:
(1) Knocking out a man who insulted his wife; (2) rescuing three little girls from drowning; (3) entering the dangerous Steeplechase, a course on which many a rider is killed; (4) donating $5,000 to the annual Havana Milk Fund.

47. Since 1927 the screen's outstanding slapstick-comedy team, Laurel and Hardy:
(1) Finally split up; (2) have abandoned funning for more serious roles; (3) will appear in a film version of Mutt and Jeff, with characters changed to fit their personalities; (4) will co-star in a picture with Marion Davies.

48. Despite the fact he earns more than $100,000 annually, ——— is constantly in financial difficulty—what with Federal and State income taxes, attorneys fees, supporting dependants and the like nicking the principal—and on several occasions was forced to ask the court to help him iron out his problems:
(1) Tyrone Power; (2) Freddie Bartholomew; (3) Ray Milland; (4) Ned Sparks.

49. During 1938, Mickey Rooney:
(1) Appeared in more pictures than any other prominent player on the screen; (2) organized a boys' glee club and toured the Middle West with it; (3) established himself as the top-ranking character-juvenile in Hollywood; (4) learned to pilot his own plane, chaperoned, of course, by a more more mature pilot.

50. To avoid being mobbed by a crowd of more than one thousand autograph-seekers, during a visit to New London, Conn., Robert Montgomery and his wife:
(1) Were locked up in the railroad police station and remained behind bars for nearly two hours; (2) left their hotel by an underground passage to a building half a block distant; (3) surrounded themselves with state troopers; (4) had to wield baseball bats.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE

1.	(3)	18.	(4)	35.	(3)
2.	(4)	19.	(3)	36.	(4)
3.	(2)	20.	(2)	37.	(4)
4.	(2)	21.	(1)	38.	(1)
5.	(4)	22.	(2)	39.	(2)
6.	(1)	23.	(2)	40.	(4)
7.	(2)	24.	(2)	41.	(4)
8.	(3)	25.	(4)	42.	(2)
9.	(2)	26.	(2)	43.	(1)
10.	(3)	27.	(3)	44.	(2)
11.	(1)	28.	(3)	45.	(2)
12.	(4)	29.	(3)	46.	(1)
13.	(2)	30.	(3)	47.	(1)
14.	(2)	31.	(2)	48.	(2)
15.	(3)	32.	(4)	49.	(3)
16.	(4)	33.	(1)	50.	(1)
17.	(4)	34.	(3)		



Tyrone Power dines with his sister at the Trocadero

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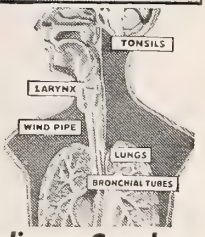
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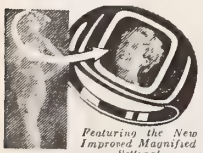
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Lucky Star Contest Winners



Knitwear courtesy Friedman-Blau-Farber

Sonja Henie, soon to be seen in *Love Interest*, smiles her congratulations at the winners of the handsome prizes in her *Lucky Star* contest

■ Sonja Henie joins the editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine in thanks to the thousands of readers who sent in clever suggestions for titles for her forthcoming films. It was difficult to select winning entries, and the judges, quite pale and wan from their labors, have gone off for the week-end to recover, leaving the following list of winners behind.

The Grand Prize, a complete outfit including suit, sweater, scarf, cap and mittens of the line of knit-wear endorsed by the star and a pair of Nestor-Johnson skates goes to Miss M. C. H. Greene, 1621 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana for her entry, *Catch a Comet.*

Other prize winners are:

FIRST PRIZE

Katharine White, 101 Huntington St., Brockton, Mass.

SECOND PRIZES

Patsy Henry, 1618 W. Clinch, Knoxville, Tenn.
Lena R. Jones, 1022 Harrison St., Vicksburg, Miss.
Eileen Hubick, 2320 Iowa St., Chicago, Ill.
Loretta Lang, 244 Seventh Ave., So., St. Petersburg, Fla.

THIRD PRIZES

Alice Crawford, 320 Orchard St., No. 10, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Emilie Tushinski, 161 Belmont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Helen Campbell, 539 Prince St., Truro, Nova Scotia.
Mrs. Leon Chapman, Route No. 5, Paris, Tenn.
Miss Jeanne Kennedy, 5776 Angus Dr., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.
Gloria Gibb, 1411—6A Street, N. W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
Kathleen McCorkle, Box 81, Waterloo, Ala.
Lena Marzullo, 444 Parkman Rd., Warren, Ohio.
Catherine Bisnett, 575 W. Main St., Watertown, N. Y.
Dorothy Duncan, Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, Conn.

FOURTH PRIZES

Marguerite Mucha, Route 4, Box 61, Kenasha, Wis.
Betty May Keller, 5720 Whitby Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.
Josephine Sutherland, 614 Jessamine St., West Palm Beach, Fla.
Ruth Lyon, Spencer, Ind.
Esther A. Baker, 721 N. Ball St., Owosso, Mich.
Dorothy Boles, 572 S. Salt Pond, Marshall, Mo.
Helen Marlow, Market Ave. and 35th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.
Ann Thomas, 3323 Foster Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Eleanor Schlesinger, 5454 Cornell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mary Savarese, 2394 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZES

Marion D. Christoford, 376 Lovell St., E. Boston, Mass.
Kay Schwarz, 215 E. Broadway, Long Beach, N. Y.
Lucille Shannon, 280 So. 21st St., Salem, Oregon.
Arline Kelley, 32 Mendelssohn St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Regine Nemetz, 1719 So. 14th St., Omaha, Neb.
Jeanette Farmer, Mandan, N. Dak.
Miss H. B. Vlcek, 3445 W. 47th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Catherine Siske, 1339 N. Western, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Halsall, 135 No. Sem. St., Barre, Vt.
Joan Hurley, 86 Moss Hill Rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Mrs. Erma Berquist, 86 Dunklee St., Concord, N. H.
Winifred L. Conrad, Ardmore Apartments No. 5, Casper, Wyo.
Elise Hurt, 920 Daniel St., Springfield, Ill.
Jean New, 3108 N. Lyndale, Minneapolis, Minn.
Vernette Schmidt, 1237 Third St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

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Mrs. Dorothy de George, 402 Ferry St., Everett, Mass.
Ruby Powell, Box 630, Eureka, Calif.
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Paula Bruhl, 171 Ford Ave., Highland Park, Mich.
Ethel Meade, 126 West Wood St., Minersville, Pa.
Marion Bulkow, 1524 S. 9th St., Sheboygan, Wis.
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Margaret Cason, 7 South Mayfield, Chicago, Ill.
Gladys M. Lawton, 51 Oak St., Middletown, Conn.
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FEBRUARY, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 2

Hollywood

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Valentines from Betty Grable, now appearing in Paramount's picture, *Campus Confessions*



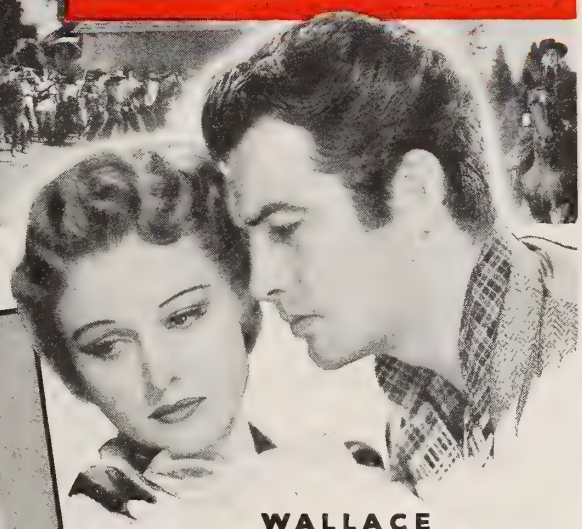
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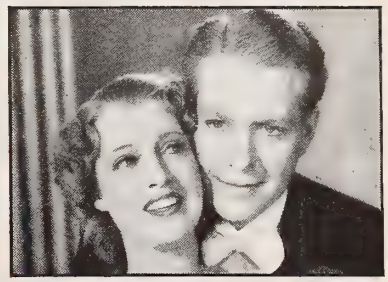
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GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—*Leo*

"I love you



Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love . . . words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love . . . the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard . . . pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.







more than you love me . . ."

"Don't be modest, darling. There are men women can't leave alone. And you're one of them. Yes, and there are men who can't leave women alone and you're one of those, too!"



Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert

in **"ZAZA"** with

Herbert Marshall

Bert Lahr · Helen Westley · Constance Collier

Genevieve Tobin · Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor · Produced by Albert Lewin

Screen Play by Zoe Akins · From the Play by Pierre Berton & Charles Simon

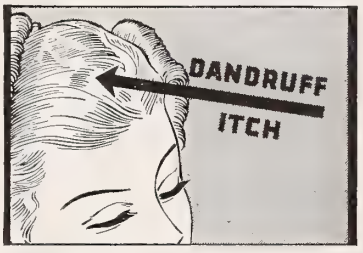
A Paramount Picture

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*



RAW THROAT?
Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH?
Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*

3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*

4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!



*Zonite is an improvement on the Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . . Use

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FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

■ A few . . . a very few pictures are timeless in their appeal. A few . . . a very few pictures may be revived year after year without seeming quaint or out-of-date or downright silly.

Dawn Patrol is one of the very few films which will survive this year and next and as many years to come as there are people who remember wars. I wish it might be shown every year to every graduating class of every high school. I wish it might be included in every course of American History in every school in the land. I hope that it is revived every year, so long as bullets are being cast and battleships are being made, because, like every great war film that the motion picture industry has produced, it says "Where is the glory, where is the great adventure, where is there anything but criminal waste in such insanity?"

With the exception of one or two lines, there is no such preachment in words in the film. There does not need to be. The action, itself, speaks louder than any spoken opinions; the action and some of the most brilliant playing you can hope to see.

■ The film opens in headquarters behind the lines of the Fifty-ninth Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. It is the year 1916. Major Brand (Basil Rathbone) is waiting to count the roaring motors of Flight A as it returns from the dawn patrol. On orders from headquarters, he had sent out seven men in seven rickety canvas-covered crates. He cannot hope that more than half will return . . . it is impossible. Half of Flight A is made up of recruits just out from training school. Many have less than ten hours in the air, and they are fighting against such crack fliers as the German ace, von Richter. Brand is close to the breaking point. He cannot refuse to obey orders. He cannot take over the dangerous flights himself. He must sit in safety behind his desk and send young boys out to certain death in rickety canvas-covered crates.

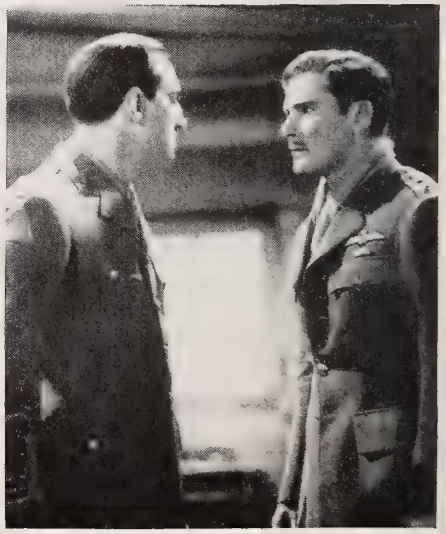
■ Basil Rathbone sets the whole mood of the film with his performance in these first scenes. Because of the way words snap from his strained mouth, he convinces you that Brand dares to speak no more than necessary words for fear he will burst into an hysterical protest. His gestures are the same . . . so restrained that they are an expression of intolerable tension. The two best fliers of the squadron, Captain Courtney (Errol Flynn) and Lieutenant Scott (David Niven), are taking the war very differently. All they have to do is try to obey impossible orders, and about those orders they have a protective fatalism. Once back on the ground again, they can forget, or at least ignore the duties of the next day, in drink or roistering descents on the town.

■ If you have been thinking of Errol Flynn as a young man whose equipment as an actor seemed to consist entirely of good looks and a nice smile, change that opinion right now. He may not have done much acting in the past, but with this performance he demonstrates a great talent, beyond argument. It will be a long time before you forget the way he delivers the speech telling of his best friend's death while one hand fumbles without purpose at the leaves of a magazine. You won't forget for a long time the painful control in his voice when he says gently "Sleep tight," in a last toast to his comrade. You won't forget the detached, almost disinterested calm with which he circles his bomb-laden plane above the munitions depot.

David Niven as the joyous rather light-witted Scotty who is childlishly susceptible to alcohol and fun and laughter; Donald Crisp as the steady, sane aide who carries on, no matter what comes; Melville Cooper as the talkative emotional orderly; all of the carefully chosen cast deserve the highest credit for parts in a photoplay which could not be more convincing.

■ Ordinarily, this space is devoted to many different things that have been particularly interesting to the editor during the month. But this month, we skip the news of the parties for visiting stars, the gossip and the letters, because, to our way of thinking, nothing in all of the month even approaches the importance of *Dawn Patrol.*

Don't take your very little boys to see it. But take your big boys. And take yourselves.



Basil Rathbone and Errol Flynn give brilliant performances in *Dawn Patrol*

At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



W. C. FIELDS
in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

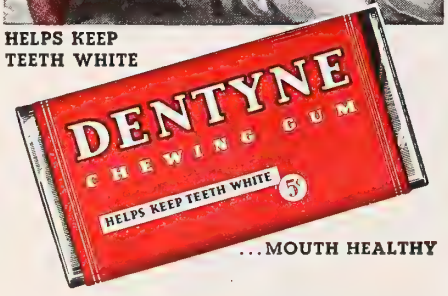
Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

Lucky Lapp!



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



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Thousands of dentists throughout the country advise Dentyne, the "chewier" gum—it offers the vigorous chewing exercise your teeth *need*. Vitalizes gums and mouth tissues, and cleanses mouth and teeth by increasing the flow of saliva. A real aid to healthier mouth—stronger tissues, whiter teeth!

TASTE THAT LUSCIOUS FLAVOR!

You'll *want* to get the Dentyne daily health habit when you taste its spicy, rich flavor! Long-lasting, delicious! Slip the neatly flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) into your pocket or purse—an ever-handy treat!

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

For years George Bernard Shaw has been smiling wickedly into his white beard and shaking his head firmly at all of the movie producers of the world. For years he has been saying "No!" and there has been no coyness, no come-on-ask-me-again-for-more-money about that "No!!" He meant "No!!!" He did not want his plays cut or changed. He did not want routine movie clinches substituted for his own endings, and he was willing to bide his time until the movies saw things his way before consenting to the release of picture rights.

It is purposeless to argue now about the wisdom or the folly of his long hold-out. The only thing to do now is to be sure not to miss the picture, *Pygmalion*, from his play of the same name, for it is one of the most thoroughly satisfying films you have seen in many a day. The only thing to do now is to applaud the pertinacity of Gabriel Pascal who, by unequalled persuasive powers and perhaps a touch of black magic (who knows?), gained Shaw's consent to the filming of this famous play.

Shaw not only gave his consent, he wrote the screenplay and rearranged the brilliant dialogue. Besides playing the leading male role, Leslie Howard directed (with Anthony Asquith). The result is a civilized, satisfying, enchanting comedy, and don't say we didn't tell you.

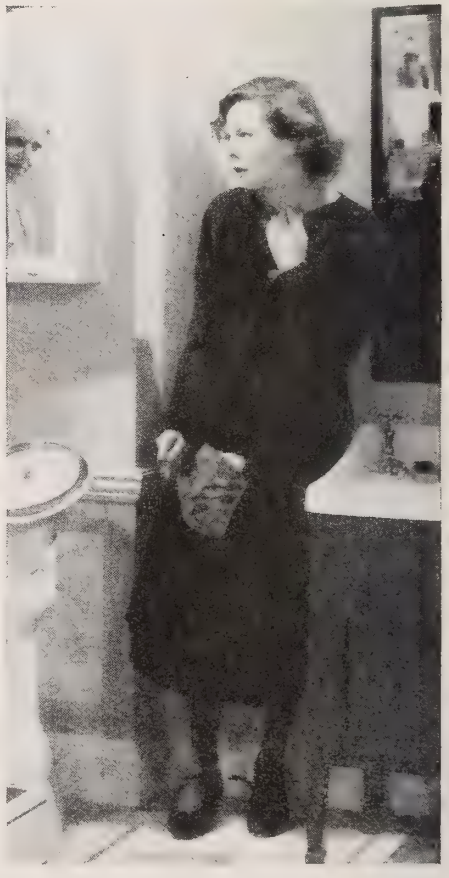
The film opens, just as the play does, on a rainy night outside Covent Gardens. The smart theatre crowd is leaving and Freddie, a well-bred nit-wit, is being heckled by his mother and sister to find a cab. Off he plunges into the rain, and as he goes he knocks into the mud the basket and most of the violets of a draggled little flower girl. No figure of romance is this flower girl. She is uncombed. She is unwashed. No artistically placed patches relieve the drab squalor of her definitely dirty clothes. And she complains in surely one of the most repellant Cockney accents that ever hit the cringing ears of any audience.

In the background, a studious looking young man (Leslie Howard) is jotting down in a note book all that she says. He is Professor Higgins, noted expert on phonetics. His interest in the girl's remarkable pronunciation . . . or mispronunciation . . . of words is purely academic, but his purpose is misunderstood,

[*Continued on page* 12]



Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller in George Bernard Shaw's comedy, *Pygmalion*, contribute brilliantly to one of the greatest successes of the new year. Howard also directed



This is Wendy Hiller in her make-up as the flower-girl who was trained, on a fantastic wager, to speak and act like a Duchess. The results are an hilariously funny picture

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"



TO pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

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"UNION PACIFIC"

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

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Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 *individual* glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

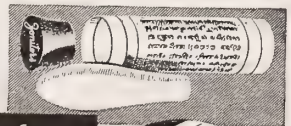
Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

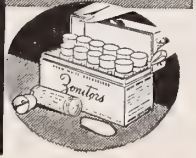
Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3203, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE A Zonite Product





Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young and Janet Gaynor play the polite high-binders in *The Young in Heart*. Here they are gazing with a well-bred wistfulness at the gentle old lady who may be persuaded to leave them a fortune

and a minor uproar is produced by the girl's loud protest that "I'm a good gel, I yam, only sellin' moi' flaars, I was" at the top of her considerable voice.

The uproar was distressing, but it did serve as introduction for Colonel Pickering (Scotts Sunderland) an expert on East Indian languages who had travelled all the way to London to confer with Professor Higgins. Deep in shop talk, off they go leaving Eliza comforted with a handful of coins.

But they also have left Eliza with an idea. Higgins is an opinionated, ruthless, overbearing, charming, impulsive and thoroughly rude young man. He had not hesitated to discuss Eliza in front of her face, and, carried away by enthusiasm for his profession and delight in his new found colleague, he had boasted that he could teach "even this draggle-tailed gutter-snipe" to speak like a Duchess.

The sentence lingers in Eliza's brain. The next day she turns up at Higgins' house, announcing that she is willing to pay for lessons, but naturally that she won't pay as much as her girl friend paid to be taught French, since English is her own language.

Higgins is unable to resist Colonel Pickering's wager that he can't entirely remake Eliza in six months. The result is that Eliza is first bathed, then clothed reasonably, then taught to talk and walk properly. Irresistibly funny is the scene in which she is taken to her first tea party where she fascinates Freddie and astounds the rest of the guests. Her diction is impeccable, but delivered with the precise deliberation of a talking doll which has not been wound sufficiently for any speed. Except for a certain breathless gathering of all of her vocal forces before an H, her pronunciation is all right, but Higgins had not had time for everything, and he should not have been surprised when she slowly, carefully, informed the astounded guests "My aunt died of influenza, so they say, but I, as should know, say they done her in," and continued with details.

Wendy Hiller does a truly admirable job with the part of Eliza, both as the defiant, suspicious flower girl, as the humble, brow-beaten, anxious student, as the hurt and independent and beautiful young woman who emerges in six months to slam slippers at the head of her teacher to remind him of his manners.

There could not be a better choice than Leslie Howard for a Shaw hero, particularly this one, and every member of the cast is chosen with the exacting good taste which is evident in every part of this film from photography to music score.

The play has been cut, of course. It had to be. Those of us who know the play well, remember with resignation, but with a certain wistful regret, certain scenes with Freddie and his family which have been deleted. But, if it is any comfort, you can cling to the thought that the cutting probably hurt Mr. Shaw as much as it does you.

THE SHINING HOUR (M-G-M)

■ Olivia Riley (Joan Crawford) was born on the wrong side of New York, but she could dance so she made her way to the top of her world. When Henry Linden (Melvyn Douglas) saw her he fell in love with her. And she fell in love with all that Henry stood for . . . the decorum, the easy good manners, the pride, the security which he had inherited from generations of gentlefolk.

She expected to live in serenity for the rest of her life when she married Henry, but she had not counted on his sister Hannah (Fay Bainter) or his brother, David (Robert Young). The brother was

a problem, first when he fought the marriage because of the difference in social standings; and second when he fell in love with Olivia himself.

From the start, David's wife (Margaret Sullavan) was on Olivia's side. And from the start Hannah fought the girl she considered a cheap interloper.

Tension grows until the strain is intolerable, so intolerable that the adaptors cracked under its weight too, and contrived an evasive, sweetly unconvincing ending with everybody happy . . . quite different from the ruthlessly tragic finale of the play.

But you'll see Miss Crawford suffering in mighty pretty clothes.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY
(United Artists)

■ The whole story is told in the title, but the details are these: Mary Smith (Merle Oberon) didn't have any fun because her wealthy father (Henry Kolker) wanted to be President of the United States and wouldn't let her go out with young men. So one night her understanding old uncle (Henry Davenport) took her to a gambling club, and, after a raid, they came home dancing the Lambeth Walk. To avoid reporters, Mary was whisked off alone to their Florida home which must have filled at least one sound stage, maybe two.

A rodeo was in town. When Mary heard her maids (Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd) talking about dates with cowboys they had picked up, she felt so bored that she wistfully asked to be taken along . . . poor-little-rich-girl stuff. Two of the cowboys are Walter Brennan and Fuzzy



Miliza Korjus, brilliant opera star, is seen for the first time on the screen in *The Great Waltz*, in which Fernand Gravet plays the composer, Johann Strauss

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!



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Ann Sheridan and James Cagney in a scene from the speedy, exciting drama of the underworld, *Angels With Dirty Faces,* in which good triumphs over evil to everybody's satisfaction

Knight, but the third cowboy was Gary Cooper, known as "Stretch" in the movie. So a couple of days later Mary and Stretch get married after the rodeo has moved to Galveston or somewhere.

It was at this point that my sympathies allied themselves unshakeably on the side of Mary's poor father. It seems to me that when a man is trying to get ahead, the least his daughter can be expected to do is to wait until after the nomination before she marries anyone so impulsively . . . even a cowboy played by Gary Cooper.

SUBMARINE PATROL (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ In 1917, the United States did not have enough of the mammoth million dollar destroyers needed to convoy troop ships safely through German U boats. As an emergency measure, a fleet of little wooden submarine chasers were rushed off the ways. They were only 110 feet long, and they rolled like corks in heavy seas. More in pain and anger than in sorrow, the men who manned them called them "pill-boxes" and "shoe-boxes" as well as other and more strongly descriptive nicknames. But the name that stuck was "Splinter Fleet."

It is about the Splinter Fleet and the men who manned it that an exciting, absorbing and very superior film has been built.

When Lieutenant Drake (Preston Foster) of the regular Navy was sent to command one of the little vessels he found the cook (Slim Summerville) running off between meals to attend to his own restaurant. Another member of the crew obliged by sleeping aboard, but saw no reason why he should not continue to drive his taxi the rest of the time. When he asked another for the commanding officer, the newly recruited sailor shrugged with a good natured grin and answered "Down stairs somewheres." It was all very shocking to the salty old non-Com as well as to the Lieutenant. Their subsequent introduction of discipline and of Navy manners was equally shocking to the new men.

There is plenty of telling comedy, a convincing romance carried by the talented young Richard Greene and the equally talented newcomer, Nancy Kelly. And there are some of the most exciting scenes you can hope to find of storms at sea, of a breathless maneuvering through a mine field, of a battle.

Director John Ford has made one of the really absorbing movies against this colorful background, and you'll make a mistake if you let this one go by.

THE GREAT WALTZ (M-G-M)

■ This film makes no pretense at being a true story of the life of Johann Strauss, but it is true to the pretty spirit of the lilting waltzes which made him famous.

Fernand Gravet plays the young composer who was to set all of the world jigging to the three-four measures of the waltz, and plays him very sympathetically and charmingly. Luise Rainer continues in her career of head-hanging, of starry-eyed gazing, of lash-fluttering as the baker's daughter who married the composer and then drove him half wild with love and understanding.

There comes the time in the life of every man when nothing is more irritating than a loving woman who has done nothing wrong. That is the way Strauss felt about his shy little frau when he met the dazzling, independent, gay, assured Carla, famous singer, famous hostess and beloved of the powerful Count Hohenfried (Lionel Atwill). And the brilliantly, big, beautiful Miliza Korjus makes his feelings completely understandable. Her glorious voice has been well recorded,

and you will watch her, quite fascinated by the faint, undeniable likeness to Mae West. The likeness lies in something about her eyes and mouth, for her overtones are quite different from those of the queen of the swivel-swing.

Hugh Herbert plays a publisher with more directness than is his usual habit, and with great effectiveness. The cast is enormous, the music is delightful, and you'll probably want an encore.

THE BEACHCOMBER (Mayflower)

■ Ginger Ted was the ultimate disgrace of the white race, so far as one little island in the South Seas was concerned. And when you see Charles Laughton in his disgrace-of-the-white-race make-up, you will not be surprised that Brother and Sister Jones (Tyrone Guthrie and Elsa Lanchester) regarded him as a intolerable handicap to their career as missionaries.

Ginger Ted lived from one small remittance from England to the next. In between times he filched liquor or got it on credit. He did not want much else, because the little island was a paradise, and he could sleep off a drunk quite as comfortably on the beach as in his filthy palm-leaf shack.

Ginger would have been content to gulp his way rapidly to delirium tremens had not the angry campaign of the Joneses spoiled his bleary bliss. But their accusations, their scoldings, their demands for his deportation were as irritating as hornet-stings, and just as hard to ignore.

Sister Jones was grim and narrow-minded and appallingly sure of the approval and support of Heaven until chance left her overnight on an island with Ginger and three native servants.

Perhaps it was the tropic climate. Perhaps it was the romantic softness of night under the Southern Cross. Perhaps it was just because no one ever had murmured sweet nothings in Miss Jones' severe ear. Whatever the reason, Miss Jones began to think with fascinated horror of her danger . . . alone on an island! At the mercy of an unregenerate derelict!

Ginger Ted would have been utterly amazed, had he known that she huddled, weeping and watching, in the back of a cave through the long night. And he was both disgusted and offended when Brother Jones rushed up the next morning, crying out thanks, "You had my sister at your mercy, and you spared her!" Ginger wiped the whole incident from his mind with a full bottle. But the thought of love had come to Miss Jones, and she was not one to be turned aside easily. No matter how savagely Ginger fought, he was doomed to be a saved soul as well as a husband—and as interestingly different a hero for a screen romance as you can imagine.

THE YOUNG IN HEART (United Artists)

■ The Carltons were probably the most charming family ever asked to leave the best hotels for suspiciously consistent winnings at cards.

"Colonel" Carlton (Roland Young) had been telling tales of his command in the

[*Continued on page* 58]

WINTER WARNING!

Underarms perspire all year 'round



Popular girls never risk offending.
In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely wool dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no *moisture,* a smart girl knows there's danger of *odor.* And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor *impossible.* With Mum you're *always* nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum *prevents* underarm odor. A bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet. Mum is so easy, so *dependable!*

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today, and know that you're always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

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Proud romance . . . beautiful women . . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!





Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and **WALTER BRENNAN** • **DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**

KAREN MORLEY • **MORONI OLSEN**

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY



You start putting your own hair up filled with confidence. After all, grandmother managed to do it every day of her life



It's simple. All you need is a little time, plenty of hairpins. It looks sort of cute and q u a i n t, too, nice for a change



Of course you have to expect a few setbacks, but the trick is not to get discouraged early in the day. Keep fighting

Setting Up Exercises

The life of a movie star has its ups and downs, too. Penny Singleton, soon to be seen as *Blondie*, posed in this heart-breaking little interlude which carries a message to the women of America who have suffered the same experience

Along about eleven o'clock you begin to wonder how grandmother ever got the dishes and the hair done in one day



And you try brute strength to frighten the hair straight up, a very unwise move because it tears down the work of hours



It is now four o'clock. The slave to fashion is exhausted and is wondering grimly how she would look in a crew hair-cut



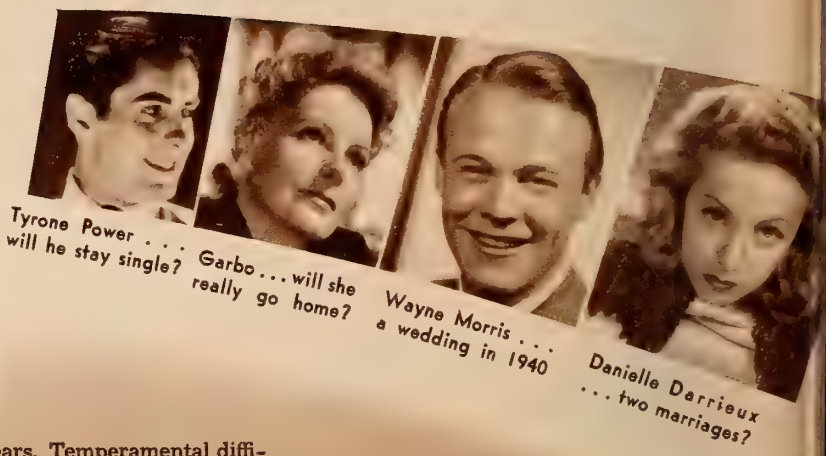


Norvell gazes calmly into the future before telling you some of the secrets he finds in the stars

1939 and the Stars

For years, Norvell has lived in Hollywood following his chosen vocation of predicting futures in the stars. Here are some of his predictions for the new year

By NORVELL



Tyrone Power . . . will he stay single? Garbo . . . will she really go home? Wayne Morris . . . a wedding in 1940 Danielle Darrieux . . . two marriages?

■ Every year, around this time, the movie stars begin to wonder, along with the rest of us, what's going to happen to them in the coming year. Will the New Year bring some of them heartaches and disappointments? Will others find the fulfillment of their dreams? What of the new romance, the marriages, the divorces, that are scheduled to take place among the movie stars for 1939? Well, let's take a preview peek at their lives with the help of Astrology.

On my desk I have the Horoscopes of most of the movie stars. Let's study these charts, and find out just what they reveal for 1939.

■ First, there's glamorous Hedy Lamarr . . . the greatest sensation to hit Hollywood in many a day. Before Hedy made her first American picture I set up her Horoscope, and was able to predict that she would create a wave of enthusiasm in *Algiers*. In her second picture, *I Take This Woman*, she will eclipse that success and go on to even greater popularity.

Hedy was born in the Sign of Scorpio, her birthdate being in November. This is the same sign that produced such great actresses as Bernhardt and Duse. Hedy's chart reveals that she's no "flash-in-the-pan." She's definitely come to stay. Her chart shows that she's going to be one of the top ranking stars in pictures for the coming three years at least. After that . . . well, there's romance and marriage ahead for Hedy. The stars reveal that she will marry a very rich and influential man in the motion picture industry, either a producer or a director. That marriage may not last many years. Temperamental difficulties will cause a break. Hedy may find happiness in a third marriage later in life.

■ Then there's the Horoscope of Wayne Morris, who's set the girls' hearts fluttering from Maine to California.

What does Wayne's chart reveal about his future?

According to the stars, Wayne Morris definitely should NOT marry in 1939. If he does, he's apt to lose his head and his heart, and wind up in a separation before five years have passed. If he overcomes this adverse cycle of his stars, Wayne Morris could marry happily after 1940 and make a great success of that marriage. If you think that his success is only a fleeting one, you should examine his chart and see what surprising news it holds!

Wayne Morris was born February 17 in the Sign of Aquarius. This happens to be one of the best signs of the entire Zodiac for actors and has given us such stars as John Barrymore, Adolphe Menjou, Clark Gable, and Ronald Colman among others.

There's no doubt about it . . . his chart shows continued success for Wayne, and quite a popularity with the girls, but fortunately, a final happy marriage that will be blessed by two children.

■ Then there's the up and coming young star Andrea Leeds, who's created quite a stir in several pictures, notably in *Letter of Introduction*. She was born in the Sign that rules Hollywood . . . that is, the Sign of Leo, her birthdate being August 18. This is one of the really lucky signs of the Zodiac, and there is every indication in Andrea Leeds' chart to show that she will be extremely successful in 1939, and for several years to come. Several of the biggest stars on the screen were born in the sign of Leo, among them are Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer, and William Powell . . . so Andrea Leeds is stepping out in fast company.

A marriage is indicated for her in either 1939 or 1940. It should bring her happiness, but not take her away from her screen work.

■ Errol Flynn, born June 20, in the sign of Gemini, must beware of ill health resulting from overwork. In 1939 he will improve in health, if he takes care of himself, and should have continued success on the screen.

Errol Flynn must be very cautious of airplanes and vehicles in 1939, for there are indications of afflictions ahead. Another marriage is indicated after a separation from Lili Damita.

■ Right at the moment, Priscilla Lane is attracting a great deal of attention. It would seem that Priscilla has everything it takes to win and hold fame. What does her chart reveal for 1939? She was born in the sign of Gemini . . . June 12 is her birthdate. This is a pretty big year for most Gemini born, and it looks as if she will continue to interest movie audiences

for another couple of years. Romance and marriage loom on the horizon for Priscilla Lane, and the stars show that this could occur in 1939.

■ Right now, it scarcely seems that any young man could hold greater interest, or win choicer movie roles than Tyrone Power. Tyrone was born on May 5, under the sign of Taurus, and when we remember that Taurus is the sign that rules riches, is it any wonder that Tyrone Power has made such a big hit in pictures?

This year will continue to bring him success, but he must be careful toward the end of 1939, for diminishing fame is shown. He should not marry for three years, according to his Horoscope, for marriage will bring a loss of fame also. At the end of that time, he will be financially secure, and can retire from the screen, if he wishes.



Gary Cooper . . . a calm life

Joan Crawford . . . another marriage?

Hedy Lamarr . . . big successes ahead for her

Mickey Rooney . . . marriage at 23 for him

Shirley Temple . . . is retirement coming soon?

■ Danielle Darrieux was born on May 1, under the sign of Taurus, and like Tyrone is destined for fame and wealth. Two marriages are shown in Miss Darrieux's sign . . . so she must watch her heart!

■ Alice Faye also was born in the sign of Taurus, on May 5. Alice has held her fame for some little time, and she will continue in 1939 to be a top notch star. Despite the fact that she and Tony Martin deny rumors of separation, her stars incline to one. It's to be hoped she can avoid it however. Alice can continue on the screen as long as she wants to, for nothing in her chart shows loss of fame for years to come.

■ Jean Arthur, still winning new laurels although she's been on the screen for several years, has more good luck for 1939. She will be given several big roles, and her chart indicates success on the screen for the next five years. Matrimonially . . . well, two marriages are shown in the chart for Jean!

■ Deanna Durbin is a name that will be with us a long time, according to the evidence to be found in her Horoscope. Deanna was born in the sign of Sagittarius, and it is shown that she will appear in an opera on the screen that will be very popular. She will also turn to stage and television in the future, and that will open new fields for her to conquer.

■ Lately the public has taken Mickey Rooney, with all his adolescent awkwardness, very definitely to its heart. What does Mickey's chart show? Will he grow up and remain an actor, or will he desert his profession for a position in the business world?

Mickey Rooney was born in the sign of Libra. His birthdate is September 23. There are no afflictions in that chart to indicate he will not continue on the screen . . . and so it appears that Mickey will be an actor when he's grown up, and will be as successful as he is now for years to come. His refreshing personality, and boyish charm will remain, for they are typical of the sign of Libra. Marriage is shown for Mickey around the age of twenty-three . . . still a long way off!

■ Olivia de Havilland is growing more and more in popularity, and her fame isn't by any means nearly over. Olivia was born on July 1, under the sign of Cancer. This is the birthsign of James Cagney, Merle Oberon, Doris Nolan and Barbara Stanwyck. Olivia's chart shows three to five years of continued success. Marriage is indicated in her chart either during 1939, or the first half of 1940. She should find happiness in that marriage.

Then, to mention a few others briefly whose charts indicate future success, we have Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, Marie Wilson, Nan Grey, and Nancy Kelly. All these interesting personalities have big success waiting for them in 1939.

Of course there's always a juvenile crop springing up in Hollywood. Shirley Temple leads the field, but will she always? Her chart shows that Shirley was born in the Sign of Aries, the same as Mary Pickford . . . and like Miss Pickford, Shirley is going to grow up into a long screen career. Her chart shows she may retire between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, but she'll be back after that time . . . as famous as ever!

But there are five little rivals that threaten Shirley's crown! They are the Dionne Quintuplets! I set up their Horoscope, and find that they were born in the very successful sign of Gemini. In 1939, their horoscopes show travel. They will be in pictures in the future also, but will gradually give up acting for careers as wives and mothers.

Freddie Bartholomew may retire after 1939 to finish his education. He

[*Continued on page* 61]

Fun On Ice

At the ice party, following the opening of *The Ice Follies* Joan Crawford proved that she is sure to have fun with her skating role in her new film. Below, with two members of the troupe

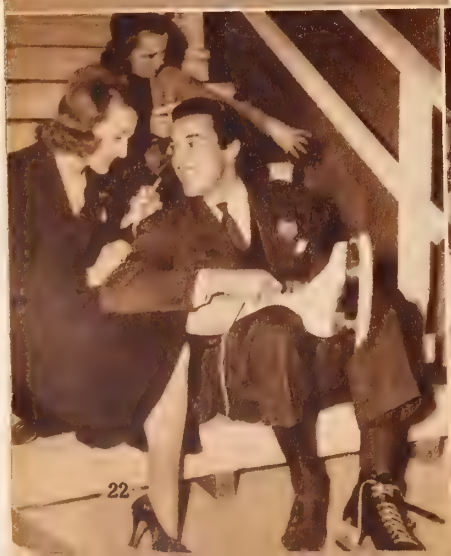


Arrival at the rink with Caesar Romero was complicated by the crowd of happy fans at the door



Through the turnstile, all ready for the frigid weather inside

Gallant Romero demonstrates the technic of tight lacing over the instep, looser lacing over the ankle







Center, more cautious members of the film colony preferred to sit behind the barricade and watch brave Joan

No one can be sure whether Crawford is holding Romero up, or he is steadying her. But it looks like fun for both

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY!

WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES ! ! !





"CUTTER" "MacCHESNEY" "BALLANTINE"

. . . The Sergeants Three, each with a heart for loving, an eye for adventure, two hands for fighting!

"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING

CARY GRANT VICTOR McLAGLEN

AND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Pandro S. Berman, in Charge of Production

Produced and Directed by George Stevens

Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.



1939 brings the picture that it took all of 1938 to make!

INSPIRED by Kipling's heroic lines, I staged on a scale that beggars words, the red-blood and gunpowder Odyssey of three dashing sons of the sword, who would face an army for a woman's smile . . . and leave her for the chance to fight! . . . Breathless adventure! . . . Lusty laughter! . . . Romance shared with terror through mystic nights in the land where elephants shoulder artillery guns and battalions march at dawn!

Hot on

More exciting than many movies are the lives of the men behind the news cameras as they pursue vivid history in the making

■ Far from the greasepaint and glamour of Hollywood are the men who bring to the screen many of its most exciting moments, the newsreel cameramen.

With "speed" and "spectacle" as their watchwords, these roving film reporters flash history into the nation's theatres while it is still front page news.

The giant dirigible Hindenburg explodes and before its wreckage has ceased smouldering at Lakehurst, vivid scenes of the catastrophe in all its horror are on the screens of the country.

Grandstand quarterbacks have barely had a chance to expound their second guesses in the clubroom before the film story of Saturday's football games is unfolded in





Left, Al Mingalone of Paramount News demonstrates that a good cameraman has to be a good acrobat as he climbs the cat walk on Triborough Bridge in New York

Below and left, Mingalone risked drowning for a spectacular angle shot. He is lashed to radio mast of the submarine, S-7, which submerged while his camera ground

Thomas Proffitt, of Universal News, was one of the bravest. He was lost last year in the crash of the last raft down the Susquehanna





the Trail of History

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

theatres. The Morro Castle is beached in flames at Asbury Park and within an hour airplanes have circled close above her for shots that will be thrilling movie audiences on Broadway that same night.

The ravages of a New England hurricane; turbulent floods in Ohio spreading death and destruction; a group of war-weary soldiers in Spain, or a roundtable conference of statesmen at Munich; such are the highlights in the ever changing scenario of the newsreel cameramen. Even the fictional romances of Hollywood are rivaled by the true story reporting in film of the greatest romance of the age, the king who abdicated his throne for the love of an American born woman.

With a staff of half a hundred men headquartered in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and New Orleans, the newsreel editors can cover a story anywhere in the United States within eight hours. And so highly organized are the companies that films of spot news events are developed, printed, cut, synchronized with sound and made ready for distribution to the theatres only six or eight hours after negatives reach the home office.

That the life of a cameraman with his assignments varying from bathing beauty parades to train wrecks, from North Pole flights to South American revolutions, is filled with color and excitement was attested in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's recent *Too Hot to Handle*, though the newsreel men objected somewhat bitterly to that scene showing the taking of an air-raid. There are too many actual events packed with thrills to require staging fake stories, the reel men claim. Too many of them have risked their lives in getting the real stuff, too many of them have lost their lives in the attempt, for that scene to pass without protest.

Columbia in *North of Shanghai* and Twentieth Century-Fox in *Dangerous Cargo* are dramatizing further the glamour of the daredevils who lug their tripods and pillboxes from one spectacle to another. But no imaginative flight of a scenario writer could contrive any more exciting a series of adventures than can be found in the average assignment book of any one of the five main newsreel companies. For although their job is to film headline events and celebrities, the cameramen often make the headlines themselves with some particularly daring or unusual stunt.

Al Mingalone, of Paramount News, hit the front pages from coast to coast recently when he was carried away by a cluster of captive balloons and brought to earth only by the expert marksmanship of a village [*Continued on page* 38]



Newsreel men stood their ground during the horrifying Hindenburg disaster, though no one could guess which way the white-hot skeleton of the ship would fall



Right, Jack Kuhne of Fox Movietone, was almost lost when his plane crashed attempting to pick up film in the Atlantic



Mingalone ran away with the news when the balloons ran away with him and he had to be shot down from 1,200 feet



Another hazard of the intrepid news cameraman is the bathing beauty contest, though it has compensations



H. S. "Newsreel" Wong, famous among the Far East History Chasers, is working under fire in the battle of Shanghai

Remember the old "Illustrated songs"? Shirley Ross and Bob Hope pose for the theme song of the divorced couple in their new film



Thanks for the memory
Of rainy afternoons



Of swingy Harlem tunes



Of motor trips



Thanks For the Memory



And burning lips



And burning toast



And prunes . . .



Ah, how lovely it was, so
Thanks for the memory

Women Worry Men

As Explained to Franc Dillon

By GEORGE BRENT

Men cannot help being a worry to women in Hollywood, claims the star, and that is why women are a worry to the men of the movies

■ Dinner had waited and waited but there was still an empty place at the table in the Brent home in Dublin, Ireland. Mrs. Brent glanced frequently at the clock and as often stepped to the window to peer out into the deepening twilight.

"Where can that child be?" she sighed, and refused to be comforted by the laughing assurances of the rest of the family that "George is all right. He'll be along."

"No," she insisted, "I have a feeling. I'm sure he has run away again."

She had good reason for her fears, for running away was one of George's favorite pastimes and at that very moment he was making his way as fast as he could in the opposite direction from home. He seemed to be a born escapist.

"You should call me an unsuccessful escapist," George laughed, when I pinned the title on him. "I've never been able to live up to it, although I'm still trying."

He lays the blame for his early failures on his mother's shoulders. "She was always worrying about me," he explained. "Women worry men because they're continually worrying about them, and as a man reaches the age of long pants, their concern increases instead of diminishes. If a man feels the slightest responsibility or is at all considerate toward the one doing the worrying, it becomes a burden."

■ George, who avoids reporters as earnestly as he does worrying women, had been waylaid as he stalked up and down behind a tall hedge adjoining the set where he and Bette Davis were working in *Dark Victory*. He was reluctant to talk, fearing he might be misunderstood.

"It's nice, of course," he continued, "to know that someone cares enough to be concerned about you. Any man appreciates it or, at least, the motive behind it, but it acts as a damper and is a continual source of annoyance to the person who is being worried over. That's why men are always trying to escape.

"When I was little I was invariably caught when I tried to escape, and when once more at home, found myself on the receiving end of a good spanking. As I grew older and was able to get a little farther from home—the happiest, most comfortable home a boy ever had, I might add—I was continually being overcome by a stricken conscience and returning under my own steam. I wanted to be free—from what I don't know—but even when I successfully eluded my pursuers I was never free because I knew that my mother was fretting about me. Did I wear my overcoat? Did I eat properly? Was I well? Did I send my linen to the laundry? Women can find more things to worry about!

"That is one reason I live alone and like it. There's no one around to worry me."

Living alone may par- [*Continued on page* 43]



Here is George Brent showing how women make men feel some of the time. He has several happier expressions which you will see in *Wings of the Navy* and *Dark Victory*

Tail Spin

In which our favorite extra watches a fight for a change instead of getting into one, but fails to win any money on the fistic battle between Alice Faye and Constance Bennett

By E. J. SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

After being kussed a-plenty by Director Roy Del Ruth, kidded a lot by Connie Bennett, and completely keeled over by Alice Faye during my four day's extra work in the 20th Century-Fox production, *Tailspin,* I feel much like the original K.K.K. kid must have felt when he got up enough nerve to go out on his first nightshirt prowl. So nervous that the knocking of his knees sounded like Gene Krupa doing a jitterbug symphony on his traps!

As I write this it's been ten days since I drew my final extra check. I don't know how long it will be before I can draw a deep breath because even in the day time I'm still bothered and pursued by nightmares that take the form of grotesquely-shaped racing planes and shrieking girls clad in pilots' suits.

A lot of guys probably would have been glad to have worked for nothing in the picture, just so they could go around bragging that they had been in a cast that included Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis, and Jane Wyman and maybe once I would have, too, but not now. Not after what I've been through. Mind you, I don't blame the girls. They were swell to me, grand in the picture (as you will agree when you see it), and, save for one gosh-awful fistic mix-up between Alice and Connie, they got along as well as pro and con, peaches and cream, and nip and tuck. I don't blame Director Roy Del Ruth for bawling me out as the occasion required, nor do I bear any deep grudges against First Assistant Director Booth McCracken and Second Assistant Bob Herndon for taking up where their boss left off.

It's just that I don't like those firecrackers that scoot through the air like dragon-flies with turpentine on their tails. I don't care to be up in the air either in fact or fancy as the case may be, because —and this will surprise you, I hope—for years I've been a victim of acrophobia. Yeah, it sounds like double-talk, but it's really a disease that makes one fear heights, and I fear it so badly that I can't even walk up stairs. I have to creep up on all fours!

When I told Harry Brand, 20th Century-Fox publicity chief, about my affiiction he just laughed and laughed and said that Alice Faye was a sufferer from acrophobia, too, and what was good enough for her ought to be good enough for me, and if I wanted to



knock the stuffing out of a Thanksgiving turkey I'd better go over to the casting office and sign up. Well, we actors have to eat despite stories to the contrary, and so I went over to casting as Harry ordered. If Alice Faye could stand it, so could I. And that's where I made my first mistake.

■ The first thing that happened to me once we were on location came in the shape of an invitation from Paul Mantz and Marion McKeen, two famous pilots in the National Air Races, for a short ride "upstairs." Just to get the feel of the air, they said without cracking a smile. Ever been in a ship that coasts along at a trifling 200 miles per hour? Ever come down in one? Honest, after that experience I'm as gabby about it as a woman who loves to talk about her operation!

Well, after I got the "feel" of the ground again I stayed there and earned my Turkey Day money as grease-monkey No. 2. Charlie Farrell was grease-monkey No. 1 and he's just as grand a guy as he used to be "way back when" he was tops among the stars. During the course of the picture it's Charlie, playing a good-natured, happy-go-lucky mechanic, who helps Alice Faye win the women's speed classic at the National Air Races held in Cleveland. It turned out that Charlie used to fly a crate during the days when he and Janet Gaynor were packing 'em in at the box-office. Not only that, but he was taught to fly by none other than Marion McKeen, who is in this picture as technical advisor.

Tail Spin, by the way, is Farrell's second picture on his home lot since his return to American pictures. His first one was with Shirley Temple in *Just Around the Corner* and in that one he showed that the passing years had neither dimmed nor diminished his "pull" before the camera.

Another thing about *Tail Spin* that Charlie liked is the fact that it re-united him with Ruth Clifford. It is the first time in more than a decade that they have worked together. Way back in 1927, Miss Clifford, a star of the first magnitude at that time, was cast for the major feminine role in *The Love Hour*. A young newcomer, as unknown as a man on Mars, was assigned as her leading man. You're right, it was Charlie Farrell. Both went their separate ways after that picture with Farrell climbing to the top and with Miss Clifford dropping out of film work. Their paths did not cross again until they both found themselves in *Tail Spin*.

■ My second day in *Tail Spin* was even more dramatic than the first, although it didn't call for any histrionic effort on my part. Day No. 2 was set aside for the shooting of Nancy Kelly's death—a 6,000-celluloid power dive in a bullet-like racing ship.

"I have never before died on the screen," the wide-eyed Irish lassie explained to us before the shooting began, "so this is an experience toward which I am looking forward with a good deal of anticipation! I think I'll enjoy every moment of it." Quite a girl, this [*Continued on page* 63]



Alice Faye, Constance Bennett and the sky-rocketing newcomer, Nancy Kelly, carry the leading roles in the film about feminine air-racers, *Tail Spin*

taking up where their boss left off.

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Does your family find you funny at all times?

Do You Know When to Laugh?

Laughter is such a serious matter to Hugh Herbert that he stopped being funny in the movies long enough to design this quiz in the interests of a little quiet fun



Do your friends call you a scream?

By JERRY LANE



Can you laugh when the gag is on you?

■ "A sense of humor," said Hugh Herbert, "is a serious thing."

The gentleman with the psychic eyebrows, who lately put swing into *The Great Waltz*, flittered his fingers together in thought. "Take my case, for instance. When father sent me out into the world with ten dollars pinned to my shirt, I tried selling vacuum cleaners for a living. I tried for six weeks. Until the manager said, 'Hey you, whatsamatter? All this time and you haven't picked up any business!'

'No,' I said, 'but I've picked up an awful lot of dirt . . .' "

He fired me.

"There was a vaudeville agency next door. It was raining. I had to go some place. They took one look at me and wrote down 'Comic.' You can't get away from a thing like that. Even in Hollywood. I came out here on a directing-writing contract to do Drama. So now I'm a Comedian . . ."

Hugh slithered back into his chair. His dog, Keno, slithered under it. Bank Night, the little black goat, nibbled in the patio nearby. All was quiet on the Herbert front.

"You can see," said Hugh, "where a little humor gets you . . . It's like salt—seasons everything. Like an umbrella—something to hide behind. Like aspirin—needs a test to see if it works. *Woo woo!*"

And that's how the Test, unique in the annals of all tests, was born. A quizzical quiz that not only shows whether your funny bone is in good working order but how to use it! Just roll up your sleeves and jot down "Yes" or "No" to each question—but watch your step! We warn you Hugh has put a catch in some of them . . . to distinguish between what he calls "Fuzzy substitutes and Grade A humor . . ."

Then turn to page 60 to see if you rate "Tops in Fun!"

All set? Ready? *Go* . . .



Do you have to struggle to tell a funny story?



Are you the first to laugh at your own jokes?



Can you keep a straight face when telling a funny story?

STRICTLY PERSONAL

1. Are you fond of playing practical jokes—such as putting the feather duster in Aunt Fanny's bed or turning the hose loose on Homer? ———

2. Do you (nine times out of ten) try to make a joke of it when the following happen?

When the tire goes flat and you're six miles from home?

When your toast is burnt and the egg looks hard-boiled as a traffic cop?

When the roof leaks? ———

3. Do you hold a grudge longer than a day? ———

4. (*For Women Only*) If *he* makes a tender remark about the "stars in your eyes" or something similar, do you grin and answer with a wisecrack? ———

5. (*For Men Only*) If *she* says dreamily, "It's such a lovely night," are you apt to [*Continued on page* 59]



Are you the life of the party?



Do you think Hugh Herbert is funny?

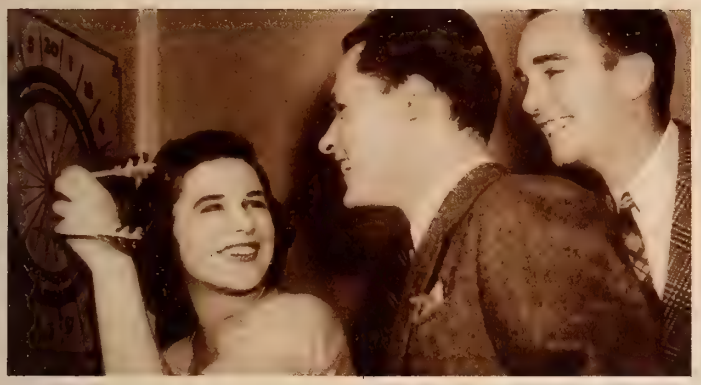
Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM







WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE— THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*



Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."



Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health.** I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (*now Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up.**"





Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Charles Boyer, one of the greatest of the screen romantics, springs to the defense of the American Husband, though he admits that the American Husband doesn't need it

A FRENCHMAN DEFENDS AMERICAN ROMANCE

By
JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Astonished? Yes, America continually astonishes Charles Boyer. Why not? It continually astonishes even Americans. But what astonishes him most after three years isn't the high buildings or the low gangsters, the skyline or the streamline.

"The American husband! A more romantic figure than Europeans give him credit for being. More polite, more—"

Boyer, himself one of the most romantic figures in films (not but what he'd prefer straight dramatic roles, if you ask *him*), ended the eulogy with a shrug. A real tribute, that shrug. It meant that while other foreign actors sing the praises of American grapefruit, plumbing, and women, this star of the French stage and screen—though acknowledging the merits of all three—sings his own particular discovery: America's forgotten Old Man.

Serious about it, too. Won't be shaken from his opinion.

The American man doesn't kiss girls' hands, it was called to Boyer's attention while between scenes of *Love Affairs* (Irene Dunne as the heroine) he ate chicken broth in the R-K-O commissary. The American husband doesn't bring home orchids after the honeymoon's over. He doesn't pay the little, personal attentions with which the European charms her. He reads his paper. He talks about his golf score.

"Naturally, I can't say how an American husband behaves inside his home," Boyer smiled up from the broth. He has one characteristic which unfortunately doesn't get over to the camera; a spark kindles in his black-brown eyes and grows brighter until finally he gives in and smiles. For this lunch interval, by the way, he was wearing comfortable slacks, tweed jacket, white shirt and [*Continued on page* 50]

Mr. and Mrs. Boyer take off shortly for his native France for a picture. His next American film is *Love Affair*, soon to be released



Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer fell in love at first sight and were married a few weeks after their first meeting in Hollywood. Here they are as they appeared shortly after their wedding



"You can't go out like that!" she gasped



I'll never forget Jean's face when she saw that old leather pocketbook! She couldn't have looked more startled if I'd appeared in hip boots. "Sally!"—she gasped—"You can't go out like that! That valise looks dreadful with your new silver dress! Where's your brocade evening bag?"



"Listen," I snapped: "I know this looks awful. But I don't happen to be a magician! I can't cram powder, lipstick, keys —*and* a sanitary napkin—into that little brocade bag. It just wasn't made for a crisis like this!"



Jean just laughed. "But you're not going for the week-end, dopey! I'll give you a Modess pad—and you'll feel perfectly safe without an extra one. Wait—let me show you something that will end your fear of embarrassing accidents..."



And she certainly did! She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and poured water on it! Not a drop went through! I saw that I could rely on Modess, with complete peace of mind!



"Better yet," she added, "you'll have the most *comfortable* evening you've ever known. Look at this soft, fluffy Modess filler! See the difference between 'fluff-type' Modess, and those 'layer-type' pads you've been buying!"



So—I carried my swank little brocade bag, completely reassured . . . Jean was awake when I got back and she declares I raved more about Modess than I did about the party! And why not! It's a great day in a woman's life when she discovers a sanitary napkin that's both *softer* and *safer* . . . yet costs as little as Modess does!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)



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For over 2 generations, Italian Balm has held the "first choice" vote, among all anti-chapping preparations, in Cold-weather Canada.

And, in the United States, its rapid rise to wide-spread popularity has been one of the sensations of toilet goods history.

So if your hands are dry, or rough and chapped, from housework or weather—test this famous Skin Softener at Campana's expense. Try it before you buy it!

Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest selling brands of lotion—yet its cost to *use* is *negligible.* It's wide-spreading—that's why! Not thin—watery—or wasteful. One drop (not a handful!) is the right amount for both hands per application. Get your FREE Vanity Bottle now. You be the judge.

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Second Generation

Broderick Crawford

is the son of Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford and is making good use of his fine theatrical heritage





Above, young Crawford with Gladys Swarthout in a scene from *Ambush.* Right, with William Henry in the same film

By ED JONESBOY

■ The first and only time Broderick Crawford ever got downright angry at his famous parents, Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford, was on the day they told him in ten words—no more and no less—that he was no longer a part of their vaudeville act. Two in the family were more or less successfully pursuing a theatrical career they explained carefully, while his temperature climbed to the boiling point, and if their mature judgment amounted to anything—which they thought it did—it appeared no more than fair and proper that Crawford fils (if he would pardon their French) should divorce himself from the footlights and pursue an education and, moreover, pursue it diligently.

"You could have knocked me over with a break-away chair," Broderick says, "when the full force of that parental ultimatum hit me. Almost from the day of my birth I had accompanied them on their vaudeville tours. Why, my earliest and favorite recollection of the show business centered around the time I was carried onto the stage by my parents for a bow at the end of their act! And from then on I never missed a show. I must have been pretty good, I reminded them, because as soon as I was able to talk they had been mighty quick to write in a part for me. And why pursue an education at school? Why couldn't I pursue one on the stage? If the theatre had been good enough for them all these years surely it should be good enough for me. Nobody, so far as I knew, had ever accused them of being dumb. In fact, I added as enthusiastically as I could, I'd heard it rumored time and time again that they were smart people both on and off the stage. Why not, then, let me acquire my education as they had theirs? After all, if I were ever going to be an actor how in the world could I ever be one unless I remained behind the footlights? I'd be willing, I admitted, to attend school at the end of each tour. I'd gone through the grades that way and there was no reason why I couldn't finish high school in the same manner. It would take longer, of course, but I'd graduate in time. And here was another thing, I said. The act wouldn't go over as well without me! Worse yet, it might not go over at all and then where would they be?

"Well, they were kind enough to let me rattle on and on until I ran out of words. Then they repeated what they had said in the beginning—I was to pursue an education in school. Right then and there I decided to run away!"

■ And run away he did, too, and enlisted as an "ordinary seaman" on the Standard Oil tanker, the John D. Archbald. It was six months before his parents could rescue him and return him to the act! From that time on, nothing was permitted to interfere with his theatrical career. And nothing did. And just to prove he was correct in his contention that he could stick to both the stage and school equally well, he managed to graduate from Dean Academy—with honors. With the diploma tucked away among his souvenirs he devoted his energies entirely to the stage where he has been doing very well indeed.

Up until the time he co-starred with Wallace Ford in the Broadway smash hit *Of Mice and Men,* his stage career was hounded by unsuccessful plays.

"Every one of them," he admits, "had a most peculiar habit of folding up before they fairly got started. In 1934, which year dates my first appearance on my own in a straight dramatic role, I got a college boy part in the London company of the

New York success, *She Loves Me Not*. I had wanted to take a trip abroad for years and a part in this show would be like taking a vacation with pay. It would have been, too, only it turned out that the English failed to find any humor in the play and it closed.

Returning to America Broderick obtained a small part with Lunt and Fontaine in *Point Valaine*, the Noel Coward play.

"It was the poorest of all the Coward plays," he says, "and in a few weeks it passed away as the result of an attack of acute floppitis."

Much to his dismay and worry, the same disease attacked *Sweet Mystery of Life, Danger, Men at Work,* and *Punch and Judy*.

"I began to have wild, crazy dreams about producers who started to scream the moment I entered their offices, and it became as plain to me as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face that I'd have to connect myself with a hit mighty soon or else find myself in Cain's warehouse along with the rest of the flops."

But life wasn't quite as dark as the young actor imagined. His appearance in *Sweet Mystery of Life* eventually carried him to Hollywood. George Haight, who had authored it, had moved onto the Hollywood scene as an associate producer under the Sam Goldwyn banner and by the time George was ready to cast for *The Woman's Touch,* starring Miriam Hopkins, he remembered the husky, six-footer who had gallantly gone down with the good ship *Sweet Mystery* when it sank in the Broadway theatrical seas without so much as a single salty tear being shed by the critics.

"After the picture was finished, I was ready to go back to New York. Not that I didn't enjoy my work in front of the camera, but I honestly felt I wasn't ready for the screen. The work was easy, everyone was swell, but even mother's 'You'd be surprised how easy it is,' failed to impress me—and back I went to Broadway."

Incidentally, he was on his way to fame because his outstanding performance for seven months in *Of Mice and Men* established him in the minds of the critics as one of the best of our better actors. At long last he was in a hit play.

■ Broderick's closest friends are Humphrey Bogart and Moss Hart. He goes haywire when he sees a hat placed on a bed. The day he started *Ambush* the script instructed him to walk nonchalantly into a bedroom, take a good gander at the furniture and then walk out. Well, he walked in superbly nonchalant and then he took his gander. The first object that met his gaze was a bed. Now, ordinarily, looking at a bed doesn't bother him, but in this particular instance it did, mainly for the reason that upon it rested fifty hats of assorted shapes and sizes. They say that he was so scared at the sight that he almost jumped clear up to the catwalk that was suspended thirty feet above the set. And what he said when he came down would have been censored by an office far less important than that occupied by Mr. Hayes. Hollywood jokesters classify it as the best rib of the month.

How can a man forget so soon?



A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .



First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .



My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only *half*-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out *all* the dirt.



Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer *golden* soap blended with gentle *naptha* hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is *me!*

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

LOST—That heavy over-powdered effect!
FOUND—a face powder with a *Light Touch!*



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
FACE POWDER
sits lightly as a feather—stays on smoothly all day!

• Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



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Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.
I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rose Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . .
Send my *free* trial package to
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Address
City State
(This offer not good in Canada)

Beauty and the Blast



Jeanette MacDonald, now to be seen in *Sweethearts*, knows that the first rule for romance, on the screen or in real life, is constant care of lovely skin



No need for the wintry winds to be a menace to your beauty if you follow this good advice carefully

By ANN VERNON

■ Wintry blasts always pile my desk high with letters from readers, and most of the problems in them concern dry skin, chapped lips or red, raw hands. So I've decided to quote several typical winter-weather questions and give the answers. If *you* have another kind of problem, write to me, explaining your difficulty and I'll be glad to give it thought and send you a personal reply.

Q. *Although I use cold cream, my skin becomes very sensitive and dry in winter. It scales off in spots and I can't keep powder on. What to do?*

A. You must be omitting one of the "Big Four" rules of skin care—cleansing, lubrication, stimulation and protection. Or, at least, not being regular enough about practicing them. Your skin needs soap and water *and* creams. One of the reasons it is so touchy is that you don't stimulate the circulation enough, and a good scrubbing with soap (a mild one, of course) will whip up that lazy circulation. Try it at least once a day, and follow up with an application of lubricating cream. Leave a film of it on all night and it will banish that stiff, dry feeling as well as ugly scaliness. Always use a protective cream or lotion as a powder base. Powder alone rarely stays on over-dry skin; but you'll find that a good foundation will protect your skin from the chapping effects of wind and keep your powder intact.

If you "dries" don't believe my advice about soap, I wish you would write to me for the name of one that will convince you I'm right. It's a bland, milled soap, made

with the finest oils. Its soothing but penetrating lather cleans without irritating and the price isn't irritating, either.

Ah! A dream of a foundation lotion to tell you about. No more scaly nose or fly-away powder for you now! It's a liquid emulsion, milky white and easy to spread over your skin. It clings to your skin and powder clings to it for hours. So endeth my praises—and your complaints.

Q. *Cold weather causes my lips to chap and crack painfully. I look awful with lipstick or without . . . How can I overcome this?*

A. The thin, sensitive skin of the lips usually needs babying. I'd advise you to apply lubricating oil or cream nightly, massaging it gently into the lips. And may I suggest a lipstick with a very creamy base that forms a protective film? It adapts itself to your own skin coloring, provides a rosy, blush tone—and its softening base keeps your lips as smooth and soft as velvet.

If you want an extra layer of protection and an extra layer of glossy allure, try a transparent film over your lipstick. All the stars use it to get that dewy, glistening look on their lips. Costs 50 cents and is made in Hollywood.

Q. *I'm so ashamed of my hands! They get terribly red and rough in cold weather although I'm only 21. Can you help me?*

A. There aren't as many oil glands in the skin on your hands as in other areas. That's one reason hands get rough and dry. The other reason is that they get more abuse. Women don't give them the care they lavish on their faces; and this in spite of the fact that hands have to do all the dirty work . . . So a hand beautifying routine should include constant use of lubricants to supply the natural oils that are missing or are removed by daily tasks. It should also place a ban on harsh, alkaline household soaps. You wouldn't wash your finest silk undies with cheap soap, so why treat your one and only pair of hands with less kindness?

I've been using a pale pink hand cream that I can't get along without in winter. Its fine oils vanish into the skin quickly (I am forever putting on and taking off my gloves, so I abhor any trace of stickiness!) and stay there, keeping my hands unusually soft and white. There's a jar of it on sale for a dime in ten cent stores. It contains enough to prove to you that the cream really spells hand beauty.

Please write me before February 15th if you wish the names of any of these products. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with 3 cents in U. S. postage.

ANY WINTER WORRIES?

If cold weather has taken its toll of your skin and hair, do something about it! Write to our beauty editor immediately. She will be glad to send you a letter of advice. Just enclose a stamped, addressed return envelope (3 cents U. S. postage, please) and send your inquiry to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



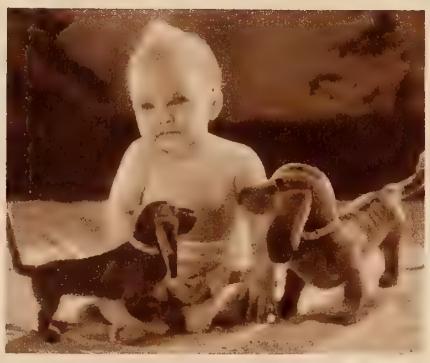
"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!...Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"



"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure...your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."



"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it...and it didn't work. Aw shucks!...But wait—got an idea...Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply *glide* down the stairs!"



"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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Hot on the Trail of History

[*Continued from page* 25]

priest after a two hour cross country chase.

"We were doing a story at Old Orchard Beach, Maine," said Mingalone in telling of his strange skyride, "and decided to make some shots of balloon-hopping as a stunt.

"A dozen or more of these balloons tied to a parachute harness give you a buoyancy that will lift you six or seven feet, after you run a short distance to gain momentum and then jump.

"For the picture I decided to try to jump over a car, and attached more and more balloons to my harness until I had about 30 or 32 of them tugging at my shoulders. Just as I was unwinding the guy rope, a sudden burst of wind carried me off the ground.

"Up and up I went, the guy rope, which we had depended on for such an emergency, snapped when I was about 150 feet off the ground. Soon I was soaring along at about 1,500 feet and still climbing.

"Luckily the wind was from the northeast. Instead of being blown out to sea I was carried inland. I saw the crew on the ground hop into a car and begin to give chase along the road which, by good fortune, I was just about paralleling.

"Soon I was above the clouds. I couldn't see the ground but I could hear the sounds of sirens as more and more cars joined the chase. At about 3,000 feet I ran into rain clouds. They waterlogged the balloons enough to bring me down again to about 1,200 feet.

"As I came through the clouds, Father James Mullen, who had been one of the spectators of our little show, began shooting at the balloons with a rifle he had picked up during the pursuit. And it is to that Catholic priest I owe my life for one by one he punctured enough of the little five foot balloons to bring me down. If he had not been a crack shot, he might have punctured me! I felt like a human clay pigeon."

Mingalone was the hero of another stunt, almost as spectacular, when he had himself lashed to the radio mast of the submarine S-7 and filmed the actual submerging of the undersea craft.

By signalling through the periscope, the cameraman could advise the officer in charge when to start raising the submarine. After several successful shots of the decks, the guns and the conning tower going under water, Mingalone announced he was going to keep filming the boat's dive until even the periscope sank below the waves.

The water was above Mingalone's waist and the cameraman was beginning to wonder how long he could hold his breath if he were drawn under, when the sub started to rise again in answer to his frantic signals.

"I decided right then it was time for me to get some interior shots of the submarine," concluded the Paramount daredevil.

■ You almost have to be an acrobat to be a newsreel cameraman, with assignments calling for shots from a racing sulky, the steel girders of a skyscraper, the catwalk of a bridge or the wing of an airplane. Certainly you have to be a bit of a diplomat, as Bob Donahue, of Pathe, learned when he was sent abroad with an American Legion party on a goodwill tour of Europe.

In London, Edward, Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, entertained the party at luncheon. No interior pictures were to be allowed. Donahue retired from the dining room and wrote the Prince a note saying, "I am the official photographer and it is my duty to get a picture of you and our national commander. Will you please pose?"

Back in the dining room, he made his way toward the Prince. "Special message for His Highness," the cameraman explained. Just then someone in gold braid called, "Charge your glasses!" and Donahue dropped the note on the Prince's plate.

After the luncheon, Donahue managed to reach the Prince's side. "Prince, I'm the man who sent that note to you. What do you say?"



With a quizzical look at the cameraman, the Prince nodded and led his guests outdoors where the reel was filmed.

Some years later Donahue was assigned to get the first sound pictures of the Prince en route to South America. When the Pathe man approached him, Wales astonished him by asking, "Aren't you the newsreel man who dropped a note on my plate in London once?"

■ Barney Powell, Fox Movietone News man, found his knowledge of the Charleston a help when he was after pictures of the former King of Greece. The monarch was interested in the dance then popular in America and agreed to pose for pictures in return for lessons in the jazz measures.

Royalty turned apprentice for another cameraman when Fernando Delgado, of Fox Movietone News, was photographing cavalry maneuvers at Carabanchal, Spain, some years ago.

"King Alphonse was reviewing a crack cavalry regiment in some difficult maneuvers which called for the horses to slide down a steep cliff," relates the little Latin-American cameraman, who is only about five feet two inches tall and weighs about 115 pounds.

"I had taken a shot of the King and General Sanjurjo leaving their car and was trying to carry my camera along with the party as it moved up toward the reviewing stand. It was a frightfully hot day, and, since my camera weighed almost as much as I did, I was having my troubles. Suddenly, the King beckoned to me.

" 'Does that camera of yours come apart?' he asked.

" 'Yes, your Majesty,' I answered and showed him how the cumbersome equipment could be separated.

" 'Here, give me part of it, and give your tripod to General Sanjurjo,' the King commanded and on we trudged, the three of us, with King Alphonse seeming to enjoy hugely his role of camera boy.

"I've had a lot of thrills in my time but having a King for a helper was the highlight of my career," declared Delgado.

■ The more important the personage, the more gracious and cooperative they seem to be, in the cameramen's opinion. President and Mrs. Roosevelt both are willing and friendly subjects and have a keen sense of news values. The President has become quite conversant with professional terms, using such expressions as "cut," "footage" and "fadeout" in discussing newsreel shots. Often when a scene is made he is likely to say, "How did it go? Need another take?"

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is remembered with pleasure by the newsreel men who cover Washington as a real friend of the cameramen. Frequently she would join the circle of photographers with her own hand camera to make scenes of the former President. Several times when a newsreel man's machine jammed or he ran out of film, the gracious First Lady volunteered her camera or a supply of film.

■ Arthur De Titta, of Fox Movietone News, has a warm spot in his heart for ex-President Hoover who once pulled the



WILL HE KISS YOU, *TONIGHT?* Your heart is ready... *but your lips are not* ...if harsh greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away... and take his kisses to a wiser girl... with sweeter, more natural lips. Smooth, soft and alluring, ready for his own. So...



FOR LIPS THAT LURE—TANGEE! Here's orange magic in a lipstick known the world over for its "*young*" appeal! Watch it change on *your* lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose... see how it makes them *glow* with life, as though your heart beat through them... a *living* fascination, impossible with "paint".



ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO!... Tangee Rouge to match, Compact or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "*natural*" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Tangee Make-up is ideal for blondes, brunettes, in-betweens and redheads... *just try it and see!*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! *Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

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emergency cord on a Presidential train that was drawing away from a station before the cameraman could clamber back to the platform after making a shot.

Among the various celebrities in the business and social world, J. P. Morgan has long been the most difficult to photograph, with Greta Garbo, on her various returns from Europe, a close second. In contrast to these figures are the publicity hungry men and women who call the newsreel companies on the slightest pretext and offer to pose for pictures.

■ Publicity or any sort of advertising is strictly taboo among the newsreels but there was one occasion when a commercial plug was sent out to the screens of the country for its entertainment value.

Lou Hutt, veteran Paramount News cameraman, had been assigned to get the first sound interview with the late John D. Rockefeller, founder of the Standard Oil Company, at his winter home in Ormond Beach, Florida.

"I called on the old gentleman and asked if he would give us a little talk on general topics before the sound camera," Hutt recalls. "He agreed and I arranged to photograph him that afternoon on the lawn of his home."

Now Hutt had expected the ordinary sort of newsreel interview, a chat about general conditions and a few brief platitudes about business. This was just what Mr. Rockefeller gave him and then started to turn away, a signal that the interview was ended.

Suddenly the old man turned back to face the camera. Lifting his thin voice, Mr. Rockefeller added, "God bless you. God bless everybody." He paused and a wry little smile broke on his wrinkled face. "And God bless Standard Oil," he concluded.

"I didn't think the office would ever let that last line get by," said Hutt, "but apparently they thought it was a great kick, and old Mr. Rockefeller got a chance to bless his company from coast to coast."

■ It was Hutt who got perhaps the most vivid scenes of the attempted assassination of President Roosevelt in Miami.

"I had arranged with the light company to rig up big Mazdas above the bandstand, by which the President was to ride," Hutt related. "He was due to arrive about 9 p. m. and I was all set up in a vantage point with my camera trained on the platform. But the President's car drove in from the opposite direction and all I got was a back shot. I left the motor of my camera running and went around to speak to Mr. Roosevelt.

" 'Mr. President,' I said, 'will you swing around so I can get a front view of you?' "

Just as Hutt spoke and the President turned, the madman, Joseph Zangara, began shooting. Mayor Anton Cermak, of Chicago, a member of the party, fell, mortally wounded, his blood spattering the cameraman. As Secret Service men rushed the President out of the crowd, Hutt hurried back to his camera.

"I got shots of Mr. Roosevelt being taken away," Hutt recounted, "of Mayor Cermak being carried off and of Zangara being seized in the general mixup that followed. And it wasn't until it was all over that I realized I had been in the direct line of fire from the assassin myself."



That's Tony Martin shaking hands with Rudy Vallee on the musician's opening night at the Cocoanut Grove. Alice Faye is looking so happy

■ His flaming red hair saved another cameraman from bullets, according to the story Dave Oliver, of Universal Newsreel, tells about the Cuban revolution.

"I'd had a tip that a bombardment was to be pulled off on the Hotel Nacionale in Havana, where 500 officers had been holding out for the restoration of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes as President," said Oliver. "I set up on the roof of a building three blocks from the hotel and waited until the Machado crew began blazing away with 75's. I got the whole thing. The shells pounding the building to pieces, the spasmodic rifle fire of the besieged rebels and finally a white flag being hoisted on the flagpole of the Hotel Nacionale.

"I figured the firing was all over and it would be a good idea to move in and get the surrender in closeup. So I lugged my camera up the slope to within about twenty yards of the main lobby and set up again in the debris near the entrance. My camera was trained on the door and I turned over the motor as the rebel officers, their hands above their heads, began to file out.

"Just then somebody must have had a nervous trigger finger for a gunshot rang out and one of the rebels dropped. It was a signal for both sides to open up again. I stood there, as if I were frozen to the spot. Fourteen officers were killed right beside me.

"I knew it would be silly to start running so I just fell down in my tracks and managed to wriggle to a dead horse that was lying in the street. I shoved the camera up over its side and began to take some more pictures. What the deuce, I

couldn't be any worse off than I was, and I might as well get some more stuff, I thought, in case I got out of it all right."

For two hours, Oliver lay there and alternately filmed the battle and smoked cigarettes, each of which he feared might be his last. Later, after the rebels had been subdued, Oliver was talking with one of their leaders in the Havana prison.

"You're the lucky one, all right," said the Cuban.

"Why?" asked Oliver.

"We could have killed you easily any time during the whole while you were lying behind that horse. But we recognized your red hair and someone said, 'It's just that crazy cameraman. Let him go.' "

■ In recent years American newsreel cameramen have been under fire in revolution torn Spain, in Ethiopia, in China, but it remained for Tommy Baltzell, of Pathe News, to photograph a gun battle in this country that had all the dangers and excitement of actual war.

"I had been sent out to Ambridge, Pennsylvania," Baltzell related, "to cover a strike at one of the steel mills. More than 1,000 men had walked out and were picketing the plant.

"The day I got there I heard that the sheriff had recruited a force of about 250 special deputies and was preparing to march to the plant to disperse the strikers.

"I drove my sound truck out to the plant ahead of the sheriff's little army and set up my camera on the roof of the truck. I had not long to wait. With all the precision of a military unit, the deputies came marching up the hill and halted just outside the gates where the strikers were gathered. I got pictures of the sheriff and a small group of his men talking with the strikers, ordering them to disperse. A regular miniature battle ensued. Fifteen of the strikers were killed and scores wounded; two of the deputies were shot.

"How I ever escaped injury, I'll never know, for I was right in the middle of it all, with bullets buzzing by me like hornets."

Baltzell's pictures made newsreel history for they were the first complete record of a strike outbreak, from the initial shots of the parley to the actual gun fighting. The reel was shown to President Roosevelt and Department of Labor officials as an authentic version of just what violence occurs in labor disputes.

■ Cameramen's thrills aren't confined to the actual filming of events. The race to be the first on the screen with a story often involves a hazard as Jack Kuhne, of Fox Movietone News, can attest.

When King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France were assassinated all the newsreel companies got pictures of the tragedy and shipped them to this country on the same boat, the George Washington.

Hoping to score a beat for his company, Kuhne arranged to have a plane meet the liner 650 miles from New York, have the films tossed overboard in buoyant watertight cans and picked up with a grappling hook.

But as his plane circled the boat, maneuvering for a landing alongside, a wave broke over one wing and the plane was wrecked. Kuhne was carried under the water in the cabin but managed to kick out a door and swim to the surface. He was almost swept away in the high seas and was saved only by the chance that Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, returning from Europe on the ship, sighted him through a glass and directed a life boat to his rescue.

■ The casualties are fairly high in a profession as fraught with danger as theirs and the cameramen are reluctant to talk much of the stories that have had tragic ending; of Thomas Proffitt, of Universal, lost when the ill-fated last raft down the Susquehanna crashed near Harrisburg; of Charlie Traub, of Pathe, killed when Lee Bible's racer got out of control at Daytona Beach; of Joe Gibson, of Universal, shot down in Cuba and "Newsreel" Wong, colorful little Chinese cameraman of News of the Day, badly injured in a bombing near Shanghai.

But risk only seems to add lustre to the story to the average cameraman and no matter what hardship is involved he gets the pictures he goes after. It's a dangerous grind, this newsreel game, but there's nothing "too hot to handle."



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Singing Lesson

Franklin Pangborn is a man of many talents. Besides being featured in *Topper Takes a Trip* he finds time for cultural pursuits such as shown



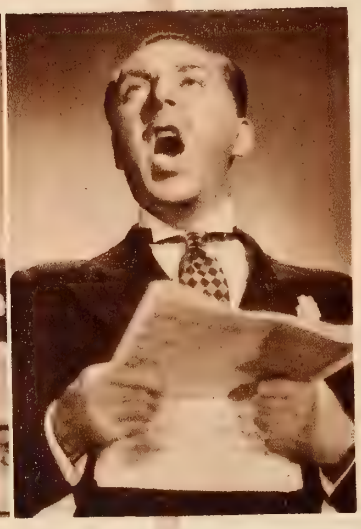
1. Make ready



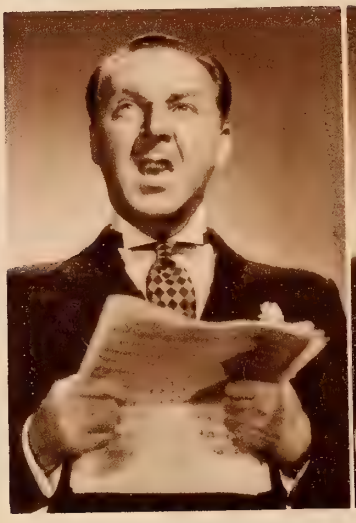
2. Get set



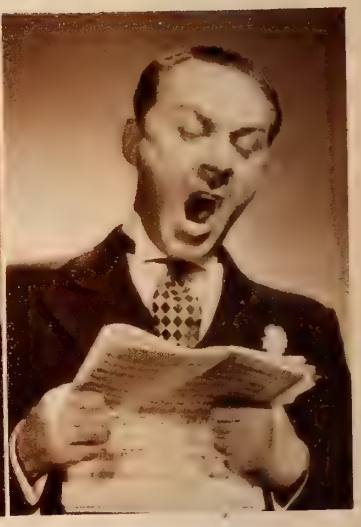
3. That first golden note



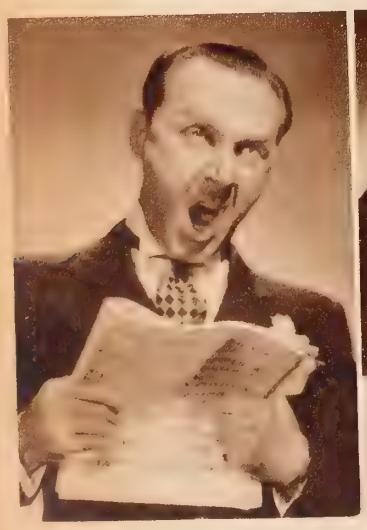
4. That glorious outburst



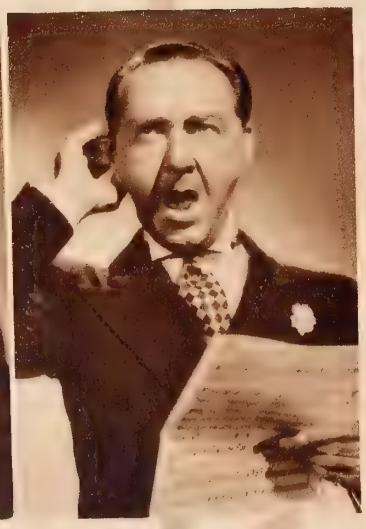
5. The audience fidgets



6. But the show must go on



7. Now for the high note



8. Where did it go?



9. The feeble excuse



10. Oh, why didn't I forget my music?

Women Worry Men

[Continued from page 27]

tially solve his problem. Women may not worry *about* him, as he says, but they do worry him. When the *Wings of the Navy* company was in Pensacola, Florida, recently to make location scenes, stories seeped back to Hollywood concerning George's efforts to escape—from women. Unable to eat a meal in the hotel dining room without encountering too many women who were either autograph seekers or girls clamoring for an introduction, he took over a small restaurant paid the proprietor what his ordinary day's business would amount to, invited another fellow to join him and took all his meals there.

A more exciting story concerned one determined young lady who pursued George right into a Turkish bath. It was the nearest refuge at the moment and he had always been under the impression that a woman couldn't get into a men's bath house. That was his error. She did!

Yet, during that time, his telephone bills for long distance calls to a young lady in Hollywood were enormous, which only proves that George, like any other man, likes to do the chasing himself when and if he feels like a good chase.

■ Of course he lives alone because he prefers to live that way. He likes to be alone. It's no pose assumed since he gained stardom. Long ago his friends learned that he doesn't like people who drop in unexpectedly and he can't understand people who have always to be surrounded by a crowd.

Hollywood hostesses have given him up in despair, and, although they continue to invite him, they seldom expect him. "And he's so attractive," wailed one young matron to me recently.

"I have a nice home of my own," he told me once. "Why should I go out? Besides, I hate crowds—except at theatres where my pictures are showing," he added, with a good natured grin.

"Some people get lonely and depressed if there aren't people about. I have to be alone. I like to read at the table; I like to be the one to open the morning paper. There's nothing more irritating than to find your paper strewn all over the floor and half of it missing.

"I like to be free to come and go as I please; to go out if I have time and want to, or to stay at home. Three nights a week I take a piano lesson and of course I have to practice between lessons or the teacher asks me why I am paying him. I've always wanted to play the piano but I never had time. I haven't now, but I realized if I didn't start now I never would. I love music. It rests me. I never have time to be lonesome."

■ Recently he bought a new home and since then has spent his spare time tearing it down and putting it up again. A room is remodeled to be like George *thinks* he wants it. When it ends up looking like something that someone else had planned, he has it ripped up and remade. Two fireplaces have been added and the dining room enlarged. George seldom entertains except one or two guests for dinner, but the room wasn't large enough to hold his holiday guests.

■ Another reason he gives for living alone is "the business", and don't get the idea that anyone is giving him the business. He refers to the business of making motion pictures which, he believes, makes a happy marriage, or even happy living conditions if you share your quarters with another, too difficult.

"It doesn't matter who it is," George thinks. "Living with someone else—a wife, mother, sister or even another man—can be anything but happy. And no one is really to blame," he declared. "It's just this business.

"If there is someone at home waiting for you, depending on you, it's a responsibility. I mean something more personal than financial responsibility. Money you can hand over and forget, but when someone is waiting dinner for you and you are held up at the studio until eight or nine o'clock, it's a worry. You feel you must get home or, at least, telephone home. And maybe you can't get off the set to

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This is the cottage, deep in the desert, where George Brent goes to rest between pictures. No women are allowed. It is 25 miles from the nearest town and the road is abominable so the star usually flies. A landing field has been cleared from the sage brush

telephone. You are trying to think about your work and worrying about the person who is worrying about you.

"This is an erratic business; people here are on edge most of the time; they are more keyed up than the average person," he said soberly. "You never know when you're going to be called on or what you're going to be asked to do. You have no control of your own time and movements. You have to account to so many people all day long that you don't feel like accounting to one more person when you get home. You become irritable over it. You aren't up to being companionable seven days a week.



George Brent, just before a take-off from his hidden retreat in the California desert

■ Fair-minded, George realizes there are two sides to every question and says, "I'm just telling the way I feel. I don't think it's any soft touch for a girl to marry an actor. Even when a wife understands conditions—the topsy turvy life we lead—and is willing to accept them, it doesn't make it any more pleasant. The situation exists just the same.

"Then there are the peculiar duties attached to the job—such as, publicity pictures in which you pose kissing your leading woman. Such things are business but you never can tell what little incident can injure harmony between a man and his wife. A family, no matter how much you love it, is an encumbrance in this town."

Women are possessive creatures; they are born that way. And George thinks that is one quality that destroys a man's freedom. "If you make an engagement because you want to, that's fun," he says, "but if someone is dependent on you for amusement and makes you feel it, what might a social engagement becomes something you have to do.

"And I hate making plans. I think most men do, but women are funny about things like that. They love to plan. And in this business plans never work out. Right now I'm excited about going to Switzerland with Eddie Goulding for the winter sports, but we can't plan on it. We may both be working.

"This all sounds very selfish," he admitted, "but this business (there's that word again!) takes so much out of a person; it is so exacting that you don't seem to have anything left for a normal life."

■ Yet he admits that he would like to have a family—a real home with children, just as any normal man would—if he were not a motion picture star.

"It's too difficult here," he repeated. "The girls I meet are actresses. An actress isn't trained or temperamentally equipped to submerge her personality, her whole life almost, in favor of her husband's career. And it's not fair to ask that of any girl. Probably there are some happily married people in Hollywood but who knows whether or not they are happy?

"Of course, if I were married, I suppose I would argue just as strongly for the other side of the question. In fact," he laughed, "I know a lot of arguments for the other side right now."

One of his answers to the strain of living in Hollywood is his desert shack where he goes to rest, take sun baths and do exactly as he pleases. There, in the center of his ten acres of sagebrush, with no fear of trespassers, he finds escape. No woman has ever darkened the door of that shack, he says.

"It isn't suitable for a woman," he explained. "Women don't like to rough it.

"Sometimes," he continued, "if I'm very tired after a picture I go to a little sanitarium and go to bed for a few days or a week. I go on a rigid diet, rest, read a book a day, never hear a telephone and you'd be surprised what that does for me.

"Other times I like to get on a freighter and go places. Men can shift around and do things that would be hazardous for a woman. I like to pick up and go when I feel like it. If I had to wait while another person packed to go with me, I'd probably change my mind about wanting to go. I don't like to be tied down."

His secretary, a charming and efficient young lady, keeps his books, makes out his income tax returns, writes his checks, hires and fires his servants, goes house hunting when he feels that moving might enable him to escape from his feminine admirers; supervises the decorating and furnishing of the new place; does his Christmas shopping, relieves him of every irritating detail in his home and is one of the finest little buffers in Hollywood.

His excellent cook doesn't mind waiting dinner until eight or nine o'clock and his man, who acts as butler, and chauffeur, takes care of the star's clothes. If his servants worry over him, he isn't conscious of it.

"My secretary?" George repeated. "Oh, no, she's the perfect secretary. She doesn't worry over me because she's married and has a husband of her own to worry over.

"Will I marry again? How do I know? Anyone is crazy in this business to say whether or not he's going to get married. Maybe I will. I hope not, as long as I'm in Hollywood. Women worry too much."

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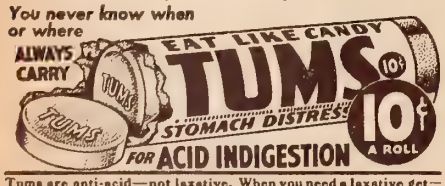
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Standing, James Ellison and Grace Durkin. Sitting, Gertrude Durkin and William Henry, noted as being the most loyal four friends in all Hollywood

PERMANENT FOURSOME

There are four people in Hollywood you'll always find together, and here is the story of their notable friendship

By JULE BUTLER

■ To look at him from the rear, you'd have sworn he was thirty years old. His massive shoulders had developed far beyond his pink cheeks and blue eyes. He was just a kid, an eighteen-year-old, with an ambition worthy of those shoulders, and just as well developed.

The trouble at the moment was, he couldn't play his scenes with his back to the audience. He had to flash that youthful profile some of the time—and that's what did it! The Little Theatre vibrated as though a tremor had hit it when the director blew up.

"Who in /x&%x?#x!!!! ever told you you should be an actor? You'll *never* be an actor!"

The pink cheeks flushed and the blue eyes blinked furiously, but without a word the tall young man folded his script, and walked steadily through the stage exit. Had he remained two minutes longer he would have seen a human bombshell burst from the wings. Another young man took the middle of the stage and turned on that director as impassioned a piece of denunciation as had ever made those rafters ring.

"And to hell with *you!*" concluded the other young man, and he, too, walked out the stage exit.

That was the real beginning of a friendship. Actually, however, the James Ellison-William Henry friendship didn't get under way with the Little Theatre episode as it should have (and undoubtedly would have) had Jimmy not left so soon. A year later Jim had taken a job in the film laboratory of Warner Brothers studio, devoting his evenings to his acting ambitions while Bill was concentrating all his time on the theatre. Both had become students at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and there they met again. Their friendship developed there slowly, almost casually. Jim was silent, conservative. Bill was loquacious, impulsive—two eager kids, direct opposites, but their bond was the same—a clean-cut theory on how to become a success, an earnest ambition to achieve it, an honest pride in each other's accomplishments.

Bill Henry is proud of the success that has come to James Ellison with his hit as the perennially pickled cousin in *Vivacious Lady*. Jim is the type who looks for the nearest exit when anyone so much as suggests he is the screen's newest rave. But not so Bill, who grasps every opportunity to reveal that he is still Ellison's champion.

This Bill Henry is a serious young man who looks at you intently from eyes which appear sea green in contrast to the deep tan of his skin. He is slight of figure, handsomely proportioned with the lithe rhythm of a swimmer in his movements. He looks like a screen hero, and it's nice to know M-G-M studios are busy at the moment doing something about it.

"You know," he resumed, "most young people who start out on a picture career, start it as a lark. It looks like a simple, fascinating way to make a living — and that's as far as they get. Few have the slightest idea of making a real business out of it. I mean, of reaching a place where a fellow can marry, build a home, plan a family—in other words, to realize the normal ambitions of any young man starting out in life. But Jim has thought of the screen as a serious career all along. Today he is financially independent, happily married, owns his own home, a high-powered car—and owes no mortgages! All this at the age when most young fellows are wondering what trade or profession they're going to crack.

"You couldn't have stopped Jim from being what he wanted to be if you put him in a strait jacket against a stone wall. I've worked hard myself to gain a spot in this business, but I don't think I could have gotten anywhere against the constant discouragements Jim's met. You see, he was the baby of the family—and what a spot! His brothers treated him like a kid, even after he towered over them. No one ever took him seriously. He had to decide plenty fast there was just one person who was going to worry about James Ellison's ambitions—and that was James Ellison. That forced him to work out things for himself, developed that silent determination to a point where he was obsessed by ambition. You see, he *had* to succeed to get attention in that family!

"The people who told him he'd never be a leading man! I can't remember anyone who didn't. He was always 'too big'—'too tall'—'too young looking'—too this or too that. But the day he entered the Pasadena Playhouse he had made up his mind. Jim's bull-headed once he makes up his mind. His persistence is a sure 'resistance annihilator.'

"But there was one plan of his though, when he really didn't have anything to say—not even a suggestion. It was in regard to his original debut as a leading man at the Pasadena workshop. This was the school for new students—where we trained before we were actually presented in the little theatre. Jim's part was Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*. He'd rehearsed for weeks. He ate, slept, talked nothing but Romeo. Where Jim was concerned, Romeo was about to be played for the first time.

Well, the big night arrived. Jim had gotten off work early and rushed into the workshop in high gear. His hands were shaking so while he was putting on his make-up he could have mixed a swell malt in nothing flat. "Hey, calm yourself, kid," someone volunteered. "You start juggling that sword around out there with nerves like that and someone'll get killed!" We tried to kid him. We thought that if

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we could get him to laugh, he'd relax and everything would be okay. But he was really steamed up. About half an hour before curtain time he confided he had a bad headache. I tried to dismiss it with "First night head—everybody gets it." But in twenty more minutes I took a look at him and knew I was crazy. His face had swollen to twice its normal size. It was flushed to a rosy red, and he was walking back and forth mumbling his lines incoherently. In practically no time we were enlightened. Our Romeo had the mumps!

"Jim can laugh as hard as anybody today about that story—though it was a major catastrophe then. But nothing stops Jim for long. He worked like the devil for months until he got another break—not even the mumps could have stopped him from going on that time.

"Hollywood and its petty jealousies roll right off his back. He's too intent upon his own work to worry about whether John Dizzle has a bigger dressing room than he has. But just between us, if he once got the idea that a big dressing room had anything to do with doing a better job, Jim'd have the biggest, the most terrific dressing room John Dizzle ever saw!"

Beyond their bond of friendship there is still another tie between them. A year after Bill married Grace Durkin, Jim married her sister, Gertrude. Together, they form a loyal foursome, sturdily anchored by friendship against the uncertain background of Hollywood.



Lee Bowman and Joy Hodges have announced their engagement and are behaving in this romantic fashion now in Hollywood where Miss Hodges just has finished *Personal Secretary*

Meet Miss Kelly

[*Continued from page* 17]

differentiate between an Amherst fraternity and a Princeton club.

Her radio debut came on the *Forty-five Minutes From Hollywood* program and in addition to this series she was heard over the air waves in *The Wizard of Oz, The Cavalcade of America, Myrt and Marge, Gang Busters, Renfrew of the Mounted, Aunt Jenny,* and *The Shadow.* She was the busiest child actress in radio when she was made the ingenue of *The March of Time* program.

■ Three years on *The March of Time* gave Nancy the most helpful background of her career, she believes. "It was almost like being in a stock company, on the stage, with "a different role every week, a completely new characterization to learn.

"I played everything from Freddie Bartholomew to Princess Juliana in childbirth. We used to study the voices of the various people we were to represent from records made from newsreels and the important thing wasn't just the trick of capturing the tone of voice but in trying to get the attitude, the way they would think, the way they would feel about a situation.

"Radio is really wonderful training for acting because it teaches you to use your voice to get across a characterization. On the stage or in pictures you use your face, your hands, your whole body to convey an idea. You act it. But in radio the whole thing is your voice. You have to get every shade of meaning, every point across with just the intonation and rhythm of your voice."

■ Nancy was sixteen when her mother cocked a critical eye and announced, "I think as far as you are concerned, the awkward age is past." Mrs. Kelly was guilty of an understatement. Nancy had become one of the most ravishingly beautiful young girls in New York. Tall and slender (she is five feet five inches and weighs 113 pounds) and with lovely brown hair and brown eyes, Nancy had the poise and bearing of a real aristocrat of the theatre. It was high time, Mrs. Kelly realized, for another venture on the stage.

The part for which Nancy tried out, and which ultimately won her the attention of Darryl Zanuck and a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, was the appealing role of "Blossom", Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, in *Susan and God,* one of the outstanding stage shows of the last year.

From the opening night Nancy was a tremendous success and in May, Darryl Zanuck, after one screen test of the girl, bought up her run of the play contract from Producer John Golden.

Nancy was whisked off to Hollywood and two days after her arrival was given the feminine lead opposite Richard Greene in *Submarine Patrol.*

Submarine Patrol was barely finished

before she began *Jesse James,* and while still working in this Technicolor legend of the Missouri outlaw, she was cast in *Tail Spin* to share top honors with Alice Faye and Constance Bennett.

So Hollywood to Nancy thus far hasn't meant dressy first nights with throngs of fans milling around under the searchlights of the theatre, or long luncheons at the Brown Derby where the famous of filmland come to see and be seen.

"I've been too busy working to see much of the glamorous side of Hollywood," Nancy said. "It's been a steady routine of up early and off to the studio, all day on the stage and then home to study my lines.

"I've been out to Malibu a few times to swim but so far as Hollywood meaning one long whirl of parties, that's still just newspaper gossip to me.

"As a matter of fact, I did more dancing while we were on location in Missouri for *Jesse James* than I did the whole time I was in Hollywood. We spent about a month in Noel, a little town about twelve miles from Pineville, where the picture was shot, and every night Dad and Mother and Randy Scott and I used to go to the little summer pavilion there for dinner and dancing.

"Randy is a grand dancer and we had heaps of fun together. The first time I really felt like a movie actress was when I learned that the proprietor of the pavilion was charging people a dollar just to sit and watch us dine and dance. Tyrone Power and Hank Fonda took particular delight in putting on a show for these tourists who flocked to Noel.

"The natives around Pineville and Noel, particularly the hill folk of the Ozarks, were an interesting lot and I'll never forget the story Henry King, our director, told of one of them. This bewhiskered hermit lived in a cabin which the company wished to shoot for a particular scene. He was approached with an offer for renting the cabin, agreed on the sum and was handed a contract to sign.

" 'I can't write but I'll put my mark on the paper', the old man said and affixed an ornate X to the contract.

" 'By the way', he asked a minute later, 'is that a legal document I just signed?' He was told that it was. 'Well, then, I'd better sign my legal name', he decided, reaching for the contract. It was handed back to him and gravely he added a second X to the first mark. 'There now, I guess that makes it more businesslike', the old man concluded."

■ That they expect great things from Nancy and are anxious to build her up to star rating on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot was shown by the action of the studio chiefs in sending her East to New York for a visit that coincided with the opening of *Submarine Patrol.*

Both the picture and its feminine lead were warmly greeted by the press of Manhattan and Nancy was showered with more adjectives than a Louisville belle at her first party. "Refreshing", "utterly bewitching", "destined for quick stardom", these and other verbal bouquets were pinned by reviewers to the bright, vivacious new personality in the film parade.

Many cocktail parties and receptions for editors, picture critics and feature writers were held at the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel, where Nancy stayed. A tea was given for her former schoolmates at St. Lawrence and Bentley's and for a week Nancy held open house to a steady stream of well wishers who were unanimous in singing her praises. It was all nice to hear but the real thrill, according to Nancy, came her last morning in New York.

Into the hotel came three quiet figures in the long flowing robes of Catholic nuns. They were her former teachers, Sister Regina Miriam, Sister Joseph Eileen and Sister Teresita.

"And it was when they told me they approved of what I was doing, congratulated me on my success and spoke with pleasure of coming to see me on the screen that I was really satisfied with my work," said Nancy.

The young girl who has such a brilliant career in the movies ahead of her if she chooses to continue it, paused. She smiled very tenderly at the thought of her three black-robed visitors.

"They're so good, those sisters. It would be wonderful to work with them, to lead that life of simplicity and service. I don't know . . . maybe some day I'll join them. Meanwhile, I'm going to justify their faith in me and try to be a truly great actress!"



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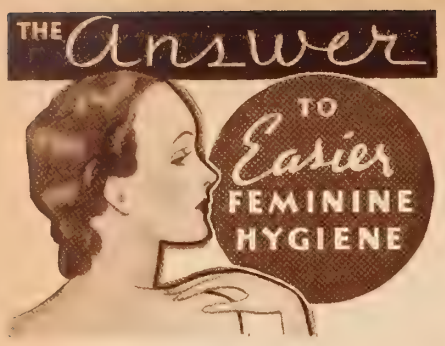
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A Frenchman Defends American Romance

[*Continued from page* 32]

a Paisley scarf. He likes to lounge when he isn't acting. "I don't know whether the American husband brings home orchids every night. But I hear that sometimes he wipes the dishes."

He raised a shoulder toward an ear, a sign of admiration. "In public, I do know, the American man is extremely attentive and courteous. Even, it sometimes seems to me, to the point of exaggeration."

The exaggerated courtesy of American men! B-bu-t—

"For example," Boyer's quiet voice and intriguing accent went on to an accompaniment of gestures with the shoulders oftener than with the hands, "when a woman comes to a table or leaves it, the American men leap to their feet like—like soldiers. It wouldn't occur to a Frenchman to do that. He would see that she had a chair, certainly . . ." Boyer turned to a vacant chair with an air so deferential that you could actually behold a lady in it. "But he wouldn't rise unless his own chair were in her way, when he might do this . . ." Boyer rose and swung his chair sidewise with a motion swift and gallant.

He swung it back again and sat down. He narrowed his eyes as if to view the American man more clearly.

"Always before I came to this country I heard of the American, especially the American in business. He sat in his shirtsleeves, a big cigar in his mouth, his feet on the desk. He roared in a loud voice, and chewed gum. Invariably he is so represented on the French stage today."

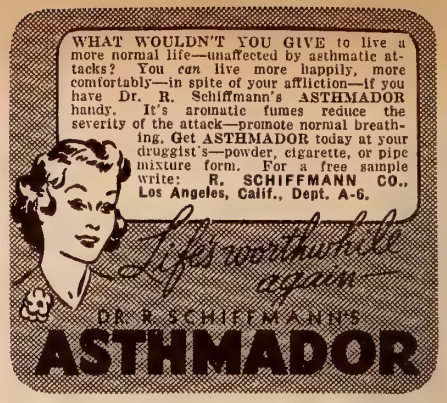
It was pointed out to Boyer that some Frenchmen chew gum. He nodded, and continued to chew it. "I am limiting myself to no cigarettes until after six P. M.," he explained parenthetically.

"So imagine my surprise," he resumed, "when I really met the American business man, who is usually the American husband as well. Dressed in good taste. Springing to his toes whenever a lady approached him. And not shouting, not only in the office but also when I bump his car."

Again the spark and then the Boyer smile.

"Europeans kiss ladies' hands, yes; and we shake hands with each other, the men. In a French film studio, if I am leaving for the day, I must shake hands with everyone. After I had been to Hollywood, I tried to introduce the custom of not shaking hands so much, but the other studio people in Paris thought I was stuck up. We shake hands when we meet, when we part; it takes a lot of time, and sometimes one is in a hurry. Never mind, one shakes hands just the same.

"But on the street in an automobile, if there is perhaps a little accident, it is the European and not the American who shouts. When in Paris two cars bump, the drivers alight and cry out in loud tones to impress on each other how serious the damage is, and they have almost a fist fight. People gather round. Traffic is blocked."

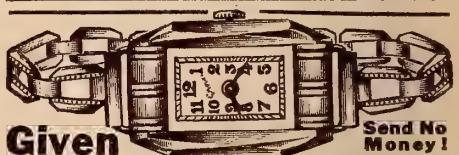


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His voice took on a quality of rather pleased reminiscence, understandable by anyone who has visited the French capital. "Especially French taxi drivers," he added, and laughed out loud, "they are so ingenious, they can think of the most unusual insults, things that would never occur to ordinary people.

"But here in Hollywood I was learning to drive and I did not put out my hand when I turned, and I ran into another car. I was going slowly, but there were several persons in that car and if I had been going fast somebody might have been hurt.

"The man got out. I expected him to shout, to say anything to me, perhaps to have a fist fight—" Boyer hunched his shoulders in an expectant tenseness and managed to look a lot more alarmed than he probably did on the occasion in question. "But he only wrote down my number and asked my name, and that was all.

"The American man thinks: 'Well, getting the license number is the only thing necessary. Why make a fuss?' Possibly not very romantic, but good manners and good sense."

Sure, sure. And probably he was an American husband. Yet, in contrast to the European with his charming thoughtfulness . . .

■ "It is true, a Frenchman would not be likely to say something which would embarrass a girl in public, make her feel foolish," Boyer admitted, evidently thinking of the give-and-take jests which often mark the comradely relations between American men and women, "and in France there may be certain small attentions—

"You see, American women have so many rights, legally. They have such remarkably kind treatment from men, from judges, from everyone, that perhaps an American man does not feel the need of showing the lesser attentions always.

"In France, possibly it pleases a man—just because a woman does not have so many rights—to do more than he's obliged to do, and more than he is expected to do. But in true courtesy he cannot excel the American. The people who wait upon one in the American shops are so polite. Your gas station attendants are so polite; it isn't like that in France, where if you ask directions the gas station attendant will no doubt reply: 'I'm busy.' Of course individuals vary in any country . . ."

■ Well, but the French language! Consider the French language, Mr. Boyer. It is more formal than English, non? thereby making for ceremoniousness and courtesy. Why, Frenchmen *must* be more polite than Americans if only because they speak French. Besides (for Boyer was shaking his head in dissent), French is the language of Romance.

"Is it?" replied Boyer, "I know, at least, that English is more flexible. There are no short cuts in French. You cannot say, 'I won't'. Always you must go all the way round. You cannot ask: 'Do you like the coffee?' and have somebody reply, 'I do.' He must reply: 'I like the coffee.' In French, you cannot say anything in a hurry.

"And when it comes to sentiment, to romance, you can say things in English that you cannot say in French. Vice versa, too, I suppose. 'Honey', for instance. To call someone 'honey' in French would be meaningless, but in French you can call someone a 'little cabbage'. Everything depends, naturally, on whether you like cabbage or honey better. And upon who is saying it."

His fluent shoulders moved again.

"This also is true. While French and English sound equal on the stage, French sounds more artificial than English on the air and the screen, even if on the air and screen one is saying romantic things. To be natural on the screen, you must be more natural than you naturally would be; otherwise, you appear to be overdoing. English, a less formal language, seems made for screen and radio purposes."

■ All the same, Boyer expects to leave for Paris in the spring to do a picture in French. He will have been away from Paris for about sixteen months, the longest time that has ever elapsed for him without a trip there. He has two homes now, to which he is almost equally devoted; Hollywood, where he bought Ruth Roland's former residence for his wife, Pat Paterson, and where his mother is at present visiting; and Paris, where he made his first great stage hit and where people stand in the street to watch him go by, as if he were a kind of demi-god.

A modest demi-god, he admits he has had violent struggles with the English language, but they are vanishing now that he is able to think in English. "And I even dream in English! I hear myself talk, and somebody answers, speaking English more rapidly than I can, and using words I didn't know I'd learned. But I understand! It is curious."

Incidentally, though he has been cast in so many incandescent roles, he isn't like that outside the sound stage. Romantic in appearance, yes; he can't help it if he has fine dark hair, good features, and deep, dreamy, somewhat melancholy eyes. But his habit of thought and speech is thoroughly poised, reserved, even reticent.

■ It is strange that one of Hollywood's first line romantic actors is the very one about whom Hollywood knows least. For about Charles Boyer, Hollywood knows practically nothing. In a nice way, he's almost as inaccessible as Garbo.

Oh, the boys and girls are aware that he made a couple of stabs at American movies before he found success; the first time he was fantastically miscast in a curly, wild, black wig as the gypsy violinist in *Caravan*. They know, too, that at one of the few Hollywood parties he ever attended he and the English actress, Pat Paterson, fell in love at first sight and that a few weeks later, starting for the movies, they chartered a plane instead, eloped to Yuma, and were married. Just like a movie themselves.

But remarkably little information leaks forth currently on the details of Boyer's life. He doesn't give parties. Though a good dancer, he doesn't frequent night clubs. Surprisingly, for one of his reserve,



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he does go in for the more spectacular athletics; he has long been a crack tennis player, and in the Swiss mountain resorts he remains locally famous as an expert on skis and at the wheel of a bobsled. When sports pall and he has a mood of loneliness, he wanders off to a far corner of the house and plays the violin—skilfully, at that.

You are told strange things about how you mustn't speak to him between scenes on the set because he doesn't want the "atmosphere" of the sequence to be dispelled. Yet when you do speak to him he is charm itself; even though during a stage play in Paris he once declared: "I wouldn't see anyone, not the President of France, in the middle of a performance!"

This is because he takes his profession very seriously. It was a matter of puzzlement to him when he found that in Hollywood the grips and props and actors played practical jokes on one another. Hollywood was supposed to be bursting with romance—and look at it! Kindergarten humor!

Once, while his knowledge of English was slight, he was told by a cameraman to say to the leading lady: "Kid, I could sure go for you." The cameraman said it would make the lady feel good.

The lady looked so surprised that Boyer realized he had committed a blunder. He was obliged to ask the same cameraman for the English words to frame an apology. So, according to instructions, he apologized with "Don't get sore, babe, I couldn't really go for you." By this time the lady star had decided he was pretty fresh. She was really annoyed, and he was humiliated. It took him months to adjust his own sense of humor to the studio custom of "ribbing."

■ But if he couldn't figure Hollywood out then, Hollywood still can't figure him out. He has no star arrogance, he talks to everybody upon the set from director to grips, yet he never slides into the free-and-easy Hollywood mode. "You like him, but you never slap him on the back," one of his associates explained.

On the other hand, between pictures he doesn't think about them and avoids associating with other actors, believing that when actors mingle socially they handicap one another's creative ability.

But the conversation had started around the romantic American husband when it got sidetracked by facts about this player who to American wives (and American husbands, too) is a foremost romantic figure. We went back to the subject, but Boyer still wouldn't be budged from his opinion: The American husband is wonderful, he's terrific!

And yet—a so teeny smidge in the ointment, *n'est-ce pas?* Boyer can't grow accustomed to the casual quality of Americans during sentimental moments. He winces a bit when he hears a film hero toss off to the beloved one (as Gable or Cagney or half a dozen others are often directed by the script to do): "Funny-face, you're tops!" Or, "Kid, you're oke!"

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Home Study

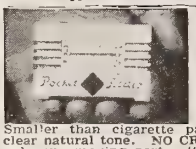
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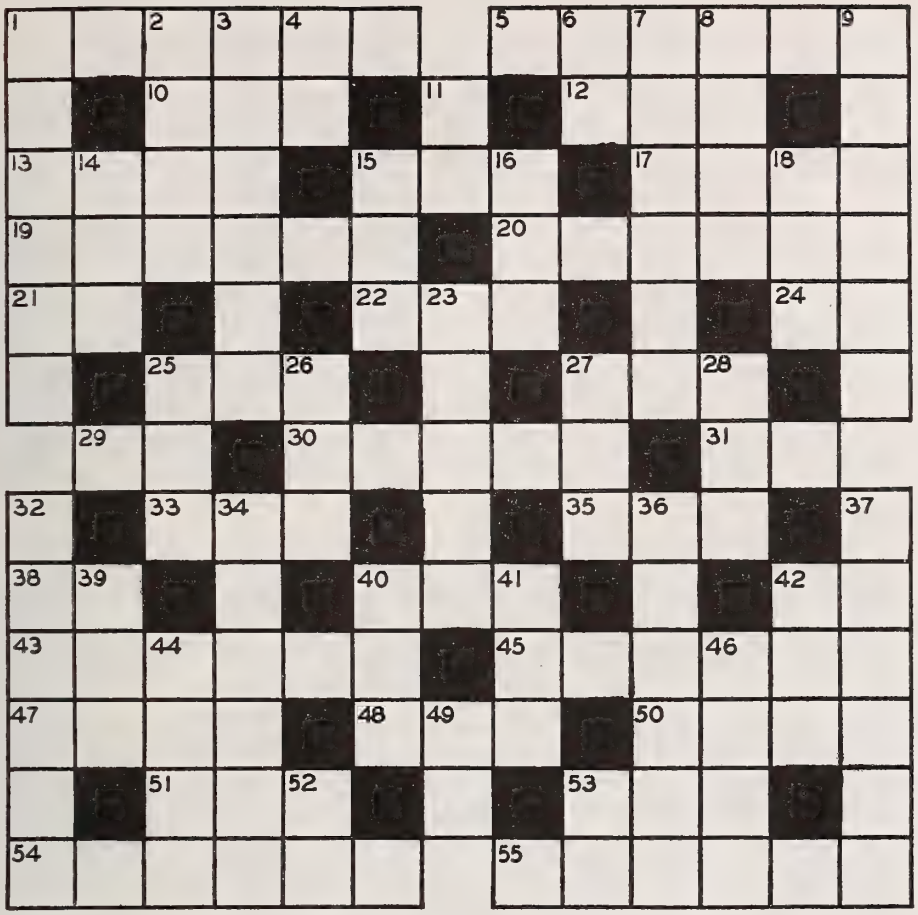
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Blonde in *Campus Confessions.*
5. *Sing You* ——— (sing.).
10. Small part in a screenplay.
12. ——— *Racketeers.*
13. Measure of film.
15. Essie in *You Can't Take It with You.*
17. Louis Napoleon in *Suez.*
19. City in Texas where Margaret Tallichet was born.
20. ——— *with Dirty Faces.*
21. "And" in French film titles.
22. To enact a role in a motion picture.
24. He is married to Joan Davis.
25. Color of Anne Shirley's hair.
27. Artificial setting for a movie scene.
29. George Cohan's native state (abbr.)
30. *Knight without* ——— was a Dietrich-Donat film.
31. Bill Gargan's brother.
33. ——— *Wild Night.*
35. Charles Ruggles and Alice Brady played opposite in *Mind Your* ——— *Business.*
38. *A Yank* ——— *Oxford.*
40. Month in which Evelyn Brent was born (abbr.).
42. Mr. Overman's initials.
43. The girl in *Gateway.*
45. Mrs. Duncan in *The Rage of Paris.*
47. Marine mammal of *Spawn of the North.*
48. Jackie Cooper was born on the 15th of September, 16 years ———.
50. *The General* ——— *at Dawn.*
51. *Brother* ———.
53. ——— *with Wings.*
54. Jeanette's co-star in *Sweethearts.*
55. Ventriloquist of radio and films.

DOWN

1. ——— *of the Moon.*
2. The prosecutor in *Racket Busters.*
3. Constance Bennett's screen mother in *Merrily We Live.*
4. Mr. Talbot's initials.
6. *Love* ——— *a Headache.*
7. A star of *The Show Goes On.*
8. W. C. Fields' real ——— is Wm. Claude Dukinfield.
9. Akim Tamiroff played at the Moscow Art Theatre here.
11. *Down* ——— *the Farm.*
14. *She Had to* ———.
15. Al Jolson's real name.
16. Kelley in *Meet the Mayor.*
18. Fats in *Valley of the Giants* (poss.).
23. Descriptive of the Ritz Brothers.
25. Dolores Del ———.
26. Pool in *Little Miss Broadway.*
27. This sign indicates a full house.
28. Date in April on which George Arliss was born.
32. The girl in *Heroes of the Hills.*
34. First name of 45 Across (poss.).
36. The *Honey Chile* of films.
37. He was Pinkey Leonard in *Reformatory.*
39. *Thanks For* ——— *Memory.*
40. First name of Miss Munson, former wife of Eddie Buzzell.
41. ——— *Gun Justice* was a Tim McCoy film.
42. Boy actor in *Sons of the Legion.*
44. First name of Mr. Hodgins, the sheriff in *Pride of the West.*
46. *If I Were* ———.
49. ——— *Chase Yourself.*
52. *We're Going* ——— *Be Rich.*
53. Gladys George was born in this state (abbr.).

(Solution on page 59)

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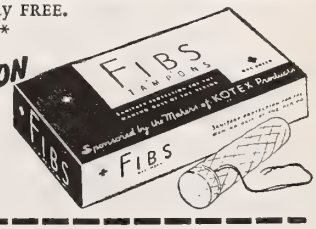


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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ The recent appearance of Roger Pryor's band in New York brought the answer to "What does Ann Sothern do with her discarded hats?"

When Pryor's lads opened their eastern engagement one of the first numbers, says Ann, who is back from Hollywood, was a novelty arrangement of a jitterbug tune. Each member of the band's brass section had a specialty. Each one used one of Miss Sothern's chic little exhats as a mute for his horn. "It was quite a sight to see my hats bobbing around on the end of the horns," she says. "One bright red beret with a tiny feather was the mute for Roger's wailing trombone."

■ Fredric March, noting that there was a decided similarity in the dress of Japanese men and women in his latest picture, *Trade Winds*, made an inquiry.

"Say, how do you tell the men from the women when you dress like this?" he asked a nearby Nipponese.

"Well," smiled the Oriental, "let me ask you the same question. How do you tell the Hollywood girls and boys apart when they both wear their hair short and long pants?"

March thought it over. "Oh," he replied, finally, "that's easy. The girls are the ones who carry pocketbooks."

■ Charles Bickford, the rough and tough hombre in so many films, has gone sissy and far be it from us to blame him. Just recently he tore up a $20,000 contract with Cecil de Mille because he refused to do a dangerous scene in *Union Pacific*.



Dorothy Lamour got down on her knees and made a touching plea to be spared another sequence in a sarong for her new film, *St. Louis Blues*. But director Raoul Walsh was determined, and here he is caught in the act of forcing the hated costume on the unhappy actress



Robert Young and his pretty wife seem to be having fun, even if they do not go in for the jitterbug school of dancing. They are at the opening of the new Marcus Daly Restaurant

"I spent six months in a hospital," Charles explains, "after a lion bit me in a Universal picture and once I had a pound of meat removed from my leg by an over-playful movie alligator and I've decided to take no more chances. In *Union Pacific* Akim Tamiroff was supposed to flip a cigar out of my mouth with a 25-foot bull whip. Note my use of the past tense. Rather than risk the loss of an eye, part of my nose, and all of an ear I turned down the part."

■ Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller, back in his famous role after a two-year lay-off, almost lost the part of *Tarzan* the other day when he tried to give his "call-of-the-wild" yell. All the sound track could pick up was a tiny squeak and studio executives threw a couple of conniption fits. The shock of Lupe's divorcing him had nothing to do with it, he claimed. His downfall was merely the result of not practicing his tree-top yodelling, but he promised to have his holler back in shape in short order.

■ Stuart Erwin's thumbnail description of a "screen veteran" is funny! An actor who has had at least six options shot from under him.

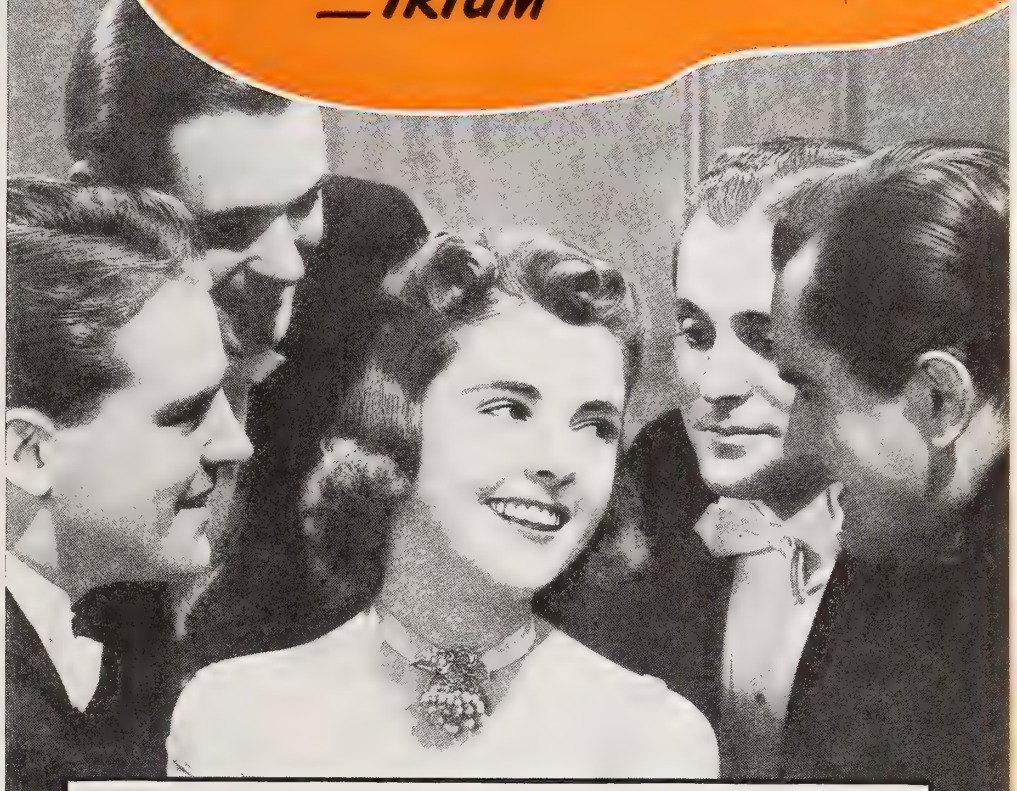
■ Jimmy Stewart fans are due for a big surprise when they see him in M-G-M's *Ice Follies of* 1939. Cast as a champion ice skater who loses his nerve after breaking a leg during a dive-of-death he does a comedy horse act on skates with Lew Ayres. Lew is the front end of the equine and Jimmy plays the rear end.

■ Clark Gable, the song-and-dance man in *Idiot's Delight* appears in the opening sequences as a private leaving an

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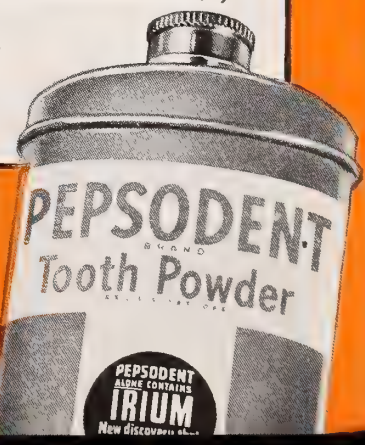
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Douglas Corrigan is full of surprises. He astonished all of Hollywood by being such a good actor that Radio has taken up options for three pictures after his first, *The Flying Irishman*. Here he is being measured for another of his famous leather jerkins, with an eighteen-inch waist!

Army hospital. He is surrounded by a bevy of nurses portrayed by Evelyn Knapp, Barbara Bedford, Suzanne Kaaren and Margaret Burt—all of whom he kisses, which is a swell way to have a Gable picture start. After okaying the scene Clarence Brown whispered to his cameraman, Bill Daniels, not to film the action and then called for another 'take'.

"What's this one for?" Gable asked.

"This one," grinned Brown, "is for the girls."

Jack Oakie has been going at a terrible pace lately. At Slapsie Maxie's nitery we saw the film and radio comic writing out $100 checks and lighting his cigars with them!

Gracie Allen says the garden in her backyard is a perfect jewel—18 carrots!

Too bad you didn't get one of Dick Powell's Christmas cards. Long before Christmas the popular star began snapping candid camera shots of his friends (and some were really candid!) and come week before Christmas he mailed them (with very appropriate verses underneath each) to his victims.

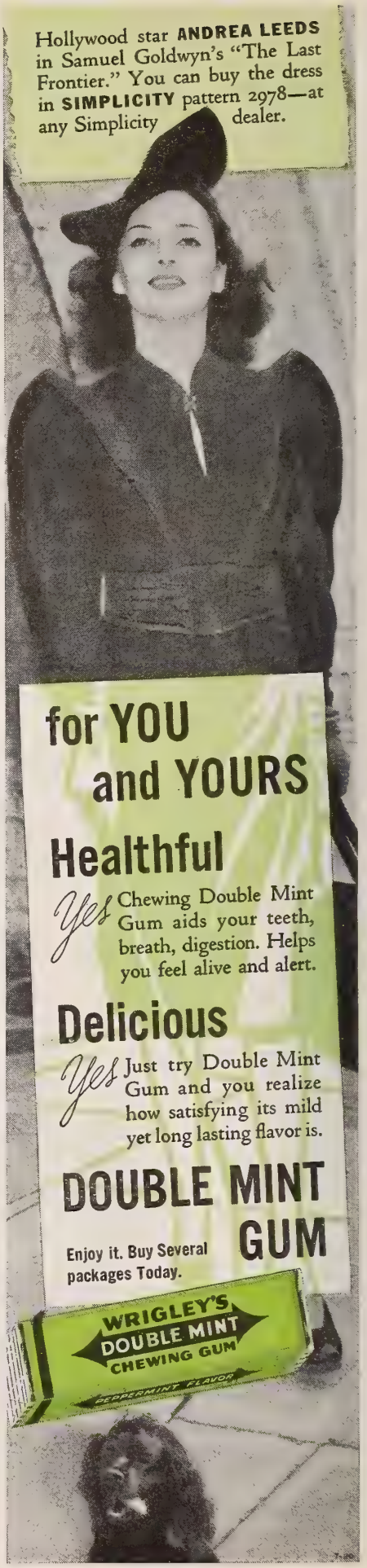
There are just two kinds of gals in Hollywood, says Wayne Morris. Those who roll the eye and those who eye the roll.

Hollywood was all agog when it learned Greta Garbo traipsed out to the home of George Brent a week after her arrival here and had a full afternoon's visit with the quiet and aloof George. The old romance between the two, so Dame Rumor had it the next day, was to be revived, but apparently the gossipers were off-side on this one about as much as they were about the on-again-off again romance between the Silent One and Leopold Stokowski. Greta still vants to be alone.

Nearly eighteen years ago a small block of ordinary Michigan white pine began to assume the features of an impish boy. Under the artistic hands of Theodore Mack, Chicago woodcarver, grew a face so human that today it is the world's most valuable piece of wood, having an actual value of $5,000 placed upon it by insurance companies.

All by way of again introducing the one and only Charlie McCarthy. Never before was there anything like him. Never again will there be another like him. Charlie is an original creation, defying duplication.

Edgar Bergen, whom Charlie describes as the man responsible for all of his mistakes, has spent thousands of dollars trying to duplicate Charlie. Not that he has any thoughts of discarding Charlie. Far from it. But he would like to have a "double" stored away just in case anything should happen to Master Charlie. So far, however, all of his efforts have been in vain. Bergen has been to the best woodcarvers in America but none of them has been able to duplicate Charlie. Bergen has even tried to make a plaster cast of his face and carving a



new face to fit. That didn't work either.

"I can't explain the short-coming in the new faces that have been made," Bergen says. "They match Charlie to the tiniest fraction of an inch yet they're not the same. Why can't another face be made to express the same personality? Well, because the artistry that was Theodore Mack's was lost when he died several years ago. Perhaps even Mack himself could not have duplicated his masterpiece."

Right now, of course, Bergen has no need for a second Charlie. But because the woodenhead is in such demand and works such long hours (his average is eight hours a day in his current picture, *You Can't Cheat An Honest Man*) Bergen is afraid that someday the wear and tear on his little pal will begin to tell, especially if he has to go through many fights with his arch enemy, W. C. Fields. For that reason Bergen wants to have a substitute. It was when he discovered he couldn't get one that he applied for insurance against any sort of mishap to Charlie. The insurance companies set $5,000 as the largest policy that could be written on him. Bergen would have paid premiums on a $50,000 policy and paid it gladly.

■ The introduction of the time-clocks in the studios proved a source of great annoyance to the box-office bet No. 1, Shirley Temple. The famous youngster set up a great and prolonged howl when she discovered that other children in the cast of her current picture were punching clocks all over the place. It made no never-mind with her when an executive tried to explain that the reason she didn't have to have a time-clock card was because she was well over the $1,000 a week class. The other kids were punching clocks and having fun and she wasn't going to stand for it. So, to satisfy her, 20th Century-Fox rigged up a dummy time clock on the set and told her to go ahead and punch as much as she liked.

■ During the final shooting of *Tail Spin* Joan Davis came onto the set with a tiny bottle of what she called liquid lip stick and after a long speech praising its effectiveness, presented it to Alice Faye, adding, as she did so, that it cost her $5.00 a bottle. Alice was so taken by the gift that she borrowed ten bucks from Harry Joe Brown and told Joan to buy a couple more bottles as she wanted to present them to some friends. Later, at lunch with Joan and Tony Martin, Alice borrowed forty dollars from her husband, handed it over to Joan with instructions to buy eight more bottles which she said she would give to the girls in the picture when they came over for dinner at her house that night. After dinner, and when Alice had presented the gift bottles Joan handed Alice five ten-dollar bills. The bottles, she said, had come from ten-cent store!

■ Arthur Treacher finally met his Waterloo. Arthur, you know, has always prided himself as being the tallest man in the movies and so he was until Englishman Lionel Brahm came to the studio. Lionel is not only tall—six feet, five inches—but weighs two hundred eighty pounds and boasts of a chest measurement of fifty inches, all of which put the string-bean Arthur slightly in the shade.

"Well, anyway," boasted Arthur a few days later, "I've got something to my credit. I'm exactly the same size as your most famous American—Abe Lincoln!"

■ Sonja Henie's new romance is blooming better than the well-known flowers in spring. During her ice show the new man in her heart occupied a box seat at every show. Not only that, but he sent her orchids before every performance, and on the last night outdid himself by giving her an orchid tree of twenty-eight blooms. Our operative No. xx-oxx says the two met in Florida last year.

During her show here, Sonja was pestered by stage door Johnnies who asked her out to dinner. Her "I'll be glad to, if you'll take my troupe along," invariably halted the Johnnies in their tracks.

■ Joan Davis is a mighty proud lady of the screen these days. Her husband Si Wills and her daughter, Beverly, are both appearing in Irene Dunne's latest picture, *Love Affair*. After it is finished the whole family plans to go on a personal appearance tour in the East. Joan never has appeared alone on the stage since she met and married Si in their vaudeville days.

■ Jack Haley is a grand comedian, but better yet, he's a great humanitarian. His pet charity is the Chatsworth Orphanage to which he donates considerable sums of money from time to time. Just recently he outfitted the Orphanage's twenty-piece orchestra with uniforms and a number of instruments which the orchestra lacked.

It was Jack, by the way, who pulled the 'rib' on Jimmy Roosevelt when the President's son was in Hollywood a few weeks ago. Visiting the 20th Century-Fox lot, young Roosevelt was taken onto a set where a sequence showing Haley being examined by a doctor was in progress. During the course of the shooting Jack finally becomes impatient. "Now listen, Doctor," he said, "if you're examining me for insurance you're just wasting your time. Jimmy has it!"

For as long as twenty seconds you could have cut the cold silence with a dull butcher-knife, because Jimmy thought it was an actual scene. He was the first, however, to break into loud laughter when he learned that it was only one of Haley's ribs.

■ Ben Blue's Encino home boasts of a dirt roof with flowers growing out of it and believe it or not, this new architectural feature in home building is not as screwy as it looks. However, his Valley friends are having a lot of fun about his "roof garden." Al Jolson told him the other day that he was sleeping six feet under dirt and flowers before his time.

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

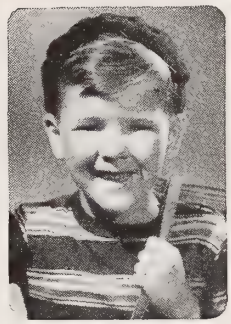
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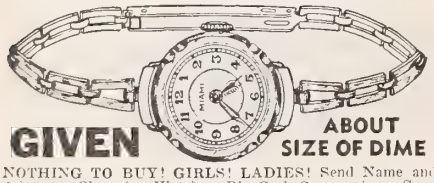
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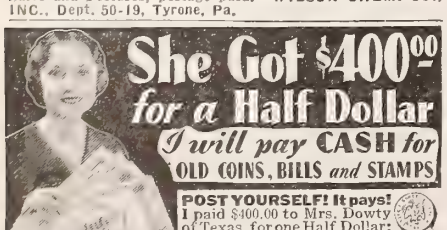
When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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■ Hope some of our readers received a Christmas greeting from Tony Martin and Alice Faye—the two stars sang a song together, made a record of it and mailed out more than a 1,000 disks to friends as a Christmas card.

■ Walter Winchell columned recently that Wayne Morris, Warner cinemastar, would wed Bubbles Shinasi, society deb, December 1st. Or thereabouts. Which must be in error since Wayne's first romantic move upon his return to Hollywood was to help make the Marcus Daly restaurant opening a huge success by escorting Jane Wyman to the swanky affair.

■ As we write this, the romance between Tyrone Power and Annabella is blooming like a spring flower down South America way and the goings-on have the gossip columnists back on their heels. Which it shouldn't, because the two were out nightspotting several times before, during, and after the making of *Suez* in which both starred. Knowitalls laughed it off as a studio romance promoted for the benefit of a *Suez* build up. Ty, they said, was playing the field as usual, and doggone if they'd write a line about him and Annabella. The new romance hasn't come within the sound of wedding bells—and won't—according to Ty's movie bosses—but you never can tell.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 15]

Bengal Lancers so long that he, himself, believed that he had worn the uniform in India instead of in a fourth-rate stock company.

Billie Burke never had a better chance for her fluttering, sweet-faced, nit-wit comedy than as his wife who tried hard to live up to his stories, but who occasionally confused new acquaintances by some such information as "Yes, both of my children were born in that awful India. I don't know how they stood all that heat when they were such little things. They say it's terrible. I've never been there myself."

Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., play the children who are determined to make brilliant marriages and so end the uncertainties of living on their father's wits.

A chance meeting with an innocent unsuspecting little old lady results in a quick change of plan. Miss Fortune is old. Miss Fortune is completely unworldly. Miss Fortune is pathetically lonely. And Miss Fortune just has been left a very large sum of money. What better chance for four charming people who want to be somebody's . . . anybody's . . . heirs?

Minnie Dupree as the gentle Miss Fortune is one of the most engaging newcomers to the screen in a long time. Richard Carlson as the persistent Scotch suitor, Paulette Goddard as the severe but understanding sweetheart of the younger Carlton, Henry Stephenson as the suspicious attorney do much to make this film one of the outstanding comedies. You'll like it.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (Wilcox)

■ Last year, Anna Neagle's impersonation of *Queen Victoria* in the film of that name brought so many requests for another film about the beloved Queen that the British producer, Herbert Wilcox, went over much of the same material with a Technicolor camera for another most interesting feature. There is much new material in the second film, which must not be considered a remake of the first.

In effect, it is a film pageant, tracing the growth of the Empire, from the time Victoria as a beautiful young girl was crowned, to her death, sixty long eventful years later, as a tired old woman.

By all means see this one.

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER (Paramount)

■ The pattern of this film is familiar. The variants on it have been many. And when you hear that it is the story of a homeless wanderer who stopped off for a while, solved the financial and emotional problems of a hard-pressed family and then went on his way, you are apt to say "I've seen that show once too often."

Don't make that mistake, because it is nicely played, and Bob Burns, as the "traveller" plays the part with an engaging ease which makes the part convincing. Fay Bainter, Jean Parker, John Beal, Dickie Moore and a good supporting cast help to make an attractive film. And the sweetness and light is tempered with a good healthy fighting spirit, too.

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (Warners)

■ Rocky and Jerry grew up in the squalor of the lower east side of New York. They learned quickly in the harsh school of poverty to get what they wanted, by theft or any other means. Chance interrupted their self-education. Rocky was caught by a cop and sent to reform school. Jerry was caught by an idea and became a priest.

Rocky (James Cagney) graduated from reform school to prison, from little rackets to big ones. He was a big shot when he finished his last rap, and, for the sake of old times dropped into the parish house to see Jerry (Pat O'Brien).

The neighborhood had not changed much since he was a boy. Washing still hung out of the windows, push-carts still cluttered the streets, loud little toughs still romped across the sidewalk. He watched them benevolently until he discovered that the romping had a purpose, and that his wallet was missing. A fine thing to happen to a big shot in his own section of the underworld!

Just on a chance that the new gang still used the old hideout, he followed a once familiar way to a deserted basement, and relieved the boys of his property. At first they were frightened. Then they became whole-hearted hero-worshippers.

The "Dead End" kids, sometimes known as the "Crime School" boys, play the young gang with the exuberance which has brought them a certain fame. Humphrey Bogart and George Bancroft play racketeers and Ann Sheridan has the one important feminine role.

The film moves at rapid pace through stick-ups and gun-battles and chases over the roof tops to a climax that is grim and different. If you like the Dead End Kids and a very well done tale of the battle of good and bad, you'll like this.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

G	R	A	B	L	E		S	I	N	N	E	R
A	■	B	I	T	■	O	■	S	E	A	■	U
R	E	E	L	■	A	N	N	■	A	M	E	S
D	A	L	L	A	S	■	A	N	G	E	L	S
E	T	■	I	■	A	C	T	■	L	■	S	I
N	■	R	E	D	■	O	■	S	E	T	■	A
	R	I	■	A	R	M	O	R	■	E	D	
L	■	O	N	E	■	I	■	O	W	N	■	J
A	T	■	E	■	O	C	T	■	I	■	L	O
W	H	E	L	A	N	■	W	A	L	K	E	R
S	E	A	L	■	A	G	O	■	D	I	E	D
O	■	R	A	T	■	O	■	M	E	N	■	A
N	E	L	S	O	N		B	E	R	G	E	N

Do You Know When to Laugh?

[*Continued from page 30*]

make some snappy comeback like, "Yeah —for mosquitoes!" ———

6. Are you a bear in the home before breakfast? ———

7. Does even your family (at times) find you funny and laugh at your jokes? ———

8. Do you enjoy any three of the following five? *Mickey Mouse; Irvin Cobb; eating corn with your fingers; the Marx brothers; watching orchestra leaders?* ———

9. Do you *try* to spot the funny side of a situation? ———

10. *Can you take it if the joke's on you?* ———

IN COMPANY

1. Supposing your oyster slips or you find the fork dancing in your lap—can you pass it off with a jest? ———

2. Are you fast at seeing the kicker (unexpected twist) in a story? ———

Try yourself on this one, for example: The Smiths' house burned down . . . Mr. Smith was a very cautious man (he had even Cousin Effie's portrait covered by insurance) . . . But when the flames broke out upstairs he drew a deep breath, tossed all the mirrors out the window, and carried all the feather pillows downstairs barefoot. When the firemen found him he was simply tickled to death. ———

3. If that new game makes you look slightly ridiculous, would you be among the first to try it anyway? ———

4. Do you hold long postmortems on bridge games? ———

5. Do folks frequently laugh at your remarks? ———

6. At the end of a party, has anyone ever told you you're a circus!" Or, "You certainly put life into a party!" ———

7. Do you wisecrack your way from Entrance to Exit? ———

8. Do you like to laugh uproariously in night clubs and restaurants to show 'em what a good time you're having? ———

9. Do you *like* to amuse people? ———

WHAT SITUATIONS STRIKE YOU FUNNY?

1. Do you like to watch folks jump when you blow your auto horn? ———

2. Do you get a chuckle out of—

A two-hundred-pound dowager taking her half-pint peke for an airing? ———

3. A person slipping on a banana peel? ———

4. Watching a small boy and his dog? ———

5. Does it seem a scream when two old people fall in love? ———

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Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

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6. When Uncle Ezra misses the street car by an eyelash? ———

7. When a fat man chases his hat? ———

8. Have you ever burst out laughing when you yourself took a tumble . . . just as you were trying to put on a Dignity Act? ———

YOUR STORY TECHNIQUE

1. Do you start off by saying, "Have you heard this one?" Or "Of course I *can't* tell a story the way *he* does but it's *terribly* funny—ha ha!" ———

2. Do you have to struggle to tell a funny story? ———

3. Do you use sweeping gestures to emphasize it? ———

4. Go into great detail before you get to the point? ———

5. Tell it as if it had happened to you or to one of your family? ———

6. Can you keep a straight face? (A Pineapple Face helps. Or a Poker Pan. Lacking these, just let your conscience be your guide!) ———

7. When you're describing an ordinary event (like a shopping tour in the five-and-ten or getting a haircut) do folks laugh? ———

And now for the scoring!

Here are the right answers for the questions. Compare yours with them, relax, expand the chest—and give yourself *ten* for every one you have answered correctly:

Strictly Personal	In Company
1. No	1. Yes
2. Yes	2. Yes
3. No	3. Yes
4. No	4. No
5. No	5. Yes
6. No	6. Yes
7. Yes	7. No
8. Yes	8. No
9. Yes	9. Yes
10. Yes	

What Situations Strike You Funny?	Your Story Technique?
1. No	1. No
2. Yes	2. No
3. No	3. No
4. Yes	4. No
5. No	5. No
6. No	6. Yes
7. Yes	7. Yes
8. Yes	

The highest rating is 340.

If you rate between 300 and 340—You're a *Four Bell Riot!*

If you rate between 225 and 300—A good humorist in the *making.*

If you rate between 175 and 225—*Slow* on the *uptake!*

If you rate between 100 and 175—*Funny Bone* definitely *fractured!*

If you rate between 50 and 100—Funny bone definitely *atrophied!*

If you rate between 0 and 50—Tch, tch, tch, tch . . . You're a robot!

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the inside story of the filming of "The Castles", starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire under the supervision of Irene Castle whose colorful life is told in the spectacular film.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address **Frontier Asthma Co. 74-D, Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York**



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Nelson Eddy fans and fanettes are due for a fistic treat when they see him in his next picture, *Let Freedom Ring.* Nelson gets real mad in one sequence and gives burly, ex-pug Vic McLaglen an A No. 1 trimming in a fist fight!

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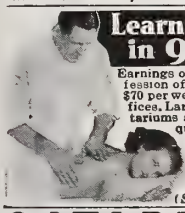
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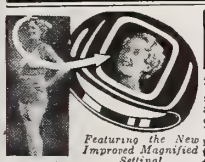
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



This is a sample of what you may expect from Eleanor Powell's newest film, *Honolulu,* when she starts to do her version of the hula

1939 and the Stars

[*Continued from page* 21]

could return to the screen in later years.

Jane Withers will turn to radio and stage appearances in 1939.

Jackie Cooper will seek a career in the business world after the next year or two.

Ronald Colman will make only a picture or two a year, but his fame should last. His marriage will bring him happiness. He is an Aquarius-born.

Gary Cooper will remain married . . . and also remain on the screen for several years to come. His sign is the successful and rich sign of Taurus.

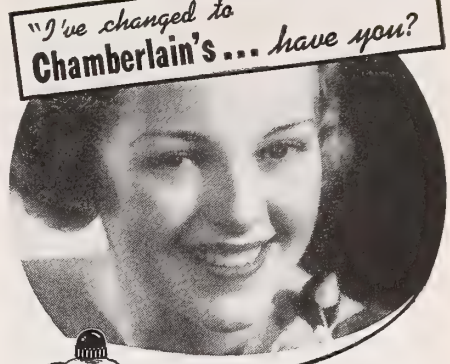
Joan Crawford will continue being successful indefinitely. Another marriage is shown.

Greta Garbo was born in the sign of Virgo, and will not make many more pictures after 1939.

John Barrymore is also an Aquarius-born, and he will go on indefinitely playing character roles. Marriage difficulties may beset him in 1939.

Well, we have taken a look at the stars through the stars, and have seen joy for some, sorrow for others . . . but remember, "The stars incline but do not compel" and hope for the best for your favorite.

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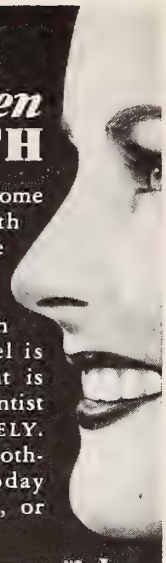
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Right, Jean Parker is preparing Russian sashlyk for broiling over an open fire on her patio, but it may be made with equal success indoors



In the picture below, the little star shows how to cook the tempting pieces of spiced meat, onions and tomatoes and how to serve them best





Photos by X. Martin-Smith

The Russian Touch

This luncheon is easy to make and it is different and delightful for either winter or summer weather

By BETTY CROCKER



Jean Parker's Russian lunch, which she prepared for the cast of *The Arkansas Traveler* after she finished that picture for Paramount, is still being talked about in Hollywood. It's such a delightful menu that I'm going to give you all the recipes, and next time you want to serve a truly different luncheon, do try Jean's.

First, of course, there were platters of bread; Russian rye, and quantities of French sourdough in long, "yardstick" loaves. Jean particularly likes sourdough bread because it goes so well with either American or foreign dishes. Besides the two kinds of bread, the luncheon, which was served al fresco, consisted of borscht, Russian sashlyk, baked potatoes, stuffed tomato salad, red wine, and either coffee or strong tea made a la Russe in a samovar.

BORSCHT

2 cups grated raw beets
¼ cup chopped onion, raw
1/3 cup chopped cabbage, raw
1 cup each of chopped potatoes, turnips and carrots, raw
2 tablespoons fat
2 quarts beef stock
Pepper and salt to taste

Brown onions in fat and add with all other vegetables to the beef stock. Simmer until all vegetables are tender. Take from fire and serve with sour cream. If sour cream is not available, add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar to soup before serving.

RUSSIAN SASHLYK

Allow at least four baby lamb chops to each person, and soak the chops from 24 to 48 hours in white wine along with a few chopped garlic cloves. Before her guests arrive, Jean takes the chops from the wine and sears them on both sides over a very hot grill. They are then speared on long steel skewers in the following order: A large slice of Bermuda onion a slice of to-

mato (not too ripe), a chop, a slice of onion, a slice of tomato, a chop—and so on. Hold the skewer with its toothsome load over a bed of hot coals until onions and tomatoes are partially cooked and the meat (previously salted) is broiled to your taste. Even if you like lamb well-done, the previous searing will insure tender, juicy meat. But you must not cook too long lest tomatoes and onions fall off the skewer upon which sashlyk is always *served* as well as broiled!

And this is the way to prepare the accompanying

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Hollow out a large solid tomato for each person. Chop the pulp fine and combine it with tiny pieces of diced cheese, petit-pois, capers, chopped celery and watercress and a few nasturtium leaves. Put this mixture back into the tomato shells and place each on a bed of lettuce. Top with Russian dressing made from equal quantities of mayonnaise and chili sauce into which have been stirred chopped chives, parsley and gherkins. Place a few garlic croutons—cubes of bread that have been dipped in garlic-flavored olive oil and fried crisp—on each plate of salad.

If you prefer a vegetable salad and dressing, here are recipes:

RUSSIAN SALAD

The following cooked vegetables: String beans cut into long thin strips. Carrots cut in long thin strips. Green peas. Beets, diced.

Celery, chopped into small pieces. Spring onions, chopped. Watercress, chopped. Bits of cold meat, diced.

A cupful of each of the above will make a generous amount of salad for about eight persons. Mix all vegetables together, adding watercress last so that it will not become bruised. Serve with the following:

RUSSIAN DRESSING

A small jar of caviar or a small tin of anchovies mixed with enough olive oil, lemon juice, dry mustard and cayenne pepper to make sufficient quantity for the amount of vegetables prepared for salad. If anchovies are used it will probably not be necessary to add salt; if not, salt to taste.

Serve salad on bed of lettuce leaves.

If you wish kitchen-tested recipes for any particular dish, just write to me in care of this magazine. Remember, my files contain recipes of every kind and description, so do not hesitate to make use of your cooking department in HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE for any special recipe you may want.

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Please send me your set of tested Pie Recipes.

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Tail Spin

[*Continued from page* 29]

Nancy. Just a few days before she'd finished up a few retakes in her first starring picture *Submarine Patrol.* The day before she arrived on the *Tail Spin* set she'd held up production while she had a baby on her second starring picture, *Jesse James,* and today, starring in *Tail Spin* she was going to commit suicide because she couldn't live without her husband (Edward Norris) who had crashed to his death in an air race!

It took Director Ruth eight hours to kill poor Nancy off, it being mighty tricky shooting to get her 6,000 feet in the air in a racing plane and then following her down in her plunge of death, but he did it, finally, and we're willing to bet some of California's funny-money that movie fans are going to regard this crash as the Grand Slam of all celluloid aviation crack-ups.

■ The third day your talented (?) extra spent with Charlie Farrell and Joan Davis dodging in and out of and around the twelve racing planes. And I don't mean prop planes, either. These ships, valued very conservatively at more than $200,000, were leased by the studio for actual use in filming the picture. Virtually all the ships were flown at the National Air Races in Cleveland and one, owned and piloted by Tony Lavier, won the Greve Trophy Race, one of the major speed events. Extraordinary precautions were taken by the studio and owners to prevent them from being damaged. Special guards were stationed around the sound stage. Even the owners themselves had their own men standing by on 24-hour duty. Well, as I was saying, Charlie, Joan, and myself played grease-monkey roles that day and what with those twelve propellors going full blast along with three huge wind machines we felt like we'd been holding onto the tail of a tormented tornado for several hours. Talk about being snatched bald-headed! Dear Editor, you can come mighty close to it when those props begin to whirl. When First Assistant Booth McCracken shouted: "Let's call it a day!" Joan staggered over to where Director Ruth was sitting and after combing ten pounds of sand and dust out of her hair said:

"After this, Roy, you can call me Scarlett."

"Why?" asked the director.

"Oh," grinned Joan, "because I've Gone With the Wind."

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



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HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!



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Box 114, Dept. A-114, Marshall, Mich.

■ This Roy Del Ruth, now that we've mentioned him several times, is the calmest, most placid top-notch director who ever had the pleasure of bawling me out. He seldom sits when a scene is being shot. Almost always he stands just at the side of the camera, sometimes leaning his head against it and saying little or nothing unless the occasion absolutely demands it. He probably doesn't exchange more than 200 words with the players in one day, not that he's unfriendly, but simply because he is too much wrapped up in the picture.

He started his career as a cartoonist and a sports writer for the old *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The two pictures of his own making which he likes the best are *Blessed Event* and *Broadway Melody of 1936*. At a rough guess he estimates that his productions have grossed $100,000,000. Real estate is his outside interest. He never attends a preview of his own pictures and whether they are good or bad he never has a kind word to say for them before they are shown. Socially he's almost a recluse. Hollywood society doesn't interest him in the least, and you'll seldom find his name among those who attended this or that swanky function.

■ On the way to the pay-off window to cash my day's check I kept step with Robert Lowery, Hollywood's osculatory trial horse.

Since handsome young Robert broke into the movies two years ago as a 20th Century-Fox player, he has kissed probably more beauties than any man in Hollywood—from established stars and featured players down to young things just stretching their cinematic wings. But the kisses have all been on the test variety, made before the testing camera while the fair creatures tried out for one part or another. Robert said he had kissed more than 200 girls—all for the tests—and while it was a lot of fun—and practice—he was beginning to wonder when he'd ever display his osculatory prowess before the camera as it registered an actual scene in a picture. Robert was the lad who had the pleasure of kissing Andrea Leeds during a test. The pair of 'em started in at eight in the morning and didn't finish until five in the afternoon! What a lucky guy! Well, Robert's in *Tail Spin*, and he gets a chance to demonstrate his busking technique on beautiful Joan Valerie who has a featured role in the picture. Funny about that, too. It was Bob's pleasant task to run Joan through her kissing paces in a test when she was placed under contract some months ago to 20th Century-Fox. Other lovely newcomers to receive "lip" service from the willing Lowery when they first arrived are Arleen Whelan, Ruth Terry,

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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE



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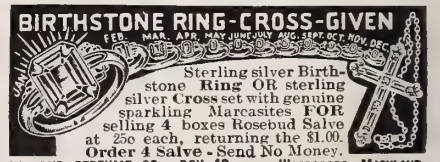
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Mary Healy, Marjorie Weaver, Ossa Massen—just to mention a few.

It was Robert who told me something about the plot of *Tail Spin.*

"It starts off," he began after we'd homesteaded a couple of stools at the lunch counter for a cuppa coffee, "at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport where ten small high-speed planes are drawn up on the starting line waiting for the checkered flag to send them catapulting into the air for the Women's Transcontinental Speed Race to Cleveland. In the race, among others, are Trixie Lee, (Alice Faye) Lois Allen (Nancy Kelly), Sunny (Joan Valerie), and Alabama (Jane Wyman).

"Just before the race starts, representatives of an oil company appear to wish Trixie good luck and to tell her that she must win the race and make a name for herself at Cleveland in order to get a job that will put her and her girl mechanic, Babe (Joan Davis), on easy street.

"Well, the ships shove off, and with the prize right in her lap, almost, Trixie's ship springs an oil leak and she makes a forced landing on a highway, hits a ditch, and flops over. The damaged racer is brought to Cleveland and is readied up for the annual 'Powder Puff' derby to be run the following day. While the two gals are working on the ship a new entrant in the Powder Puff feature arrives—none other than Gerry Lester (Connie Bennett), a wealthy society dame. Gerry has two ships, both of them far speedier than any owned by the other girls. She and Trixie have words, then they haul off and begin smacking each other to a fare-the-well until they are separated by the other gal. Before the race Gerry permits Speed Allen (Edward Norris) to fly her ship and he crashes with it to his death. Then Lois Allen, takes up a ship and plunges to her death. During the flying of the Powder Puff race Trixie and Gerry fly almost wing to wing until Gerry's motor goes haywire and she has to bail out in her parachute. Everything is okay after that. Trixie and Babe win the oil company contract, and Gerry comes out of the hospital as a newly-wed, having married herself to a race pilot. Of course there's a lot more to it. Alice Faye, or I mean Trixie, gets a chance to sing a couple of songs in the picture, Joan Davis gets a chance to pull a lot of her nifties, Connie Bennett makes the most of her dramatic role—and I get my first chance to kiss a girl in an actual picture sequence. That's about all, except you'd better get around early tomorrow because the boss is going to shoot the Faye-Bennett battle of the 20th Century (Fox)."

■ Honest, Miss Editor, I should have paid the studio for taking part in the scrap instead of being paid to be in it! It sure was a slam-bang, bare knuckle no-holds-barred fistic shindig that had us spectators gasping for breath. The "Punching Peacherino" who was Alice, squared off to "Connie the Crusher" who was Constance, on Stage 16 with Director Roy Del Ruth holding the stop-watch on the damaging dames and me holding on to my front row seat. It was the first time that the studio had ever pitted two women in that kind of a brawl, particularly stars of the calibre of Miss Faye and Miss Bennett, but once they had decided to, they let the script writer go to town. Before the fight I put up a couple of bob on Alice since I knew that she had been trained by Fidel La Barba, the famous leather-pusher, and besides she was a bit stronger and heftier than her opponent.

First, there was a three-hour rehearsal, a shadow-boxing affair under the expert eyes of the director. Each phase of the battle was carefully traced. The preliminaries over, the embattled beauties took their places in what was the locker room of the woman's hangar built on the stage.

"Take that back or I'll knock your ears off," says my fighter, Alice, to Connie.

"The crack still goes," snaps back Connie and right then and there, as I hope to live, Alice hauls off and lands a honey a little south-east by north on La Bennett's classic face! And in quick retaliation La Bennett draws back a dainty right arm and lets fly a feminine bone crusher that even had me seeing stars—and I don't mean movie ones, either. Well, from then on, so far as I could see, which was plenty, it was every woman for herself. The echoes in sound stage No. 16 sounded like there was a drum corp on parade. Swinging rights and lefts the two beauties put on as good a three-minute exhibition of plain and fancy punching as any ring-fan would care to shout about. If the director was looking for realism he surely got it. After the scrap was over the two feminine gladiators walked off the set arm in arm to have ice packs applied to their faces and heads!

"How was it?" asked Alice.

"Darned good," said the director.

"Good!" yelled my favorite fighter, "why that's the best you'll ever get and I ought to know! This Bennett hits like a mule!"

Del Ruth called it a draw and I was out my two bob, but I still think Alice won hands down—or should I say hands up?

"I think I'll join the *Dead End Kids,*" Connie grinned through her ice packs. "I can qualify now."

One of the nicest things about this slam-banger was the little gesture of approval Alice's hubby, Tony Martin made. Along toward the afternoon a messenger boy came trotting in with his arms loaded down with flowers. "From Tony to Alice," according to the note attached—and with the addition, "Don't forget to duck, honey."

I'm still amazed to think that I was paid in good, honest folding money that day. But that's the way us good actors earn our money in this town.



3 Minute Massage removes that dulling mask

Perhaps your own *natural* complexion is much more lovely and youthful than you realize. Its true glory may be dulled by a "mask" of hidden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleansing methods never reach.

A Pompeian Massage takes only three minutes, yet it removes this dirt and leaves your skin looking younger and more radiant. Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . works differently. It's 70% pure milk. You simply massage this cream on your face, and as it dries, massage it off.

This massage removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be *convinced* by results.



SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and booklets of beauty hints as described. FWG 2

Name..... *Street*.....

City..... *State*.....

One of the Best

GRAY HAIR PREPARATIONS

is Made at Home

RIGHT in your own home you can, at small cost, make a gray hair preparation that has been the standby of thousands of men and women for over 25 years. Here's the money-saving recipe: Get from your druggist one ounce bay rum, one-fourth ounce glycerine and one box BARBO Compound. Mix in half-pint of water, or your druggist will prepare it for you for a few cents.

BARBO combed into the hair as directed gives a soft, youthful, natural-looking color to gray, faded or streaked hair. It is not sticky or greasy; will not wash out or rub off; does not color the scalp or affect permanents or waves. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.



JEAN'S COUGH *(DUE TO A COLD)* ***SOOTHED***



"My little girl started to cough at night. Luckily we had Smith Bros. Cough Syrup. It worked like a charm. Her cough was soothed, she went to sleep peacefully." — *Mrs. H. Fisher, Hastings, N. Y.*

6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP *contains* **VITAMIN A**



Not suspicious! Never! Just careful



Cute card tricks are such a social asset



Low Bridge!



And keen eyesight is nice, too

It started as just a friendly little game to pass the time away on the set of *Little Tough Guys in Society* which features Mary Boland, Edward Everett Horton and Mischa Auer for laughs



All quiet on the western front

Ominously, dangerously quiet



The crisis!



Bridge is so stimulating



Women Earn UP TO $23 Weekly

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO

SHOW THE LATEST FASHION FROCKS NOW PERSONALLY SELECTED AND AUTOGRAPHED BY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS.



—and in addition get all

YOUR OWN DRESSES *FREE!*

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women



Adrianne Ames *is delighted with her chic, washable frock trimmed with Roman Stripes. It's new! Style* 353. Adrianne Ames



Lona Andre *is complimented everywhere on her beautifully smart washable frock. Its chic is apparent. Style* 344. Lona André



Kay Hughes *selected this distinctive washable frock of smooth, tailored lines. It's fashionable and stunning! Style* 327. Kay Hughes

Ida Lupino *knows she'll look her smartest in her new, washable, pioneer print. It's different! Style* 351. Ida Lupino

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED • NO INVESTMENT

•Ambitious women, who want to make extra money, can represent Fashion Frocks, Inc., one of the world's leading dressmaking houses, right in your home community. You can earn up to $23 in a week and all your own dresses Free to wear as samples, and you need not invest one penny, and you need no experience. It is very pleasant dignified work, because your friends and neighbors and all women love to look at the latest style dresses. They will gladly give you their orders because you not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but you save them money besides, offering dresses direct from the great Fashion Frocks factory, at the lowest factory prices.

NO CANVASSING REQUIRED

•You can start easily and quickly through our special plan that requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. You don't have to know style, values or fabrics. Fashion Frock way of presentation enables you to show the entire line effectively to any woman. This dramatic presentation gets her interest. The smart styles, gorgeous colors and rich fabrics thrill her. And the low direct-factory prices surprise her. You merely write the orders. That's all you have to do We do the delivering and collecting.

TURN SPARE HOURS INTO PROFIT

•You do not have to work full time unless you want to. Thus you can turn your spare hours into profit and, in addition, get smart new dresses, fine lingerie, and luxurious silk hose for yourself in your size, without a penny of cost. You can have the pleasure of always wearing the most advanced dress styles as they come out, as well as lingerie and silk stockings. This offer is probably the most amazing employment offer ever made to women, because it makes possible such liberal earnings plus free dresses. Mail the coupon for the marvelous free opportunity. Or write a letter, a postal will do, and give age and dress size.

Write for Complete Portfolio of 150 Smart New ADVANCED 1939

Spring Dresses

many as low as 3 Dresses for $3.98

Free!

This astounding offer is open to ambitious women everywhere and is absolutely Free in every respect. There is nothing to pay now or at any time.

FASHION FROCKS Advanced Styles for Spring 1939 are the finest in our entire 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute styles direct from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

Personally Selected and Autographed by Movie Stars

Prominent screen actresses have personally selected many Fashion Frock dresses for the coming season. And they put their stamp of approval on these glamorous dresses by autographing them. This superior line of dresses is never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. They are nationally known because nationally advertised. They are endorsed for style and value by Household Magazine Searchlight, and are approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This practical, unanimous O. K. by these recognized authorities makes Fashion Frocks absolutely authentic in style, supreme in value and easy to sell.

Fashion Frocks Enjoy National Demand

Women everywhere are eager to see the newest Fashion Frock advanced Spring creations which have been personally selected and autographed by famous movie stars. This tremendous demand has forced us to increase the number of our representatives, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. Just mail coupon for FREE details of this amazing offer.

Just Mail Coupon!

For Full Information . . No Obligation

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Cincinnati, Ohio

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Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

Age . . . . . *Dress Size* . . . . . .



FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. BB-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

Our 31st. Year in Business...



MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Chesterfields

FOR MORE PLEASURE

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ONLY 5 CENT MOVIE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

NSC

SCREEN LIFE

MARCH

5¢



Deanna Durbin
Poor Little Rich Girl?
See Page 23

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ASTAIRE AND ROGERS DISAGREE! PAGE 30

Entertainment Guaranteed!



true is the most exciting, most entertaining magazine on the newsstands today. If you do not agree the purchase price of the magazine will be refunded.

true *is guaranteed!*

A money-back offer stands behind every copy of ***true***! Go to your newsstand today and buy a copy. If it does not fulfill every claim we make for it; if you do not feel that you have received your money's worth in thrillingly different reading—*your money will be promptly returned!*

No other magazine can match the excitement and drama that pulse through the pages of ***true***! Every story and every photograph reflects some thrilling and amazing phase of life itself. Every story is strange—but ***true***!

In the March issue, now on sale, you will thrill to: BUBBLES OF DOOM, the tragic story of the curse that has haunted the famous Mumm champagne family, despite great wealth and social position . . . MY MOB, the inside story of the notorious Gibson gangsters and their gun-toting women as told by one of them . . . BEDSIDE BORGIA, the incredible—but ***true***! story of a comely nurse who mixed passion and murder in a bizarre career that led to the gallows . . . More than fifteen complete stories and features in all, every one of them *guaranteed!* Every one of them complete. No serials!

true **Now On Sale At All Newsstands** ***true***

"'Pink Tooth Brush'—
So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE



That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—*and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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MARCH, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 3

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

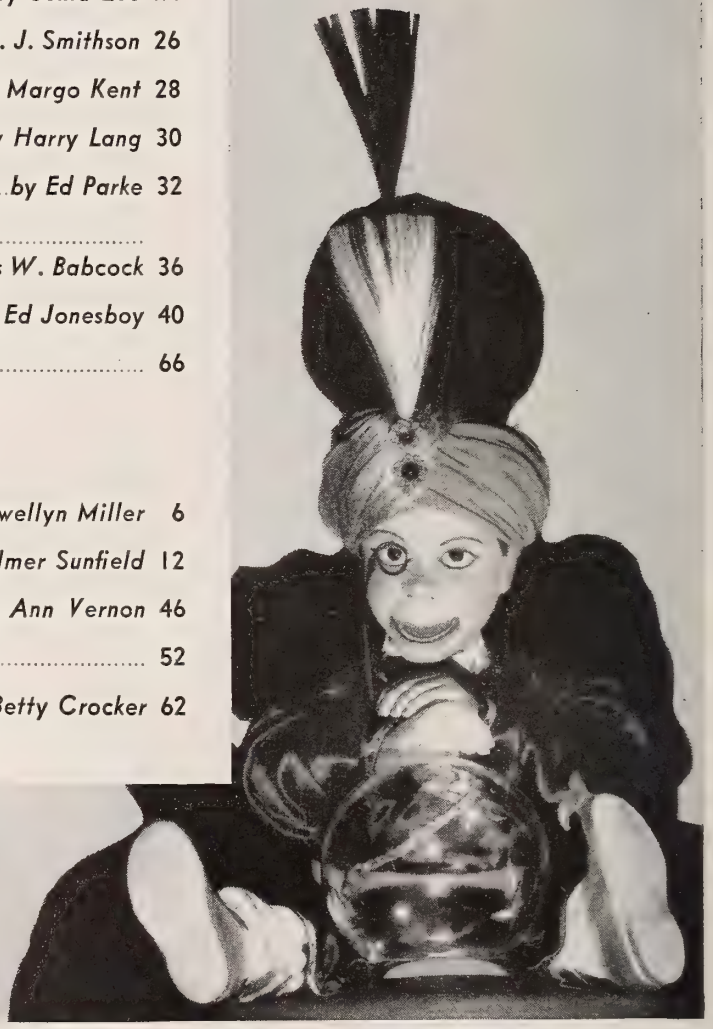
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Charlie McCarthy, the well-dressed dummy, took time off from work in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, to gaze into his crystal ball and give us a fashion forecast which you will find on page 66

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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SPENCER
TRACY
in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

HEDY
LAMARR
THE GLAMOROUS *Exciting* BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY
Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...





I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with

INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans—
This is a fan letter for you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.

Leo



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box J, Culver City, Cal.



Name .....

Address .....

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—Leo

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*



RAW THROAT?
Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH?
Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*

3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend "Barcelona" Castile Shampoo.) *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*

4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic — an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
ATHLETE'S FOOT

THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

■ It will be spring any minute now. Before you know it, they will be turning off the heating systems in theatres, and turning on the cooling plants. They will be sweeping dust out of the lobbies instead of snow, and the early crop of 1939 pictures will be blooming into advertisements in the newspapers.

Just as farmers are taking exploratory walks through fields to see how the winter wheat is coming along, so HOLLYWOOD Magazine took a stroll along the edge of the Hollywoods to see what happens to the early shootings on the movie lots.

Giving good promise of a healthy stand (ing room only) are a number of films now ready, and a highly varied harvest it is, too.

Before all the leaves are on all the trees, you will see Joan Crawford on skates for the big musical, *Ice Follies.* Hedy Lamarr, who made such a sensational first appearance in *Algiers,* plays opposite Spencer Tracy in *I Take This Woman* which you will see around the first of March. The long anticipated *Wizard of Oz* is ready for cutting and it will not be so long before Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Cowardly Lion and the assorted inhabitants of the magic land of Oz go through their giddy adventures. Another Technicolor film which has great appeal for children as well as adults is *The Little Princess* in which Shirley Temple plays the child who had such strange adventures in the school of the mean Miss Minchin.

Douglas Corrigan in *The Flying Irishman,* Astaire and Rogers in the life story of the famous dancing Castles, Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea in Cecil DeMille's rousing history of pioneer railroading, *Union Pacific,* all are just around the corner.

Tail Spin with Alice Faye, Constance Bennett and Nancy Kelly, *Women in the Wind* with Kay Francis, and *Wings of the Navy* with George Brent and Olivia de Havilland will ride in on the spring breezes.

Three Smart Girls Grow Up before summer with plenty of songs from Deanna Durbin, and Walt Disney has *The Practical Pig* and *The Ugly Duckling,* two of the best shorts he ever has made, ready.

■ Speaking of advance product, HOLLYWOOD Magazine has exceptional features planned for the next months, too.

Jane Oliver, who wrote the funny tale of woe suffered by Robert Young in his trailer (page 20), will be back with a story on little Virginia Weidler. They call that remarkable young one "Little Miss Thief" in Hollywood, and strong men faint and women weep when they hear that they are to act in a picture with her. She is popular. Don't make any mistake about that. She is a grand little girl, and Hollywood is crazy about her. But she does steal scenes with a regularity which is growing embarrassing for her elders.

■ Then there is the story that starts out as a tragedy, but ends happily, just like a movie. It is all about a proud young man who went to Hollywood to seek his fortune. He was so very proud that, even when things were not going so well, he wrote glowing reports home about how fast he was getting ahead so his family would not worry. Then friends from his home town turned up. That would have been all right, except that they chose the day before pay day for their arrival, and all our hero had in his pocket was twenty-five cents, except the modest sum he had set aside for food. His friends were proud, too, so they said. "Hi, Butch, old kid. Show us the town. We'll pay our way and you pay yours."

Butch smiled feebly, clutched his quarter in a hot, trembling hand and thought fast. You'll be surprised (Butch was, after he got over his panic) at the dozens of fascinating sights you can see in Hollywood for a quarter or less. Winifred Aydelotte tells you all about it.

■ How many of you have been wondering about our favorite extra, E. J. Smithson, who gets into all of those fights every time he works in a picture? Well, just as a starter, we can tell you that he cuts a dashing figure on skates (he grew up in Minneapolis), and in his early youth he was known by admiring friends as "Ghost-Arm Eddie" because of his talented wallop with a baseball bat. He claims that he got frightful blisters *Workin' on the Railroad* (page 26) and needs a vacation. So we spoke a quick word to the studio, and he is all set for parts in *Wutherings Heights* and *Juarez* because we think that Hollywood needs him.

THE LADY VANISHES—
Gaumont-British

■ Rolled into one handsome package is a fine romance, a clever comedy and one of the tensest and most baffling mysteries you'll see in many a day. The film was made in England, and the players are not well known to American audiences, with the exception of Dame May Whitty, remembered for her portrayal of the old lady in *Night Must Fall.* But don't let the lack of familiar names keep you away, because you will be sorry.

The film starts with a seemingly carefree group of tourists caught over night in a hotel in the Alps. All are respectable and quiet and even a little on the stodgy side. And quietest and most respectable of all is the middle-aged little governness, Miss Froy. So why should a singer under her window be strangled? Why should an attempt be made on her life in the railroad station? And why should she disappear from the train when it is in full flight down the steep mountain grades? Why

[*Continued on page* 8]

★BETTE DAVIS *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*



★DARK VICTORY

Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended.



THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT!
Perhaps your *lipstick* stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with *something different?*



FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE!
Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to *your* shade of blush-rose... see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting ...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!



MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for "cameo" skin, use clinging Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the *young*, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ F39



For her wedding to Henry Wilcoxon, Joan Woodbury wore her mother's bridal gown which was the heighth of fashion in 1906, and just as beautiful today

The Show Goes On

[*Continued from page* 6]

should half a dozen of her fellow travelers deny that they ever had seen her? Why should death hover near the girl who determined to discover her fate? Well, why?

KENTUCKY—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

■ You can put your money on this film to win as one of the good bets of the spring line-up. And don't let anyone tout you out of it, if you like racing, because, in addition to Technicolor shots of some of the finest race-horses in the country, you'll see a good old race-track story with a driving finish.

The trouble between the wealthy Goodwin and Dillon families started when the state of Kentucky split on the question of secession during the Civil War. John Dillon joined the Federal Army. One of his first duties was to confiscate all horses belonging to known Confederate sympathizers. The sight of their beloved thoroughbreds roughly handled as they were led away by blue-coats, the sight of his father's lifeless body sprawled in the gateway, left a lasting impression on little Peter Goodwin. He loved horses and he hated Dillons all of his life with equal passion.

The fight between the families seemed very silly to young Jack Dillon when he came back from a British school (that explains Richard Greene's English accent neatly!) and caught sight of Sally Goodwin (Loretta Young). He soon learned that the grudges of 1865 were still flourishing in 1938.

Walter Brennan does a brilliant job with the irascible opinionated old Peter, just as Bobs Watson did an admirable job of the heart-broken little Peter. The cast is very large and very good, but the real thrill comes in the color shots of beautiful horses and in the running of the race upon which the fortunes of the Goodwins depend. Incidentally, that race is the longest mile ever clocked. It takes the horses about five minutes to come down the stretch, going at top speed, too. But don't worry. You'll wish it were longer.

ZAZA—*Paramount*

■ The story of a French soubrette who fascinated a married man with her dancing of the Can-Can was considered hot stuff a long time ago. A very long time ago.

But today the story seems feeble, dated

[*Continued on page* 10]

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT
and **HENRY HULL**
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture







EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

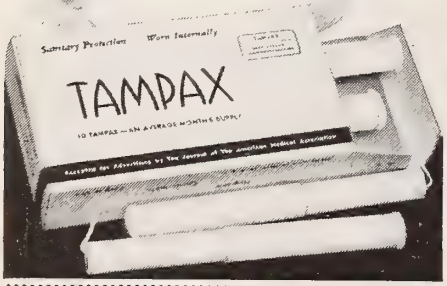
Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers,* so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally.* No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.



"DESIGNED BY A DOCTOR—WORN INTERNALLY"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-39
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

The Show Goes On

[*Continued from page 8*]

and none too convincing, which is too bad because Claudette Colbert looks very pretty in the frou-frous and feathers and ruffles, and because a lot of time, talent and money was spent on the remake of the old tale.

Bert Lahr and Helen Westley contribute the outstanding work as Zaza's devoted manager and as her drunken step-mother. Herbert Marshall makes a rather polite and resigned Dufresne, so polite and resigned one wonders what attraction there could be for him in the hearty blandishments of the simple Zaza who believed that all men go mad at the glimpse of a shapely shank. Practically all of the widely ballyhooed Can-Can has been cut, too, and there is nothing left but a swish or two of skirts.

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—
United Artists

■ If you are among the many people who complained that there was not enough trick photography in *Topper,* go to see the further adventures of that gentleman, for it is packed with gay gags.

The sequel picks up Topper (Roland Young) in the court-room where his divorce is being heard. Mrs. Topper (Billie Burke) has been persuaded by a strong-minded friend (Veree Teasdale) that her mild little spouse has been leading a double life and should be brushed off without mercy.

The prankish ghost of Marion Kerby (Constance Bennett) comes to the rescue, and gets Topper into much worse trouble before she restores his domestic calm. Some think that the funniest scene is the one in which Topper, closing his eyes the better to concentrate on his graceful gyrations, dances a tango with Marion who impishly becomes invisible. Some prefer the bar scene in which the waiter (Paul Hurst) doubts his sanity when he sees a glass emptying itself. Some like best the one where Alan Mowbray and Franklin Pangborn and Alexander D'Arcy . . . but you go and pick your own favorite.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT—
United Artists

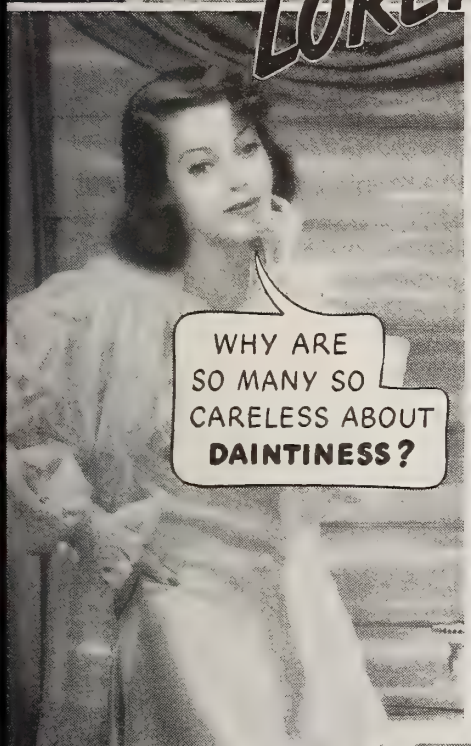
■ The story is much like all of those other college stories in which one boy suffers severe punishment to protect a friend, but there is so much of interest in the development of the plot that you are likely to think this film one of the best school dramas you've seen. For one thing, the background, The United States Military Academy at West Point, is fascinating in itself. For another, you'll see an exciting hockey match. And the cast is fine, headed by Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown and Richard Carlson.



Just a little kidding on the *Oklahoma Kid* set. Rosemary Lane shows 74-year-old Al Jennings just how a hold-up should be handled. Jennings is a reformed train robber who served five years in a federal prison after one of his exploits and who later ran for governor of Oklahoma and was very nearly elected. He is acting as technical advisor on the film which stars James Cagney



LORETTA YOUNG



Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate fragrance on the skin.



9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap











STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"

Girls WITH OVER-POWDERED FACES NEVER STAY IN MEN'S GOOD GRACES!



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
FACE POWDER
has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling"—the face powder with *a light touch.* It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn't cake or streak. At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.



HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Whatta month! Whatta life! Whatta business! As sure as my young son eats celluloid from the cutting room floor, the last of the old year and the beginning of the new one packed more thrills, more excitement, and more real life drammer than any other period this old studio alley cat can remember.

20th Century-Fox started the month off rather ironically it seems to us by previewing *Thanks for Everything.* Then Leni Riefenstahl comes to town and gets the cold shoulder (it's lucky some of the hotheads didn't give her a hotfoot) from the studios. Then the networks learned that the FCC had started an intensive probe of the heavy cuts grabbed by the artists' service-bureaus of NBC, CBS and Mutual with such screen personalities as Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Carole Lombard, Gracie Allen, Edgar Bergen and many others lined up to testify on the "nick" they take in their etherizing salaries. Next was the information spread up and down Hollywood Boulevard that Louis B. Mayer had cut down his payroll to a mere $400,000 per week (which meant less work, less money and less eats for a lot of M-G-M extra, stock and featured players.) Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn popped into the month's excitement with the signing up of Jimmy (He's Got It) Roosevelt as Vice President of the Goldwyn Company—and boy, how tongues wagged and heads shook over this appointment! Around the tenth of the month the papers were filled with the court story of the Ruth Etting—Colonel (The Gimp) Moe Snyder shooting fracas during which The Gimp took out his old equalizer and boom, boom, did Myrl Alderman wrong. Dick Powell and his lovely wife, Joan Blondell, packed up their belongings in their star dressing rooms out at Warners and called the whole thing off so far as acting in front of Warner cameras is concerned. George Burns hit the front pages by pleading guilty to smuggling and for a Christmas present from the Old Man With the Whiskers found himself facing possible sentences of eighteen long years in the pokey and $45,000 in fines. Errol Flynn startled Hollywood—and maybe himself—by smacking down Aiden Roark, a 20th Century-Fox executive, during a party hostessed by Liz Whitney, and Errol did such a good job of fisticuffing that Hostess Whitney had to call off her Victor Hugo dinner party. Warner Brothers had to shoot around Flynn because of a split lip and a broken tooth and Roark lost a day's

[*Continued on page* 14]



Joan Crawford receives one of the most prized honors of the year, the Fan Magazine Photographers' trophy for being the most co-operative star during 1938. This is the fourth time the award has been given. Arlene Judge won it in 1935, Harold Lloyd in 1936 and Joe Penner in 1937. Left to right, Bob Wallace, then Hollywood Magazine's own demon cameraman, Charlie Rhodes, George Strock, Miss Crawford, Jack Albin and Hymie Fink. The presentation was made during a banquet scene for *The Ice Follies,* which Miss Crawford is making for early spring release

She was a "Perfect Wife" ...except for ONE NEGLECT*



"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

LOVE is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" *except the love of her husband.*

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful . . . Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If *you're* in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*



Lysol Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. H-903, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

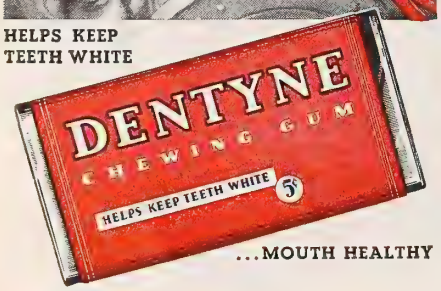
Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Warrior Queen *wins with smile!*

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!
Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE, TASTE THAT FLAVOR!
You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



This is the famous Princess Baba in native East Indian dress, except for the cork soled shoes

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 12]

work due to a sore jaw. Ain't we got fun in this town!

Two little rays of sunshine appeared, though, and are worth mentioning. Universal's stock shot up to seventy, a new high, and Gracie Fields, the highest paid actress in the world, made a grand hit in *Smiling Along*. Well—as 20th Century-Fox says, *Thanks for Everything!*

■ Bob Hope had a queer experience the other day during the filming of *Never Say Die* in which he plays the part of a hypochondriac. A studio nurse, coming on the set during a rehearsal, gave Bob a professional look, stuck a thermometer in his mouth, and found that he had a one hundred and three degree fever! And then sent him home for a two-day rest!

■ Dialogue Director Irving Rapper seems to be a stickler for perfection. In order that all actors and actresses having either Spanish or Mexican speaking parts in *Juarez* talk with just the proper accent, he had records made of Gilbert Roland's more important speeches in the picture. Gilbert, who was born in Mexico, speaks perfect English but the slight Spanish accent he can employ at will has been selected as the "norm" for other players in the picture. Copies of the record have been distributed to members of the *Juarez* cast with instructions to adapt their speech to that of Roland's.

■ The first exhibition of legs in motion pictures, we discovered the other day, occurred in 1918 during the making of Mack Sennett's government propaganda picture, *Eat More Fish*. The company, near Hollywood, ran out of scenes and, to fill the reel, photographed a group of non-professional bathing girls in what was then known as "daring attire." These later became the famous Sennett bathing beauties. Time marches on.



This is the way Princess Baba appears in her first film, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*



And here is the same girl, all ready for a swim in the Pacific in a white satin one-piece suit

■ Gale Page has been in six pictures and never had the pleasure of being kissed by a leading man until just the other day when the *Always Leave Them Laughing* script demanded a kiss in the love scene between her and Dick Powell. Gale was pretty nervous about the business and finally Joan Blondell, sitting on the sidelines doing a bit of knitting, got up, walked over to Husband Dick, and showed Gale just how the kissing should be done. With that lesson in mind Gale stepped in front of the cameras and got an "A" from Director Ray Enright on the very first "take."

■ When Anita Louise was trying on fur coats recently for still picture tie-ups the other day she kiddingly suggested that she should get a fur coat free, pointing out that when she posed for a doughnut tie-up she received a box of doughnuts. The fur man had an answer for that one. "If my fur coats had holes in 'em," he explained, "I'd give 'em way, too."



Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Appear

SLIMMER

. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle



AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller . . . No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!



Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustratedfolder

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 133, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

■ Went out to the *Wuthering Heights* set the other day and watched a canine actor take a good healthy bite of the dainty Merle Oberon's well shaped gam—leg, to you. Director Willie Wyler said, "Okay, print it," on the first "take" which certainly pleased Miss Oberon if it didn't the dog.

The leg-biting scene is one of some importance in the picture, for it's at that juncture that Miss Oberon meets David Niven for the first time—which is quite a novel way to meet your future picture husband whether it's in reel or real life.

■ We liked that swell party that Joan Bennett gave the other day. Nothing swanky about it a-tall—just a pleasant afternoon opportunity to come to her house and eat hamburgers and drink beer! And did we obey instructions!

■ There's no way of keeping up with Ann Sothern. During the automobile show she went out to look over the new models with an idea that she might come driving home in a snappy 1939 four-wheeler. Instead she bought an expensive carpet right out from under the tootsies of the auto executives who were trying to sell her an auto.

■ Following Shirley Ross' example of keeping all the money she earns in the family, handsome Lynn Bari, who agreed to give Walter Kane ten per cent of her earnings to act as her theatrical agent about ten months ago, plans on becoming Mrs. Walter Kane before the first of the year. Shirley Ross married her theatrical agent, Ken Dolan, a few months ago.

■ Just to show you what one good role will do to an actress we give you Penny Singleton, the Blondie of the *Blondie* series produced by Columbia. (On second thought we won't give you the little lady. She's too valuable a piece of property these days and, besides, Columbia wouldn't stand for it.) Penny used to get her share of fan mail while at Warners, but you should see the stacks she gets now since she's starring as Blondie. So many requests have come in for photographs of herself that she either had to go broke supplying them or talk the studio into sending them to her eager fans. Being a fast and able talker she finally convinced the studio to handle both the photographs and mailing charges. Already thirty-two Blondie fan clubs have sprung into being. The national sorority, boasting fifty thousand members —to which Penny belongs and in which she takes an active interest, have begun to champion the cause of their most celebrated member—and when fifty thousand gals begin talking about the same thing at the same time, something's bound to happen. In Penny's case it means that this feminine army is going to do her and the *Blondie* series a world of good.

■ Hollywood Boulevard proper, in case you fan folks want to know before coming out for a look-see, is a mile and a half long, has forty-two beauty shops, five places that guarantee to grow hair on your head, a bootblack in formal attire and evening hat, seven hermits, four acres of wheat (in season) and is rarely frequented by the stars. All this according to the eminent publicity chap, Johnny Miles.

■ Don't let anybody tell you they can't come back. If they do tell 'em to hush their gossipy mouths while you point out that 1938, for instance, marked



Kay Francis, looking very exotic with a smooth California suntan, snapped with her fiance, Baron Eric Raven Barnekow, during the party which followed the preview of the Technicolor film, *Kentucky*



Hints of spring may be in the air, but it still is fine skiing weather at Sun Valley. Ginger Rogers wears dark glasses as protection against the bright sun, woolens to defeat the chill

the return of such worthies of the screen as George Bancroft. George suffered a decline of long standing but climbed back via *Submarine Patrol* in which he scintillated like a new-born star. Charles Farrell, dropping out of pictures for a number of years, is back again in *Just Around the Corner* and *Tail Spin* and is scheduled for a number of big roles in 1939. Lew Ayres does a grand revival for himself in *Holiday, Young Doctor Kildare,* and *Rich Man, Poor Girl.* Astrid Allwyn, out of pictures for motherhood, returns to Warner Brothers' Studio which is offering her fine roles. Henry Wilcoxon, first brought to the movie colony for Cecil B. DeMille's *Cleopatra* and *The Crusades,* booms into cinematic prominence once again in *The Arizona Wildcat,* starring Jane Withers, and Paramount's *If I Were King,* starring Ronald Colman and Frances Dee. Richard Barthelmess is back in a big way in Columbia's *Plane Number Four.* And back into circulation comes Binnie Barnes, now tagged one of the comedy finds of the year, which means a new career in pictures for this talented lady. John King, after enacting a leading role a few years back, was erased from the Hollywood scene and now bounces back into the limelight out at 20th Century-Fox where executives swear out loud that the young man is slated for stardom. Constance Bennett gives her critics the merry ha-ha by her successful comeback in two of Hal Roach's *Topper* pictures and another—*Tail Spin*—at 20th Century-Fox.

■ "Our marriage will be successful, because I am a thorough-going American woman and I exercise my prerogative of being independent. It's all right with my husband. He agreed to it before we were married."

[*Continued on page* 58]



Was My Face Red-but

IRIUM SHOWED ME

how to win sparkling bright teeth...a "come-closer" smile!

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

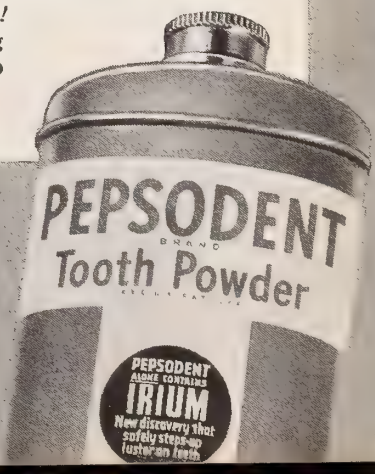
to erase cloudy surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full pearly brilliance!

● Want a "Come-Closer" Smile . . . a smile that makes others look the second time? Then join America's landslide to Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM! 32 million sales prove you can't go wrong!

Why is it Pepsodent Powder *has what it takes*? That's simple . . . because only Pepsodent contains wonderful IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing agent in *any* tooth powder!

You'll discover Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM makes teeth shine and sparkle as they naturally should! Does so quickly . . . easily . . . effectively . . . for it brushes away *masking* surface-stains — thus revealing the full natural brilliance your smile *naturally should have!*

What's more — Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Get Pepsodent Powder now!



FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE START TODAY THE *IRIUM* WAY with PEPSODENT POWDER

So I Took the $500—

Favorite advice from those who know is "Don't come to Hollywood, little girl, unless you have at least $500." This is how one little actress spent $500



So I took the $500 and came to Hollywood.

Mother had opened the pot with $250, and my Aunt Eloise raised the ante to $400; whereupon Uncle Charles, who always plays so close to his vest he can't see his own cards, stunned the clan by chipping in $100.

My relatives, you see, were devout followers of the school of thought—expounded by so many magazine articles—that "no girl should go to Hollywood to break into pictures unless she has at least $500." We figured that amount would last me four months. This calculation was based on the standard of living in our own small town. It lasted exactly two months and a half.

And I didn't spend one single unnecessary cent, with the exception of the $1.50 I paid to see the races at Santa Anita and the two bucks I plunked on the nose of a horse called Adam. Strangely enough, he lived up to his name and came in first, paying $11.80, but it rained that day at Santa Anita and I had to buy a new hat ($8.00), some throat discs (25c), some cold medicine (50c) and get a new wave (75c), which left me exactly $1.20 in the red.

My family looked upon the $500 as sort of a last gasp at an investment in me. My high school record indicated that unless college consisted solely of drama courses I might just as well continue with the Henrysville Community Art Theatre Group and let higher education fall where it would. My looks, which were my only visible asset and for which I am indebted to my paternal grandmother, spelled Hollywood. My invisible asset was an agonized conviction that if I couldn't spend my life acting I would die. And listen, if you have $10,000, but haven't that conviction, don't come to Hollywood. It isn't worth it.

Well, anyway, with my conviction in one hand and my traveller's checks in the other, I came to the City of Hits and Bits to be a star; and inasmuch as the $500 is the hero of this story I shall tell you with what gay abandon it flung itself into the Cinemaw.

Not being a contest winner or a studio importation, I did not fall off the train in Pasadena into the arms of Producers and Agents. I continued, with the other ordinary people, on into Los Angeles and got off unheralded with my trunk and two suitcases in the dingiest, dankest, dirtiest depot ever built and, in a taxicab, rode through the business district of Los Angeles, and eventually arrived at The Studio Club on Lodi Street, Hollywood, where the family had made a reservation. (Taxi fare $1.50.)

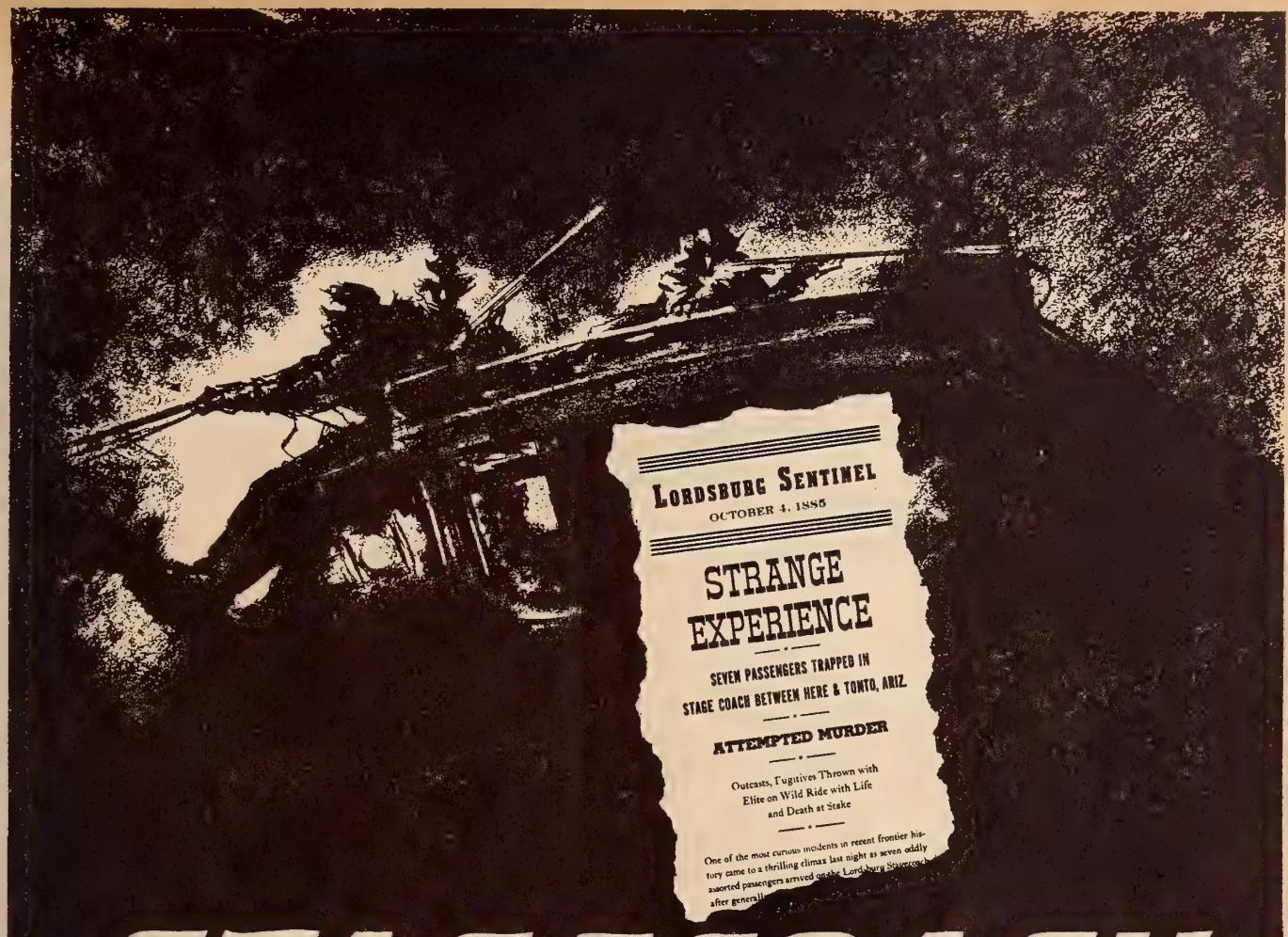
This Club, architecturally, is in the best Mediterranean manner, and, in mood, is sort of a Ziegfeld Follies Y. W. C. A. The minute I opened the door, I *knew* I was in Hollywood. What seemed to be practically all the beautiful girls in the world whirled for a look, assimilated me at a glance, did some psychic sky-writing on the atmosphere, "S-m-a-l-l- T-o-w-n," and shrugged back to their occupation which was, I discovered later, waiting for the telephone to ring.

" . . . atmosphere of restfulness and charm . . . spacious lobby . . . the lounge and library with their open fireplaces . . . writing and rest rooms . . . ping-pong room and the candle-lit dining room . . . hot and cold water in every bedroom . . . free use of laundry and kitchenette, sewing machine, typewriter, piano and radio, and special telephone service for studio calls . . . well-balanced meals . . . emergency and employment advice and help . . ."

My single room cost $13.50 a week. This included two good meals a day and the disconcerting proximity of 98 other girls whose eyes were fixed on the same goal on which mine were glued. I could have shared a double room for $8.00, but I thought at that time that my $500 would last me forever.

I didn't do much of anything during the first week in Hollywood except swallow lumps of homesickness and keep my eyes and ears open. But at the end of the week, I had learned several things, to-wit:

1. My wardrobe which, in Henrysville, was a little more than adequate, lacked three all-important items: some custom-made slacks; huarrachas, those Mexican sandals everyone wears, and a heavy winter overcoat. Everybody back home said I wouldn't need a heavy overcoat in California, the land of avocados and sunshine, but it grows unexpectedly [*Continued on page* 53]



LORDSBURG SENTINEL
OCTOBER 4, 1885

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

SEVEN PASSENGERS TRAPPED IN STAGE COACH BETWEEN HERE & TONTO, ARIZ.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

Outcasts, Fugitives Thrown with Elite on Wild Ride with Life and Death at Stake

One of the most curious incidents in recent frontier history came to a thrilling climax last night as seven oddly assorted passengers arrived on the Lordsburg Stagecoach after generall

STAGECOACH

A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION
(Producer of "Trade Winds," "Algiers," "Blockade," etc.)

DIRECTED BY
JOHN FORD
(Academy award winner, director of "Submarine Patrol," "The Hurricane," "The Informer," etc.)

with CLAIRE TREVOR • JOHN WAYNE
Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Tim Holt



Dance-Hall Girl: Nothing mattered but a man she'd never seen before.



Convict: He gave himself up in order to be taken to Lordsburg, where three men waited to kill him.



"Buck" the driver: He wanted to go home.



The Man of Mystery: A strange whim . . . something from the past . . . forced him to go.



Doctor: It took 12 cups of coffee to sober him in time.



Wife: "We must go on . . . I've got to find my husband."



"Curly" the Marshal: Why did he release his prisoner?



Traveling Salesman: "I'm a married man . . . father of five . . . I insist we go back."



Banker: Why so careful of the little black bag?





Life can be simple



The directions sound easy

Young— the Mobile Unit

He wanted to be free of confining walls, a creature of the great outdoors, close to nature, but that was before he tried living in a trailer

By KAY PROCTOR

Should have been a wrestler!



Brute strength does it!



Ooops! It dodged!





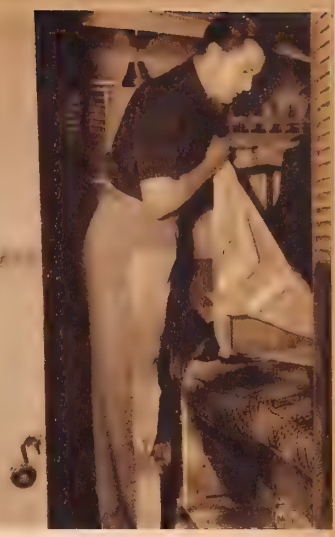
Table by day, bed by night



Ouch! The bedding's underneath!



Now where were we?



How do they do it on trains?

■ Robert George Young supposes there must be a satisfactory explanation for it somewhere. A God-fearing, family-loving, duty-doing young actor suddenly does not go absolutely beserk for no reason at all.

Nature probably was the motivating force. You know, beautiful nature in all her glory, nature in the raw. Good medicine, that, for a man's sick soul. Sunsets over the Pacific and the wind in the pines. The complexities of modern civilization washed away in the simple things of life. Strong stuff for strong men.

Or maybe it was just a touch of the Tarzan in him. Anyway, he took that trailer trip, and thereby hangs this tale.

Perhaps your soul too has stirred to the challenge of the open road as you saw gleaming little homes on wheels, miraculous in their compact comforts and conveniences, lined up row on row in a parking lot, cunningly marked "For Sale" or "For Rent." Perhaps you too have done a little mental arithmetic on the state of the family's finances as you listened to the entrancing tales spun by the siren salesmen.

"My friends, be not deceived," Bob warned. "I know whereof I speak."

With fine oratorical vigor, sandwiched in between quick gulps of boiled eggs (two), fried ham, rye toast (buttered) and coffee that constituted his lunch that day in his dressing room, Bob proceeded with the story. The gulps, incidentally, were no deliberate lapse from nice table manners; he had only forty minutes in which to burden his stomach and unburden his soul before dashing back to the pleasant task of making love to Eleanor Powell in *Honolulu.* (A bit of a fast worker wouldn't you say, considering he'd just finished an amour with Joan Crawford in *The Shining Hour?)*

The Tale of the Trailer rightly started that warm day when he first saw Allan Jones' new two-wheeled toy and caught the fever. Home he went to Betty forthwith, where he put on a terrific sales-talk. What would be sweller for a vacation than rolling down to Laguna, Ensenada and Mexico City (and points south) in a trailer of their own? Barbara Queene, the baby, could be left at home with the nurse but Carol Ann, aged five, could go along with them. Just one big happy family, and ho! for the wide open spaces! The whole thing was not only feasible but absurdly simple.

Mrs. Robert George Young happily agreed but, knowing the average life span of her spouse's sudden enthusiasms, stipulated one thing: their rolling home was to be rented, not purchased outright.

"A very wise woman, Mrs. Young," said Bob.

Well, so the time for their scheduled departure rolled around and Bob went out and rented the trailer the day before they were to leave for Laguna, Ensenada, Mexico City and points south. He listened attentively (he thought) while the salesmen explained the mysteries of the kerosene stove, how the beds folded down and the seats folded up, and above all, how the hitching device must be kept well greased to prevent [*Continued on page* 43]

Anyway, it's an experience



And I left home for this!



Floored!









Life can be simple



The directions sound easy

Young— the Mobile Unit

He wanted to be free of confining walls, a creature of the great outdoors, close to nature, but that was before he tried living in a trailer

By KAY PROCTOR



Should have been a wrestler!



Brute strength does it!



Ooops! It dodged!



Table by day, bed by night



Ouch! The bedding's underneath!



Now where were we?



How do they do it on trains?

■ Robert George Young supposes there must be a satisfactory explanation for it somewhere. A God-fearing, family-loving, duty-doing young actor suddenly does not go absolutely beserk for no reason at all.

Nature probably was the motivating force. You know, beautiful nature in all her glory, nature in the raw. Good medicine, that, for a man's sick soul. Sunsets over the Pacific and the wind in the pines. The complexities of modern civilization washed away in the simple things of life. Strong stuff for strong men.

Or maybe it was just a touch of the Tarzan in him. Anyway, he took that trailer trip, and thereby hangs this tale.

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Anyway, it's an experience



And I left home for this!



Floored!



Beige sweater and skirt are topped with a wide-shouldered tailored jacket of brick, green and beige

Grey and red makes the plaid of the skirt which ties in a sash. Grey sweater, grey fitted top coat, red bag and hat

Green, rose and lavender make the plaid of this light wool dress. Buttons, belt and shoes match in very dark blue

Pity the Poor Working Girl?

Poor Deanna Durbin, she can't go swimming, she can't go dancing, but don't weep for the little working girl until after you have read this story

By JANE OLIVER

■ "Poor Deanna Durbin! It's a shame the sacrifices the child has to make to being a movie star! She doesn't have any fun at all like other little girls."

A lot of misguided grown-ups have been hearing things like that and getting themselves in an uproar over the supposed sad state of her affair when the truth is that Deanna Durbin has three times the social life of the average girl of her age. She told me so herself, and explained exactly how and why.

Frankly, I was a bit surprised at what she said. About a year and a half ago I wrote a story about her which pointed out how sudden stardom had alienated all her old school friends without giving her new ones in their place. It was true then, and she was an unhappy child. But many things can happen in eighteen months including adjustment to a new life, the making of new friends, and even the winning back of the boys and girls who had shied away from her in awe when she became a Hollywood personage.

She set me right about things in a hurry. She was having the time of her life, she said. Only one thing puzzled her: why did people keep harping on all the wonderful things she was missing? And why were they so dead sure she *was* missing them?

"You know, you can't miss something you've never had!" she said gravely. "I think it's like chocolate ice cream: if you've never eaten any, you don't know what it tastes like so how can you miss it? Or like babies. They don't cry for candy unless they've had some once. So, if you don't miss a thing you are not unhappy about it. That's the way it is with me."

A wise enough analysis, I should say. Certainly it proves that at sixteen (she celebrated that birthday on December fourth) the young lady has a pretty solid sense of values.

Deanna was making rather fast work of a bowl of soup, a toasted chicken sandwich and a glass of milk, while we talked, for she was due to start recordings on her new Universal picture, *Three Smart Girls*

Grow Up. It struck me anew that one smart little girl had done a lot of growing up since I last had talked to her. From the beginning Deanna possessed remarkable poise but now there was a sureness about everything she said and did.

It would be stupid to pretend there are not some pleasures Deanna must sacrifice to being a popular movie star, so let's face frankly some of the things she may not do that other little girls her age enjoy. Although she loves both sports, she cannot go roller-skating at a public rink or swimming at the beach. She may go, of course; there's no law or even a Hollywood "must not" against it. It's just that it isn't any fun, and she gave up trying a year ago. Autograph hounds, naturally, are the answer. They swarm down at her first appearance and continue to hedge her in until it's time to go home. Granted that it is flattering, still it's not much fun if you really want to skate or swim. Certainly it no longer is a thrill for her.

Dancing in a public place likewise is forbidden. Her fans, particularly many mothers who cite her as a model of maidenly behavior to their own offending daughters, do not approve of it and say so in unmistakable language in their letters to her. And stars who want to keep their fan following heed those letters. That goes for sixteen as well as sixty.

Unchaperoned dates with boy friends, even in the early evening, are on the taboo list. The chances of unfavorable publicity are too great, and that's as dangerous as the small-pox. Some weeks ago a famous columnist blasted Deanna in print for dating one night in a prominent place. As it happened, the child was at home with her parents, but if she can be that severely censured for something she did *not* do, imagine the results were she guilty of the charge.

Going to the movies in the afternoon with a girl friend, and stopping at the corner drug store afterwards for an ice cream soda or an elaborate banana split, is a favorite pastime of young girls. Deanna never can do it for two reasons. Usually she is too busy even when a picture is not in pro- [*Continued on page* 48]

Deanna Durbin's spring wardrobe features gay tweeds and plaids. At the right, a herring-bone tweed top coat for the early spring



One dark blue play suit is pretty much like the next one unless your sweater is embroidered with wool

Scalloped neck, sleeves and pockets make this beige wool dress different. The handkerchief is luggage brown



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Errol Flynn's Biggest

Not fame, not fans, not his newest part are nearly so much of a problem as one determined Schnauser who nearly landed his master in jail

When Mr. Errol Flynn adopted Arno into his heart and home, he little knew how much trouble he was borrowing!

One day his life was serene. He was master of his own soul, captain of his own ship, boss of his own household. There were no strings on Mr. Flynn's friendships, his goings-and-comings, his general behavior. Life, for him, was singularly free of complications. He was the living, breathing example of what people meant when they spoke of a "free soul".

Then Arno turned up and since then life hasn't been the same for Errol.

Errol may be the great Hollywood star, the man who pays the income tax, the guy whom the girls mob. But it's Arno who is the real boss of the Flynn menages. He expects, and receives, a certain deference from the servants, the milkman, the bread man, the Fuller Brush man. If anyone rings the doorbell, Arno is right there to pass inspection on the visitor. He may, and then again he may not, permit entrance.

A time or two Errol has been forced to sneak important visitors through the side door. Subterfuge galls Mr. Flynn, but he is forced to admire Arno's uncompromising stand where his personal opinions are concerned. After all, Errol himself does his own thinking—and why deny Arno the same right?

When Mr. Flynn first came to Hollywood his adventures in the far-flung corners of the earth were given considerable publicity. That venturesome quality is like the measles—awfully easy to catch. With it goes a keen sense of justice—of right and wrong. Of what's fair play and what isn't! Arno is not the only one in the house who has determined ideas about nearly everything!

Once, when Errol went on location, Arno was sent on a visit to the home of Flynn's closest friend. A cocker-spaniel happened to be the lord of this green pasture. Arno resented the indignity of sharing attention with a long-haired, floppy-eared comrade, by going on a hunger strike.

He bayed at the moon and made faces at the sun, and absolutely refused to have any truck with the ambulating, friendly cocker. All day long Arno sat in injured solitude, not even nosing the ground sirloin which was especially prepared for him. (Errol is kinda choosy about his food, too).

Again and again Arno asked himself—"What have I done to deserve this? I have been loyal. I haven't had more than one fight a day for a week. I haven't chased the neighborhood cats. I have been most careful to use the proper comfort station, but here I am—banished from the sight of the only person I care two hoots about! Is that fair?"

The hosts began to get a bit worried when Arno's hunger strike extended to two days. They opened the door to the wire enclosure, and made clucking noises to coax him out. Silly creatures, Arno thought to himself, as if he couldn't break prison with his own brawn and brain if there had been a chance of finding Errol. He wasn't dependent on a door for an exit.



The free soul



Arno in the dog house



But not for long!



Problem

By SONIA LEE



On the *Dodge City* set rehearsing with Flynn



Arno, the gourmet, toys with his evening steak



Arno, the sportsman, in hot pursuit of goldfish



Arno, the prodigal, begs forgiveness at dinnertime

great career isn't worth the spiritual imprisonment it imposes. That will suit Arno right down to the ground. He doesn't much favor routine.

Arno might be a Houdini, for all the problem that chains and ropes present to him. Not long ago, when he was on vacation with Errol in Florida, they stopped at a very snooty inn. The haughty clerk gave Arno the fish-eye and announced that no dogs were allowed in the rooms. It was finally agreed that Arno would be tied up in the basement.

Arno, however, had other ideas. By what legerdemain he slipped the chain from his collar, and found his way, as true as a string, to his master's room is still a mystery for Sherlock Holmes. Exactly five times he was returned to his own quarters, and securely fastened. He was acquiescent and placid while the humans scolded. But the moment he was left alone, off would come the rope, and Arno would trot up the six flights and scratch at Errol's door for admission.

The management finally admitted defeat. The Governor of Illinois didn't have his dog in his suite; a duke from England, a minor King from Europe, and an important ambassador did not have their dogs in their suites. But Arno, the problem child, took matters into his own paws, cut red tape with his teeth and spent what was left of the night in his accustomed sleeping place—at the foot of Errol's bed.

With Arno for an example, it's no wonder that Mr. Flynn's quality of perserverance is becoming a matter of comment. (Note how long and devotedly he worked at archery to become expert for his part in *Robin Hood.*)

As a general rule, Arno is snobbish and haughty with other canines. They are so much dust beneath his feet, and recently that attitude and [*Continued on page* 64]

(Errol, too, by the way, disdains difficulties. There's always a way to overcome them.)

Anger rose in Arno's breast. He would show these people how a gentleman and a scholar can solve a problem.

That night he set to work with fury in his heart. The locked door was a challenge. For hours on end, he dug deep beneath the wall. And long before the birds began their daily vocal lesson, Arno had a beautiful escape tunnel completed. There it was for all to see. And when his hostess came to look at him and to greet him cheerily, he was sitting belligerently in the exact center of the pen, with his eyes on the tunnel, as if to say—"I'm staying here of my own free will. If I had wanted to leave, if there was any purpose in leaving, I could have done a little digging long before this."

Neither Errol nor Arno hold with conventional restrictions or rules. One of these days Errol will dump his Fame in the waste-basket, pick himself up and go off to places unknown, to follow his fancy and his inclinations. To Errol, even a

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Workin' On the Railroad



A race between today and yesterday, No. 22, oldest engine in existence, has a featured role in *Union Pacific*. The girls bravely riding the tops are Paula De Carda and Dorothy White

A case of chillblains is a small item to our adventuresome extra who lends his histrionic talent to the historical epic, *Union Pacific*

By E. J. (Casey Jones) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

I would have written sooner only I had frost-bites on both my "hunt-and-peck" fingers so bad I couldn't touch my typewriter, and before you start muttering something about California being as warm and sunny as it is and he couldn't get any frost-bites unless some smart cop threw him in the cooler, please be advised that I just returned "from location" 'way up in Utah where I was helping Cecil B. DeMille make his great railroad picture, *Union Pacific*. As an extra, of course.

Yes, I've been working on the railroad—and not for fifty cents a day as the old ballad has it, but for regular extra wages. Four days of swinging a spike maul, fighting Piute Indians, wading through knee-high snow, and bucking blizzards reminded me more than somewhat of the good old days back in Minnesota when the snow, the snow, the beautiful snow used to come blowing in from Medicine Hat, Canada and points further north. Four days of that, and just when I was mad enough to walk right up to Mr. Cecil B. DeMille in my frozen feet and tell him that if he's still of a mind to keep right on building his railroad he'd have to build it without me because the only tracks I am making from now on are tracks for home, the company issues orders for us to hie ourselves back to Hollywood. And, Miss Editor, if you don't think I combed the snowdrifts out of my hair, and beat it for the depot you don't know much about [*Continued on page* 56]



William M. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific railroad, Lucius Beebe and Mr. DeMille talk it over in the commissary

Life's a Whirl!



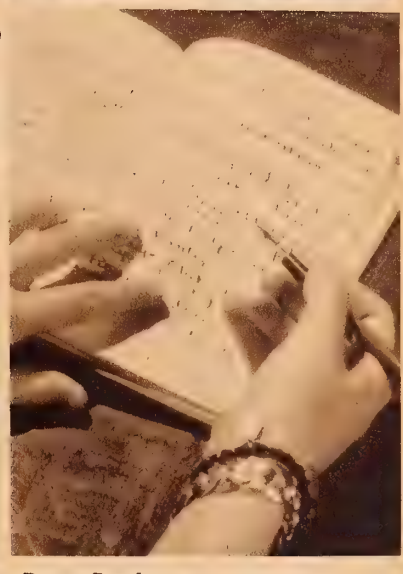
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*



In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care . . . "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."



Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne, New York deb,** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's.** "I believe in it."



White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."



Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus."**



In Pond's Laboratory — Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.* Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

On the Trail of a Hamburger

Richard Greene went half way around the world to satisfy an ambition, but it had nothing to do with his career

By MARGO KENT

■ Nine ponderous lawyers sat around a long table, juggling ponderous phrases which would make Mr. Richard Greene of London a hired hand of Mr. Darryl Zanuck of Hollywood.

Richard sat quietly in a corner quite detached from the proceedings, with a look of reverie in his eyes. Lawyer X clapped him jubilantly on the back, when the papers were signed and sealed.

"Well, my boy," he cried, "you're off to the land of beautiful ladies. Imagine! You'll be making love to Loretta Young in twelve days, exactly. What an opportunity!" The lawyer's three chins quivered with coyness. "I wish I were a few years younger. I'd go in for this delightful movie business myself. No wonder you've got that abstracted air."

Richard made some vague answer. He was thinking of the future with excitement and zest and anticipation. But when he had signed that contract, he didn't see in his mind's eye clamoring fans, his name on billboards, in newspapers and magazines. Nor even the exquisite, renowned ladies he would meet!

The possibilities which charmed him were—HAMBURGERS! Dozens of them, in military rows, beckoning invitingly.

Now, at last, his life's ambition would be satisfied. He would be able to buy and eat a hamburger as often as he wished. He would do so the minute he set foot on American soil. He had heard about them for years. Americans in England got that homesick look when they described the delicacy, and their descriptions bordered on the poetic.

Mr. Greene eventually got the idea that the reason visiting Americans hastened home was to eat another hamburger. Then, too, in almost every American picture he had seen, heroes reach for a hamburger sooner or later. He saw such quantities of them consumed on the screen that he became quite convinced that hamburger-eating was not only an American custom, but that it was the mark of good citizenship!

On board ship for his record hop to Hollywood, he had five days in which to contemplate the first step in his Americanization. He planned to disembark, hasten to the first eating place, order the largest hamburger available, and celebrate his arrival in what seemed to him the most suitable fashion.

But the plans of mice and men often go astray. Richard reached New York, only to be grabbed by a 20th Century-Fox representative and hustled to the airport where a plane was waiting to rush him to the Coast.

"I'm hungry," he pleaded. "Can't we stop somewhere for a hamburger?"

"Your lunch is all arranged for," he was told. "It will be served you when you take the air."

There were chicken sandwiches, a nice crisp salad and hot broth—but no hamburgers. Richard consoled himself during that three thousand-mile hop by vowing to grab a hamburger the minute he hit California.

But *Four Men and a Prayer* was in production, and shooting was being delayed pending his arrival. In the next thirty-six hours he learned his role, met executives and producers, had conferences with his director. He had voice and make-up tests and wardrobe fittings. In between, he sandwiched in a visit to the dentist. He was a slave to the minute hand on the clock and to a kaleidoscopic program which didn't give him an instant to himself.

He was grabbing a bite of food as he could—and everyone was very nice. They saw to it that he had the very best money could buy. He had broiled mushrooms on toast, guinea hen under glass, breast of chicken a la 20th Century.

Six different times he had suggested to six people that he would like a hamburger. But that request was considered an almost touching disinclination to put anyone to trouble.

His food was brought to him at conferences, at fittings, at rehearsals, and during tests. Each time he looked hopefully for his palate's desire. But all in vain! But there comes the desired achievement for everyone—and it came for Richard! The first time he was by himself and could do as he yearned, and order as he pleased, was the morning when his initial scene was scheduled. He was due to report on the set at nine o'clock. At eight-thirty he was made-up and ready. Half an hour in which to

[*Continued on page* 38]



Richard Greene as he appeared in *Submarine Patrol*. His next is with Shirley Temple in *The Little Princess*

Daisy got orchids for telling–



I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*



Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."



"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver *it* and *you* right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the *difference* between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's *safer!* There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!



So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from *me!* Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)







Astaire

Lovely Irene Castle took sides during the filming of her life story in an argument that may change the entire approach to modern dancing

By HARRY LANG

UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR ON CANADA!

LONE RANGER CALLS SILVER THIRD-RATE TRUCK HORSE!

DIETICIAN PROVES HAM AND EGGS POISONOUS COMBINATION!

Such things can't happen here? Well, maybe not. But don't try to convince the boys and girls in Hollywood that anything is impossible. Because after what actually has happened in the land of sun glasses, slacks and six-inch dews, they're ready to believe the most fantastic statement.

So hold on to your hats for the dido of the decade, the scandal of the century, the marvel of the millenium—to-wit and viz:

ASTAIRE AND ROGERS DISAGREE

Not only that! Fred and Ginger disagree about the only thing that everybody thought they never would fight over. One guess. You're right. Dancing!

HOLLYWOOD

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, playing the parts of Irene and Vernon Castle, start one of the dance routines famous 25 years ago. Notice charm of the costume, faithfully reproduced from Irene's wardrobe



Here are the famous Castles



Remember the Gavotte?



And the Castle Walk?



And the Castle Polka?

and Rogers Disagree!

It all started at the RKO studios on Gower street in Hollywood while they were putting the finishing touches on *The Castles,* the cinematic life and love story of the most famous dance team in American history: Irene and Vernon Castle, who twenty years ago were even more celebrated than Astaire and Rogers are today.

Resting briefly after doing a difficult dance sequence before the camera Ginger spoke her mind.

"Jitterbug dancing," she said, "is exclusively for kids. It never was meant for adults. It's far less graceful than any other dance crazes were, even the Charleston. And unless you're still in your teens, it's too strenuous for real enjoyment.

"I think the jitterbug is already dying. And when he dies, he's never going to be revived."

She cocked an appraising eye in Fred's direction, sat back and waited for results.

"The jitterbug dance is entertaining and amusing," Fred retorted quickly. He waved a deprecating hand. "Sure it's screwy. But this is a screwy age." His eyes sparkled as he warmed up to the subject.

"I've always been a swing fan and to me jitterbug dancing is visual swing. It's unrestrained, and youthful, and—well, it's got something. I like jam and jive and stuff. I think it's swell."

Pausing only long enough to inhale one much-needed breath and lift a baleful eyebrow at Ginger, he added:

"I don't know how long jitterbug dancing will last. But it'll surely stay as long as the jive boys stay hot. And I hope they don't ever cool off!"

Sitting between Fred and Ginger when the first salvo of Hollywood's latest dance war was fired was a charming, smartly-tailored woman who listened quietly, smiling now and then as the battle waxed hot. Her name is Mrs. Irene McLaughlin and it was she who threw out the first adjective in Fred and Ginger's verbal jam session. The name "Mrs. McLaughlin" probably doesn't mean a thing to ninty-nine out of one hundred persons. But mention her by the name she made famous and the memories of a not-so-old generation will go rushing back twenty or twenty-five years to the day when the epitome of grace and beauty was a lovely girl named Irene Castle.

Just before and during the Great War, Irene Castle and her husband, Vernon Castle, set the world afire with a new conception of how to dance. Irene Castle was the girl who shocked millions by daring to bob her hair when hair-bobbing was considered even more wicked than cigarette-smoking. It was she who panicked a staid world by talking out loud about legs, advising women to dress to show off their leglines because that was their best point.

In the jargon of the times, Irene Castle was "hell on wheels" in those days—an inspiration to the young, a desperation to the fuddle-duddles who "didn't know what the world was coming to." To pre-Volstead America she was the spirit of modern youth. And that's why it seems strange that today the girl who once defied the oldsters in behalf of the youngsters is, in a way, carrying a torch [*Continued on page* 50]



Meet the New Vice-Prez.

Something about the colorful Jimmy who just has joined the movie colony as Vice-President of Goldwyn Studios

By ED PARKE

There was no question whatsoever in Hollywood's collective mind that Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn had dealt a master publicity stroke when he released the terse, sixteen-word statement: "It is with pleasure that I announce that James Roosevelt has joined my organization as vice-president."

But after all the flash-bulb shooting was over and the follow-up stories were written, there still remained, not only in Hollywood's but in the nation's mind as well, one very large question indeed. And that question is simply this:

Why did Goldwyn hire James Roosevelt?

In his first press interview genial Jimmy, baldish and smiling, was pleasantly noncommital.

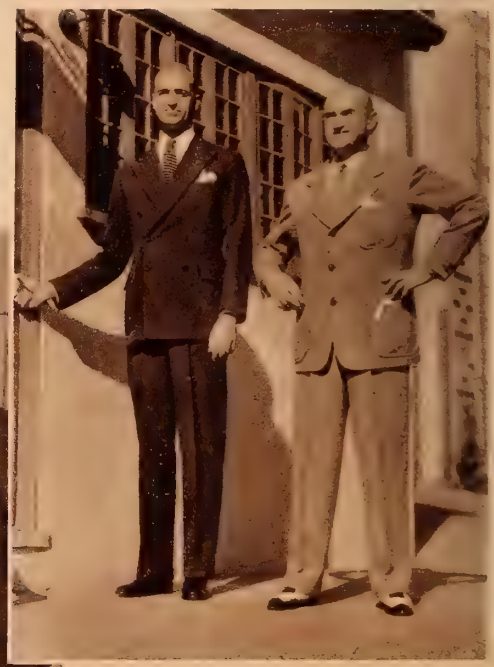
"I am very happy," he said, "to be associated with Mr. Goldwyn. For a considerable time I have contemplated becoming identified with an industry in which service to the general public is an outstanding feature. I consider myself very fortunate now to have an opportunity to join the motion picture industry and to work with Mr. Goldwyn in continuing a record of service which this industry has so long maintained."

Jimmy stressed the [*Continued on page* 34]

Right, Jimmy Roosevelt, Vice-President, with Samuel Goldwyn, President of one of the most distinguished producing companies

Below, young Roosevelt seems to be enjoying his first press conference in Hollywood mightily. Edwin Schallert (in grey suit), dramatic critic of The Los Angeles Times, old-line Republican daily, seems pretty serious about the whole thing





Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . ."This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."



Johnny at 12 months . . ."Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

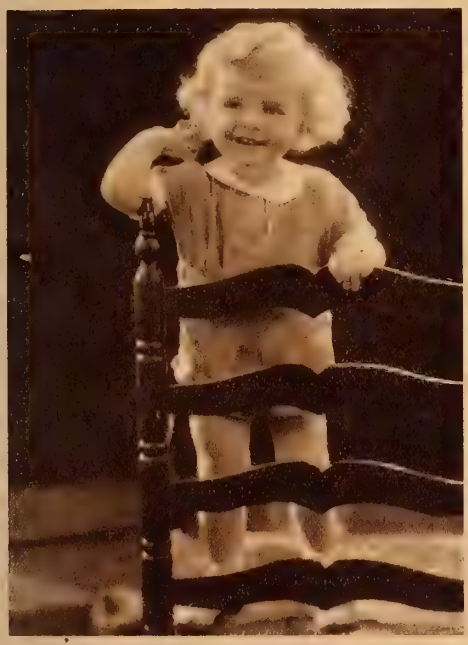


17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables
Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce
Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods



Johnny at 22 months . . ."A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"



Johnny at 3 years . . ."Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavory, too—you ought to try them."



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup
Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables
Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Why IS THE ENGAGEMENT STONE a Diamond?



● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

Today, the beauty of a woman's skin is more important than the size or sparkle of her engagement ring. And Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, is "first choice" among countless women who realize that chapped, dry, coarse-textured skin is repulsive to the eye—and withering to romance.

You'll *feel* the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to *use* is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

Campana's

Italian Balm

The Famous Skin Softener

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
573 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F573 Caledonia Road, Toronto

Meet the New Vice-Prez.

[*Continued from page 32*]

word "service." And because he is the son of the President of the United States, and because both he and Sam Goldwyn carefully ducked all inquiries about his specific duties, a goodly number of our citizens immediately became intensely curious as to the exact meaning of that word "service" as applied to Jimmy and his new job.

■ No one in Hollywood is foolish enough to believe for one minute that the President's eldest son is going to step in and make things hum as a director, producer or writer. The industry has more men—and brilliant ones—in these three departments than it can provide work for. It would be years before Jimmy could hope to compete with them even if he so wished.

No one in Hollywood believes, either, the quip credited the other day to one of our smartest wisecrackers that "Goldwyn has been murdering the King's English for so long he hired Jimmy so that he could murder the President's English."

But the ink wasn't dry on the contract before the first of a long line of cynics was circulating "inside dope" that the President's son was put on Goldwyn's payroll for one single but very important purpose: to act as the "fix-it" man for the studio. In case of difficulty with official Washington, Jimmy would straighten things out; whenever political favors of any kind were wanted, Jimmy would use his influence to get them. In short, the wise guys stated bluntly that young Roosevelt's appointment was strictly a matter of politics.

Now that is pretty strong talk. In a good many instances it was downright libelous. And in every case it was untrue. As secretary to his illustrious father, Jimmy carried messages, issued orders, and was immensely useful in helping at the biggest job in the country. Even his severest critics say he did a mighty fine job of it. But to claim, as the smart boys have done, that Jimmy was hired to do the same sort of politicianing for Sam Goldwyn is putting a pretty heavy strain on human gullibility.

In the first place, Sam Goldwyn doesn't need a lobbyist. And even if he did, neither he nor any other astute business man would be so obvious as to hire the President's son for the job. Thirdly, Jimmy Roosevelt was signed to a five-year contract; his "influence" in Washington will end next year, when the Roosevelts move out of the White House.

No, the "fix-it" man theory is out. A Roosevelt's name on the window of any business concern is worth something in prestige. But Jimmy wasn't hired by shrewd Sam Goldwyn just for that ephemeral advantage.

When Goldwyn said "The industry needs young men of Roosevelt's type," he never said a truer word, all things considered. Granted he went into the movie business "cold turkey," with no background of training or experience, the President's son will more than earn his keep. One characteristic which will be of inestimable value to Goldwyn and the entire industry was brought to light in a certain famous magazine article feud last year.

Shortly after his appointment as Gold-



They are not speaking Chinese even though Sidney Toler and Sen Yung's names are in that language on the backs of their chairs. The camera caught them between scenes for *Charlie Chan in Honolulu*

wyn's assistant a reporter asked Jimmy if it were true his salary was to be $50,000 a year, as rumored. (His salary as his father's secretary was $10,000.) Jimmy laughed and replied, "That's much too high. I don't think Alva Johnson will be interested in my salary."

It was Johnson, you may recall, who wrote a rather scathing article in a national magazine last year under the title, "Jimmy's Got It," charging that the President's son had used his White House connections to make profits of between $250,000 and $2,000,000 a year on his insurance business. The yarn made Jimmy so hot under the collar that he produced income tax receipts and issued in another magazine a charge-by-charge denial.

In that rebuttal Jimmy wasn't afraid to call a spade a spade, going so far as to brand the accusations "contemptible lies" and certain accusers "liars." He showed a lot of fighting spirit and people liked him for it because he showed that he could dish it out as well as take it.

The movie industry has been kicked around by every political Tom, Dick and Harry who thought he had an ax to grind and the motion picture bigwigs have taken it sitting down. In Jimmy Roosevelt the industry has acquired a spokesman who will get up in class and speak his piece without fear or favor. He's honest, he's clever, he knows his way around and he knows people. And without trying to use any of the "influence" his critics assume he is going to wield, he will undoubtedly contribute tremendously to the picture business through his energy, capability and personality.

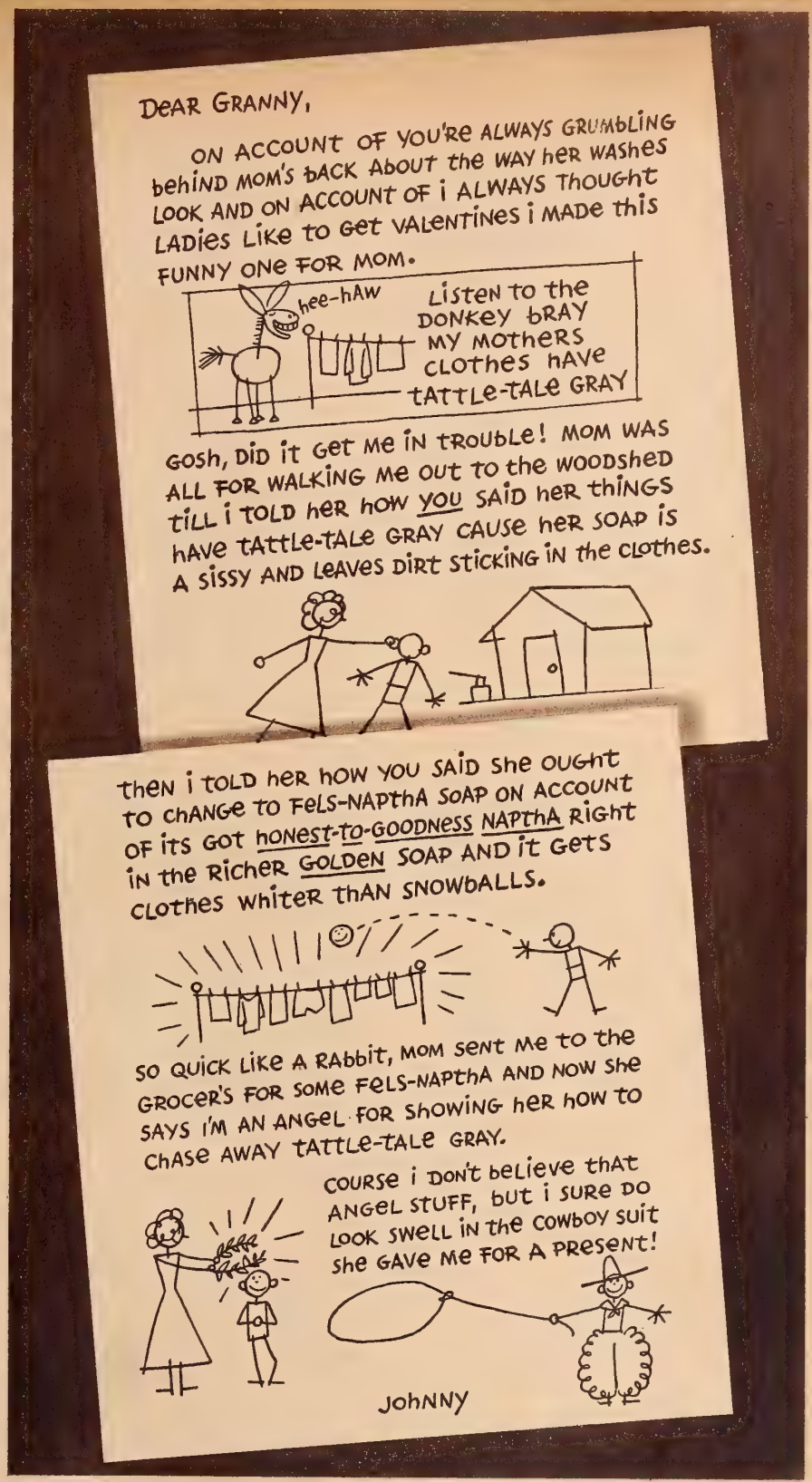
Little known is the fact that seven years ago Jimmy took a Paramount screen test in New York. The studio's report, written in November, 1932, commented that "he has a good speaking voice, although he is not good looking. He has a peculiar way of twisting his mouth when he speaks. Because of his appearance he would not be suitable for leads and could only be dragged into pictures, such as westerns, for the purpose of exploiting the same because of his name value." P.S. He didn't get the job.

Now a vice-president of Sam Goldwyn's company, he will probably spend most of his contracted five years between New York and Hollywood. Thirty-one years old, he is a product of Groton and Harvard, a lieutenant-colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, a member of Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club and Manhattan's Bankers' Club. He's also a Mason, a Moose and an Elk.

Asked which he liked better, his new job with Goldwyn or his former post as the President's secretary, he said, with that engaging grin: "Well, one is permanent and the other temporary." With a flash of his genial smile he added that there is nothing to the rumor that he is seriously planning a film for Goldwyn titled, *The Third Term.*

Ready, willing and perfectly able to get along in the world, Goldwyn Vice-president Jimmy Roosevelt is a swell guy who will without doubt make his way in Hollywood. Because, to paraphrase the title of the magazine article previously mentioned:

"Jimmy's Got IT!"



Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If *you* want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



Women that stop men cold

always stand out alone or in groups

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they *look* and *feel*.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.



Louise Platt made a sensational first screen appearance as the emotional school-girl in *I Met My Love Again*



Right, in a scene with John Carradine and George Bancroft in *Stagecoach*, drama of early days of the South West

THE GIRL HOLLYWOOD IS WATCHING

Dozens of disappointments have made her stage career exciting if not too joyous, but now Hollywood is watching

By GLADYS W. BABCOCK

■ If it's true that success is built on heartbreaks Louise Platt will be a star. Louise is one of Hollywood's budding starlets at the moment but if ever a young actress has had to overcome disappointments to get a chance to show her mettle it is this quiet young modern.

She was born in Connecticut. She began her schooling in a New York kindergarten, but before she entered the first grade her parents took her to San Domingo, then to Annapolis, then to the West Indies, then to Manila, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Chei Foo, then to the native Philippine city of Canacca, then to Philadelphia. Finally she finished her schooling at Annapolis, where her father, a navy officer, was stationed.

At Annapolis high school she won a part in the school play. That was enough to set the girl's heart and mind on a theatrical career. In 1933 she joined a Baltimore

little theatre group. This was a short engagement and she joined a group barnstorming through Virginia. The company was stranded in Richmond when receipts suddenly failed to reach the treasurer one night. Returning to Annapolis she met Screen Director Frank Borzage who gave her a part in *Shipmates Forever* to compensate her for helping cast midshipmen in bits for the picture. Louise's little part was eliminated in final editing. Then she joined Joshua Logan in a stock company venture at Suffern, N. Y. Here she played bits and parts, acted as wardrobe mistress, swept the stage, spoke off-stage lines and finally played with Helen Hayes in *Caesar and Cleopatra.*

Then she played in *Silent House,* won a contract to appear in stock in Minneapolis and was fired the first day only to be rehired for several weeks. However her salary didn't cover more than her expenses and return fare to Annapolis. Back in New York she was engaged for *Room in Red and White.* After a four weeks' rehearsal the play flopped. Her next stage engagement failed to materialize when Leslie Adams, the leading man, died in rehearsal and *Left Turn* never opened. After four idle months she joined the cast of *Roslyn* but this play flopped in a hurry. Jed Harris gave her a good role in *Spring Dance* but this play flopped after three weeks. After a wait came a part in *You Can't Take It with You* but playwright George Kaufman felt she was "definitely miscast." For months Louise was idle. Finally she was given the only American role in a play boasting an English cast and *Promise* proved anything but that—and flopped.

She tried modelling without success. Radio wouldn't give her a chance. She turned down two screen tests to make the first screen test for Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind* and waited six months for another Hollywood call.

Meanwhile Walter Wanger, who had engaged Joshua Logan to direct *I Met My Love Again,* had seen the Scarlett O'Hara test and Louise was given her first screen role last fall. With no immediate picture assignments in sight Louise asked permission to return to Broadway for a play, *In Clover.* The play was in rehearsal eight weeks, played a week in Baltimore and flopped in New York. Back to Hollywood went Louise for the second feminine lead in *Spawn of the North.*

When she went to Connecticut to visit her brother she was driven out by a hurricane. When she flew back to Hollywood she learned the picture in which she was to be co-starred had been indefinitely postponed. After three months and two trips back to New York, she was given the second feminine lead in Wanger's current *Stagecoach.*

"I don't know what the future has in store," says Louise with a shrug of her square shoulders, "but one thing I've learned by experience—it doesn't pay to get discouraged easily!"

Every day is April 1 in Hollywood, and Marian Rhea tells you some of the gay gags that have been played during the past year. Read it in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it . . .



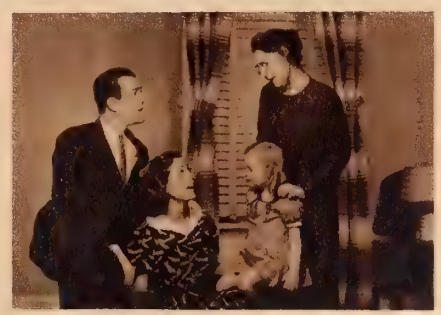
MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right . . .
MARY: Oh mother . . . please . . . *please* . . .



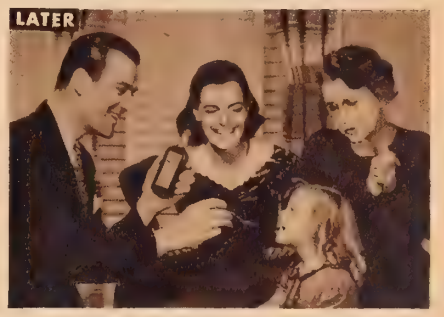
MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help . . . !
MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.



MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only,* for children. It's SAFE . . . has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look! . . . she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

I like Chamberlain's



IT HELPS KEEP MY SKIN LOOKING YOUNG

IT'S ECONOMICAL TO USE
IT DOESN'T GET THICK
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On the Trail of a Hamburger

[*Continued from page* 28]

grab breakfast! "I want a hamburger," he said to the waitress. "I haven't had any breakfast."

"A hamburger for *breakfast?*" The waitress was dubious. And a little reluctant. "Don't you want some nice scrambled eggs and maybe a glass of orange juice," she suggested brightly.

"No, I want a hamburger." Mr. Greene was polite, but very, very firm. And a hamburger he got.

Since that morning, Mr. Greene has become an authority on hamburgers. As a matter of fact, it is one of the salient points in his rapid Americanization. He can discourse with enthusiasm and rare knowledge on the various types of hamburgers. All in the spirit of active research he has sampled nutburgers, cheeseburgers, broiburgers, chicken-burgers, and hamburgers supreme. Richard will walk five miles for an especially recommended variety, and will drive thirty for the same reason.

■ Don't for a moment dare to believe that food is a major concern with Mr. Richard Greene.

True enough there were many times during the period of his novitiate in the theatre when he could have done with a bit more food than he was getting.

But traditions of the theatre were in his blood. And occasional hunger was something to be expected. For three generations, his forebears have been pillars of the English stage and Richard himself was literally cradled in a theatrical trunk.

From childhood he had no other ambition than to follow in the footsteps of his two grandfathers, his parents, his aunt—the famous Evie Greene—and his two uncles. That meant, of course, that he would have to be prepared for the vicissitudes and the hunger periods which inevitably mark the Road to Fame.

When Richard graduated from the Cardinal Vaughan School and started out to make a name for himself in theatre without benefit of family help or influence, he had no illusions that he would eat regularly. That just didn't happen to untried young actors.

He made his theatrical debut at the age of nineteen in a walk-on part in a Shakespearean play. Later on, he had a small, but outstanding role in *Journey's End.* Two years of seasoning and learning in the Brandon Thomas-Repertory Company in Glasgow, followed.

He had a nice part in *Anthony and Cleopatra,* but the play suffered an early demise.

Richard even had a fling at the movies. But his two-word part added nothing to his position.

And none of these engagements added up to caviar and champagne. As a matter of fact, he would have settled for a nice carving of roast beef and a helping of Yorkshire pudding many and many a time.

American actors starting out have one



For his first solo starring part, Mickey Rooney will be seen as the beloved *Huckleberry Finn*

advantage—the lowly hamburger can always double for a meal.

It was Richard's appearance in *French Without Tears* that called reviewers attention to the broad-shouldered six-footer. The boy not only had charm, an engaging personality, nice eyes and all the other appurtenances of a potential screen and stage idol, but he could act too.

Hollywood scouts saw Richard. Five handsome contracts from five film companies resulted. But Twentieth Century-Fox won out.

Probably Mr. Zanuck's competitors would have made out better if they had offered not only gratifying sums for his services, but had poetically described the especial delights of hamburgers sold at the stands in their studios!

■ The Americanization of Mr. Greene is proceeding in other directions. He got a bit of a fright, true enough, when he first met a yam, but now when he is invited to dinner he is hopeful that it will be on the menu. Pineapple and cottage cheese as a salad made him slightly suspicious in the beginning. Now he goes into rhapsodies over it.

Even his approach to romance, these days, has an American flavor. When he beaued Arleen Whelan for the first time the event exploded in all the newspaper columns as a serious romance. Mr. Greene, unaccustomed to Hollywood's childish glee and extravagant interpretation of every move made by an eligible bachelor and a charming young and coming actress, let his wrath overflow. It wasn't fair. It wasn't good manners. And there was no solace for his soul in the assurance of publicity men and studio personnel that such things and such rumors were only a jolly habit.

That was four months ago. Now Mr. Greene reads the morning papers to discover what lady he had escorted and where—the previous evening. It adds to his day's gaiety, and causes him not a flutter of distress.

■ It may be the Hollywood influence, and then again it may be the American tempo which has caused Richard to break out with green slacks, a lumberjack shirt and a grey tweed coat in combination.

"After all," Richard explains, "you've got to be comfortable. Particularly since, in one day here, I do enough work and cover enough ground to make an English week. It's amazing how much ambition a person acquires in this country."

Richard suspects that the air is full of little ambition bugs who go around biting newly-arrived Englishmen. As an offshoot of that, the exploring fever has hit him. Only recently he was lost on a mountain road for hours, when he decided on a treacherous route to Ensenada, the Mexican resort, instead of the longer but smoother and safe highway. He returned to civilization nine hours later minus two fenders on his car, but plus various blisters, abrasions and contusions gained in his effort to extricate his spanking-new roadster from a ravine-full of mud.

Next income-tax day he is going to put his demolished clothes in the "allowable deductions" column, since definitely they were ruined during Richard's Americanization process.

To Mr. Greene, the mark of a good American is an open mind about everything. And a joyous welcoming of every experience. So now that he has become National Heart-throb No. 4 (Gable, Taylor and Power have the edge) he is perfectly delighted to stand wedged into a corner while he autographs everything from straw hats to plaster-of-Paris casts on broken arms. He roller-skates and rhumbas and can do an almost professional tango—all recent accomplishments.

The clamoring telephone interrupted our conversation. Seemingly it was a dinner invitation. The English came out in him. He said—"Charmed," instead of "That's swell!" But after all, it takes time to acquire *all* the little habits of a new country.

The interview over, Richard reached for his hat. "Let's go get a hamburger. I know a grand place. Just a new one. They put pecans in the meat and grind it together and serve a slab of cheese on top. They're marvelous. I had three yesterday between luncheon and dinner."



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The Highest Paid Actress



Gracie Fields just has signed with Twentieth Century-Fox to make two pictures a year in Hollywood. You'll see her first in *Smiling Along*

She is the outstanding favorite of the British screen, but she never has been seen in American pictures until now because she has been too busy becoming the highest paid actress in the world

By ED JONESBOY

■ "We were as poor as the proverbial church mouse, perhaps poorer, everything considered, and so, when I was no older than six, I decided that I'd better step out and see if I couldn't add a few extra pennies to the family pocketbook. My debut as an entertainer took place a day or so after my decision to become a wage-earner, and it consisted of no more and no less than walking up and down the streets of Rochdale, Lancashire, trying to make the welkin ring with my six-year-old soprano voice and praying as I sang that someone would think well enough of my vocal efforts to drop a few coins into my bonnet. I must have had a slightly exaggerated opinion of my musical ability because, instead of giving me pennies, everyone within range of my voice gave me the dickens and I don't mean Charles—along with very definite instructions to trot along home and stay there."

This is Gracie Fields speaking.

Gracie Fields, the highest paid entertainer in the world.

The girl who for seventeen years has been regarded as an INSTITUTION throughout the British Empire, not forgetting Belgium, Holland, France and the Scandinavian countries.

Gracie Fields, the mill town poor girl who has given many a "command" performance over the radio and on the stage for her King and Queen.

She's come up the hard way, has Gracie, but despite her fame and riches she's frank and honest, and unashamed about her lowly beginnings. No snob is this good-natured cousin of ours from overseas.

"My mother used to do laundry work for the local theatre," she confessed to us

the other day during a luncheon at 20th Century-Fox Studios where she recently signed a contract with Darryl Zanuck, the Bossman, to produce pictures alternately in England and in Hollywood, "and I used to accompany her when she delivered the laundry. During those frequent back-stage visits I managed to pick up tunes and songs and then practice them at home, much to the family's mental discomfiture. When I was eight I was good enough to land a job as singer in one of our local movie theatres. Then, after a month or so, I resigned to join a juvenile troupe. Pay? Oh, I received as much as a shilling a week. And keep!

"When I was fifteen I applied for work as a chorus girl, but the manager of the show gave me just one look and then turned me down flat as 'not being the type'. That almost broke my heart because I was sure that I'd never again see the inside of a theatre as part and parcel of a show. About this time, fortunately, the finances in the Stansfield family took a slight leap upward and father said he was pretty well fed up with the idea of having a daughter of his in the show business and in a letter suggested that it would be much better for all concerned—particularly Gracie—if I came on home and went to work in the textile mills. It wasn't much of a job, he said, but it was better than starving to death while I tried to get ahead as an entertainer. I very heartily agreed with him after missing three meals while I decided.

"As father said, the job wasn't much—except that the hours were much too long and the pay much too short, but even that failed to stop me from singing. The only sour note in my new scale of living was that I thoughtlessly sang while I worked, and while I sang the rest of the workers stopped to listen, and while they stopped to listen the mill was losing money and so, in no time at all, the owners stopped my pay. In other words, I got fired!"

There was a pause at this point of her recital. Wallace Beery and his young daughter, Carol, came over to the table and stayed long enough for a photographer to shoot a couple of pictures, Wally bashfully admitting that he'd been waiting a long time for a chance to get "shot" with Gracie, whom he thinks is the greatest comedienne in the world. With the "shooting" over and Wally out of sight and sound, along came Virginia Field, a 20th Century-Fox star, prettier and livelier than ever and very frank in admitting that she'd been on a couple of dozen pins and needles while waiting for a chance to say "Hello." Virginia was on a loan-out to Hal Roach who was soon to produce *Captain Starlight.* "Something," Virginia explained, "with an Australian theme and background and what in the world is the dialect those 'way Down Unders used and would you (meaning Gracie) give her a sample." Well, Gracie tried to give Virginia a sample, but it wasn't so hot, Gracie finally admitting that the Down Unders spoke almost like Americans trying to speak almost like Cockneys. Both girls tried it again and for a while the air above our table was so thick with the sound of broad "A's" and dropped "haitches" that it would have dulled even the cool, sharp glance of a snooty socialite.

"My first real stage job," said Gracie when Virginia left, "was in 1914 when I did a bit in pantomime as the Princess of Morocco in *Dick Whittington.* After that came a really good part in a show called *Mr. Power of London,* and it did so well in the provinces—you call it the 'sticks' in America—that the producer brought it to London, where it went over as well, or better, than it had on the road."

Which means, although Gracie is too modest to admit it, that our ex-street singer, ex-mill worker, was the hit of the show in London as well as in the provinces ("sticks" to you), and after that, from then up until now, a bigger hit throughout the whole British Empire.

■ After her initial success Gracie married Archie Pitts, a theatrical director and producer and under his trained and watchful eye, she kept climbing steadily to the top of her profession.

"At one time," she says, "I was playing six shows a day—three shows at the Alhambra, a first rank variety theatre, two shows at the Coliseum, where I played



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Fay Wray and Dewey Robinson compare hats on the set of *Navy Secrets*. Perhaps one of the reasons for Miss Wray's wide smile is the success of the play, *Angela is Twenty-two*, which she wrote with Sinclair Lewis and which is now an undoubted success on the New York stage

in *S.O.S.*, a legitimate drama, with Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and a night club performance as a finisher to the other five. It was hard work, but lots of fun, and since everybody seemed to enjoy what I did, I returned the favor by giving as many people as possible an opportunity to see me cut up behind the footlights."

And she's been doing it ever since.

■ Gracie has been compared time and again to Charlie Chaplin and the comparison holds more than a grain of truth. Like Charlie, she's a comic artist with the ability to evoke tears as well as laughter. Her comedy is partly pantomime and partly vocal. And her artistry, like that of Chaplin's, is universal. Audiences in any country understand and appreciate what she does. In Belgium, in France, in Germany, and in Holland she's "put on her act" in English without so much as changing a single word or gesture and she's "laid 'em in the aisles."

"My first appearance in this country was about ten years ago, when I filled in two weeks with the late Ted Healy at the Palace in New York City. I'll never forget those first three nights. They were a washout so far as I was concerned and due, so I proved later, to the fact that the management convinced me that I should sing my songs like a torch singer. Well, imagine me going torchy! On the fourth night I went back to my old tried and true routines in song and patter and the audience loved it. Good humor, if it isn't sly and smart and sarcastic, finds good company in any country and in any language."

Her radio work, by the way, is very definitely limited—and by the British government. For this reason: After her first broadcast some years ago, theatre owners and managers complained that when it was announced that Gracie was to appear over the air on a certain night, everybody stayed home during the broadcast. It was estimated that more than 40,000,000 people listened in! So she's limited, now, to two a year.

■ In 1931 Gracie entered films, and at once became England's most popular and most highly paid actress. Gracie never makes a picture without first seeing to it that she receives a percentage of the earnings of each film—and how those earnings have piled up!

Just to establish the fact that we're not talking through our battered chapeau when it comes to a question of Gracie's earnings, consider this: More than five million of her phonograph records have been sold. And as for her popularity, consider this: She gets five hundred and fifty requests a week to open charity bazaars, judge beauty contests, and to donate to a hundred-and-one worthy causes. At a recent election almost two hundred political candidates asked her support on the platform (she refused them all, by the way). She's even had a steamship named after her and as for Gracie Field's fan clubs—there are hundreds of them, all active, all devoted to nothing else than the promotion of their favorite actress.

■ Gracie would like to stay in California, but she can't—and she won't. Her admirers in England would be heartbroken if she deserted them. It would be the same as though Shirley Temple left California for England.

Much to the studio heads' discomfiture, Gracie refuses to ride around in limousines when she goes sight-seeing.

"I'm not comfortable riding in those long, black, sleazy affairs," she keeps explaining. "I'm not used to it. Never did it in England, so why here. I'd much rather (and she does) pay my money to the drivers of your busses and ride on top. It's more my style even if it isn't so stylish."

And that's Gracie Fields, the highest-paid actress in the world. As down to earth as the soles of her shoes, as gracious and as kindly as they come. Gracie Fields, the textile mill girl who's not ashamed of her lowly beginnings, whose kind heart, if it grows another inch, will be so big it will choke her to death.

Young—the Mobile Unit

[*Continued from page 21*]

crystallization. Thus, master of the situation and lord of all he surveyed, Bob drove the trailer home. Betty viewed it with apprehension, the servants with condescension, and Carol Ann with discouraging indifference.

The packing was done that night in anticipation of a 9 a. m. get-away on the morrow. The superior disdain with which the butler, cook, maid and nurse joined in the work soon gave way to sort of festive gaiety as box after box of food, and bag after bag of clothing was carried safari-fashion to the back yard where Bob was *charge d'affaires*. Viewed in the right spirit it was more fun than trimming a Christmas tree, and a tinseled Star of Bethlehem never was placed with more anxious exactitude than was displayed in stowing away the final can of beans.

"At last!" Bob breathed, and stretched his arms to the stars. "Now for adventure, for romance, for *life!*"

"Quite right, sir," said the butler. "Makes a man feel a bit of a lion, what?"

The departure hour arrived. Bob was shaving while Betty gave the trailer a final double O. In a moment she was pounding on the bathroom door.

"Bob, we forgot a broom!" she announced.

"Send the butler out for one," he suggested.

Three minutes later she was back. "There isn't any soap or dish cloths!" He said, "Send the maid." A third rap informed him there were no towels and where had he put Carol Ann's light weight sweater? He said "Send the cook" and "in the first case under the right hand seat."

The noon whistles were blowing when the caravan started down the driveway. On the porch, waving and calling happy goodbyes, were the servants. Six carloads of tourists, spotting an event, had pulled up to watch the show and added a royal fanfare with their cheers and horns. Dogs appeared from nowhere to yelp their joy and a police squad car, scenting excitement, came tearing up with screaming siren.

"The launching of the Queen Mary was a penny ante affair by comparison," Bob observed.

The parade went exactly fifteen feet before halting with a jerk that banged Carol Ann's head, and set her to wailing. In turning into the street, Bob cut at too short an angle. Quickly reversing, he jammed the trailer at an immovable angle; he had not yet discovered that trailer wheels go one way and a steering wheel another. By 3 p. m. he figured the thing out (after shooting the sun, sighting the compass and calculating wind direction and velocity) and once more they were under way. A little less enthusastically, the servants again waved good-by.

Half a block down the street Carol Ann announced she'd just as soon stay home.

They reached Laguna, fifty miles away, at eight o'clock that night. After two unsuccessful tries at trailer camps, they finally obtained a parking space. It was not, the manager said apologetically, the most desirable space but it was all he had. Perhaps in the morning a change could be made.

"Sure thing, old man," Bob acquiesced. "Have to take things as they come when you're roughing it!"

It was nine o'clock by then and pitch dark.

"And now daddy and mother will get dinner," Bob told his daughter. "Won't that be nice?"

"Yes," she said politely.

"Isn't this fun?" he persisted.

"No," Carol Ann said flatly. "I'm hungry." Bob cheerily announced they'd soon fix that.

It wasn't "fixed" by ten o'clock. The stove simply wouldn't work. For one solid hour Bob had used the air pump as directed, banging his elbow every time he bent to push and pull, and whamming his head every time he stood up. Three nice bright little flames would leap into life, only to *phhhht* out as soon as Betty covered them with pots and pans. That made Bob mad.



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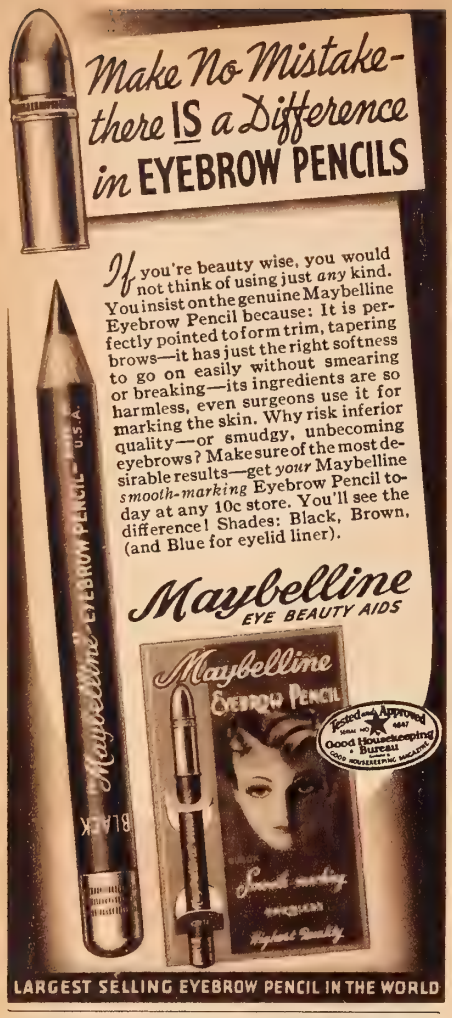
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A highlight of *Ice Follies of 1939* is Joan Crawford's skating act. The ribbons lead to a trick horse, played with great feeling and dash by James Stewart and Lew Ayres together

What with Bob, Carol Ann and the camp manager (who had been called to help) tramping in and out of the trailer a half a dozen times, the floor soon was covered with sand, gravel and a fine scum of mud. It was nerve-wracking to walk on (like sugar on the kitchen floor) and every time she dropped a towel or dish cloth, the thing was a mess. That made Betty mad.

It was half past ten and she hadn't had anything to eat since a hamburger at five o'clock. That made Carol Ann mad.

In bitter despair they ate bread and butter and cold beans for dinner.

Carol Ann's bunk was then made up and she was put to bed.

"Go downstairs now so I can go to sleep, please," she ordered.

"There isn't any downstairs in this house, dear," Bob patiently explained. "This is all of the house, right here. Isn't it cute?"

"No," said Carol Ann. "It stinks."

"Carol Ann! Where did you ever hear language like that?" (This from Betty.)

"From daddy," Carol Ann succinctly said. "That's what he told the man the stove did."

"It did! It does! Everything does!" (This from Bob.)

Blankets finally were strung up to partition off an "upstairs" for the baby, and the elder Youngs settled themselves across the table at the other end of the trailer to discuss the situation in whispers.

"If you ask me, the whole thing is a fizzle!" Bob croaked. "Let's go home. We can make it by two if we start now."

"Where's your sense of humor?" Betty chided. "I thought you told the baby this was fun."

"Uh!" he grunted. "Well, let's go to bed then. All you have to do is lift up this table, slide the seats out, fasten a couple of gadgets and put the seat cushions on for a mattress. That's simple, anyway."

It might have been for a smaller or less harassed man, or in less crowded quarters. For Bob, however, it became a major problem in mechanical engineering. Everything was in place, finally, when Bob asked for the bedding. Betty let out a low, banshee wail.

"It's *under* the bed!" she moaned.

Bereft of reasoning power by this time, Bob viciously pulled the contraption apart, rescued the bedding, and carelessly slapped things together again. Betty arranged the blankets while he changed into pajamas with such modesty as an 18-inch cupboard door made possible. Then in weary resignation he flung himself down.

P-l-l-o-p-p! C-r-a-a-a-s-h! The bed collapsed, jacknifing the erstwhile gay lothario of the screen into a fuming, spluttering human pretzel. If ever the Youngs are divorced, it will be because of what happened next. Under the circumstances most judges would rule homicide entirely justifiable.

"Hey, you guys, pipe down and let a man get a little sleep, will ya?" yelled a trailer neighbor.

"Daddy, I want a drink of water," called Carol Ann.

"Oh, Bob! You look so *funny!*" Betty shrieked in wild laughter.

Egad, it was enough to drive a man to drink. Fun or no fun, he was going home.

■ Came 6 a. m. and Bob sat bolt upright in bed. (Oh yes, once a Young starts something he finishes it!) "What the heck is that?" he demanded. "It smells like a glue factory at the end of a long, hard summer!"

It was only the daily burning of the camp rubbish with a couple of worn-out inner tubes thrown in for good measure. The "only available space" in which they had parked in the darkness of the previous night was three feet from the community incinerator!

Something else was in the wind that morning—news that a famous movie star was in camp. Bob was in a beautiful frame of mind to greet the twenty odd representatives of his "public" who gathered outside the door.

At that, he never had a more enthusiastic audience than the one which gathered to watch him move the trailer to the new location the manager wangled for him after breakfast (eaten in a restaurant a few blocks away). It cheered loudly when he bumped his head in the trailer doorway (what a comic, that Young! Anything for a laff!) and applauded appreciatively as he nervously bungled the intricate backing and turning process. It never knew how close it came to getting its collective head bashed in with a couple of monkey wrenches.

At long last, the trailer was installed in its new location. Ahead stretched the blue waters of the Pacific. Under foot were the golden sands of a wave-lapped beach. Overhead was the cloud-flecked mantel of heaven. And on all sides—curious men, women and children who later would tell their friends: "Why, I was so close to him I couldda reached out and touched him!"

Yes indeed. Nature in the raw. Human nature.

■ The Young *en trailer* did not get to Ensenada. Nor to Mexico City. Nor one foot farther south. They stayed right there for two weeks and then came home. It was two weeks before Bob had the strength to move.

"I did, however, do a lot of thinking," Bob confided, "and I now can offer prospective trailerites a bit of practical advice. They aren't the things the salesmen emphasize but they come in handy just the same. First—leave room for yourself. In other words, don't fill the thing up with a lot of needless junk and find there is no room for you.

"Take your wife with you to select your trailer. She has to live—and work—in it, too. Test everything for space. I mean, open all the drawers and such; it's a certified scientific fact that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Furthermore, don't take the salesman's word for it that the various appurtenances are easy to operate; light the stove, make up the beds and such *before* you make a deal.

"Keep your own car in mind or you'll find you have a tail wagging the dog. Drive it around city streets. Back it. Park it. Make sharp turns and try it on a hill.

"Cut your wardrobe down to a minimum; clothes become a terrific nuisance. And don't overstock your larder; you usually aren't more than a few miles from food supply. Repack things immediately after use or you'll have chaos.

"Let the other play Columbus in discovering delightful, but out of the way, places to park. The by-ways have their drawbacks.

"Don't take it for granted that children will 'fit in' any place. They have their problems, too. Be prepared to make concessions and adjustments to your normal routine of living, your pet peeves and pet foibles.

"Keep a close eye on the gas gauge and dependable maps *handy*. Plan your itinerary to get you to your parking place *before* dark, and be sure water is available. Keep a supply of candles on hand just in case.

"And—develop a sense of humor or stay home!"

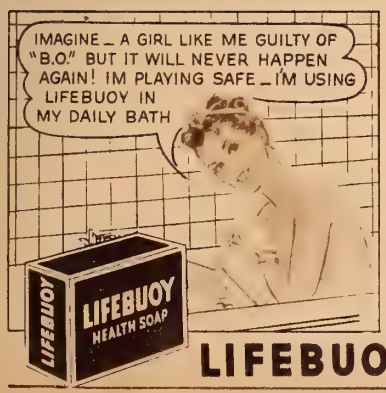
Well, well. So he'd just *thought* out all that advice while sitting on a golden beach for two weeks?

"Heck, no!" Bob said sheepishly. "Didn't I tell you? I bought the darned thing when we got home!"

EVERYBODY THOUGHT SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID









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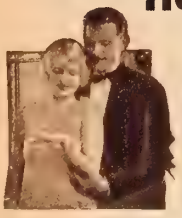
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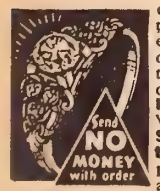
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GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO. Dept. T-393, Newton, MASS.



Betty Furness is pretty as a picture, and one of her great assets is the clear fresh skin which comes only from constant care. You'll see her next in Columbia's fast melodrama, *North of Shanghai*

Making Faces

You really can help to make your own face, if you are careful about the many small things that mean a healthy skin

By ANN VERNON

■ Our teens should be very happy years but too often they are made miserable for us by skin troubles. In my mail I find many letters that tell me this all too clearly. There is no beauty problem that causes so much anguish as acne, in its mild or serious forms.

I do not want to intimate that acne in any stage is anything but serious. Even an occasional pimple, especially in the teens, should never be treated lightly. Actually, though, the warning signals for acne go back further. In this way: the glandular changes taking place during adolescence often cause the oil glands in the skin to overproduce. The pores or outlets for these secretions are unable to cope with an over supply, so they begin to enlarge. Their powers of propulsion weaken and the sebaceous fluid remains in them until it hardens and becomes a blackhead. A blackhead can easily become infected and turn into an eruption . . . And there you have a horrid chain of events, every link of which bears close watching. Naturally, you'll consult a doctor at the first sign!

Besides the natural increase of oil production, there are several things responsible for these conditions. First, a diet containing too much fat and oil. This not only increases the manufacturing of oil, but makes it heavier in consistency, so that the pores cannot handle it. Therefore it is wiser to cut down on gravies, butter, fat meats, spicy foods, whipped cream and

chocolate sundaes covered with nuts. And to increase the amount of fresh and cooked fruits and vegetables as well as milk. You *can't* drink too much water if your skin has a tendency toward acne. At least eight glasses a day is the minimum.

■ Next to wrong diet as a cause for acne comes insufficient cleansing. That goes for the entire body as well as for face and back, the areas where oil glands are thickest and where acne usually appears. The oily secretions and perspiration must be removed from the skin thoroughly at least twice a day, otherwise they will infect the pores. It's pretty obvious that particles of dirt and soot left on the skin will clog the pores and hasten the formation of blackheads and pimples. That's why I can't urge you too strongly to place your faith in soap and water. Two baths a day in tepid water, with a soft-bristled bath brush to work up lots of lather are in order. And it will do no harm to wash your face oftener. Three times a day is the minimum—and a couple more times for good measure will hasten the cure. The action of the lather is antiseptic as well as cleansing, which is just what a blemished skin needs.

You may find it helpful to leave a thick paste of the soap on the skin. This tends to tighten the pores and somewhat dry up the blemishes. Always rinse your skin twice—once with luke warm water, again with cool. Pat—don't rub—dry with a fresh towel or piece of cotton. As harmful as insufficient cleansing is the careless practice of allowing soiled towels, powder puffs or fingers to come in contact with the skin. So be sure to keep them spotless—or away from your face. You can't be too finicky about this.

■ The third contributing cause is trying to cover up skin blemishes, no matter how minor, with thick layers of make-up. This only clogs the pores more than ever and may cause further infection. Be sparing of make-up so you won't prolong the condition, and be sure that what you do use is harmless. The very best solution to this problem is the use of a lotion that gives the effect of liquid powder, yet provides a healing film for your skin. One that I have been testing has just been put on the market, after being used by a dermatologist with much success. It comes in a neutral shade flattering to all skins, and it has a cooling, refreshing effect. You can dust a bit of powder over it lightly, or let it serve as powder base *and* powder, then finish off your make-up with a dash of lipstick. Apply the lotion at bedtime, after you have cleansed your skin with soap and water, so that its soothing properties can work all night. The manufacturer has a large bottle for $1, but there's a trial size for a dime, in case you want to see if I'm telling the truth!

A hard-milled toilet soap that you'll find excellent for keeping or making that young skin clear contains the skin stimulating vitamin D. I saw it being made once, so I *know* it's purity personified. Its creamy lather cuts oil and dirt quickly and it costs only a few coppers. Include it in your anti-acne campaign . . .

One more thing. Use fresh cotton for applying lotion, dusting on powder or even washing your face. I can recommend some handy little squares, compressed slightly to eliminate fuzziness, that cost one-fifth of a cent apiece. Cheap insurance against blemished skin, aren't they?

Ann Vernon has the answer to your skin problems. Write her today, c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

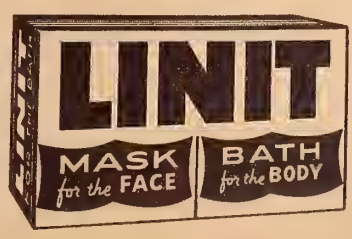
Write me before March 15th if you'd like the names of these products. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope when you write me in care of HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: 1—Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. 2—Apply it to the cleansed face and neck. 3—Relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. 4—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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But if it falls out excessively; if you have flaky dandruff, or if there are signs of approaching baldness, send for a sample of KOTALKO, or buy a full supply at the drug store.

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Pity the Poor Working Girl?

[*Continued from page 23*]

duction, with music lessons, costume fittings, publicity pictures. But even if she had the time, it is considered unsafe. Too many unpleasant things can happen, like being pestered by strangers or followed home. Or like the time she and her dad were driving home one Saturday afternoon from a football game. Four boys in a car in front of them deliberately tried to make the Durbins' car crash into their own, thereby setting up a sweet lawsuit for damages.

Deanna naturally knows none of the fun that comes with going to a public high school such as the do-or-die football and basketball games, school plays, clubs and sororities. All her daily schooling is obtained in the boxlike schoolhouse at the studio with kids ranging in age from eight to eighteen for her classmates.

But—

She still has three times the social life of an average girl of her age. Here is why:

The average young miss has one circle of friends. They are the boys and girls who are her classmates in school, the young people with whom she is in daily association. They share the same sports, parties, and activities.

■ Deanna has three separate and distinct circles of companions. In the first group are five of the young actors and actresses who, like her, earn a living in the movies. They are the three Jackies—Moran, Cooper, and Searl—and Helen Parrish and Judy Garland. That sixsome is something of a closed corporation devoted to having a good time.

The second group includes Paula Jenkins, Janie Rawhut, Alvira Anderson, Gene Read, Adeline Craig, Sidney Alder, Harold McBratney, Jerry O'Shane, and another good Irishman, Jimmy Murphy. These are the boys and girls who were her close friends back in the days when she went to the Bret Harte Junior high school in Los Angeles, and lived in a simple three room cottage near Broadway and 86th street. They are the friends, too, who nearly broke her heart at first by thinking it made a big difference that she was famous and that she wouldn't want to see them any more. It took a long time to convince them otherwise but now, Deanna says, they treat her with less awe than anyone else in town.

Finally there is the third group of important adults like directors, producers



Helaine Moler and Judith King help Ben Blue with the dedication ceremonies of his new home after all three finished work in *Paris Honeymoon*. Blue, carrying the sign for the front gate, says that the name of the house explains his somewhat depressed expression

and cameramen who are associated with her in making a picture.

What could such men give a child in the way of fun and a good time? Think a moment of any sixteen year old girl you know. Would anything be more thrilling to her than to be the genuine center of attention in a group of important grown-ups? You know the answer to that! Heady stuff, maybe, but fun anyway you look at it.

■ Her friends in the movie crowd take turns going to each other's homes for "eats," dancing once a week if they aren't working and once a month if they are. Fridays or Saturdays are always the nights except for special occasions like birthdays. In the summer, if it's warm enough, they go swimming in Deanna's pool instead of dancing and have the "eats" out there.

The routine for these parties seldom varies. Since most of them are too young to drive cars, their parents bring them and call to take them home. The starting hour is around 7:30 and deadline is 11:30 p.m. so they all can be home and in bed by midnight. The boys usually wear sweaters and slacks and the girls sweaters and skirts or simple little dresses.

Once they are gathered, up go the rugs and on goes the radio or phonograph. Oddly enough, Deanna says, they never play games of any kind or even do much talking, especially about themselves or their work.

"I guess we have enough of that all day at the studio," she explained. "Anyway, when we do talk, it's about the same kind of things other kids do. Parties and dresses and who's going with who. Things like that."

"Eats" are prepared by the mothers and are served buffet style. First comes cheese, meat or egg sandwiches and coca-cola, and then cookies or cake and ice cream. Then down with the rugs and "good night."

Once in a long time they make it a "gala." A "gala" means four or six extra guests, salad with the sandwiches, party dresses for the girls and dark suits for the boys. That happens maybe twice a year, Deanna said.

"Don't you or Judy ever sing for the others?" I asked.

"Oh, *no*!" she said hastily and in a tone of voice that told me such a thing clearly would be a social *faux pas* in that particular group.

The parties with the ex-schoolmates are very much along the same line except they don't happen quite so regularly and always are given at Deanna's house because it's bigger.

■ The party that was given at the Durbin home following the preview of *That Certain Age*, Deanna's last picture, was typical of her social life with the third group. The guests included Edward Ludwig, the director; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel deGroot, the Durbin attorney; Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Hamilburg, Deanna's business manager; Joseph Pasternak, the producer of her pictures; and her parents.

"We got home from the show about 11 o'clock," Deanna said, "and then we sat around and talked about the picture and said what we liked about it and what we didn't like and so forth. The grown-ups had some champagne and I had coca-cola. Then we had some supper and talked some more. And then everyone went home and I went to bed."

Sometimes the director or the producer gives the party after the preview, in which case it's apt to be a formal affair at which she gets a chance to wear a party dress. She adores that. In fact, her only complaint about not being allowed to go out dancing in public at night is that she can't have the fun of getting all dolled up in her best beribboned bib and tucker.

"However, pretty soon I'll be old enough to do it," she philosophized, "and meantime it's worth waiting for, I guess."

These, then, are Deanna's three circles of friends and the kind of parties she enjoys with them. In addition she occasionally is permitted a chaperoned date with Jackie Moran or Jackie Cooper for dinner in some quiet restaurant and a movie. And, still more, she has what is given to few young girls, the daytime companionship of her father. They haven't missed a college football game this season in Los Angeles.

So waste no more time pitying the poor, working girl. She's having her share of fun and she knows it if you don't.

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AS A JITTER BUG

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Astaire and Rogers Disagree!

[*Continued from page* 31]

for the oldsters in defiance of youth.

For in *The Castles* Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, now approaching middle age with the poised serenity of the truly beautiful woman, is using Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire for an assault on swing and jitterbugs and the reckless dance-floor display of feminine anatomy. To her this film story of her idyllic career as wife, lover and dancing partner of Vernon Castle is more than just a story: it's a chance to swing the whole world back into the easy, gliding rhythm of the Castle Walk and the Castle Polka, of the Tango and the Maxixe. Sitting on the sets in production conferences, guiding every inch of the celluloid recording the story, Irene Castle saw *The Castles* as her personal, one-woman drive against the very same sort of thing she herself fostered a quarter of a century ago.

The Big Apple and the Lambeth Walk are monstrosities to Irene Castle. While the cameras were grinding on the RKO lot there was a rumor floating around that she was troubled with nightmares—nightmares which always took the same form:

She woke with a start, or imagined she did, to the wild rhythm of a swing band. And she saw Ginger Rogers, wearing the very dress Irene herself wore when she stepped out on the ballroom floor with Vernon Castle back in the 'teens, fleeing like mad before a host of gibbering cats and alligators. With Ginger was Fred Astaire, tapping out a whirlwind rhythm with those trick feet of his as she tried to out-dance the cats and alligators, who kept shrilling queer things like "Jive!" and "Gutbucket!"

"You're corny! You're corny!" the cats and alligators screamed and Irene found herself trying furiously to defend Fred and Ginger against them, for, somehow, she identified herself in the dream with Ginger. Then suddenly Fred Astaire miraculously became Vernon Castle, in this weird dream of Irene Castle's, and she was in his arms, dancing one-two-three, one-two-three to "The Missouri Waltz" and smiling happily as she saw the cats and alligators sneaking away into the limbo of forgotten things.

That was Irene Castle's strange dream, and that, she insists, is what will happen to the cats and alligators when *The Castles* is finally released to a jitter-weary world.

"These modern dances," says the woman who once startled the world with ultra-modern dances, "are too violent. They are unlovely and ungraceful. They're fun, of course. But so are the old dances. Swing and the Big Apple are doomed!"

Listening to the gracious woman whom she portrays in the film, Ginger absorbed a good many of her ideas. Which explains why one-half of movieland's most celebrated dance team has suddenly and definitely gone anti-jitterbug. Fred's a die-hard. But the battle's still raging merrily and before it's over—well, who can tell?

One remarkable sequence in *The Castles* shows Fred and Ginger, as Irene and Vernon Castle, dancing across the United States. For this shot RKO built a huge dance-floor map of the nation. The map was seven hundred feet across. Cameras had to be mounted on specially-constructed steel towers and catwalks hanging one hundred feet above the set in order to record the entire action.

As Fred and Ginger whirl across the huge map, from them radiate other couples, all dancing the same steps—the Castle Walk and the Castle Polka and the Maxixe. The sequences symbolize the tremendous influence the Castles exerted upon dancing twenty-five years ago. And today Irene Castle hopes that it will be prophetic of another trend, a return from the madness of swing and jitterbug to the sanity and beauty of the dances she and her husband made popular.

■ The story of *The Castles* is one of the loveliest love stories of all time. In supervising the film version Irene Castle has waged a constant battle to make it authentic. And in so doing she has frequently had to defy the most sacred taboos of movie making.

In actual life Irene was a society girl, Vernon Castle a "ham" actor who could dance. They met, fell in love, married. And then their dancing career began.

Vernon Castle found in his wife the inspiration and help that lifted him from mediocrity to stellar brilliance. As a dance team they swept America, then the world. Every girl tried to walk and talk and dress like Irene; every modern youth of the 'teens tried to be another Vernon Castle.

At the height of their popularity the World War broke out. Vernon, English-born, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. For a year he flew over the German lines as an observer, making more than one hundred fifty dangerous flights into enemy territory. And back in America Irene held her heart and prayed and hoped.

Then Vernon came back, safe and sound, and Irene was the happiest girl in the world. The danger was over. He was safe. Her happiness didn't last long. Vernon was sent to a Texas flying field to instruct Royal Air Force cadets. And one day a few weeks later, while Irene waited for him at a Fort Worth hotel to fulfill a dancing engagement, word came that Vernon Castle was dead.

He had died like a hero. Rather than

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"I am an actress. Before a matinee I woke up coughing. I took Smith Bros. Cough Syrup. My cough was better before two o'clock." — *Ann Fairleigh, 612 West 115th St., N. Y.*

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collide with another plane and possibly kill the two cadets it contained, he had crashed his own ship deliberately.

If she lives forever Irene will never forget the words in Vernon Castle's will, in which he bequeathed everything to her " . . . not only as a token of my deep love and sincere affection, but also in grateful recognition of the happiness which I have enjoyed in your society during all our married life, and the great assistance which you have during all that time rendered to me in my professional work and career."

Years later Irene Castle remarried. Unfortunately the marriage was not a happy one. Today, in her middle forty's, the mature, lovely woman whose dancing once electrified the world, busies herself bringing up two children, running her own business, taking care of the nationwide organization she founded twelve years ago to provide for stray dogs.

Helping supervise the filming *The Castles* revived more vividly than ever the memories of her great romance and her professional career with Vernon Castle. And she insisted that every detail of the movie story be portrayed as faithfully and accurately as her memory would allow.

Several dance sequences, for instance, were copied from a film made in 1914, showing the Castles in their own home. The lighting and photography were poor, the film itself badly faded. But it served as a model for several dances and costumes used in the current film.

■ On the clothes subject Irene brooked no interference. She and Ginger and RKO argued for days over the choice of a single gown. Irene insisted it should be a duplicate—frill for frill, bow for bow, line for line, gadget for gadget—of a dress she wore when she danced with Vernon twenty-five years ago. RKO wanted to modernize it. Irene was adamant.

"I won't have it changed," she insisted. "It was beautiful then. It's beautiful now."

Irene won. The dress you'll see on Ginger may look funny to you at first but Irene is positive it will look beautiful before you've seen it many times on the screen. And she hopes, wistfully, that it may start a new cycle in clothes, even as she hopes the film will revive an old cycle in dancing.

■ Whenever she hears Fred Astaire bristle in defense of the jitterbug mania, she smiles and lets him talk. Because reason, she knows, is on her side and Ginger's.

"Jitterbug dancers," she told him, "are bound to break down their arches, ruin their ankles and their entire systems. I don't understand how anyone can stand the strain. As for being pretty, it's anything but graceful.

"Sexy? Silly! These jitterbugs don't even have time to think of sex while in the midst of their eerie gyrations. On the contrary, it's so unsexy that possibly its only excuse for existence is as a safety valve for the very young to rid themselves of excess animal energy.

"Of course, the modern dance craze can't last. It isn't even practical. It has no real place in dancing. It is a frightening, frightened hysteria. Like primitive dances of the jungle, that's where it belongs—back in the jungle. At worst it's only a fad, like the Charleston was. And the Charleston died."

Wise words, those. And, coming from Irene Castle, probably they are prophetic ones. She knows the old dances are best. And she knows, too, that they will come back eventually. For whenever she weakens, she says that she seems to hear the voice of Vernon Castle saying to her the very words he used to say when things were black in their own early life:

"Chin up! Chest out! And best foot forward!"

DO GIRLS GROW UP TOO SOON IN HOLLYWOOD?

Olivia de Havilland thinks so, and she tells you exactly why. Certainly no other actress is better equipped to speak on this subject. Four years ago, she was a little school-girl in a small town in Northern California. Today she handles an income of four figures a week, is a star in her own right, and is associated with distinguished men and women from all parts of the world.

You'll find her story in April

HOLLYWOOD

On the stands March 10



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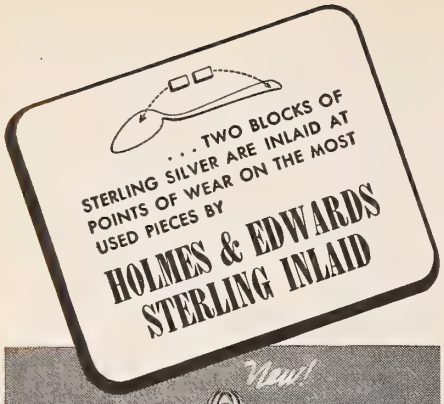
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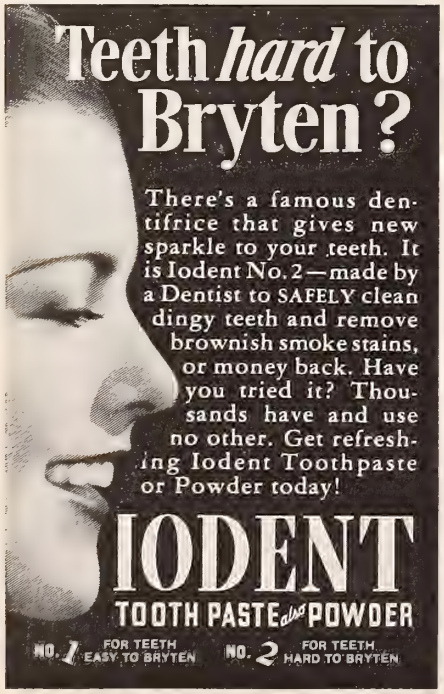
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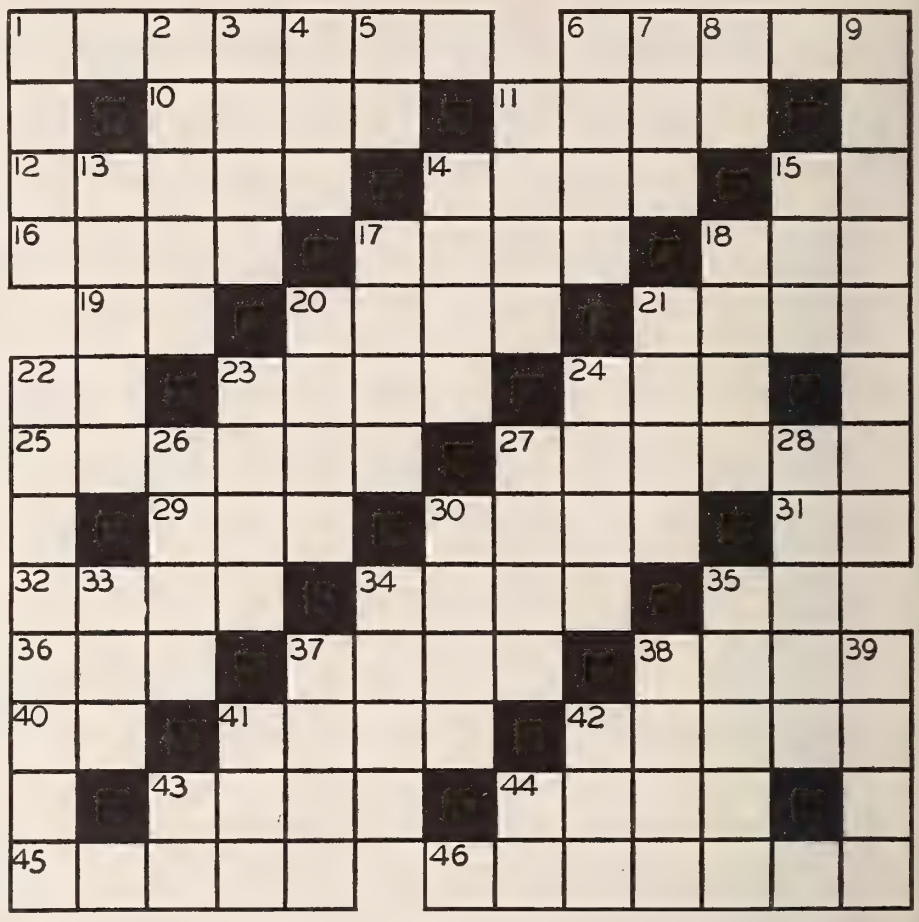
Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.







MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Penny Singleton had title role in this film.
6. Mrs. William Boyd.
10. What comedians dodged in Mack Sennett comedies.
11. Covering for foot of a cowboy star.
12. Deanna's screen mother in *That Certain Age.*
14. Prima donna who wed Andre Kostelanetz.
15. Initials of one who had title role in *Tarnished Angel.*
16. *Aunt Milly* in *Out West with the Hardys.*
17. *Alexander's Ragtime* ———.
18. Her last name is Lys.
19. Conrad Nagel's birthplace (abbr.).
20. Boris Karloff portrayed *Mr.* ———.
21. *Felix* in *Four Daughters.*
22. Miss Negri's initials.
23. A star of *Give Me a Sailor.*
24. *Manuel* in *Arizona Wildcat.*
25. Whose role was that of *Dotty Wingate* in *Listen, Darling?*
27. A star of *The Great Waltz.*
29. William Boyd had lead in *In* ——— *Mexico.*
30. Remember Louise ———?
31. Edward ——— Saint.
32. Spoken words of a motion picture (sing.).
34. 27 Across had title role in *Toy* ———.
35. Initials of feminine lead in *Brother Rat.*
36. *Cora* in *Letter of Introduction.*
37. *Furnoy* in *Four Men and a Prayer.*
38. It made the late Jean Harlow famous.
40. Tad Alexander's initials.
41. The frolicsome Ferdinand.
42. A famous Disney character.
43. His first name is Vernon.
44. Descriptive of Wayne Morris.
45. *The Main* ———.
46. *Nana* in *Dramatic School.*

DOWN

1. *Kienzl* in *The Great Waltz.*
2. 14 Across often appears in this.
3. First name of one who played *Tania* in *Algiers.*
4. *Katherine* in *If I Were King.*
5. *Love* ——— *a Headache.*
6. ——— *Mine in the Sky.*
7. Star of *Under Western Stars.*
8. *Blondes* ——— *Work.*
9. *Susie* in *Campus Confessions.*
11. *Oscar Wittlebach* in *Vacation from Love.*
13. The father of *Four Daughters.*
14. Last name of 35 Across.
15. George Arliss portrayed *Dr.* ———.
17. ——— *Town.*
18. Husband of Bebe Daniels.
20. *Toppy Leroy* in *The Citadel.*
21. Frances Farmer's husband.
22. First name of 46 Across.
23. Assumed part in a motion picture.
24. His last name is McKee.
26. He was *Robert Hansen* in *Three Loves Has Nancy.*
27. The zoo keeper in *Dr. Rhythm.*
28. Billy Gilbert's screen wife in *Block-heads.*
30. Director of many westerns.
33. *Toni* in *Safety in Numbers.*
34. Creator of Donald Duck.
35. One of Fred Stone's daughters.
37. The girl in *Come On, Leathernecks.*
38. Maureen O'Sullivan and Dennis O'Keefe played opposite in ——— *That Kiss.*
39. *Herbert Wheeler* in *Merrily We Live.*
41. *Larry* in *Mr. Doodle Kicks Off.*
42. *The* ——— *Miss Manton.*
43. Pedro ——— Cordoba.
44. *Flight* ——— *Fame.*

(Solution on page 60)

So I Took the $500

[*Continued from page* 18]

cold at night and no one can look glamorous while shivering. You can wear slacks practically any place in Hollywood, but they must fit and be of excellent material. I ordered a pair for $15.95. The huarrachas cost $4.95, and the overcoat, thanks to a sale, cost $29.95.

2. It isn't the original cost of your face; it's the upkeep. Every girl in Hollywood would go without food rather than neglect her appearance which, after all, is the first and most apparent thing she has to sell. Beauty treatments cost me about $2.00 a week. At first, this shrivelled my Henrysville soul.

3. It is practically impossible to make a living in Hollywood doing extra work unless you have a car. Distances are so great, transportation so inadequate, and rush calls to a studio 15 miles away for a one-day check necessitate a taxi and where's the profit there? The girls with cars at the Club did quite a neat little business hauling less fortunate sisters about, but I wanted to be independent. So I bought a car. In 1933, it cost around $900. I got it for $175, $50 down and $20 a month. It was a beautiful blue-green convertible coupe, distinguished by lots of roccoco in chromium, and a spirit of youth. The Club charged $1.00 for parking space, and my gas and oil bill was about $10.00 a month. I got around.

One of the first places I got around to was the Screen Actors' Guild at 7046 Hollywood boulevard, where a benevolent-looking official dealt me a cruel blow. No one can act in pictures without belonging to The Guild, and no one can join The Guild unless he is acting in pictures, or has definite prospects of a job. Now, that is pretty grim. But it is a circle that is eminently fair, designed as it is to protect those who are really dependent upon the movies for their living from just such upstarts as me or from those who think it would be a "lark" to do a little extra work. Fair or not, however, it stopped me. I couldn't get into pictures without joining The Guild and I couldn't join The Guild without getting into pictures.

I trundled my dwindled hopes down to Central Casting, at the other end of the boulevard, and there was dealt the cruelest blow of all. ABSOLUTELY NO MORE REGISTRATIONS ACCEPTED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. That meant I couldn't even get extra work. A heck of a note!

Descending into the street again, I discovered a flat tire, and while waiting for it to be fixed ($1.00 instead of 50c on account of running over glass is worse than picking up a nail) I realized that several courses were still open to me. I could:

1. Go home.
2. Haunt casting offices, commissaries, public restaurants patronized by picture people, attend premieres, and hang around studio gates, in hopes of catching a directorial eye.
3. Try to make friends with an agent and influence him to handle me.
4. Pull a sensational stunt and attract the world's attention.

I discarded Nos. 1 and 4 and determined to follow plans 2 and 3. Being not far from the Paramount Studios, I went over to do some haunting, and there —oh luck!—I met an agent. He questioned me at length, seemed quite interested, pronounced me definitely the "sophisticated type," and, while not waxing avidly enthusiastic, gave me his card and made an appointment at his office for the next day.

I was under way! I was getting a start! He evidently sensed my excitement, for he laughed a bit and asked me to have lunch with him and his partner at the Brown Derby. His partner didn't show up, which didn't bother me, but it put him in an embarrassing spot, as he had no money. But I gratefully loaned him the $3.00 for the two cocktails and lunch, and rushed back to the Club to tell the girls about my appointment tomorrow.

"What did you say his name was?" one of them asked. With a flourish, I handed

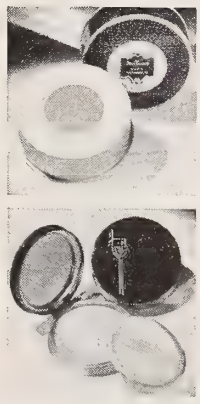


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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES Light ☐	
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SKIN Dry ☐	AGE	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐		

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her his card. She passed it around, and a self-conscious silence immediately enveloped the group. Finally, a tall blonde said, "Of course, you paid the luncheon check . . . ?"

Well, I charged the $3.00 up to experience. There aren't many "Hollywood chiselers" but boy! how they can spot the wide-eyed newcomer. The next day I narrowed my eyes and went to the address on his card. It was a junk yard. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I went shopping.

Evening dress, $35.00.

Make-up kit, $8.00.

The girls hooted at the make-up kit. It was of green metal and closely resembled a fishing tackle box.

"If you aren't smart enough to use the studio make-up, you *might* pay $2.00 for a kit, but not a cent more," one of the girls explained.

But there were no criticisms of the evening dress. It was a honey and very sophisticated, and I thought of it as a beautiful, long black knife that cut me off forever from Henrysville.

■ At the end of a month in Hollywood, I devoted a day to taking stock of the situation. And after I finished, I certainly viewed with alarm.

My haunting of celebrity-infested places had cost me a pretty penny and had netted me exactly nothing. Not even a flirtation. Luncheons in any commissary or any popular restaurant in Hollywood average around $1 if you order a la carte and with restraint; tips are a staggering item because everybody tips lavishly. And I had made a point of having about three conspicuous luncheons a week.

I had "haunted" a premiere at the Carthay Circle theatre to the tune of $5.00 for a ticket, $2.00 for an orchid, and the doubtful satisfaction of having a lone fan out of the millions in the grandstand seats yell, "Name and phone number, please," at me as I walked up the long, flower-bedecked lane to the theatre.

I had spent hours out of each day at casting offices; I had interviewed eight agents, all of whom refused to handle me because I had had no experience; I had written 15 glowing letters to 15 directors (no answers); I had stood, sat, lounged and posed around in all sorts of ensembles in every theatre entrance, at every studio gate, in all salons, lobbies, bars, foyers, street corners, hotels, restaurants and other public meeting places of the motion picture elite; I had pestered the girls at the Club for advice, pointers and introductions; had dashed to studios each time a new picture was put into production; had desperately waylaid directors and had even spoken to strange, but important-looking people—just on the chance. I had made myself conspicuous, pitiful, obnoxious and flamboyant. Everywhere I was rewarded with courteous, but firm indifference. People are awfully busy in Hollywood, and what did I have that Garbo, Crawford, Rogers and Shearer hadn't? I was just another orange at an orange show.

■ On every hand, evidence of the absolute futility of keeping on socked me in the eye. Every day there were changes at the Club. Where one girl had hopefully been, now there was another. "Alice couldn't make the grade . . . Mary went home to marry 'the boy next door' . . . after six months of waiting, Jean got a screen test but it was a flop . . . Betty hadn't a thing left to hock . . ."

And where was I, after a whole month's concentrated effort? Poorer by $246.55.

■ The first two days of the second month were deceptively quiet. On the third day, there was a small earthquake; an account of a few minor window-shatterings and chimney-topplings was broadcast by an excitable gossip columnist, and it cost me $4.50 to persuade my family, via long distance telephone, that it needn't come out to hunt tearfully through the debris.

On the fifth, the first car payment was due, $20.00 and the month's guarantee as to faulty parts came to an end. On the sixth, proof that fate is ironic and beauty is only tin deep was offered when the onyx-topped gear shift lever snapped off at the floor board, leaving the car growling basso-profundo in low. $4.63.

■ After a good cry and a $3.00 shopping orgy for some stockings, things began to look up. Vivien, at the Club, asked me to have lunch with her and the girl friend of a casting director. I jumped at the chance. Luckily, the girl liked me and accepted my invitation to dinner the following night. I took her to the Beachcomber's, a miraculous joint featuring exotic rum drinks in cocoanut shells and Island food. It cost $5.00 and was worth it, for she promised to introduce me to the casting director.

The C. D. liked me, took me to lunch, introduced me to the secretary of a producer. She took me to a preview and introduced me to an assistant director. One introduction led to another. Now, at last, I was getting places. But the expense! I matched lunch with lunch, dinner with dinner, cocktail with cocktail. But it was good business, and I never let any of my guests (or victims) escape before I had mentioned, with the subtlety of a suddenly-dropped flat iron, that I WANTED A SCREEN TEST.

One day the assistant director heard that once too often, got desperate, and sold me on the idea of getting into a Little Theatre. "All our scouts cover 'em," he said, "and if you have anything on the ball somebody'll find you. But as far as you're concerned, I promise I'll have a director there."

So I did some research work on Little Theatres in Hollywood and was stunned. There seemed to be hundreds. What I didn't find out was that there are really only a few legitimate Little Theatres. The rest make their money from authors who pay to have their plays produced, embryonic directors who pay to direct, would-be actors who pay to act, all hoping to catch the eye of Hollywood.

And so I paid $25 for the privilege of rehearsing three weeks in the world's

worst melodrama under the world's worst director with the world's worst accumulation of histrionic misfits ever gathered together in one place. The director didn't know stage right from stage left; the leading man tried hard but his love scenes consisted of breathing down my neck.

Besides the initial outlay of $25, that venture into the theatre cost me a pretty penny. I had to rent a long black wig, buy a hula skirt and a sarong and a lei of gingham gardenias.

The whole thing was a bust. But what absolutely ruined me was the fact that the afternoon of dress rehearsal, the assistant director telephoned me for a date, and mentioned casually that his friend, the director, was on location in Santa Barbara for two weeks! And the play was to run for only one week.

I was so depressed I felt like the title role in "The Lower Depths." Some way I got through that awful play seven times, facing every night an audience which consisted of the cast's suspicious relatives and other backers who, after the first curtain, were understandably resentful. Then at last it was over and I withdrew from public life for a day of contemplation.

I had $75.00 left. My bag of tricks was exhausted. Hollywood was a hard nut and as a nutcracker I was wet macaroni. Never before in my life had I been so low, and I hated Hollywood with a hatred that reeked of hours of concentrated practice.

On the day when I had exactly the fare home and only one dollar over in my purse, the House Mother called me to the telephone. There was nothing different in her voice to stir me to excitement, and yet my knees suddenly weakened and my heart began trip-hammering like mad.

It was the assistant director.

"Hi, toots. Aren't you the one—I mean, didn't you tell me once you wanted a screen test? . . . Hey, are you there? . . . Hello, hello! . . . Oh, thought I'd lost you. Well, I showed the boss a picture of you and he wants to test you. Can you be out here in twenty minutes? Bring along that black evening dress, will you? Can you make it? . . . Hello, hello . . . Hey!"

The car had a flat tire. Getting to the studio meant a taxi, at a probable cost of $3.00. Getting to the studio meant that I had to break into the money for the trip home, it meant that I had to cut the life-line to my home town. Taking that taxi was a fantastic gamble. Girls who have had dozens of screen tests are still waiting for the big chance. And this was my first.

Did I take the taxi?

Guess!

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Make-up kit	8.00
"Haunting" lunches	12.00
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Premiere	5.00
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HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

Workin' on the Railroad

[*Continued from page* 26]

this paddy. I even beat Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, who co-star in the picture, to choice seats in the choo-choo. I didn't beat 'em far because they were just as eager to get away from it all as I was, but I beat 'em.

Now, while I'm thawing out, maybe I'd better give you a snowbird's eye view of what went on up in the chilly wastelands of southern Utah because I think that if you saw Utah like I saw Utah you'd shed a couple of tears in sympathy.

I don't know why Mr. DeMille selected Cedar City, Utah, which is six hundred miles from Hollywood Boulevard, as the base camp for his synthetic railroad building operations any more than I know why he went fifteen miles farther and selected Iron Springs, Utah, as the scene for his actual location. But he did, and the less said the better because every time I think of it my chillblains and frost-bite seem to get worse instead of better and I might say something that would get me in bad with Casting.

When we got there (about fifty other extras had come along with me) we found that DeMille had constructed five huge sets within a five mile radius of the little town (the largest sets, so the unit man boasted, ever constructed on location at any time) and included in these five sets was another built to represent, down to the last hitchrack, Cheyenne, Wyoming, as it looked in 1865.

Taking no chances on authenticity the precise and careful Mr. DeMille went further and engaged four Union Pacific train crews to operate the four historic engines and thirty pieces of early American train equipment transported there for the picture. You probably remember old No. 11, the locomotive used in Paramount's *High, Wide and Handsome*. Well, it was there, all steamed up over its chance to get into the movies again and with it were No. 22, No. 119 and the ancient J. W. Bowker, now rechristened the General McPherson for the purposes of *Union Pacific*. Paramount, we learned, enjoys a film monopoly of old railroad equipment.

Along with us fifty extra newcomers from Hollywood and the four historic locomotives, where more than two hundred Piute and more than five hundred Navajo Indians. The braves were brought in from nearby reservations and nary a one had ever faced a camera before so Arthur Rossen, DeMille's location director, certainly had a chore cut out for himself trying to keep them happy.

The day after we arrived zero weather stormed in on the wings of a blizzard and from then on we worked in fourteen inches of snow. Some smart technical man in one of the crews thought up the bright idea of using live steam from one of the locomotives to keep the foreground clear so the cameras could keep working otherwise we'd be there yet waiting for the first thaw. As it was the redskins' skins got redder, yours truly couldn't keep his wig wam and finally Art Rossen sent out a message over a local radio station requesting that all merchants in nearby towns rush in their supply of ear muffs, overshoes, mittens and long underwear and, lady, I'm here to tell you that this additional upholstery came in mighty handy, particularly since we were roused out of bed at five o'clock in the frosty mornings!

One of the sequences that afternoon had to do with an Indian attack and I discovered when it was over that the Hollywood drugstore cowboys were more at home on a horse than the Indians of the 1938 variety. Rough riding hospitalized but one Hollywood cowpoke. The riding was so rough that many of the Piutes and Navajos refused to climb aboard the too-tough horses. All of them, when ordered to strip down to their G-strings in the sub-zero weather, refused to do so—and who can blame 'em?

The following day hundreds of deer hunters from more than six states came in for the annual buckskin shooting only to find that Mr. Cecil B. DeMille had corralled all available horses—six hundred of 'em—for some of the mammoth scenes in his film epic. The hunters, unable to hunt without horses, threatened to break into our camp and bust up the sets. They finally got some horses and went banging up and down the countryside. It wasn't long before bullets began to zing too close for comfort for *Union Pacific* and next day all of us had to dress up in red shirts and caps if we happened to be ordered outside of Iron Springs.

Another thrill occurred the third day when a couple of western badmen, lodged in the Iron County jail, sawed their way out of the hoosegow and Mr. DeMille offered the services of his entire troupe (Barbara Stanwyck excepted) to effect their capture. The story got on the wire and that night the wives of the technicians, sound men, electricians and so on began calling up from Hollywood begging their hubbies to be careful not to get shot.

One of the most thrilling sequences shot while I was up there occurred on the fourth day of my assisting Mr. DeMille, when about five hundred Piutes and Navajos got together and derailed the train. The action called for the historic General McPherson to come thundering down the tracks pulling a full complement of cars and while it was coming billy-be-darned it crashes into a huge overturned water tank placed on the rails by the avenging Indians. It's all according to history, and if the real thing was as thrilling as what I took part in, the folks on that original train went through an experience that must have kept them jabbering on into the pioneer years. Due to much careful precaution, this entire scene was completed without mishap to principals or extras—thank heaven. Not only that, but it took but one "take"! Which is more than a couple of feathers in the hats that set on the noggins of Messrs. Rossen and his big staff of studio experts. So correct and authentic in every detail was this particular sequence as well as workmanship on the various sets that William M.

Jeffers, present president of the Union Pacific railroad and likewise present on location as the guest of Paramount, spoke right out in class and declared that *Union Pacific* was going to be so good that even trainmen will like it. Coming from a man who began his railroading career more than fifty years ago as a train dispatcher such a statement ought to have as little weight as a box-office teaser.

■ Before I hop on the train and beat it for sunny Hollywood, let me go on record right here and now about Barbara Stanwyck. THERE is a gal who is a trouper! If the cold and the snow, the long waits between takes, the rehearsals, the rather skimpy accommodations afforded by Cedar City, bothered this swell lady, you'd never guess it from what she said. Not a word of complaint did she utter the four days I was there and goodness knows she had plenty of cause to howl to high heaven. The same goes for Joel McCrea who plays opposite her. Joel took his frost-bites, his chillblains and his snowdrifts ten times better than the stoical redskins.

On the way back I sat with Charles Beauchamp who has jumped from property man to grand opera and back to property man all within a twelve-year period. Back in 1918 Beauchamp was head property man for Mary Pickford. His hobby was singing and it was his fine tenor voice that prompted Miss Pickford to bring him to the attention of Mitchell Leisen who, in turn, told Sid Grauman of his potential ability. Grauman engaged Beauchamp for the former's popular atmospheric prologues. Later Leo Forbstein signed him to tour the country singing in motion picture houses. Three years later Beauchamp got his chance to try out for the Metropolitan Opera—and made it! And then left it for the much more profitable opportunity of singing for the Paramount Publix circuit at a salary of $1,000 a week! These engagements took him abroad where he sang condensed versions of the operas *Martha, La Boheme* and *Pagliacci* in Paris, London, Rome, Berlin, Amsterdam, Venice and Madrid! At the beginning of his fourth year in Europe sound was introduced to motion pictures and the "operatic epilogues" were out. Beauchamp returned to this country and in 1929 was married to Emily Antoinette Teeseling, a young singer whom he had met in Amsterdam. Beauchamp's ambition became his wife's singing career and so, twelve years after he had forsaken the work, he returned to his job as a motion picture property man. Beauchamp insists that his is no sacrifice story. He's the kind of a man who likes to whistle while he works. A real 18-karat guy.

It was Beauchamp who, on the way home, sketched in the story of *Union Pacific*.

"When the railroad was first planned," he said, "Barrows, a Chicago financier, sees a chance to clean up millions. He sells stock short, hires Sid Campeau (Brian Donlevy) and his gang to delay the work so that the Central Pacific can reach Salt Lake City first, and profit when the U. P. stock crashes. Campeau has as his aide and gunman Dick Allen (Robert Preston), late of the Union Army. Jeff Butler (Joel McCrea), Leach Overmile (Lynne Overman), and Fiesta (Akim Tamiroff) are the three leading trouble shooters for the railroad whose duty it is to keep the work going. Mollie Monahan (Barbara Stanwyck) finds herself falling in love with both Jeff and Dick. In Cheyenne, the gang, led by Dick, sticks up a payroll car. Jeff pursues Dick, not knowing who he is, to Mollie's mail car. Dick forces Mollie to hide the sack of money. Mollie saves Dick from Jeff by saying the two are going to be married. The loss of the payroll almost stops work and the Central Pacific is fast nearing Salt Lake City. Jeff raids Campeau's place and forces a confession out of Campeau. Then he goes to stop Mollie's wedding. That night the train, with Mollie and Jeff aboard is wrecked and attacked by Indians. Jeff and Dick fight them off and as a reward for his service Jeff permits Dick to escape. After the U. P. has won the race and after Mollie has recovered from her injuries sustained in the wreck, Campeau comes to town looking for Jeff, but shoots and kills Dick by mistake. As he is about to knock off Jeff, Overmile lets him have it in the back, and then the fadeout with Mollie and Jeff turning on the romance as a final fillip."

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Beauchamp tells it, but you can lay one hundred to one that when you see the story unreel on the screen you're going to see a MOTION picture! Mr. Cecil B. DeMille doesn't make any other kind as you may have noticed.

I got another day's work out at the studio, but I don't believe I can make it as my frost-bites need treatment. Besides, I forgot to turn in my long underwear, my mittens and my red cap and shirt. You see I figure it this way. When some other studio starts making a railroad picture and if I can wrangle a job I can come as a "dress" extra and knock down from five to ten more potatoes a day. In the meantime I'm off to buy me some more frost-bite remedy.

Hollywood Newsreel

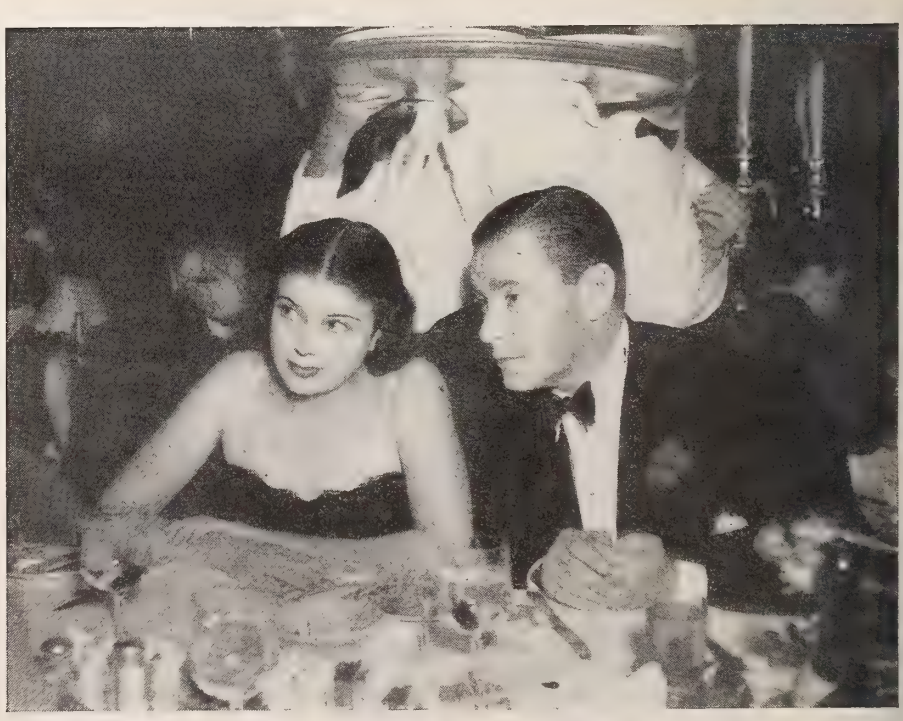
[*Continued from page* 17]

That's what Helen Vinson said shortly after her marriage to Fred Perry, the English tennis wizard. The blonde Miss Vinson and the tennis-playing Fred Perry were married at Harrison, N. Y., September 12th, 1935 and celebrated the wedding by a champagne-and-hamburger supper. On December 8th, 1938, Miss Vinson filed suit for divorce charging cruelty and asked division of $74,400 in community property and attorney's fees. The couple separated—and this has an ironical slant—on Armistice Day, according to Miss Vinson's complaint. Yes, indeed, the blonde actress certainly exercised her prerogative of being independent. Likewise free. And so ends another Hollywood "perfect marriage."

■ When Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom learned that his orthodox parents were headed toward Hollywood from New York to visit their Actor-fighter-nightclub owner son, Maxie was in quite a dither and the night before poppa and momma arrived he got up before his cash customers and begged the hecklers not to call him "ham" when his folks were present at his club.

■ A mathematical note from Jack Haley states that as the tin woodsman in the *Wizard of Oz* now being filmed at M-G-M, he has to put on a silver make-up of such a chemical nature that it's dangerous to wear. When putting it on, the make-up man protects the actor's eyes by using shields. Once on, Jack is followed around by assistant make-up men who watch closely to see that Jack's face is free of prespiration and at the least sign of it they daub it away with cotton packs. The make-up takes about three hours to put on and two to remove and Jack has figured out that before the picture is finished he will have devoted more than five hundred and forty hours to make-up alone.

■ Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa are staging a friendly rivalry for the services of Jackie Cooper, the trap-drumming expert of the movie colony. Gene has offered Jack $750 a week to travel with his band and Benny is thinking some of boosting the ante. As for Jackie—he has just about decided that his trap-drumming should be regarded solely as a hobby and not as a business although he



Here is the beautiful Lee Russell, one of the loveliest of this year's glamour girls, with Herbert Marshall at Dorothy Lamour's birthday party at the Cocoanut Grove

would give his left leg for the fun of traveling around the country with either band. As a matter of fact, he's committed to so many pictures during the next twelve months that he couldn't leave Hollywood if he wanted to.

■ Una Merkel, back in pictures after a lay-off, plays the role of nurse in *Women in White* and it strikes pretty close to home. While she was working in the picture, her father was operated upon, her mother was taken ill, and a girl friend, out here to visit her, was hurried to a local hospital where she gave birth to a baby girl.

■ Joan Blondell is out gunning for her sister Gloria and for good reason. Gloria, who is often mistaken for Joan, went into a Beverly Hills shop the other day and after being identified as Joan by admiring clerks, decided to keep up the deceit. Not only that, but being a great prankster, she confidentially passed the word around that she was the most extravagant woman in Hollywood, that she wasn't to be trusted, that she and her husband Dick quarrelled every day, that she wasn't very proud of her new baby and so on and so on. And did the shop eat it up! A day or two later the real Joan entered the same store and immediately the clerks began to rave about how closely she resembled Joan who, they said, "was in here the other day and was she a screwball!" And so on and so on until Joan got so mad that she turned and fled without buying a thing. One astonished clerk heard her mutter, "Wait until I get that Gloria alone, I'll show her!" and was all for calling the cops but was prevailed upon not to.



Glenda Farrell probably is the prettiest mayor in the world. Here she is, all done up in brocade and orchids being sworn in as Mayor of North Hollywood by Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles. He is a real mayor. Her title is honorary but is a great social honor

■ Gracie Allen's surrealist painting exhibition is going great guns these days. Starting out more or less as a gag, the exhibition has been turning them away in droves in Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities. Gracie turns the proceeds over to the Chinese Medical Society. The first month the check was for $400, the second month [illegible] December check [illegible]

■ Roscoe Turner, the famous speed pilot, is starring in Republic's *Flight at Midnight*. Cast in the role of ace pilot Roscoe has been grounded by studio executives until the film is completed.

■ After writing and submitting several stories with George Raft in mind, Wilson McNeal, a WPA worker, finally hit upon a theme that George liked so well that he bought it. It's titled *Heir Apparent* and is a comedy about the legal profession.

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■ Two giggles out of Hollywood. No. 1. Nan Grey driving around in her car with a little yellow basket hanging from the back window and a sign saying "I Found It!" No. 2. Glenda Farrell who balked at being inducted as mayoress of North Hollywood without a dress rehearsal.

■ You can classify Jeffrey Lynn among those who spent a very miserable Christmas due, of course, to no fault of his own. Retakes on *Yes, My Darling Daughter* forced him to remain in Hollywood. Jeffrey's first big role (and we certainly hope you've seen him in it) was in *Four Daughters.* His second comes in *Yes, My Darling Daughter,* and his third will be *Four Sons Meet Four Daughters.* For a guy who's still a bachelor he's doing mighty well by the Daughters.

■ Take Errol Flynn's word for it, all this talk about the "little bundle from heaven" that's supposed to brighten his home is just so much gossip.

■ Marie Wilson pulled another of her bright ones the other day when, in passing on a little secret to Margaret Lindsay she emphasized her remarks by saying: "And, Maggie, I want you to know is very, very much on the I.Q."

■ And talking about Margaret Lindsay —her family is in town—mother, brother, and two sisters, and Margaret says they've had so much to talk about that they haven't left the house for ten days. It's the first time in years the family has been together and they're making the most of it. They've had so much fun, says Maggie, that she hasn't had time to miss her boy friend, Bob Abbot, who's sojourning in New York.

■ The Chester Morrisses are reunited again after the shortest marital vacation on Hollywood records, and everyone's very happy, including "Chet and Sue." By way of celebrating the marital patch-up, Chet gave Sue a new "engage-

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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P	N	■	R	A	Y	E	■	L	E	O	■	O		
A	S	T	O	R	S	■	R	A	I	N	E	R		
U	■	O	L	D	■	H	U	F	F	■	L	E		
L	I	N	E	■	W	I	F	E	■	P	L			
E	V	E	■	H	A	L	E	■	H	A	I	R		
T	A	■	B	U	L	L	■	M	O	U	S	E		
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ment ring" a beaut of a star sapphire, and they're taking a second honeymoon trip to Honolulu.

■ Joy Hodges, who wears the most unusual costume jewelry in town, has method in her madness. A bracelet bearing a rare old snuff box is used to carry Joy's pocket change, and a necklace from which dangles lockets, lavaliers and various charms, carries a concealed lipstick in what appears to be a silver bell. Now if Joy could just work out a cache for a toothbrush she wouldn't need a home!

■ Most consistently sea-sick yachtsman in filmdom is James Ellison, owner of a schooner christened "Trudy." Jim, who has been a victim of *mal de mer* all his life and still insists that he loves the water, bought the boat last summer. But despite his earnest efforts to become a seasoned seaman he continues to suffer most unpleasant moments. So far, his only cure has been to jump overboard and take a quick swim around the boat. If you have any cures will you please rush them on to the actor. For wouldn't the present one be embarrassing in shark-infested waters when the Ellisons take their voyage to Mexican seaports next spring!

■ When Pauline (You'll see her in *The Three Musketeers*) Moore decided to take her two-year-old daughter, Laurie Ann, on her first Christmas shopping tour, she tried to teach the little youngster her name, telephone number, home address and so on in case the two got separated in the crowds.



Late winter in California is the time to worry about new bathing suits. Here is Wendy Barrie in a blue and white singlet, ready for a drive to the beach after work in *Newsboy's Home*

And with the following results:
Mama Pauline: "Where do you live?"
Daughter Laurie Ann: "At home."
"Where is your home?"
"Back there."
"What is your home address?"
"It's home hanging in the closet."
"What street do you live on?"
"The other one."
"Who lives at home?"
"We."

At this stage of the drill Mama Moore gave up, went into the nearest leather shop, bought an identification tag, filled it out and tied it around Laurie Ann's neck, just in case.

■ Eddie Lowe would like to meet the guy—or guys—who left an iron deer on his front lawn for a New Year's gift. The gift is okay, but Eddie WOULD like to know why the givers dressed up the iron animal in a pair of bright red pants!

■ Production on Charlie Chaplin's *The Dictator* should be in full swing by the time you read this, but you never can tell about Charlie who is sometimes tagged the "off agin', on agin', let 'er go, Flannagin" of Hollywood. Charlie has the title role in this new opus and will talk for the first time on the screen.

■ OBSERVATION OF THE MONTH —A great many of our beautiful girl extras can't afford to live in Hollywood proper.

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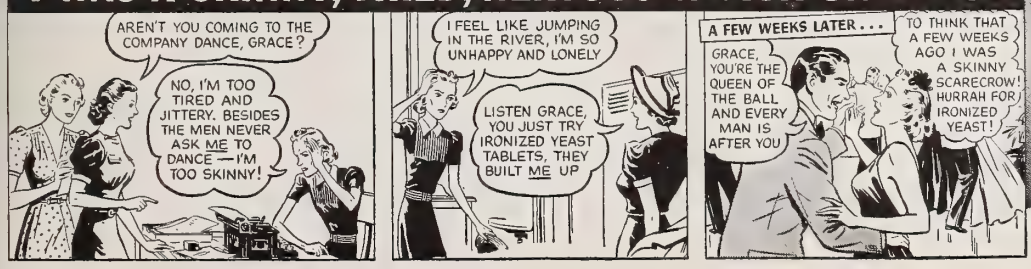
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Irene Castle evidently believes that cooking is a strenuous art, and chooses overalls for the job of whipping up her special marble cake

Castle in the Kitchen

Irene Castle shows how a woman may make the kitchen her stronghold if she has a clever hand and a good recipe

By BETTY CROCKER



A film version of the life of Irene and Vernon Castle which RKO is making with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire has brought lovely Irene Castle to Hollywood, and she has completely captivated the colony. Ever since she started the bobbed hair craze, Irene Castle has blithely led the way in the fine art of fashions, and we should award her a medal for bobbed hair, if for nothing else. But it may be a surprise to you to learn that she is also a leader in the fine art of cookery.

Miss Castle's job at RKO is to bring technical advice to the producers of *The Castles*. Now let's ask her for some technical advice on how she bakes a cake.

"My favorite is marble cake," said Miss Castle. "I have a cherished recipe that always works—if I use prepared cake flour that is uniformly reliable. Here it is:"

MARBLE CAKE

¾ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
3¼ cups cake flour *or*
3 cups all-purpose flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups thin milk
2 tsp. vanilla
2 sq. chocolate, melted
¼ tsp. soda
4 egg whites

Cream the shortening, add 1½ cups of the sugar gradually and cream well. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and

add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Blend in the vanilla. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry and add remaining ½ cup sugar. Fold this meringue into the cake batter. Divide the batter into 2 equal parts. Add the soda to the melted chocolate and add to one part of the batter. Drop the batter by teaspoonfuls into a well greased and floured loaf pan, alternating a spoonful of the chocolate batter with a spoonful of the white batter until all are used. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate over, 350° F. SIZE OF PAN: One large pan 12 by 8 inches across the bottom and 2 inches deep or 2 bread loaf pans 4 by 8 inches across the bottom and 2¾ inches deep.

ICING FOR MARBLE CAKE

2 cups sugar
¾ cup water
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
2 egg whites
1 tsp. vanilla
2 sq. chocolate, melted

Boil the sugar, water and cream of tartar together until syrup spins a 6-inch thread, 238° F. to 242° F. Pour hot syrup over the stiffly beaten egg whites and beat with egg beater constantly. Add the vanilla and continue beating with spoon until the mixture is fluffy and will hold its shape. If icing does not set so that it will stay on the cake, add 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls confectioners' sugar, a tablespoon at a time, until stiff enough. Reserve 3 tablespoonfuls of icing, spread the rest over top and sides of cake. Add chocolate to the reserved icing. Pipe this chocolate over white icing in ¼-inch strips about 1 inch apart. Then draw a knife quickly across through the strips at 1-inch intervals. This gives a wavy, marbled effect.

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Norma Shearer likes a fast ride over the snow at Sun Valley behind a team of sled-dogs. Here she is with one of the Alaskan Huskies. Her next film is *Idiot's Delight*, soon to be released



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Errol Flynn's Biggest Problem

[*Continued from page 25*]

his truculent behavior toward all dogs almost landed Errol in jail.

Errol and Arno were in Catalina over the week-end. Arno saw a dog he didn't like. Battle ensued, and when Mr. Flynn stepped in to separate the opponents, he found an angry gentleman shouting at him, and two husky policemen at his shoulders. Mr. Flynn was escorted to jail.

His misdemeanor was not having Arno on leash. He had several unflattering things to say about the man who insisted on his arrest. The officers were strangely non-commital, but Errol was nonchalant. The whole thing was silly, he declared in no uncertain terms. He added that he was sure the judge would understand and throw the case out of court with a few well-directed barbs at the complainant. Mr. Flynn smoked a cigarette, he threw it contemptuously on the floor as a sign of his annoyance. Order was called in the court-room.

Errol looked up. No, it *couldn't* be. But it was. The presiding judge before whom he and Arno were appearing was none other than the owner of the dog whom Arno had attacked so inadvisedly.

Mr. Flynn paid a whooping fine without any more argument.

■ The matter of the pelican is also worthy of record. Arno had never seen a pelican. He wanted to get acquainted when he first spied one. Not that he was getting social, but that giddy Peter Pan spirit in him, that childish curiosity, egged him on.

He took a jump in the drink. The pelican flew away, and that angered Arno no end. He was getting ready to swim to Asia to catch up with the pelican when



Take a long look at the quilted frock that Loretta Young wore dancing with David Niven. You'll see a lot of this graceful decoration



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Wayne Morris with his fiancee, "Bubbles" Schinasi, have a word with Maestro Rudy Vallee at the Cocoanut Grove. This picture was taken shortly before marriage of the star and the tobacco heiress

Flynn stopped his plans. He got a pole, hooked it into Arno's collar, fished him out.

Three hundred people had assembled to watch the rescue. Arno, being anti-social, proceeded to shake himself dry in the thickest part of the crowd. The onlookers scattered like leaves in the wind. Mr. Flynn's face was very red. The studio is still settling claims for cleaning charges directly attributable to Arno's behavior.

■ Since signing up with Flynn, Arno gives promise of becoming somewhat of a critic on motion pictures. He has, willy-nilly, attached himself to the producer's staff at the studio. Each morning while Errol is busy elsewhere, Arno makes his rounds. He visits every stage, he watches a scene or two, he may even nip a director he doesn't like, and when his morning rounds are made, straight as a flight of a bird, he rushes to the stage where Errol is working.

Nowadays a player at Warner's isn't considered on the *arrived* list until Arno has stayed through an entire scene.

Once in a while Arno becomes a most important contributor to Errol's peace of mind and to his leisure. On *The Dawn Patrol* set Errol wanted every bit of rest he could get between scenes. And so he trained the pup to recognize assistant directors at a hundred feet and to stop them at twenty feet from the dressing-room door. Arno was friendly, but firm. So efficiently, firm that callers advanced only at risk to the seats of their pants. And so they had to stand off and shout: "Mr. Flynn—you're wanted on the set."

■ Arno takes life seriously. Loyalty to him is the greatest virtue. And so when Errol goes away and leaves him, he finds on his return a very silent and hurt dog.

After all, Arno's sensibilities are tender. He expects the respect, the fairness, the justice he gives others. Fail to give him his due, and the problem child goes off into corners and has nightmares which wakes up the neighborhood, or he develops a brooding spell which casts a pall of anxiety over the entire household.

Arno is definitely a product of an inner and secret life of his own. He has yearnings. He has maladjustments. He has dreams of grandeur.

He is, says Errol, an artist in living. If he has disappointments, he always finds a philosophy to make them easier to bear. He feels a strong kinship to his boss, because both of them have the itching foot, the desire for far wanderings. And both of them see things denied to other eyes. Perhaps that is why Arno is Flynn's greatest domestic problem as well as, his dearest possession.

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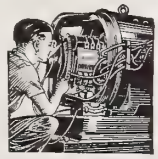
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Fashion Forecast

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1



2



3

4





1. Dapper Charlie, the man-about-town, likes informal afternoon wear. Here he is, a symphony in brown and white, ready for a stroll around the Universal lot. 2. It is vulgar to be conspicuous, claims the well-dressed Charlie, so he never wears a colored beret with a monacle, brown and white sports shoes and a camel's hair coat. 3. Subtle contrast is the thing in sports clothes, believes Charlie, pointing with pride to the strong masculinity of the turtle-neck sweater, the brainy note supplied by a Sherlock Holmes hat. 4. Fastidious Charlie, gentleman of leisure after a hard day at the studio, takes his rest in a two-toned flannel dressing gown and pale blue silk pajamas when he curls up with a good book. 5. Here is a corner of Charlie's dressing room at the studio showing part of his wardrobe. "Tell them I'm not a dandy or a fop," asked Charlie. "Just a slave to my career"

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APRIL, 1939
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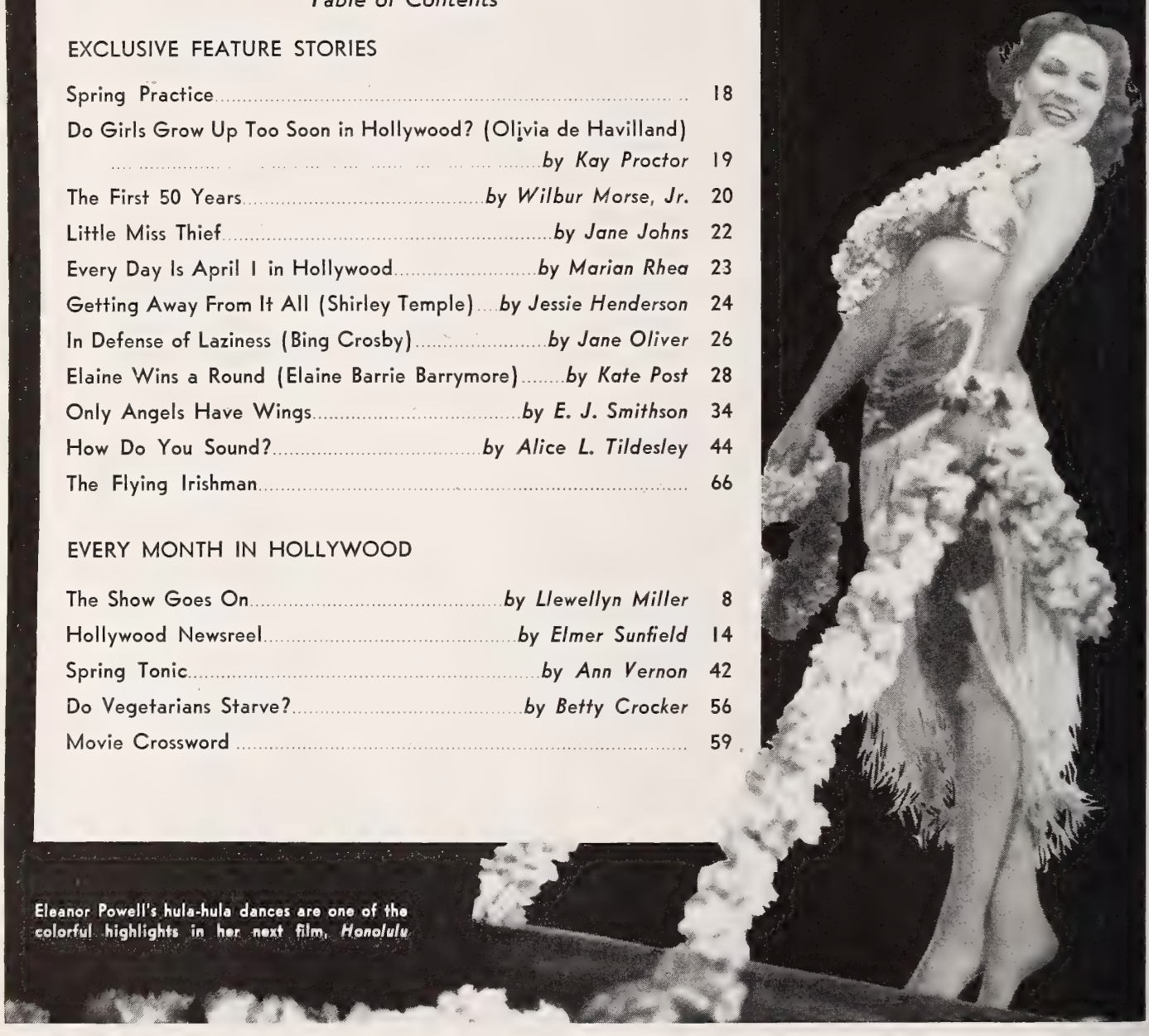
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Eleanor Powell's hula-hula dances are one of the colorful highlights in her next film, *Honolulu*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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Sparkling with Gaiety, Romance **Stars, Musical Thrills!**

ICE FOLLIES OF 1939

starring **JOAN CRAWFORD**

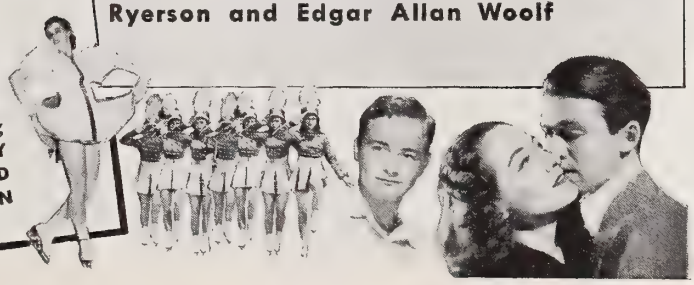
with **JAMES STEWART**

LEW AYRES • LEWIS STONE

An M-G-M Picture • Produced by Harry Rapf

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel • Screen Play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf

THE ICE BALLET in Technicolor is magnificent, featuring Skating Stars of the **INTERNATIONAL ICE FOLLIES** including **BESS ERHARDT, ROY** and **EDDIE SHIPSTAD** and **OSCAR JOHNSON**



The LION'S ROAR

In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (*advt.*)

★ ★ ★

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.



★ ★

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture *Pygmalion.*

★ ★

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

★ ★ ★

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, Salesman.

★ ★ ★

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action...

★ ★ ★

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring", plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

★ ★ ★

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us!

★ ★ ★

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box J, Culver City, Cal.

★ ★



Yes...Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".

★ ★ ★

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

★ ★ ★

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

—*Leo*

THE GAY, GIDDY GOINGS-ON INSIDE THE MOST

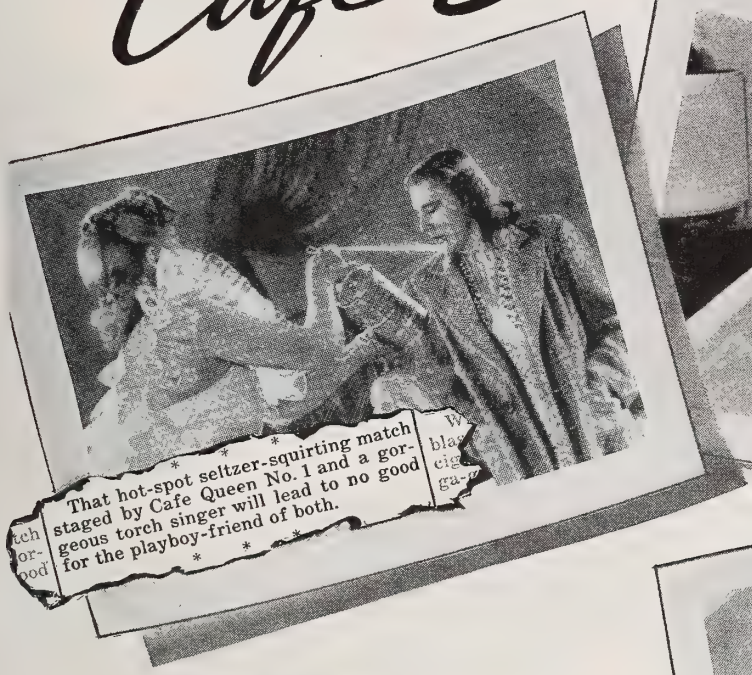




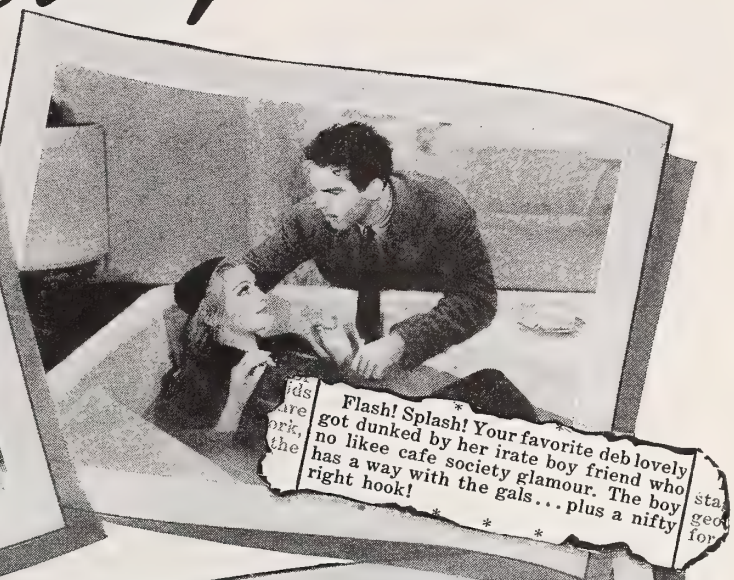
CAFE SOCIETY... America's spectacular, brilliant new "400." You've read about it and heard about it . . . now see it on the screen for the first time, in the romantic story of the queen of the debs who became the world's most famous kissless bride!

GLAMOROUS SOCIAL CIRCLE IN THE WORLD...

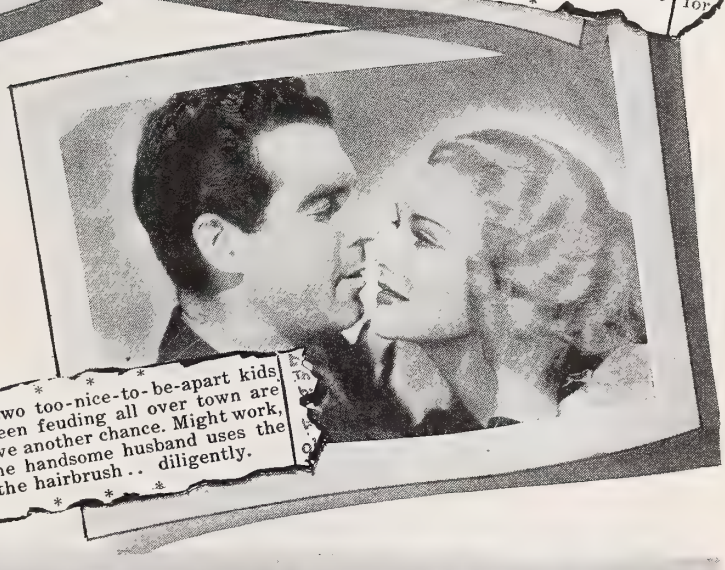
Cafe Society



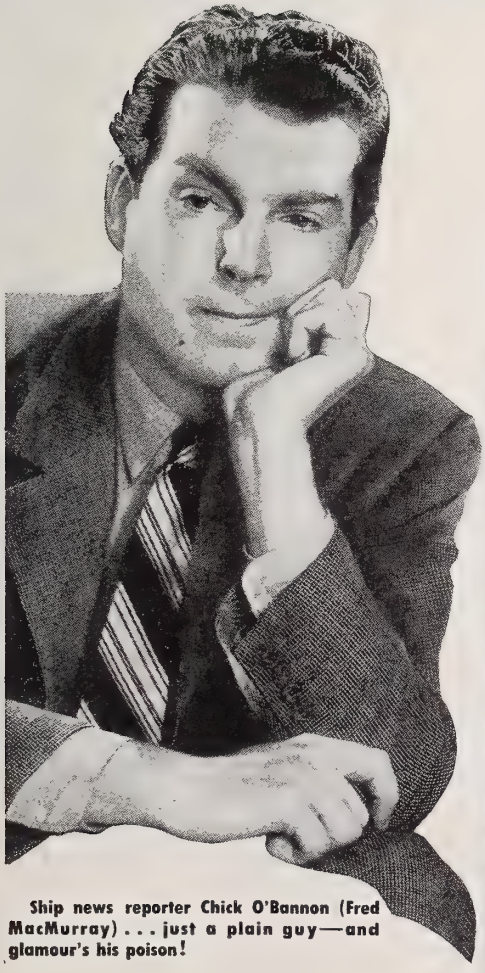
That hot-spot seltzer-squirting match staged by Cafe Queen No. 1 and a gorgeous torch singer will lead to no good for the playboy-friend of both.



Flash! Splash! Your favorite deb lovely got dunked by her irate boy friend who has a way with the gals... plus a nifty right hook!



Those two too-nice-to-be-apart kids who've been feuding all over town are giving love another chance. Might work, too, if the handsome husband uses the back of the hairbrush.. diligently.



Ship news reporter Chick O'Bannon (Fred MacMurray)... just a plain guy—and glamour's his poison!

Paramount Presents

"CAFE SOCIETY"

Starring

MADELEINE CARROLL

FRED MacMURRAY

SHIRLEY ROSS

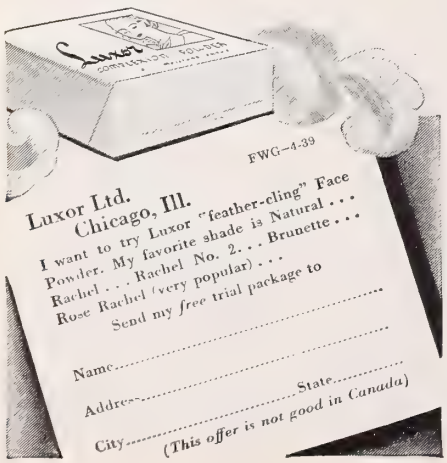
A Paramount Picture with CLAUDE GILLINGWATER · Directed by Edward H. Griffith · Original Story and Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp



"LUXOR
Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits lightly... stays on smoothly!

When a man's eyes search your face let them see a clear, vivid complexion without a trace of powdered look. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch that stays on smoothly all day. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that flatters without showing. In five smart shades 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.



THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



Piquant little Vivien Leigh, who will play Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*, poses with Olivia de Havilland, cast as Melanie in the same film. Production is under way on the long-delayed film

■ The two-year search for *Gone With the Wind's* "Scarlett" is ended. You would think that all of the excitement would be over. You would think that those people who have debated passionately the relative merits of nearly every Hollywood actress for the part during these two years would welcome *any* decision. You would think that the hurricane of speculation and argument would die away to an exhausted sigh of relief.

But arguing over Scarlett has become a habit, perhaps, because discussion still rages.

"Vivien Leigh is absolutely unknown in this country!" protest those who had chosen, in their own minds, Bette Davis or Miriam Hopkins or Katharine Hepburn or Norma Shearer or Paulette Goddard or dozens of others mentioned seriously at various times for the part.

They forget that David O. Selznick, producer, had declared from the start that he wanted an actress little known in this country for the part. They forgot that Selznick usually plans with a purpose, and usually carries that purpose through. Remember the long search for an unknown child star to play *David Copperfield?* Selznick insisted upon a face new to Hollywood, and the result was the establishment of a new star in Freddie Bartholomew. He tried the same formula in the casting of Tommy Kelly as *Tom Sawyer*, but with less dazzling success. However, he still is confident that there is nothing wrong with his principle of making stars overnight.

And, while Miss Leigh has been seen by comparatively few people in this country, she is an experienced actress, and capable of turning in a competent characterization. You may remember her as the college vamp with Robert Taylor in *A Yank at Oxford.*

You may have noticed her in *Fire over England* and *Storm in a Teacup,* British pictures released, but not very widely, in this country.

■ "Imagine casting an *English* girl as Scarlett!" continue the objections.

Think a minute. What could be sounder? Accents in Georgia are a heritage from English and French ancestors, in the great part. At the time of the Civil War, those accents were closer to the original than they are now. Scarlett, herself, was the daughter of a man born in Ireland, and it is likely that the faint coloring of Irish brogue which Vivien Leigh inherits from her mother is much closer to Scarlett's actual mode of speech than a phoney Hollywood Suthun-tawkin' act would be.

If you are going to worry about accents, waste no time on the casting of Olivia de Havilland as Melanie, or on Vivien Leigh

[*Continued on page* 10]



EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED TO PLAY THIS ROLE!

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in "Dark Victory." Not a "character" part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it's her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.

BETTE DAVIS in
"DARK VICTORY"
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.

LEARN FROM A BARBARIAN BEAU

and get tough with your teeth

His strong flashing teeth were a sure-fire attraction. And he kept them trim with tough, rough foods. Today's soft foods give our teeth too little to do. But here's a way to exercise them.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE

So many dentists say "Chew Dentyne" because its special firmness offers tough chewing—fine exercise for teeth. Dentyne also stimulates circulation of blood in the gums, improving their resistance to disease. And helps cleanse and brighten your teeth.

ITS TANGY FLAVOR TEMPTS YOUR TASTE

Spice, sugar... delicious. It tantalizes, satisfies. Like a whiff of mince pie in the making—or the luscious crumbs from a frosting kettle. Buy and try Dentyne. Its handy flat package is extra easy to slip into your purse or pocket.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

The Show Goes On

[*Continued from page 8*]

as Scarlett. Don't worry about Leslie Howard as Ashley.

Clark Gable is the man who needs the helpful thought waves, because his Pennsylvania Dutch is going to be much more of a problem than any English accent in the cast.

So you all quit arguing because it's all settled, and glance again at the picture on page 8 and see if you don't think Miss Leigh looks like Scarlett as you imagined her when you read "Gone With the Wind." There are the slanting green eyes, fringed with black lashes. Her hair really has a touch of red. Her waist really is sixteen inches around, when she laces as tight at Scarlett did. And we ought to give her a vote of thanks for putting an end to the argument over the part if for no other reason.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT—*M-G-M*

■ Outstanding among the films of the month, and of the year, for that matter, is *Idiot's Delight*. It has a touch of everything that 1939 audiences want, is brilliantly produced and adapted from the stage play, and, in addition, has a performance which tops anything Clark Gable has done before.

He plays Harry Van, who quit the vaudeville circuits only long enough to win the war, and then went back to hoofing for a living. There was nothing glamorous about the show business to Van. It was a pretty grim affair for the next few years, and his jobs as chorus boy, pitchman, straight man, single, book agent and medicine show barker were punctuated by "At Liberty" notices that appeared with depressing frequency in theatrical trade-papers.

It was when he was front-man for a mind reading act that he met Irene (Norma Shearer), an ambitious trapeze performer.

Irene fell hard for the dashing stooge. She put on her very best act for him, and told him how she had escaped from the Soviets with only a handful of jewels, how those had disappeared along with her noble family, how she longed to make a real place in the world for herself by becoming part of a mind-reading act. Irene had told the story so many times that she almost believed it herself. But no one else did, because she had not thought to learn the proper pronunciation of all of the foreign words she scattered with such careless ease through her confidences.

But she was a different experience for cynical hard-boiled Harry, and he said "Good-bye" to her the next morning with a tenderness that surprised him.

Years later, when they met again in Europe, he did not know whether to say "Hello" to her or not. Van was traveling with six blonde specialty dancers, playing the night clubs, when a threat of war closed a border, and detained them in a mountain resort hotel. To the same hotel came a great research doctor (Charles Coburn), a passionate pacifist (Burgess Meredith), a pair of young honeymooners (Pat Paterson and Peter Willes), a powerful armament maker (Edward Arnold) and his companion, a spectacular blonde who spoke at great length in an elaborate



Hilarious comedy highlight in *Idiot's Delight* is the vaudeville routine that Clark Gable does with six lively blondes, and a very good number, too, because Gable proves that he's got rhythm

Russian accent about her escape from the Soviets.

The story was a little more elaborate than when Harry Van had heard it first in an all-night sandwich-stand in Omaha, but he recognized it. However, it took an air raid and many other happenings to make Irene admit that she ever had been in the Middle West.

Besides being a great play, the picture has some of the most hilariously comic scenes you'll see in a long while, and anyone who is your true friend will urge you to catch Clark Gable's dance routines, because they alone are worth the price of admission.

GUNGA DIN—*RKO-Radio*

■ Three of the Tommys, made famous by Rudyard Kipling in his tales of Indian life, come to vivid life in this picture in the persons of Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. They are backed up by literally thousands of extras playing British soldiers, Scottish troops and natives. And by Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din. Din gets a little crowded out of the action at times, but he is there enough to sustain the title, and to make the quotation from the famous poem, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din," seem a suitable ending for two hours of almost continuous uproar.

Dissension starts among the three friends when Ballantine (Fairbanks) decides to leave the army when his time is up and marry one Emmy (Joan Fontaine). Such a course of action is shocking to MacChesney (McLaglen) and Cutter (Grant). They argue. They scoff. They reason without avail. So they are driven to trickery.

The trickery lies in arranging it so that Ballantine's replacement is taken violently ill after drinking some punch personally prepared by the thoughtful pair. Ballantine, suspicious but determined on his own way, starts out with them on a dangerous mission, declaring that he is going to turn around promptly the minute his time is up, no matter what is going on. Of course he does not do so, because they walk right into the middle of a battle with natives, and discover that the Thugs are at work again. The Thugs are a murder sect, devoted to freeing India from British rule, and are not to be laughed off as the three companions discover after they are trapped in a temple.

That is a tense scene, from the beginning of the grim secret ceremony to the fight between thousands of massed foot soldiers and cavalry.

This is one of the bigger pictures, so, if you are seeing only a few, put it on the must list.

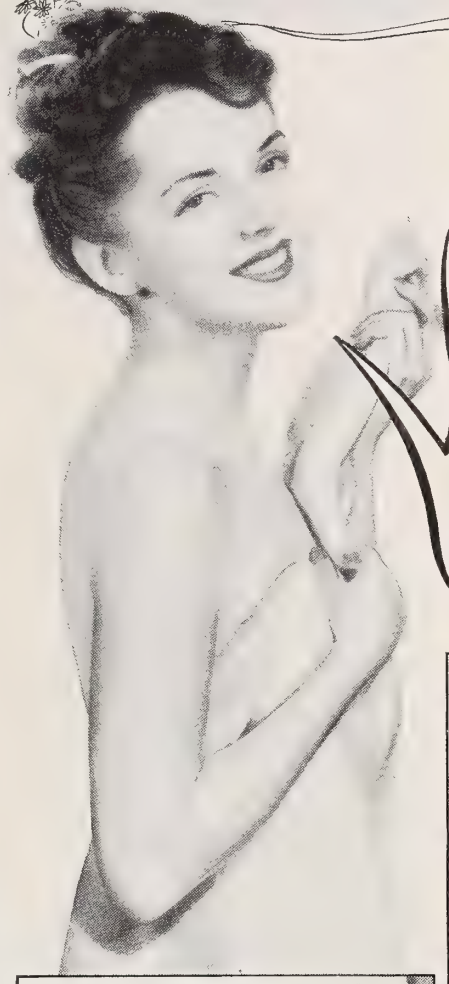
JESSE JAMES—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

■ History marches on, with almost a waltz step in this film, so busy is it evading anything that might make Jesse James seem an unpleasant character.

Let us go on record at the very first that this is a most absorbing story, given great interest by colorful acting and by fine Technicolor. That leaves us free to de-

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet



THIS MIGHT BE YOUR NIGHT!

SO, BEFORE THAT DATE, BE SURE TO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!







Cashmere Bouquet

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THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

MEN *turn and look...*



There's nothing like a youthful fragrance to lend you charm and attractiveness. That's why so many popular women everywhere, use April Showers Talc. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. For this fine, imported talc is scented with Cheramy's famous "perfume of youth".

CHERAMY

April Showers

The Perfume of Youth



Talc

28c

Also, April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff 85c

vote the rest of this comment to a certain amazement without making the film seem worthless or absurd, because it is neither.

Jesse James was a pretty bad man, and not the stuff of which film heroes are made, according to the impression that most of us have gained from history books. Not so in the film. Slender, sensitive, intense Tyrone Power seems rather a victim of injustice in the role, and, since the later events of James' life are treated rather more hastily than the earlier ones, he emerges as a gentle, loving desperado rather than as the man who had dozens of killings to his record before he was betrayed by one of his own men, and ignominiously killed.

There is much absorbing action in the film and excellent performances are turned in by Nancy Kelly as James' true love, by Randolph Scott as the square-shooting sheriff, Henry Fonda as the fearless younger James boy, Brian Donlevy as the land-shark, Slim Summerville as the backwoods jailer who is scared stiff because he knows that "the James boys is moughty determined," by J. Edward Bromberg as a pioneer frame-up artist, by John Carradine as the foxy traitor, Donald Meek as the flustered little railroad magnate, Jane Darwell as Mrs. James and dozens of others.

I am one who views with alarm too much tinkering with historical facts, too much white-washing of the characters of men who have left the record of their deeds behind them. And I would gladly settle for exactly the same story under other title because it is a good movie. But while it's a rousing yarn, well done, one suspects that it is not the real and full story of the James boys.

AMBUSH—*Paramount*

■ There is a deadly little bank-robber (Ernest Truex) who hides behind a mild manner and carries a loaded umbrella; there is the big-dumb gangster (Broderick Crawford); there is the weakling brother (William Henry) and the upright sister (Gladys Swarthout) who wants him to give himself up; there is the noble fearless truck-driver who braves death to save the girl.

It sounds like a routine story, and it is, but there is above average acting in it, and enough new angles to the chases to make it rather more interesting than others in the same class.

Ernest Truex is particularly full of convincing menace in a nice quiet way, which seems to be the new trend in bank-robbers on the screen.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—*Universal*

■ The last time we saw Frankenstein's monster (Boris Karloff) several years ago, he was blotted out with a good deal of finality for the second time, and many heads were shaken sadly at such ruthlessness on the part of Universal. But those were inexperienced people of little faith. If the monster could be revived once, he could be revived again, and surely enough, he is back on the screen in the same attractive black and white make-up, with the rivets still through his neck, and the same engaging habit of murdering people by the dozens.

The main trouble with *The Son of Frankenstein* as a horror film is that time has softened that first horrified reaction to the monster. To know is to understand, and to understand is to love him, and more than a few of us cherish the pretty thought that if WE met the good old lonesome monster out on the dark moors at night, it would be a simple matter to win him over with a few kind words and maybe a pat on the head.

It is a clear case of the triumph of charm over circumstance, because the studio certainly has employed every resourceful horror dodge in the list to make this film a shocker.

Castle Frankenstein lay black and deserted for twenty-five years, guarded only by the half-mad shepherd, Ygor (Bela Lugosi), until Frankenstein's son (Basil Rathbone) returned with his wife (Josephine Hutchinson), their little boy (Donnie Dunagan) and his assistant (Edgar Norton).

Inspector Krogh (Lionel Atwill) warns that the village hates the name, fears the family, and that there may be trouble.

Frankenstein laughs at his fears, scoffs at his hints of something evil still at large in the castle. But he changes his mind when he discovers the monster in the ruins of his father's workshop. The monster is in a coma. Frankenstein, fired by scientific zeal, revives him by sending an enormous voltage of electricity through his body. Then Ygor takes over, and sends the monster out to kill the jurors who had sentenced him to hang years before.

My, my, it's like old times when the monster goes stamping in those heavy shoes over the crags and through the mists and in and out of secret panels.

They get him in the end, of course, but this time think nothing of it. The little boy comes through safely, and I see no reason to doubt that before too long we shall be seeing the adventures of the monster with the son of Frankenstein's son.

TRADE WINDS—*United Artists*

■ First Tay Garnett got a fine big boat, a crew of sailors and technicians, and went sailing across the Pacific, stopping for background shots at Honolulu, Kobe, Shanghai, Saigon, Singapore, Ceylon, Bombay and the Laccadive Islands. Then he came home and thought up a story that could be fitted into all of those backgrounds.

Certain captious people have complained that they didn't get enough of either the background or the story, but I am not among them. The story isn't very sensible but it is a lot of fun. The backgrounds all look pretty much like good old Hollywood stock shots, but I am unselfishly glad that Mr. Garnett had such a nice trip, and I hope he takes another if he can think up another equally amusing film when he gets back.

It seems that a nice girl named Kay (Joan Bennett) thought she had killed

a man. So she drove her car into San Francisco bay. The next we see of her, she is pawning a ring in Honolulu. Travel is made so very simple these days. In due time (the very next scene, in fact), the San Francisco police get the ring, and set Detective Wye (Fredric March) on the trail. Detective Wye is a fatal man with women, and his secretary (Ann Sothern) does not care to let him out of her sight. She also is spurred on by a huge reward offered for the capture of Kay.

The Orient is a big place, but our friends meet each other almost immediately, Kay has dyed her blonde hair a most becoming black, so she is not recognized for quite a while.

March has a happily comic part as the philandering Mr. Wye. Ralph Bellamy has brilliant lines and does well by them as a solemn, earnest, pompous detective, and Ann Sothern is fine as the tough, pretentious secretary.

You'll have a lot of fun, if you don't insist on logic in plots.

STAND UP AND FIGHT—*M-G-M*

■ Disgruntled prize fight enthusiasts who have become a little tired of buying tickets for battles that end in one or two rounds should enjoy this film, for Robert Taylor slugs his way tirelessly through the whole eight reels.

The story deals with dashing young Blake Cantrell, flower of the old South, suh, who lost his plantation shortly before the Civil War and went west to seek his fortune. Before he went, he insulted Susan (Florence Rice) by offering her love but not marriage. That complicated matters somewhat when he discovered that she and her aunt (Helen Broderick) were the owners of a stage-coach line which was in dual difficulties. The coach line was putting up a grim battle against the wood-burning steam-cars which were pushing their rails westward. It also had fallen under suspicion because of the activities of Boss Starkey (Wallace Beery). The Boss was a tough customer and he was tangled up with a lot of bad men who were running slaves into free territory and then kidnaping them and selling them back into the South. It was a profitable, if dishonest, trade, and the Boss was furious when proud young Cantrell began to ask too many questions. So they fight on the street, and they fight in a bar-room. They fight in the woods and in jail and all over the place. In between times, Cantrell fights other people.

The background is fascinating, but no one could blame a fight fan if he yelled "fake" toward the end. Wallace Beery makes the Boss a quite undesirable citizen, whose activities include murder, thievery, double-dealing, and swindling to the bitter end. And yet all of the noble, proud, upright, honorable people of the cast smile at him kindly and set him up in a business where he will have plenty of opportunity to continue in his bad ways. It is all mighty phoney, and if I were a fight fan I would think that it was a set-up for a return grudge match.

PARIS HONEYMOON—*Paramount*

■ This film rocks the reason of the movie goer who thought he knew all of the answers. This film shatters one of the oldest tradition of movie dramatics. From now on, anything can happen.

Everyone knows that when there is one hero and two heroines, that one of the girls has to be brunette and a secret meanie, while the real heroine is true-blue and a blonde. Occasionally they have slipped over a fast one on us, and made the real heroine a brunette, just for the sake of surprise. But it is unthinkable that BOTH should be blondes. It is very unsettling.

Lucky (Bing Crosby) is engaged at the start of the story to a perfectly nice, charming, well-behaved, pretty blonde (Shirley Ross). Then he goes to a castle somewhere in the south of Europe and there he meets another blonde (Franciska Gaal) all done up in peasant clothes. She wins his heart by breaking his most expensive vases, upsetting his plans, getting in his way, and so, of course, he marries her and it all seems very hard to follow.

Bing Crosby sings quite a number of

[*Continued on page* 54]



"To look your Loveliest you must have Lovely Skin!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay's the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my *skin to look so radiantly fresh."*

(*Signed*) PATRICIA RYAN

January 3, 1939 (*Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.*)

THERE'S a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm *you* ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so *many* happy brides, says, "Use Camay!"

You'll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they've never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses *thoroughly,* and yet it's wonderfully *mild!*

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion *and* bath. It's so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out *all-over* loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MILLIONS
used by women everywhere . . . this Modern Method of
Feminine Hygiene



Zonitors Are Greaseless Easy to Use . . . Dainty Snow-White • Antiseptic

PERHAPS you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 *individual* glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

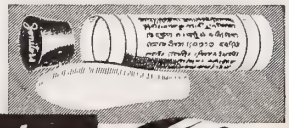
Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3417, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE *A Zonite Product*



HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Janet Gaynor's boy friend, Adrian, the M-G-M fashion expert, hands out this 1939 advice to girls who want to be fashionable: Don't wear washerwomen hair styles, tricky masquerade-like hats, clanking jewelery, angora sweaters that shed, strapless evening gowns that a slight sneeze could ruin, slacks for women weighing more than one hundred and thirty pounds, finger nails like claws, mink coats if you are short, fancy shoes during the daytime, and fake eye lashes on the street.

■ Peter Lorre has the most remarkable colored chap in Hollywood as a chauffeur. Goes by the name of George Daniels. Right now he's busier than a bird taking flying lessons claiming that the time is soon coming when chauffeurs will need pilot's licenses to get jobs. Not only is George taking flying lessons but he's likewise acting as a professor in the School for Valets he recently organized.

■ When little Jane Withers reached Hartford on her personal appearance tour she was quite convinced that the theatre, seating 4,600 people, would never be filled when she strutted her stuff and she was worried. But she needn't have been. The two-a-day house played five-a-day while she was there and had the cash customers stringing out a block long fighting for tickets.

■ Revising an old proverb—Children should be seen AND heard! At least on the screen. Proof? Well, Shirley Temple, 20th Century-Fox's best bet, again won first place as the biggest money-making star of 1938 so far as pulling 'em into the theatres is concerned. Fourth from the top comes Mickey Rooney, M-G-M young man of the movies, and eighth is Jane Withers, 20th Century-Fox moppet. Clark Gable grabbed second place and (and this may surprise you) Sonja (Ice Queen) Henie was third. Spencer Tracy won fifth place; Bob Taylor, sixth; Myrna Loy, seventh; Jane Withers, eighth; Alice Faye, (in the charmed circle for the first time) ninth; and Tyrone Power, tenth.

■ Arthur Treacher, who is just about the safest 'touch' in Hollywood when it comes to dishing up a piece of folding money to hardluck guys, was finally put on a $35 a week allowance by his business manager who saw to it that the word was passed along to the trades-people in the valley that they were not to let Arthur buy anything on the cuff—and they didn't either, much to Arthur's disgust. Last week he thought it would be a swell idea to buy a young sycamore tree and plant it on the front lawn of his new home. He talked to his gardener, Bill Freuling, about it.

"Nothing doing," said Bill emphatically.



Believe it or not, the gentleman in skirts is Kenny Baker, playing Nanky-Poo in the color film of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, *The Mikado*. Others shown are Jean Colin as Yum-Yum, Elizabeth Paynter as Pitti-Sing, Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah, and Martyn Green as Ko-Ko

"You've already spent your $35 and you're not going to buy anything on tick. That's the rule. Next week, maybe, but not now, Mr. Treacher."

Mr. Treacher fussed and fumed and swore and finally gave in. He came back the next day and renewed hostilities with Bill who was still adamant. This time, however, Arthur had his way. Seems a hardluck guy had come by the night before and paid up a loan. Arthur opened his purse, showed Bill the money—and Bill bought and planted the tree.

■ Leave it to Irene Dunne to do something nice without being asked. During the shooting of *Love Affair* at RKO, a sequence toward the close of the picture called for a number of pieces of playground equipment—swings, teeter-totters, slides and so on. When the sequence was okayed by Leo McCarey, the director, Irene laid cash on the line for the purchase of the equipment and sent it to a Los Angeles orphanage. A couple of handclaps and a dozen orchids goes to Irene for her thoughtfulness.

■ Glenda Farrell is getting somewhat tired of her job as mayor of North Hollywood. Added to the many squawks she's been getting these days, was the deluge of complaints that filled her dainty ears when the lights went out in the district. Out of the two hundred calls that came in, was one from a man who said the transformer near his home had burned out. And Glenda, who confesses she doesn't know an ohm from a watt, said she just had a transformation the day before and didn't need another hairdo!

■ It cost Richard Dix exactly $150 to spend one night at his Malibu mountain ranch recently!



The irrepressible Carole Lombard clowns for the benefit of the sound engineer while Cary Grant waits his turn at the microphone

Before leaving for location with the *Man of Conquest* company—he's starring in this Republic picture—he went up to his 160-acre ranch to see if any damage had been caused by the recent rains.

Everything was in good shape, and Dix decided to spend the night in the ranch house which he keeps heavily boarded during his absence. But, unfortunately, he had failed to bring the key to the door, and all of the windows were firmly barred and boarded.

Determined to sleep inside the house that night or bust, Richard got himself a long heavy crowbar and went to work on the front door—and with such good effect that the carpenter sent him a bill for $150 for repairs a few days later. Which makes it about the most expensive rate for a night's lodging we've heard of this year.

■ Walter Winchell took picks on us during one of his recent Sunday night broadcasts and our face is STILL red. Maybe, just to keep him and others from checking up on us too closely we'd better write our copy in the following manner:

Mr. Kebelsky's boy, Benny, bought himself a new home in the highhat district of Beverly Hills and has it furnished with the very best yet. We suggest, however, that his wife, the former Sadie Marx, rub off the $100 a piece price tags that we saw on a case of goblets. The neighbors might get jealous.

It will please Hollywood Magazine readers to know that Darryl Zanuck,



A girl that men forgot, suddenly became one they remembered. How come?

The answer is easy: She recognized in herself the handicap of many girls, and determined to overcome it.

Nothing scares people away like halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, you are almost certain to have it at some time or other, because of modern habits.

How's *your* breath?

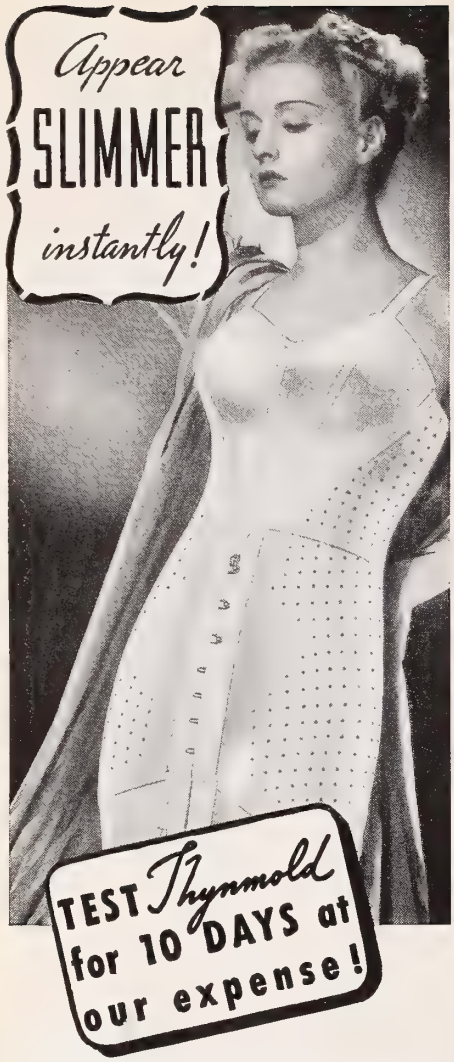
Why run the needless risk of offending? It's so easy to guard against halitosis when you use Listerine Antiseptic, the deodorant that is the standby of millions for correcting bad breath.

Listerine Antiseptic attacks food fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. The mouth feels delightfully fresh, and the breath is sweet, pure, and wholesome.

Never be without Listerine Antiseptic. Use it morning and night and before appointments.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri





WOULD you like to wear dresses sizes smaller? That is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself! That is why we want you to test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

MADE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

Your comfort is assured because Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, perforated to help body moisture evaporate. The soft, silky inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear. The special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size while the overlapping Brassiere gives firm support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

MAKE THE AMAZING SILHOUETTE TEST!

Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat... the rib rolls... the thickness of waist... the width of hips.



Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! The outline of your new figure is not only smaller but all the bumps and bulges have been smoothed out instantly.



Wear THYNMOLD for 10 days . . . if you are not delighted . . . if it does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing!

Send today for FREE Folder!

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 134, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send, in plain envelope, illustrated folder describing Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere, sample of material and details of 10-day Trial.

Name.....

Address.....

bossman of 20th Century-Fox, has decided to give Alfred Morris' wife, Alice Walpert, the top spot in another triple-A picture after she has finished *Rose of Washington Square.*

That loud splashing you hear daily in the 600 block on Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, can be credited to young and winsome Judy Gumm who is trying her durndest to become acquainted with all the best dives in the Swimbook.

Young Mickey Yule is no fule! The stories going around crediting him with having a valet, a string of race horses, and a prize-fighter is just so much publicity bunk he says, and not of his own manufacture, either.

The tall and handsome son of Edouard Hesselburg is sick abed with the miseries according to the Columbia Studios publicity officers.

Looks like Fred Austerlitz will go it alone from now on, having failed to sign a contract with RKO. Maybe by the time you read this he'll have his name on the dotted line.

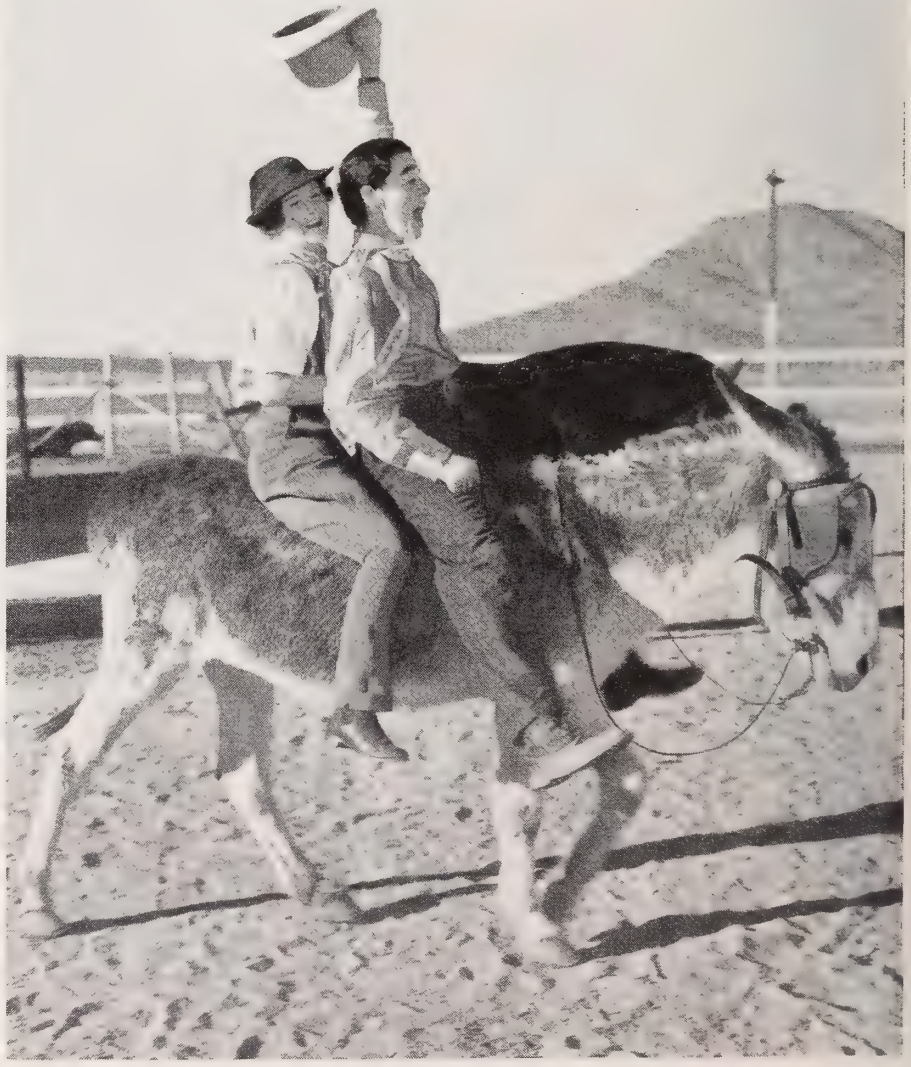
Jane Peters, much against her will, refuses to pose for 'gag' pictures. The other day she wouldn't hold still long enough to pose with one of those "sweet potato" instruments to her mouth. "They're trying to remake me into a glamous girl," she said, "and I've got to obey orders. All funny stuff is OUT from now on."

Emmanuel Goldenberg who is more than slightly superstitious sent a rabbit's foot to all of his friends when Friday, the 13th, bobbed up in the month of January.

Joe Pinter, Muni Weisenfreud, Nate Blumgold, and Asa Yoelson held a get-together at the Vine Street Brown Derby. It's to be a monthly affair says Nate who forgot to pick up the check that Joe shoved toward him. Charley Sullivan and Arlington Brugh have been elected as members.

If you want to know the real names of these reel people here they are!

Mr. Kebelsky's boy—Jack Benny
Sadie Marx—Mary Livingston
Alfred Morris—Tony Martin
Alice Walpert—Alice Faye
Judy Gumm—Judy Garland
Mickey Yule—Mickey Rooney



It's an active life . . . being Freddie Bartholomew's aunt and guardian. Here is how they spent part of a vacation on a ranch near Victorville

Edouard Hesselberg's son—Melvyn Douglas
Fred Austerlitz—Fred Astaire
Jane Peters—Carole Lombard
Emmanuel Goldenburg—Edward G. Robinson
Joe Pinter—Joe Penner
Muni Weisenfreud—Paul Muni
Nate Blumgold—George Burns
Asa Yoelson—Al Jolson
Charley Sullivan—Fred Allan
Arlington Brugh—Robert Taylor.

■ Nice to know that Charlie Farrell is coming along. Got himself a featured role the other day in Paramount's *Knights of the Round Table.*

■ A long time ago, Bill Gargan used to peddle neckties to his fellow players on Broadway. This was in the lean and hungry days. Now, with good sized paychecks coming in regularly, Bill gets another taste of the necktie business. His great uncle, Elijah William Gargan, eighty-eight years old, wrote Bill the other day asking him to quit the movies and come back home and go to work in HIS necktie factory as president! Wouldn't that tie you, though?

■ You can't keep an old lady down! Seventy-four-year-old May Robson recently signed a contract with Warner Brothers calling for her to make three pictures a year.

Congratulations to the Gulf Oil Company for being smart enough to assume the sponsorship of the Screen Guild Show even if it does cost them $10,000 per week, and congratulations to the Screen Actors' Guild for its worthy effort to help its needy people. Actors for years have been giving benefits for scores of worthwhile causes other than their own. Now it's pleasant to report that they're working

[*Continued on page* 54]



Evidently Ely Culbertson has dealt the perfect bridge hand that we have heard so much about to John Barrymore. Elaine Barrie's is merely discouraging. Mr. Culbertson was signed as the technical director on the bridge-playing sequence in Paramount's picture, *Midnight*





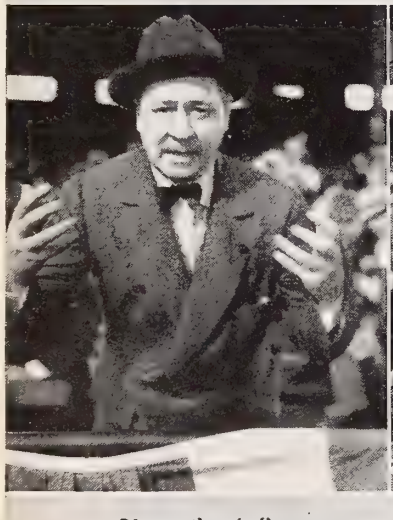


Dizzy Bob, the Babe of Swat in action

"Unaccustomed as I am . . ."

Spring Practice

Ball players are going south for spring practice, and athletic Robert Benchley sees no reason why he should not get into shape for tossing out the first ball. Someone *might* ask him after seeing his short film *Ball Game Today*



Gimme that ball



I'll throw it *through* the fence



Is this the ball?



Seems smaller than usual

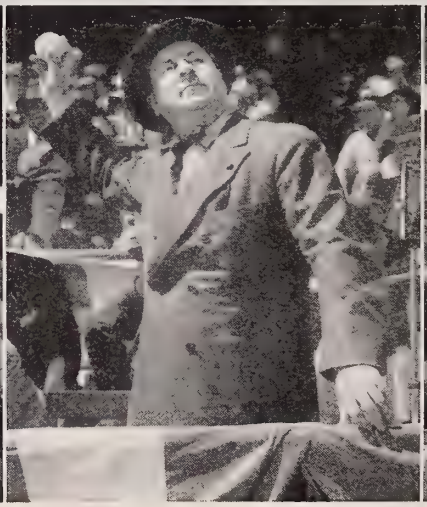
The old Basketball technic



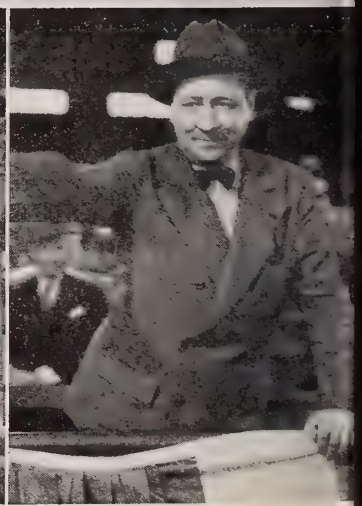
The wind-up



The man of the hour



The season's open!



Do Girls Grow Up Too Soon In Hollywood?

Olivia de Havilland is only twenty-two years old, but she is a star in her own right, manages a salary that runs into four figures every week, counts the world's great among her friends, and has startling things to say of youth in Hollywood

By KAY PROCTOR



Olivia de Havilland goes straight from the rough drama of the early west, *Dodge City*, to the equally exciting atmosphere of *Gone With the Wind* in which she plays the gentle Melanie

■ "Hollywood is more than generous to the young people it favors. It lavishes riches, fame, and excitement upon them. But—it levies one lasting penalty in exchange . . . it makes them grow up too soon."

Olivia de Havilland speaking . . . Olivia who is twenty-two, and by her own admission one of the luckiest girls in the world; Olivia who is as sweet as she is lovely, and, by the grace of Hollywood and Warner Brothers, a full-fledged motion picture star; Olivia who has the poise, assurance, and outlook upon life of a girl at least ten years her senior.

Those ten years are the price she has paid for stardom.

None is quicker to admit the abundance of Hollywood's generosity to the slim, dark-eyed girl than Livvy herself. And certainly none is more grateful.

"I'm living in a glorious dream come true," she expressed it. "Already I have what thousands of other girls covet all their lives but never get. I'm not forgetting that."

Livvy's success *is* like a dream come true. Four years ago she was an unknown high school girl, living with her family in a modest house in Saratoga, a California town of eight hundred population some miles south of San Francisco. Today her name is spelled in lights for the world to see. She is an envied member of Hollywood's inner circle of the favored few. Barely out of her teens, she is an important personage.

It was luck that rode with her at first. Spotted by a Reinhardt talent scout when she was playing *Puck* in a community production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, she was urged [*Continued on page* 51]



The first clinch! May Irwin and John C. Rice astonished the world with it. in 1896, and set a movie fashion



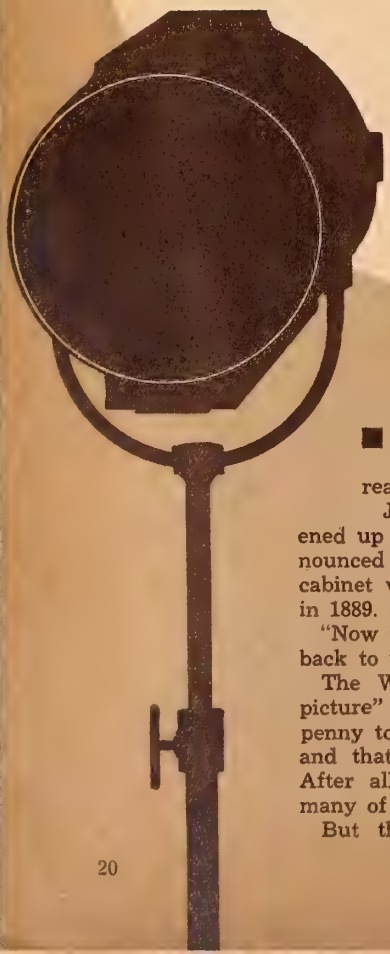
The first film with a plot was *The Great Train Robbery*, and it made audiences scream in 1903



Pearl White, the greatest of the serial queens, cheated terrible death in one sensational reel every week, circa 1910

The First 50 Years

Just half a century ago, moving pictures were invented. Vast strides have been made in the art and industry in the first 50 years, and the story is one of the most colorful Hollywood Magazine has printed



By
WILBUR MORSE, JR.

Pictures across the top of these pages supplied by courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art Film Library

■ "That's it. We've got it!"

Just exactly fifty years ago, the motion picture became a reality.

Just exactly fifty years ago, Thomas Alva Edison straightened up from a workbench in his West Orange laboratory and announced himself content with his Kinetoscope, the cumbersome cabinet which served as a bassinet for the baby art at its birth in 1889.

"Now we can forget it," added Edison and turned his attention back to the phonograph.

The Wizard of Menlo Park was convinced that his "living picture" peep show was merely an amusing toy, a novelty catch-penny to put alongside his music-box in the amusement arcades, and that danger lay in too wide distribution of the machines. After all, the fickle public might weary quickly if it saw too many of these pictures that moved!

But the public could not see enough. Long lines of eager patrons waited to drop their pennies in a slot and stand for a few seconds, eyes glued to the peep hole, to watch "the living pictures," little fifty foot gems of such compelling drama as a man sneezing, a baby taking a bath, a snatch of a dance, a round of a prize fight.

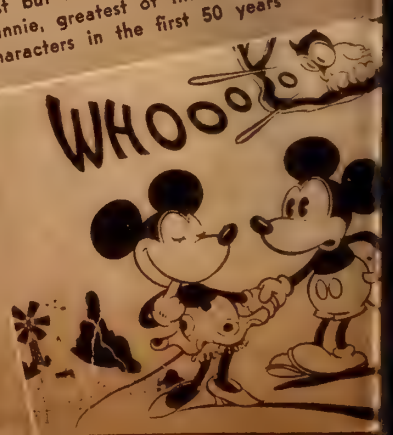
New York theatre-goers just then were being treated to what the worthy citizens regarded as quite a racy comedy called *The Widow Jones*, which had as its high moment a prolonged kiss between the principals, May Irwin, an actress of ample proportions, and John C. Rice, whose sweeping moustache was as long and romantic as his osculation.

This epic embrace was filmed in fifty throbbing feet and went out over the country under the title of *The May Irwin-John Rice Kiss* to be met by popular acclaim—and the first challenging voice of censorship from a few frock-coated guardians of the public morals who disapproved of fifty feet of amorous adhesion. Incidentally, to this day no one has definitely determined how many feet long a kiss may be and still remain a proper salutation.

Among the other early actors to pose before Edison's camera were "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, then heavyweight champion of the world; Sandow, the strong man; Buffalo Bill, Carmencita, a dancer of current popularity and Annabelle Moore, the reigning favorite of the New York music halls.

In no time, the movies were crying for release from the side-show cabinets. Commercial-minded peep show pro-

Last but not least, Mickey and Minnie, greatest of the cartoon characters in the first 50 years





D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, 1915, was the first great spectacle employing long shots of thousands of massed extras



Mary Pickford, first great star, shown with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.



William S. Hart, one of the first western stars, with Bessie Love

prietors saw the advantage of projecting the pictures on a screen which might be viewed by a whole roomful of people at one time. Several projection machines were perfected and in April of 1896 the motion picture was given its first theatre showing in Koster and Bial's Music Hall on Broadway in New York City.

By the turn of the century the movies were ready for another lengthy stride forward in technique. It came in 1903 with the first attempt at story telling in pictures, *The Great Train Robbery*, eight hundred feet of thrilling action tracing a simple narrative of a train holdup, a pursuit, a rendezvous in a dance hall and an escape.

The Great Train Robbery was a sensation. Immediately other story pictures followed: *The Great Bank Robbery, Raffles—The Amateur Cracksman, Trapped by Bloodhounds, or A Lynching at Cripple Creek,* celluloid blood-curdlers all. They brought the movies abreast the dime novel in popular appeal.

Thousands of store shows and small theatres sprung up throughout the country as the movies attracted an ever growing interest. The demand was for film and more film and by 1907 production had spread from Edison's studio to several other companies, among them Biograph, housed in an old brown stone mansion at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York, a nursery from which were graduated many of the most

[*Continued on page* 60]



Valentino, greatest of the matinee idols, with Vilma Banky in *Son of the Shiek*



There was nothing subtle about fatal allure when Theda Bara, first great vamp, starred in *Camille*

Picture courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox



Mack Swain and Gloria Swanson, backed up by the Sennett Bathing Beauties in the hey-day of shorts

Al Jolson in the film that started all the talk, *The Singing Fool*



Lon Chaney, greatest of the horror boys, in make-up for *The Phantom of the Opera*





Charlie Chaplin, greatest comedian of them all, in *Shoulder Arms*



Little Miss Thief

If she were stealing anything else but scenes, they would have her in jail because she is a chronic thief!

By JANE JOHNS



Virginia Weidler, 59 pounds of menace to the peace of mind of grown-ups who play scenes with her

■ "Look out for that dame! She's dynamite!"

That's the warning you hear all around Hollywood these days about a certain young actress. Established stars and ambitious featured players alike are fighting shy of her and a mighty groan goes up when word gets out that she has been cast in their new pictures. She's a one-woman plague that's mowing down the big-shots, one, two, three. She's plain poison, take it or leave it.

The "dame" has a funny pert little face and wide, hazel-brown eyes that alternately deceive you with their guileless innocence and bedevil you with their promise of ingenious mischief. She has smooth, dark brown hair, weighs fifty-nine pounds, and stands four feet five and a half in her tiny stockinged feet. She is pig-tailed Virginia Weidler and she's eleven years old!

Hollywood's beef against Virginia is nothing personal, you understand. Everyone admits she's a sweet little tike, lovable as they come, and smart as a whip. It's just that gosh-darned habit of hers of stealing every scene from her elders and supposedly betters! Stealing them from such veteran scene stealers as the great John Barrymore, the proficient Mickey Rooney, the suave Warren William, and the dashing Gary Cooper, to mention but a few. And that's rank heresy in this man's town!

Nonetheless, this diminutive triple-threat sails blithely along, doing scenes, as she says, "the way they seem easiest and most natural." As result, producers, directors and movie fans are doing handsprings of unadulterated joy. They certainly are happy about the whole thing, even if her worried fellow actors are muttering in their beards.

Right now she's busy with new thievery at Columbia where she is playing Warren William's daughter in the newest of *The Lone Wolf* series, and her unbounded delight, the "detekativ" who solves the mystery. She gets to carry a gun (oh, well, what if it is a toy pistol) and everything.

Before that she made bumptious young Rooney look like a dirty deuce in a wet deck as the hard ridin', straight shootin' young terror of the dude ranch in *Out West with the Hardys*. Believe you Hollywood, you've got to have plenty on the ball to take anything away from Mickey these days. And as warmer-uppers, she walked away with *The Great Man Votes* from under John Barrymore's classic nose, and with the first half of *Men with Wings*.

Not bad for an eleven-year-old. Not bad at all!

■ As a matter of record, Virginia stole her first scene when she was only two years old. Unfortunately it never reached the screen. "They kicked me out," she explains. But the cast and crew of *Moby Dick* will never forget it. The script called for the baby to do certain scenes minus panties. The Weidler dignity hit the ceiling. Under no circumstances, she made it plain, would she permit the world a glimpse of her little bare behind, two years old or no two years old. Wisely, Mrs. Weidler did not force the issue, even though it meant sacrificing a fine part and financial help at the time the family budget was distressingly low.

Credit for half of her remarkable screen success deservedly goes to Virginia. She has an amazing sense of timing, almost a sixth sense in understanding the mood of a scene, and a facile command of emotion. Actually she doesn't need such tricks as the business in *Mother Carey's Chickens* of wearing her shoes on the wrong feet on alternate days so the heels would stay straight, although naturally they add to her scenes. As Warren William pointed out, she is a legitimate workman in every way. No mugging, no antics, no "up-staging."

"She has talent and one of those electric personalities that can break through anything," he said. "It's an unbeatable combination."

Credit for the other half of her success, I think, belongs to the rather plain, unassuming woman who is her mother, Margaret Weidler, ex-German grand opera star. From the beginning she has used love, understanding and wisdom in guiding her young [*Continued on page* 39]

Every Day Is APRIL 1 in Hollywood

The gayest gags are not saved for one day in the year only. Here are some of the April 1 stunts that have been played during the whole year

By MARIAN RHEA

■ Did you ever labor under the delusion that picture making is all that happens on a Hollywood set? Did you, by any chance, think that a little thing like picture making is even primarily important? Me—I used to, but now I know better. I've been around the studios a lot, lately, and I have decided that it is, instead, what goes on *behind* the camera that counts. You know . . . those nefarious but hilarious plots to rib somebody that always are under way. Take the Gable "burial" and its ramifications. This was in *Too Hot to Handle*. The scene had been shot half a dozen times, but still it wasn't right, in the opinion of Director Jack Conway. "We'll shoot it again," he decreed.

Clark looked pained. "Hey, what is this?" he protested. "I suppose you think I LIKE being buried alive!" Myrna Loy, cool and comfortable in her easy chair, soothed him from the sidelines. "It's for the sake of your art," she said. At six o'clock, they were still at it and still Conway wasn't satisfied. Clark was dirty, dishevelled, cranky. Walter Pidgeon remonstrated with him. "Why, Mister Gable, surely you're not getting temperamental! A Boy Scout like you!" Clark gave him a dirty look. Then, "Okay," he told Conway, "shoot it once more, but that better be ALL!" It was. With Mr. Gable entombed for the 'steenth time that day, a vast silence fell upon the vicinity, broken only by muffled noises from the depths of the chaos.



"For blankety-blank-blank, let me out of here! Whadye think this IS?" Gable demanded. Well, no one thought it was anything for the reason that no one was around there. As soon as the last avalanche had descended all present had gathered up their belongings and had gone home for the day. They had left a message, though—a neat little sign stuck up where it would be visible the minute he dug himself out: "HERE LIES THE FORGOTTEN MAN. R. I. P." What Clark said to the deserters the next time he saw them is not to be recorded. Even now, to ask him how it feels to be buried alive is to elicit dark mutterings quite uncomplimentary to both cast and crew of *Too Hot to Handle*.



Fred Astaire acts something like that as a result of something that happened on the *Carefree* set. This incident had to do with a row of tees which had been set up at the edge of a golf course. According to the script, Fred was supposed to drive balls off these tees in succession. Between shots, however, that row of tees was not allowed to remain sacred to Fred. It was too tempting to various golfing enthusiasts among cast and crew. One by one, they would come along, pick up a club and take a swing. After all, there were plenty of balls and a couple of prop boys to chase them, so why not? Then Fred had his Big Idea. As they were leaving, he sent a prop boy out one evening to buy a new variety of golf balls. The next morning they met bright and early at the row of tees, did a certain amount of arranging, and awaited their first victim. She came soon, a slim girl with blue eyes and red-gold hair—Ginger Rogers. She selected a club and swung it experimentally. Her stance was good. Her grip was good. Ginger does, in fact, wield a mean club. And on that morning — "BOOM!" She hit the ball hard, and it went off like a small cannon. Ginger shrieked and Fred razzed her. "So you thought you'd steal my golfing stuff!" Of course she took it all right because Ginger always does. She even stood around to watch the other suckers come up and get the wits scared out of them . . . Until, finally, everybody went to work and the bombastic golf balls were forgotten. It was late in the afternoon when they got around to the scene where Fred was supposed to drive off the tees. He picked up a club and took his stance. The cameraman focused. The rest of the cast got out of the way. They tried a rehearsal and Fred drove a couple of balls an imposing distance. That was good enough for Director Mark Sandrich. "Make it a take," he said. Fred assumed his position again, while, unobtrusively, a prop boy set up new balls to replace those just driven. I was on the set that day and I saw Ginger wink at him. An instant later, I knew why. Sandrich gave the signal and the cameras started rolling. Fred swung and— "BOOM!" The ball exploded and Fred almost fell down. Whereupon Ginger addressed him, sweetly, "I see *you* have stolen *my* golfing stuff. Or are you playing Fourth of July?" Still dazed but game to the last, Fred came back at her. "No," he explained, "I'm playing Chinese New Year."



It was a different sort of a gag, but nonetheless successful that Jeanette MacDonald staged during the filming of one of her recent pictures. Seems Jeanette, although usually a conscientious trouper, had fallen into the habit of being late for work. It also seems that the director was one of those sticklers for promptness. All of which meant, sooner or later, a Slight Case of Trouble. It came one morning when, reporting at nine-thirty although due at nine, she was met with a "bawling out" which she in turn, being red-headed, resented in a few heated retorts. Then, according to the story, she swept off the set and went home, there to remain in high dudgeon for a day or so while the rather disconcerted director "shot around" her. However, things like that can't go on forever, and Jeanette, having cooled down considerably, realized it. So, smart girl that she is, she decided to stage a little behind-the-camera act designed to clear the atmosphere. The curtain rose for this the next morning. The clock said one minute of nine. The script said Miss MacDonald's presence was imperative. The situation was critical. Then, as the minute and the hour hands stood at exact right angles, the traffic doors at the end of the big sound stage opened to admit a strange spectacle—four stalwart men shouldering two long poles which, in turn, supported a platform about ten feet square. On that platform was an edifice a little larger than the usual variety, but unmistakably a dog house . . . And in this dog house, seated gracefully on a pillow, rode Miss MacDonald. Of course, [*Continued on page* 49]





Shirley Temple as *The Little Princess* finds that the world is cruel to a little girl alone in the world



The little princess finds a friend (Arthur Treacher). Right, with her father (Ian Hunter) before trouble came

Getting Away From It All

Stars have to pay dearly for privacy. Here is how Shirley Temple gets a little peace and quiet when she is between films

By
JESSIE HENDERSON

■ And now Shirley Temple has a "hideout!" Yes, the nine-year-old star needs to get away from it all occasionally, the same as her older stellar sisters. When Shirley takes a vacation from the limelight, she takes it where not a ray of limelight can penetrate—in the entire list of Hollywood hideaways, hers is the most effective.

So whither do you suppose the screen's Number 1 Box Office Allure betakes herself in the intervals between films? A cave somewhere in the mountains where she can play Injun? A Pacific island rich in pirate lore? Or, since Shirley's favorite radio program is "Gang-Busters," some isolated spot where G-men might keep secret lookout for marauders?

No, indeed. Shirley goes to the desert.

Behind a high wall and a defensive grouping of trees, half a dozen acres of ground stretch out behind an hotel building. Her "hideout" has a swimming pool, tennis courts, archery range, croquet grounds; and scattered bungalows. Shirley occupies one of the bungalows with her mother and father, chauffeur and his wife, and sometimes a visiting friend.

Since the hotel doesn't specialize in stars, it doesn't draw crowds of curious bystanders. Moreover, even if crowds collected to watch for Shirley, it wouldn't do them much good because nobody can get past the iron gates except for some legitimate reason. Since most of the other guests are there for peace and quiet, they respect the privacy of the others. These bankers and society people thoroughly enjoy watching Shirley, but they don't go bounding across the lawn to ask for her autograph.

As a matter of fact, Shirley needs a sheltered retreat for her vacations even more than most of the stars and socialites who seek one. She is in the formative years when a slice of normal holiday with normal playtime is essential.

Not that Miss Temple becomes a hermit when she reaches the desert. If you could see beyond that wall about the "hideout" you would see a youngster in a blue play- [*Continued on page* 47]

With Sybil Jason in the exciting scene when the miserable attic rooms are magically changed to cosy little boudoirs



The little princess shows Arthur Treacher how they do native dances in India and shocks the sedate English school









When Shirley Temple is tired out from long concentration on a picture, she is taken to a charming "hideout" in the desert where she may ride and swim and play undisturbed by autograph hunters, curiosity seekers and the many demands on her time which are part of her Hollywood life





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In Defense of Laziness

He is one of the busiest young men in Hollywood but he does it with the minimum of effort, and won't even rise to defend himself against the charge of being too lazy to move



Bing Crosby is now to be seen in *Paris Honeymoon*

BY JANE OLIVER

You'll see him next in *East Side of Heaven*

There are those who earnestly maintain that the only reason Bing Crosby wears those awful colored cotton shirts that hang outside his trousers like an Egyptian flag at half-mast is because he's just too lazy to tuck a normal shirt tail in.

That, however, is base slander, according to Bing. It is merely a matter of intelligent conservation of energy.

"Let us consider the problem thoughtfully and with due logic," he proposed. "Ten seconds is the time it takes an average man to tuck his shirt tail inside his trousers. Say, he goes through the maneuver only once a day, that's three thousand, six hundred and fifty seconds or one whole hour a year. Further, say he starts the process when he is ten years old and continues it until death at seventy, that's sixty hours in a lifetime. Sixty hours is five days *and* nights. If he is an extra careful tucker-inner, using the twenty second method, that's ten days and nights. If he dresses for dinner, that's twenty. Imagine spending twenty days and nights out of a lifetime doing nothing but tucking a shirt tail in! I call that a criminal waste of human energy. Me, I don't believe in it."

Well, you'll have to admit that's one way of looking at it. And come to find out, Bing seems to have just as plausible a reputation for every single count on which he is charged with being the laziest guy in the world. Some of them are such pips you may find them handy next time you need an air-tight alibi.

There's the little matter of his wearing socks that never match, for instance. That's an established Crosby custom. Nine times out of ten, when you get a quick gander at his nether bones, you'll find one ankle wrapped in a fancy bit of Scotch plaid, and blue polkadots swarming all over the other. But it is not, as his harassed wife, Dixie, is wont to claim, because he grabs hit or miss in his sock drawer. Perish the thought!

"The explanation really is very simple," Bing countered. "In the first place, I'm on the color blind side, so how can I tell if they match? In the second place, mismatched socks are considered lucky 'round a race track, and lady, can I use a little luck there!"

Dixie obviously isn't taking the right attitude about the thing. And neither are his brothers, Larry and Everett, who handle the bulk of his business affairs, and who constantly are faced with getting him out of legal jams because he refuses to read a contract through. Nor Paramount, where it's a battle to get him to make more than a couple of pictures a year. Nor NBC where he refuses to rehearse his Kraft Music Hall program more than a couple of hours when other hour shows spend days at it.

No sir. They're all wrong. He isn't lazy in the technical sense of the word. It's just that they don't understand his philosophy about work.

"Every man must do so much work," he expounded. "The idea is to do it with a *minimum of effort.*"

From all accounts, Bing began that "minimum of effort" policy when he was a kid back in his home town of Spokane, Washington. Along with his four brothers and two sisters he was expected to do his share of household chores like cutting and bringing in wood, mowing the lawn, washing windows, helping with the dishes. Inevitably when the hour came for a certain job to be done, Master Bing was among the missing; either he was at the gym practising for the swimming championship he was to win later, or kicking a football around a corner lot, or in heavy conference with his fellow members of the first little band he organized.

"How he got away with it, I'll never know," Larry [*Continued on page* 63]

They Always Star in CANDIDS



Airport—*Geraldine Spreckels,* of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."



Races—At the running of the Futurity, ***Mrs. Victor du Pont, III*** (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" *INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE**



Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, ***Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes,*** grandniece of ***Mrs. James Roosevelt.*** Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."



Big Liner—*The Lady Mary Lygon,* daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. I'm glad it's in Pond's."



Palm Beach—*Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart* arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."



Winter Resort—*H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança* (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."



New York World's Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. ***Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr.,*** looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond's. "I prefer using Pond's Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening."



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

***Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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Left, John Barrymore, greatest profile of them all, at the height of his success in *Don Juan*. Center, just before his marriage to Dolores Costello, shown with him in *The Sea Beast*. Right, as he appears to day, back on the screen after almost total eclipse of his career. Elaine Barrie, fourth Mrs. John Barrymore, is with him.



Elaine Wins a Round

She took a beating her first year in Hollywood. The second year was even worse. But now the town has changed its mind about a girl who wouldn't cry "Quits"

By KATE POST

■ Hollywood tried its level best for two years to knock Elaine Barrie Barrymore's ears down. To a man it gave her the works, and the works added up to the grueling stretch of hell on earth. But the laugh is on Hollywood, for Elaine has won out against it all.

Not only has she won many warm personal friends, an accredited place as an actress, and the lavish gratitude of astute business men, but she has accomplished single-handed what the collective power of Hollywood could not do: she saved John Barrymore from himself.

Everyone concedes her a signal victory. Some do it grudgingly, some cheerfully, and some with frank astonishment. Nonetheless, the verdict is unanimous. The amazing thing is how little anyone really knows about the girl herself.

Three years ago John Barrymore's career was in jeopardy. He plainly had lost all interest in his work; naturally his screen appearances were becoming rarer and rarer and when he did work it was in unimportant little "B" pictures. His health was broken and his appearance against him. He had the reputation for being undependable, a fatal tag in Hollywood. He had lost the majority of his close friends. His marriage to Dolores Costello was on the rocks and he drew heavy censure from many quarters on that account. Even the famed loyalty of the Barrymore clan itself was taxed to the breaking point. Pampered, petted, and spoiled all his life by indulgent friends, he presented at last the unpleasant picture of a great man going utterly to pot, and deliberately flinging away his magnificent talents.

Then along came Elaine Jacobs, [*Continued on page* 30]



That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why— I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society *tonight!*



I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



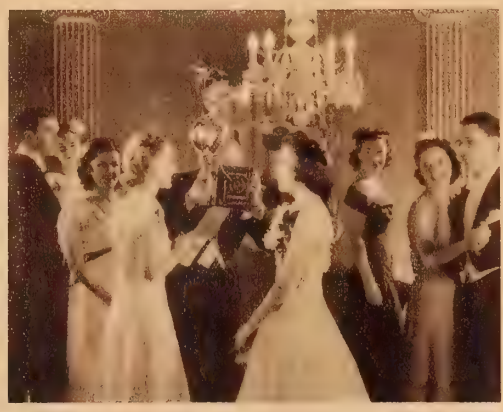
"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—and what a boon to womankind! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."



I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why I swear by Modess for comfort!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with no worrisome fears of discomfort or embarrassment. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, *'fluff-type'* Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)



"No more 'tired' 'let-down feeling' for me"

"—I feel and look better
—there is color in my cheeks
—my appetite is keen
—my weight is back to normal.

"This I am noting in my Diary and I give full credit to S.S.S. for causing me to 'feel like myself again.'"

So we suggest—

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are *pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel run-down* . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

. . . In the Spring take S.S.S. TONIC

Elaine Wins a Round

[*Continued from page 28*]

the unknown girl who was to become the actress, Elaine Barrie, and later, the fourth Mrs. John Barrymore. In the face of terrific odds she set about to work a miracle with the man she loved.

Today John Barrymore looks ten years younger and twenty years happier than he has in years. His career, which he had flung upon the ash heap, has recaptured brilliance and fire. Once more he is among Hollywood's great.

Elaine alone was responsible. And yet I doubt if any girl ever took the merciless hazing Elaine stood at the hands of a united Hollywood, and stood it without a whimper. Alternately ridiculed, scorned, ignored, she was made to feel that she was an outcast for whom there never could be the smallest, the humblest place in the Hollywood sun.

Outwardly, the press of Hollywood led the pack in full cry. Inwardly, the famous hostesses of the town and John's former friends concentrated on a successful campaign of social ostracism. Time after time, Elaine's name was conspicuously absent from invitations that arrived at the house. Time after time they were told that friends upon whom they were calling were "not receiving."

It became the fashion to play cruel tricks upon her like the night a very famous hostess seated them on a davenport at the far end of a room full of celebrities. Because Elaine knew only few of them, John considerately pointed others out. Elaine, in turn, made natural response and asked natural questions.

Before long they noticed that a loud burst of laughter from an adjoining room appeared to follow each of their brief conversations. Investigation disclosed that the hostess thoughtfully had placed a microphone beneath the davenport with the result that every word of the private Barrymore conversation was being repeated over a loud speaker for the amusement of anyone who cared to listen.

In flaming embarrassment, Elaine went home. With her she carried the memory of the snickering or sneering faces of a houseful of unfriendly strangers. Everyone thought it a very funny gag.

Chin up, Elaine took the persecution and said nothing. But that did not mean it did not hurt. It did hurt, and deeply. The one comment she made to me about it proved that.

"One of the hardest things to bear was when people would meet me for the first time after things rather died down, and say, 'Why, you're ever so much nicer than we expected,'" she told me. "They had made up their minds, you see, that I was some dreadful creature and quite without the pale of decent society. They found me guilty without a trial."

She wanted to be liked and admired by her husband's friends and associates. Any woman does. But it was not all-important to her as Hollywood mistakenly thought. Her real concern was for John's future and happiness. To that sole end she devoted herself. It still is the mainspring of her life; watching her and talking to her convinces one of that.

Strictly speaking, Elaine is not a beautiful girl. Striking, rather, describes her. Tall and dark, she has strong features and incredibly slender hips and waist. Her voice, heard occasionally on the Texaco radio program, is low and throaty and carries plenty of "umph." To be honest, there is little of the lure of the siren about her aside from her voice, because she is too disconcertingly frank and forthright in what she says and does. Too, she is honest in her appraisals and has a sardonic sense of humor which matches the one in which John takes such open pride. Neither of



Joan Bennett has tossed aside the black wig which she wore for weeks during filming of *Trade Winds*, and is her own blonde self again for her part in *The Man With the Iron Mask* opposite Louis Hayward

those qualities are apt to draw men to a woman. She has an alert, well-trained mind which constantly is seeking further enlightenment. She has a flare for wearing unusual clothes unusually well, as you will see in watching her as Schiaparelli in the new Claudette Colbert picture, *Midnight*. She was twenty-three her last birthday, July 16, and writes competent verse and prose. Above all, she is a friendly soul.

■ It would be wholly understandable if she paid back in full measure many of the insulting slights she received in the past, now that the chance is hers. It speaks volumes for her, I think, that she refuses to do this with the same finality she refuses to admit John ever was anything short of perfection. It speaks volumes for her, I think, that those who treated her most shabbily at first now are numbered among her staunchest allies, and that the columnists who were most bitter in their attacks upon her, now seek opportunities to give her a hand up.

■ Elaine made many mistakes, serious ones. She admits that frankly. She'd be the last person in the world to paint herself as Simon-pure. But the mistakes she made, she said, hurt no one but herself.

The comic opera cross-country chase of "Ariel and Caliban" is an example. But the whole romance of John and Elaine was just as fantastic. They met, you remember, in a hospital room in New York. John was convalescing from one of those illnesses that rapidly were spelling his finish in the movies, when Elaine arrived to get an interview for her college paper. Before she had left John had asked her to marry him and she had promised!

But she'd been in love with him, she says, ever since she was a stage-struck kid of fourteen and first saw him at a matinee of *Svengali*. She almost got a good paddling from her mother that night for mooning around the house about him and making ridiculous statements about how much she and the great actor would mean to each other some day.

Primarily, I think John was to blame for the farcical overtone of the "Ariel and Caliban" courtship chase. Loving the limelight and sensation, annoyed at the attempts of his friends and family to interfere, and generally in a defiant frame of mind, he deliberately provoked many of the incidents which made such swell reading over the morning coffee. The world was laughing, but John was laughing hardest of all.

But Elaine, on her part, only added fuel to an already hot fire. She has a vivid imagination and, as I said, a sense of humor and of the ridiculous to match John's. So what he didn't think of, she did. She did many foolish things and made many indiscreet statements, all of which landed in blazing glory on page one. But remember this: John was fifty-six; Elaine was not quite twenty. And John had lived in the limelight all his life; Elaine was getting her first taste of it.

To her credit, she did hold her tongue about many things when she could have saved some portion of her pride by talk-



PINK is for girls.
Blue is for boys.
But tattle-tale GRAY for a baby?
NEVER!

How do clothes GET tattle-tale gray?
The answer is simple . . .
Some soaps are plain weak-kneed—they just
CAN'T wash clean!
So hie to the grocer's right away QUICK
And CHANGE to the soap that's specially built
To wash clothes white!
Fragrant—AND CLEAN!



Change to Fels-Naptha—the lively GOLDEN bar
That holds grease-dissolving NAPTHA.
Two cleaners combined to make dirt fly!
EVERY sheet . . . EVERY towel . . .
EVERY thing in your wash will then stay
Bright and SWEET!
And baby? She . . . or maybe it's he . . .
Will always look like an ANGEL!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



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Offends Disgusts
the other person

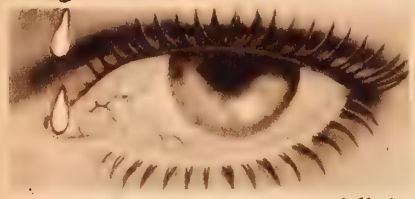


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WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
SAFE—An absolutely pure, unadulterated cream.
NON-IRRITATING—Even right after shaving.
LONG-LASTING in preventing underarm odors.
INSTANTLY EFFECTIVE
NOT GREASY—CLEAN.
At drug, department or ten-cent stores.
Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 29c
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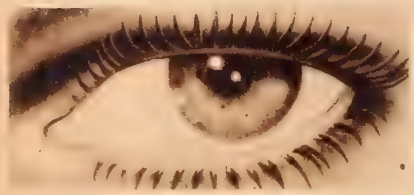


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STOPS PERSPIRATION
stops perspiration odor

CLEAR EYES IN SECONDS!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARS** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed from late hours, fatigue, etc.



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is so quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. Sold at drug, department, ten-cent stores.



BE *SURE* OF YOUR "LOOKS"



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Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

EYE-GENE



Jeanette MacDonald shows how they "swung it" in the gay nineties, in *Broadway Serenade*

ing. Few people ever knew, for instance, that it was at Irving Thalberg's insistence that she finally returned to Hollywood and married John. The great production genius telephoned to her in New York, pleading with her to return to John and Hollywood after a particularly violent quarrel. The expensive *Romeo and Juliet* was in production and John sulkily had threatened to walk out unless Elaine could be persuaded to come back to him. Either she'd come, or he'd go to her in New York, was the Barrymore ultimatum.

■ Most serious of the mistakes she made, Elaine admitted, was appearing in that short film, that epitome of bad taste, *How To Undress In Front of Your Husband.* Decked out in lurid advertisements, it created a minor scandal.

Many said Elaine made that picture for revenge on the entire Barrymore family, or to humiliate them and John in retaliation for the deep hurt Hollywood had given her.

"That is ridiculous," Elaine said. "Even a fool would know such an action would hurt no one but myself, and I'm no fool."

This is the inside of that unfortunate film:

Three months after their marriage, Elaine and John separated and the town started clucking, "I told you so." They separated because they had an argument that concerned no one but themselves.

"I don't care who they are . . . every married couple has an argument now and then," she explained. "Leave them alone, they patch things up and the whole affair blows over. In Hollywood, however, everyone, including total strangers, takes a hand in your private arguments. First thing you know, you have nothing to do with it, and it's all settled for you. If we had been left alone, or if our argument had happened anywhere under the sun but Hollywood, we would have come to an understanding without a separation. We were forced into that, really, by people who hadn't anything to do with it."

It was during that separation she made the talked-about picture. Unhappy, harassed, and thwarted in her efforts to get in the movies, she was at loose ends. Everything was all balled up and no solution seemed in sight. Determined to make it on her own, she signed a contract to appear in a picture, she says, without knowing either its subject matter or title. That proved a ghastly mistake. When she sought to get out of the contract, friends advised her it could not be done without putting her career in jeopardy for the rest of her life. And so she went through with it. The pictures themselves were bad enough but when the dialogue was dubbed in later, the thing became a nightmare to her. By that time, unfortunately, it was too late to do anything about it.

The experience strikingly parallels what happened to Hedy Lamarr in

Ecstasy and which almost spelled the finish of her American career. She, too, was young and driven by blind ambition. She, too, was badly advised. Hedy survived by virtue of her personal magnetism and charm, her splendid work in *Algiers* and by candidly admitting she had made a grievous mistake. Hollywood and the public forgave her as they are forgiving Elaine.

■ Selfishly, perhaps, everyone seems more interested in what she has accomplished for John than for herself, and many still cannot quite understand how she achieved it. The explanation, she says, really is absurdly simple. In the first place, she never permitted her great confidence in him to waver for a moment.

"What defeated John three years ago was that everyone deserted when the going got rough," she said. "I've always thought he was the greatest actor on the American stage or screen, and let him know I thought so. In turn, he refused to let me or my faith down."

In their private life she has tried to be a companion to him, sharing his many interests and hobbies with genuine enthusiasm. If he wanted to go deep sea fishing, she fished; if he wanted to play "jacks" on the drawing room floor, she played "jacks." No foible of his was ridiculous to her if he had fun doing it.

She refused to fawn upon him as women have been doing for more than thirty years, and he has found it a refreshing change. She isn't afraid to give him an argument on anything under the sun from the correct way to interpret Rachmaninof's Fifth to the civilized way to bake a swordfish. He dotes on arguments. Nor is she dishonest when he asks for an honest opinion.

Most revolutionary of the new marital experiences he is encountering is her practise of a subtle little system she calls "The Non-Available Policy." Stripped to its basic principles it means she sees to it that it is he who telephones to check up on what she is doing and where she is, rather than the opposite procedure to which he was accustomed so long. As result, he finds himself still the pursuer instead of the pursued (a distinct novelty for The Great Lover) and Hollywood is treated to the unbelievable sight of a confirmed playboy so engrossed in holding his wife he has no time to get in mischief himself.

As for what she has accomplished for herself—

I've seen scores of warm and friendly fan letters from the men and women who were sneering at her a year ago.

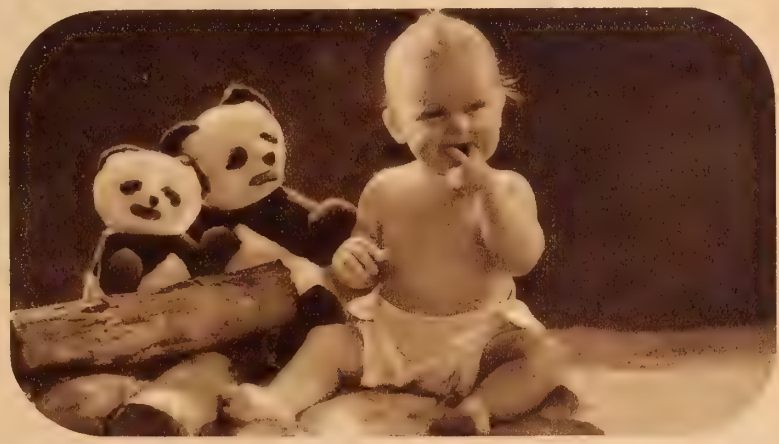
I've seen producers, directors and her fellow players on the set of *Midnight* treat her with camaraderie and respect.

And I saw her at a large Hollywood party not long ago, the center of a gay group. At her side stood John. In a low but audible voice I heard him say, "Darling, you look very beautiful tonight. I'm very proud of you."

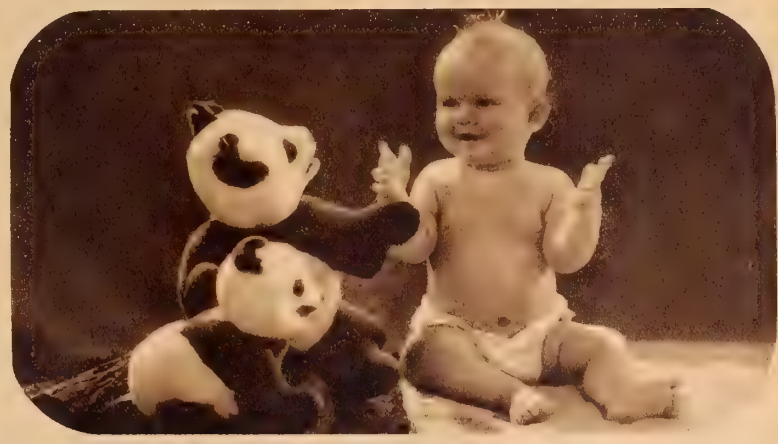
There is no doubt that Elaine took a beating. But there also is no doubt that she is winning the last round.



"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this..."



"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"



"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"



"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The talc in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

MAIDEN FORM'S
*Curtsy Girdles
THE PERFECT COMBINATION
WITH MAIDEN FORM'S BRASSIERES



Created by the same master-designer—of specially-named †"Tric-O-Lastic"—these two-way-stretch girdles give the lower figure the same sculpture-perfect moulding as Maiden Form's brassieres give the bustline. In various lengths, regulation or pantie style—$1.00 to $5.00.

Left: *"Over-Ture" long-line brassiere, $1.50; Girdle No. 1443, Satin front panel, $3.50. Right: *"Intimo" bandeau, $1.00; Girdle No. 1321 (pantie); No. 1301 (regulation)—each $2.00
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FOR BLONDES ONLY!

Brings Back Golden Radiance to Darkened Blonde Hair—Keeps it Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous!

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full, radiant loveliness of blonde hair—a special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the lustrous, glimmering sheen, the alluring highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing new combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it helps keep hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Fine for children's hair, too. Get Blondex today—sold at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO



Only Angels Have Wings

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur in a scene from the exciting air drama

Our favorite extra has a great deal of trouble doing nothing, and decides not to become a stunt pilot under any circumstances whatever

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I'll say this before I write another line: I've had my fill of S. A., and I don't mean sex appeal, either!

What I mean is, I've just finished up three days of extra work in the little South American banana port of Barranca where Columbia's big air film, temporarily titled *Plane No. 4* is being filmed, and I'm here to tell you that if you ever catch me working for wages in an aviation picture again you can write in and ask Screen Actors' Guild to take away my card. Not that I minded working alongside of Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Richard Barthelmess or being bossed by Howard Hawks, the director. Swell people, all of 'em, and a guy is entitled to be examined as a mental deficient if he says otherwise. I'm just sick and tired of aviation pictures, is all, especially those localed in one of these yes-we-have-no-bananas ports like Barranca, S. A., and after you read about what I went through I'll bet you one of Paul Mantz' busted fuselages that you'll agree.

First off, of course, I really didn't go clear to South America. But so far as the sights and sounds and noise and smells are concerned, this village of Barranca, built at a cost of more than $150,000 on the Columbia Studio "location" ranch in the San Fernando Valley, was so intensely and so vitally real that, for all intents and purposes, I was actually working in a hot, fog-bound port in the tropics.

Artificial fog was swirling over the Spanish-stucco buildings of the picturesque little town when I reported to Art Black, first assistant director, and it was still swirling when Art gave me a dirty look and told me to see George Rhein, the second assistant director who, Art mumbled, would tell me what to do and

how to do it. In much less time than it took David Selznick to select Scarlett, there I was, barefooted, bare-headed, and clad in a dirty white shirt and dirtier white pants with my ears wide open trying to catch George's instructions "to act like a South American dockwalloper busy doing nothing."

It was George who said later that in all the long years of his studio experience I "did nothing" better than any man he ever knew. Well, it just goes to prove that my old man was right: there's nothing like bending all your energies to the task in hand!

Cocoanut palms, banana trees, and green jungle grew right smack up in back of the buildings. Farther back rose the scenic Andes mountains. In the foreground was the harbor with honest-to-goodness ocean water in it, the village at the water's edge, the crude wharf—and us extras. Parrots screamed and chattered in the trees, the air was filled with the smell of sea water, spicy peppers drying outside the houses, the earthy scent of water buffaloes, oxen, asses; the fragrance of tropical flowers and blooming trees. Shoot me, if you want to, for growing slightly poetical, but that's the way this huge realistic set affected the eyes, ears, nose, and throat of your "do nothing" extra.

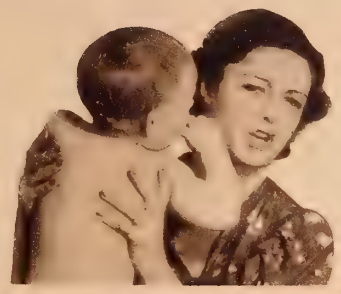
Seagulls were wheeling hungrily overhead and when I say hungrily, I sure mean it. George Cole, Columbia's livestock superintendent, had captured a couple of hundred of them by permission of the state and federal authorities and there they were—the gulls, not the authorities—gliding hither and yon through the fog looking for food.

According to George, the gulls got the miseries at first because the harbor had been filled with fresh water. All they did was to sit on the artificial beach and mope. Then he switched water on them, and they began to perk up. Finally, to make them "act" he fed them raw hamburger. When I got there they were looking for more. One of them, more ferocious than the rest, swooped down like a flyer doing a power dive, and as he straightened out, took a lightning-like nip at George's nose, got his bite, and then took picks on me. Both of us got out of there faster than any dirty rumor ever flew up a studio alley! And we didn't come back until the big birdies had received their morning's allotment of raw meats.

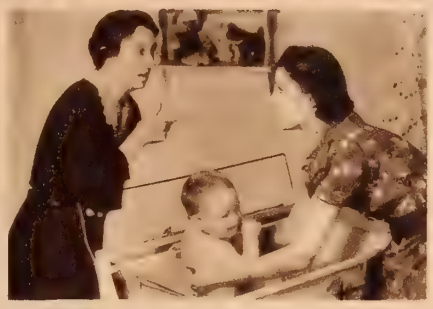
Before Director Hawks was satisfied with the first camera set-up, Jennie—a silly ass, if there ever was one—snuck up to a banana tree, filled her tummy with the green fruit and then got down on her knees and said "let us bray!" Director Hawks got so mad at the belly-aching burro that he came close to wrecking the whole set and would have if Joe Walker, the cameraman, hadn't been quick on the jump and grabbed him. Cole finally got Jennie to the veterinarian on the set for first-aid treatment and the doc gave her a double dose of castor oil and a tongue-lashing that would have put an army mule-skinner to shame.

Then, just as Director Hawks was about to shoot a Barranca street scene, an un-

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"

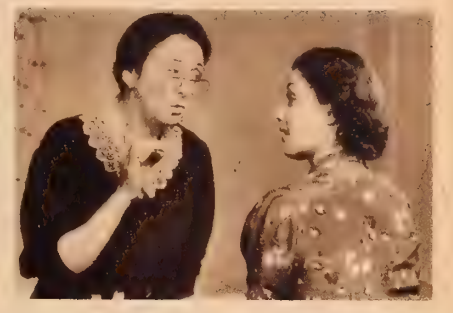


How Helen raised her baby by up-to-date methods while living with an old-fashioned aunt!



AUNT: Now Helen, if *I* were you—

HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby . . . even if he is my first.



AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get *special* care . . . *special* food, *special* clothes. Yes, even a *special* laxative!

AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?



HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made ONLY for children. It's on the SAFE side . . . has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.

HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a *grand* taste...Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

scheduled and utterly illegal fight started.

A cock fight of all things! And cock fighting, although probably a bit of realism which would prove ideal for a Latin-American banana town, is strictly illegal in America. It is also illegal in pictures, definitely banned by the "Hays Office" and by the ever-watchful S. P. C. A. But there it was—two vividly-hued Ecuadorian game roosters, unaware of the "gringo" prohibition, were spurring each other until they were surrounded by a cloud of feathers. Filming stopped while Livestock Superintendent Cole separated and caged the bellicose duellists and after a bit of high-pitched crowing by the victor, life in Barranca moved along peacefully (?) again.

■ Lunch, and then the shooting of the scene that starts the story—the arrival of the freighter into the little harbor. The ship warps its way to the rickety dock and your humble nothing doing—I mean do nothing—extra gets the lead out of his bare feet and starts wrapping a cable end around a piling. The anchor drops, officers bawl out commands, the gangplank is lowered and Jean Arthur—my favorite actress, by the way—trips down. Then she climbs back and trips down again. She does this at least a dozen times and still Director Hawks isn't satisfied, and Jean is getting mighty tired of it all—and believe it or not, mighty seasick! Which is all in her mind, if you want my opinion, because while the ship looks as though it actually is floating into the harbor and up to the dock, it really is moving along on submerged tracks as smoothly as a streamlined train. But Jean is convinced, nevertheless, that she's stricken with an attack of *mal de mer* and she takes time out for a rest.

All this took up my first day and I was beginning to like the sounds and smells and sights—especially the sight of Jean—when Second Assistant George Rhein dropped a lighted firecracker in my hip pocket by saying that I was one of the people selected to work a few days at St. George, Utah. I could fly up with Paul Mantz, the noted stunt flyer, and Richard Barthelmess, the noted cinema actor, if I wished. Well, believe me, I didn't wish. I'd seen this Mantz guy sail into the Barranca airport the night before, and deliberately stage a terrifying crash by letting his propellor clip enough green foliage off the tops of the palm trees to make a New England boiled dinner for all of Vermont. As I say, I just didn't wish. So——

That night I flew up with Elmer Dyer, the aerial cameraman, George Kelly, the assistant aerial cameraman, Ellya Jacobus, the script girl, and a couple of extras in a Western Air Express ship. We stayed overnight at Las Vegas. Out at the airport in the morning who should be there but this Mantz guy and we flew to St. George with him, much to my dismay.

■ The thumbnail synopsis of the picture was told to me on the way up by Ellya.

Bonnie Lee (Jean Arthur) leaves a musical show in Valpariso, Chile, and arrives in Barranca. She goes ashore with the other passengers and discovers that Jan Van Ruyter (Sig Rumann) owns everything in town from bar to airport. She discovers, too, that Geoff Carter (Cary Grant) is the airport boss and very, very skeptical about women since the lady in one love affair of his gave him the old brush off, and married another sky-piloting guy. Well, pretty soon Carter sees that a pair of his ace pilots, Joe Souther (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Les Peters (Allyn Joslyn) are campaigning for the favors of the delectable Bonnie Lee, but Bonnie's interested in Carter. He finally horns in on a dinner date with her, and, to have the field to himself, sends out Joe and Les on a flying assignment. Dat ol' fog keeps rollin' in after the boys shove off, and Carter radios orders for Joe to return, which he does and is killed in a landing crash. Couple of days later a pilot by the name of McPherson (Richard Barthelmess) appears, and with him his wife, Judith (Rita Hayworth) and guess what? Rita turns out to be Carter's old flame and McPherson turns out to be the pilot who killed a brother of one of Carter's mechanics (Tommy Mitchell) in Barranca. Bonnie, of course, gets jealous, Carter gets jittery,





Andy Devine practises the subtle art of flirting with a fan for his part in the picture, *Stagecoach*

the fog gets thicker and Old Man Fate gets busy.

There's a lot of other incidentals in the way of plot and romance, and some pretty wild flying, but I've given you the backbone of the story.

■ Now for St. George, Utah, and what gave your hard-working extra a touch of the mullygrubs and his deep and intense dislike for laboring in aviation pictures.

The emergency airport at St. George used to be the regular landing field for commercial planes, but it has been abandoned in favor of a better one farther away. It rises above the little town about three hundred feet, and is mighty small for any foxy work such as Paul Mantz loves to do when he's stunting. Imagine my surprise when Ellya said that the "location" flying field was "'way up there" and pointed out the top of a cliff that rose straight up more than one thousand feet. Mantz, she said, was going to land a ship on top of that wall of rock, and later take one off. It was supposed to be a mining camp on a plateau in the Andes, and I was supposed to go up there and act as a miner.

So I started out with a couple of score of other hired hands. There was no road up the side of that steep cliff. Not even a footpath. And believe me, before I reached the top I had more cramps in my legs than Jennie, the jackass, had in her tummy after eating the green bananas. What with puffing and panting and perspiring, it took us better than an hour to make that climb.

■ Columbia had hired local workmen to tote up the lumber, the props, and all the rest of the thousand-and-one necessary items that go into the making of a movie set. When he crawled over the top everything was okay for shooting.

The top of the plateau had been cleared of sagebrush and boulders so Mantz (he subs for Barthelmess in these dangerous aerial sequences and much against Dick's



I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET . . . She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring shade . . . and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside . . . I want to talk to you . . . alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms . . . he kissed me . . . and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream. (44)

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*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

will, for Dick is a licensed pilot in his own right and can set a ship down and take it up with the best of 'em) could make his landing. If he did! I couldn't see how he could, because all he had to land on was a strip about as wide as the width of his wings and no longer than a half-mile in length.

■ Well, we miners and peons got busy. Director Hawks waved a signal for Mantz to take off from the St. George airport one thousand feet below, and in no time at all there he was circling high above our set and above him was the aerial photographer in a ship piloted by Frank Clark, a stunt flyer just as good as Mantz himself.

There was no fooling about all this. It had to be a one-take job. Mantz was to crash his ship on landing and if he escaped the first time without injury he would be a mighty lucky guy. Besides, it would be a fairly expensive bit of business for Columbia to keep on busting up those high-priced Lockheed Vegas just for the sake of retakes.

Well, there I was, acting like a South American miner and praying more than somewhat that Mantz would crawl out of the wreck with no broken bones. Then I looked up at the sky and there he was not more than ten feet above the ground and coming in fast. A split second later, he was wrapped up in a crack-up that was a breath-taker. Wheels were smashed, one wing torn off—in fact the ship was such a mess that only parts of the engine were salvaged later. I dropped my shovel on another miner's foot, and ran like Seabuscuit, thinking maybe we'd have to pick up Mantz with a piece of blotting paper—but Old Lady Luck and his own skill were with him and he crawled out with a smile.



Tyrone Power and the pretty Annabella arrive at NBC Studios for "The March of Dimes" broadcast

The next afternoon, with a new Lockheed, this crazy stunter, took off from the same field and when he went over the edge of the cliff I thought he was a goner sure, but an up-draught from the valley below held him up long enough to get flying speed, and he made the take-off without any trouble. And this was another "one-take" sequence, too, believe you me. And a super-thriller from the word go.

After Mantz was out of sight, Director Hawks, grinning from ear to ear, went back to shooting mining scenes, and I'm here to tell you I shoveled and picked my way through more dirt and rocks than a steam shovel ever thought of doing in a week! I picked my way down the side of that six hundred-foot cliff with Ellya, the pretty script girl, come quitting time, without any more bumps and bruises save for those inflicted by a five-pound rock that snuck up to smack me in the back when I wasn't looking. By the way, you might be interested to know that these shots on this sub-midget landing field are the only daylight sequences in the whole picture.

And by the way once more, you might be interested in knowing that next month I'll write you a few pages about Merle Oberon, David Niven and myself in *Wuthering Heights.*

Wuther you like it or not.



Little Miss Thief

[Continued from page 22]

daughter's career. Certainly it was she who implanted the original spark others have developed, and unlike many another screen mother, she recognized her own limitations in an unfamiliar field and was content to abide by wise and friendly counsel. Virginia owes her a great debt of gratitude for that.

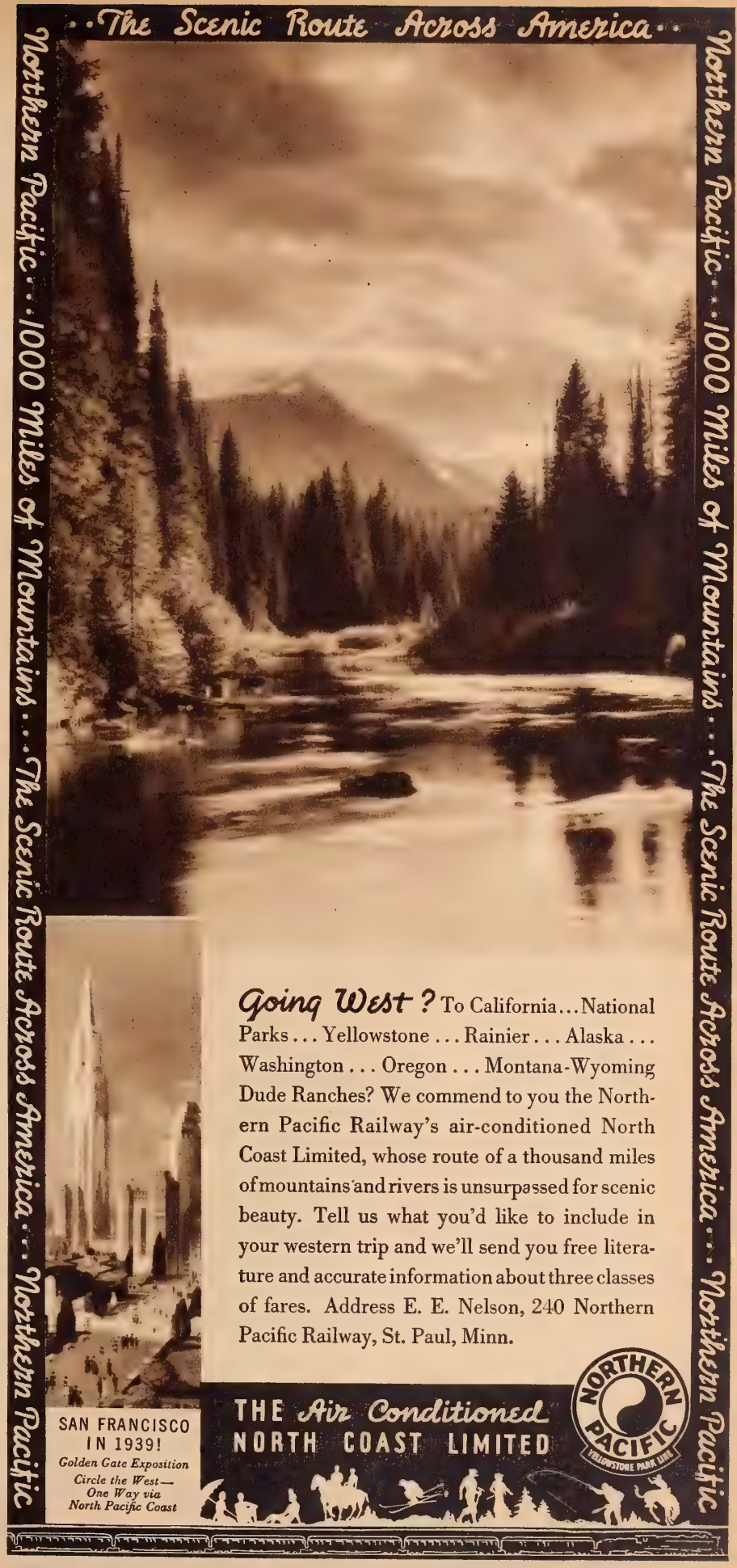
■ Virginia, as you may know, is the youngest of a brood of six Weidler children, all of whom have appeared (and still do occasionally) in bit parts in motion pictures. She was born in Los Angeles on March 21, 1927, shortly after her parents emigrated to America from Berlin where the father was a noted architect. For a time the economic struggle was a bitter one and in the course of it the parents separated, the children remaining with the mother. They still live under one big roof, although the family has been enlarged with the marriage of the eldest daughter and the birth of her child. The others help, but Virginia remains the chief support of the household, with 50 per cent of her salary of around $250 a week going for expenses, and 50 per cent in a trust fund for her exclusive use in the future. At the present time she actually sees one big round dollar a week of it for herself. But a dollar a week is a big allowance for a little girl.

"Most of the time I spend it for candy and things like that," Virginia confided. "Then sometimes I save it so when there's something I want that Mama thinks it too 'stravagant for me and says 'if you want it you'll have to buy it with your own money' I can do it."

■ Her carefully braided little pig-tails have become her famous trademark. Only once has she appeared on the screen without them. That was with Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in *Peter Ibbetson,* when she wore fluffy blonde curls and a beribboned dress. It wasn't much fun, she remembers. Slacks and brains are much more to her liking: More comfortable and not so apt to get messed up, especially if you're playing quarterback in a rousing vacant lot football game. She admits she's pretty good at football, particularly when it comes to drives over right tackle.

At that, maybe some of the bigger glamour girls have been missing a good bet in hair-dos. The pig-tails, plus her own brand of charm, started quite a feud on the *Men with Wings* set. Both young Billy Cook and Donald O'Connor, who played Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray as boys, became outright smitten with her and she had quite a time of it. If she'd invite Billy to swim in her pool, Donald would sulk for days. If she'd invite Donald, Billy would mope around like all get-out. Mother Weidler finally solved the problem; she invited both boys at the same time and everybody was happy. Virginia never thought of that.

■ She has remarkable poise, even for a child actress, and is a diverting conversationalist as I discovered over a



Keep Kissable...

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luncheon table. It was a luncheon free of any supervision, either studio or parental. Just the two of us, and we had a fine time talking about sports, favorite foods, dolls, books, and other actors, to say nothing of the latest news and gossip in Hollywood. (She was, I must confess, way ahead of me there!)

The favorite sports turned out to be swimming and horseback riding. In foods it was spaghetti and ice cream. She hasn't much use for dolls. Never has had. Just likes to play barber with them. As soon as she has cut off their hair, she loses interest and gives them away. She doesn't care much for books although she likes *Lorna Doone* and *Heidi*, at least before "they ruined it by the picture." She likes pictures, she said, rather than players and thought *Angels with Dirty Faces* was swell. She had the most fun making *The Great Man Votes* because there was no school, there were swings and slides on the set, and she had 150 kids to play with.

There is nothing smart alecky about Virginia. She is a thoroughly well-mannered little girl who minds her p's and q's. She is modest about her own accomplishments almost to the point of shyness; is very enthusiastic about other people and their interests, and is monosyllabic about herself. And that modesty is genuine. She was telling me something about another player and said "When he was in my last picture. . . ."

She stopped short and a blush stained her freckled little cheeks.

"Excuse me," she said, looking down at her plate. "I meant, when I was in *his* last picture. . . ."

She is the soul of tact, too, bless her. We were comparing weights and she let out a startled (and, she must have decided, none too flattering) "OH," when she discovered I weighed close to a hundred pounds more than she.

"Well," she immediately offered in comfort, "I guess smart people have to be sort of big all over so they won't be top heavy!"

■ There are a few things she has strong convictions about like "hen" parties, traveling, and Christmas presents. It's no fun to stand around and watch some other little girl do a tap dance, have a dish of pink ice cream, and go home, she said; she likes parties where the boys come, too, and you can roll up the rugs and dance. She doesn't want to do any traveling until she's eighteen and this business of having three hours of school every day is over and done with; dragging a teacher along everywhere like the law now makes her do is no fun even if it is educational. And as for Christmas presents—

"Personally," she said, "I think it would be a lot better if everybody just put money in packages and let the people buy what they really want. Then you wouldn't have to go around pretending you liked something you didn't, just to be polite!"

Personally, I think she's got something there.

She's always been long on logic, it seems. In the slapping scene in *Men with Wings*, Director Wellman instructed her to slap first one little boy and then the other. She demurred.

"Look," she told him, "by the time I got through socking the first one, the second one wouldn't be standing there waiting for it. He'd be screaming. Why don't I



Betty Grable, Princess Baba, Martha Raye and Dorothy Lamour go into an impromptu "Can-Can" dance for the entertainment of the other guests at Edgar Bergen's "Gay Nineties" party



This is a costume you will see frequently in the coming months. Jean Parker wears blue denim slacks, topped by a box jacket lined with red and white checked gingham for her part in *It's Spring Again*. The hat boasts a chin strap

sock one and throw a rock at the other?"

That's the way the scene is played, if you remember.

Her teacher says Virginia is exceptionally alert mentally, a quick study and a thorough one. She can spell like nobody's business, hurdling such stumpers as "phenomenon" with ease and even being able to form and spell the plural "phenomena" correctly to boot. History, perhaps, is her next best subject and reading her poorest. Her adoring older brothers, it seems, formed the early habit of reading aloud to her and continued to do it too long for her own good.

■ The high spot in the whole of her eleven years came last summer. The family, *en masse*, was on a trip and stopped in a cafe in Carson City, Nevada, which boasted a slot machine that paid off in real money. The rest of the kids started playing their nickels and were much too busy in their search for sudden fortune to give Virginia a chance. Try as she might, she couldn't squeeze in. Finally they all were broke and stepped away from the machine. Up pranced Virginia, dropped a nickel, pulled the lever—and hit the jack pot square on the nose!

"My goodness," she said, "I never saw so many nickels in all my life! I sure was lucky."

Though she doesn't realize it yet, she's been hitting the Hollywood jack pot so regularly, it's no longer a question of luck. It's the kid herself—dynamite in pig tails!



Oliver Hardy has more fun than a circus in the same picture. He plays a doctor who earns the gratitude of an elephant that insists upon following him everywhere. Alice Brady, Billie Burke and Harry Langdon are featured

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Ina Claire, after a five year absence from Hollywood, is back and will be seen shortly in *I Take This Woman* with Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. Fresh as a daisy she looks in a crisp pique collar and tie

Spring Tonic

Are you fighting spring fever? Then read this soothing advice for a quick recovery

By ANN VERNON

■ We've been sticking too close to the grim side of beauty advice lately. I am not one to underestimate the value of basic beauty care, but a little touch of "frosting" does no harm. Especially during these dull days when it seems that winter's blasts will never, never end. . . .

It's *then* that a Cadogan bow to hold your back curls in place puts the old sparkle in your eyes and makes you walk and talk with a lilt . . . It's then that a pale pink veil rejuvenates your winter hat *and* your flagging spirits . . . It's then that a tricky compact gives you a new lease on life.

So-o-o, with all this in mind, I propose to tell you about some exciting new fashion fancies and beauty gadgets (all very inexpensive) that I've run into lately. They're not guaranteed to overcome any serious beauty problems—but they are *sure* to give you pleasure. And when you're pleased, your eyes sparkle, the corners of your mouth turn up—and you radiate charm. . .

First, some fashion pick-ups for winter doldrums. . . Lingerie touches have never been smarter. Buy yourself some frilly white collars and cuffs to take the curse off your old black frock, or freshen your suit with new pique blouse like Ina Claire's. White touches make you look more feminine and soften your feature faults . . . Get several strands of pastel colored pearls or

Any beauty problems today? Our beauty editor will gladly help you solve them. Write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage) for her reply. No other charge.

beads at the five and dime and twist them together for necklace and bracelet. . . . Transform your winter pill box into a Spring Song by changing to a different colored veil each day.

For evening, braid your top knot and twine bits of bright velvet ribbon in the braids, like Ginger Rogers. . . Or make yourself a silk mesh snood to wear over your back hair—and tie several tiny bows or butterflies on it—like Loretta Young. . . In case you didn't understand my reference to a Cadogan bow—it's a flat ribbon bow fastening curls at the nape of the neck, in the clubbed style favored by George Washington. To keep this style from being severe, wear fluffy bangs.

Turn your plain colored frock into a breath of spring by running up a gay, printed silk "apron" over-skirt for it. . . Or get petticoat fever and buy one in rustling taffeta with a Gay Nineties dust ruffle that shows as you walk. . . Fasten a piece of lime-colored jersey in your brown hat, wimple fashion. . . You probably need a new girdle anyway, so invest in a colored one—green or lavender—with that new nipped-in waist.

When you go to buy your Spring hat you'll probably succumb to one of those quaint poke bonnets. . . If you do, remember that your eyes are "it". For off-the-face hats draw attention to eyes that are not clear and rested. So stop at the corner drug store on your way home from the millinery shop and invest in a bottle of eye lotion. I'll be glad to send the name of one I've used for years. It is applied with a dropper, and does a quick job of cleaning and soothing tired, dusty orbs. Don't omit it before a heavy date and if your eyes are puffy, calm them down with pads soaked in this lotion. It's as safe as water.

You'd better start getting your legs in shape for the shorter, swingier Spring skirts and the very sheer hose in swooning colors . . . Keep unsightly hair removed regularly by your favorite method. If you are just longing to *find* a favorite method, write me for the name of a new gadget that does the trick in a trice. It's a small, 'specially treated pad that you rub over the superfluous hair till it disappears. I can't say "never to return"—but you'll find, if you keep after your problem, that it will lessen. Inexpensive.

Removing bristly hair from the legs isn't all the attention they need. They'll be much more attractive through sheer hose if you give them the benefit of a quick "make up" to remove that shin-bone glare. . . The product I like for this purpose, a liquid make-up, is one that I use on my face, too. But it's so inexpensive that I have no qualms about applying it below the knees. Just pour a few drops in the palm of your hand, then spread it over the skin evenly. It dries in a jiffy, sheds not a trace of powder on your hose. A dime buys a trial size.

Ever try perfume in cream form? Then you have a treat coming. I discovered twin perfumes in this concentrated form t' other day and I've been carrying them around with me ever since. Dab a bit of the scented cream on your ear lobes, at the corners of the mouth—or on your eyebrows or hair to make them silky-soft as well as scented. One cream has a fresh bouquet odor, suitable for daytime; the other a more languorous Oriental scent. A quarter apiece is all they cost.

Solved at last! The problem of making up in the dark! Just on the market is a small rectangular mirror with a tiny flash light attached that illuminates your face very adequately. It tucks away as conveniently as any purse mirror and certainly comes in handy at the movies or while motoring at night.

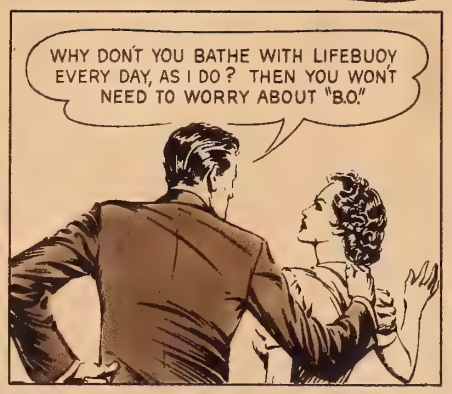
To carry with it you should have some of the extra-special lipstick tissues that have earned my warmest praises. They're larger—about 5x6 inches—so you can use them, in emergency, for a real facial re-do. Coral in color, they make a bright make-up accessory and don't show lipstick smears. A dime buys 300.

Write me before April 15 if you want the names of the products mentioned here. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage), and address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

BUNK! IF I HAD "B.O." I'D KNOW ABOUT IT!



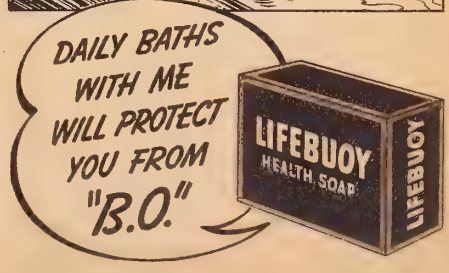






Often the *Worst* offenders don't even suspect they're guilty

● Careful people refuse to take chances. They refuse to be blind to the fact that anyone—in any walk of life—may be guilty of "B. O." That is why so many people depend upon Lifebuoy to keep them fresh. Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B.O." It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Play safe! Use refreshing Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath —always—also for face, hands, shampoo.



How Do You Sound?



In the circle, Claudette Colbert practises the voice exercises so important to development of charming speech

Voices have won and lost parts in Hollywood, and here is some sharp advice from a man who judges voices and their effect on 100,000,000 people

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY



Above, Pat O'Brien demonstrates the effect of a raucous voice through the telephone. Do your friends look like this when you get on the telephone?



Jackie Cooper takes time out during filming of *Streets of New York*, for a playback of the day's sound track



Nelson Eddy makes a habit of recordings on his own machine to check his speech

■ A young actress (yes, you know her!) walked into a broadcasting studio in Hollywood. Gowned, groomed and made-up to mannequin perfection, she faced the microphone. She sang. She was good. She knew it.

Then she read her lines.

"That's all, Miss X. We'll let you know," said the director.

After she had left the studio, Charles Vanda, West Coast program director for Columbia Broadcasting Studios, who had been listening in, but *not* looking, pronounced the verdict.

"She won't do. She's not sincere. When she sings, O. K.; but her speaking voice gives her away. She's a phoney."

"But she's beautiful. On the screen, she's luscious," protested an associate.

"No one can see her on the air. She's out!" returned the expert.

"I'm convinced—more than ever convinced—that voices reveal secrets," said Mr. Vanda. "On the air, as on the telephone, you can't use beauty or winning smiles or artful glances to get what you want. You must do it all with your voice. It's the sincerity, the reality, back of your voice that counts.

"Maybe it's all a hunch, but I'm as certain as I can be that the way to judge character is to listen to a voice while you can't see the act being put on by the individual's glances and gestures.

"A singing voice won't give its owner away, because the music makes a screen for him. When Jeanette MacDonald sings a sentimental refrain, she might be a little helpless clinging vine, so far as her listener knows. But when she speaks, it's clear that she is a woman who knows her own mind. You couldn't fool her if you tried. She's a good business woman, who handles her own contracts and understands them. A considerate person, a delightful woman, but no dumbbell.

"When Grace Moore sings, she could be an exotic creature who demands incessant attention, a pampered opera star. But when she talks, you know she is an American girl with both feet on the ground. She couldn't lose her head. She's a person, not an act.

"A certain male singer, when rolling out melodies, is quite convincing as an open-hearted, chivalrous young gallant. Let him speak three words and I recognize him as the unpleasant, selfish, peevish person that he is.

"If you are sincere, it doesn't matter what sort of speeches you may have to make in a play, because the feeling that you are genuine comes through. Take Lionel Barrymore, my special admiration. When he reads a line, whether as a crochety old man, a big-hearted grandpa, an ancient rake or a crook with acid in his veins, there's something authentic in his voice. He's sincere.

"Yes, I know. Actors spend their lives pretending to be other people, but when they are phoney, you can get it. Take the sweet old ladies on the screen. When you put them on the air, they are so terribly sweet they sound phoney, because they haven't the loving gestures, the gentle smile, and the action of the story to help them.

"We have several phoney sweet girls in pictures. They are usually cast in sweety-sweet roles, are gorgeously photographed, daintily dressed, and say and do the nicest things. But you can't use them on the air. The falseness comes through."

■ Mr. Vanda is of the opinion that the "phoney" in a voice comes from trying to change the essential *you*.

"If you are a Patsy Kelly, don't try to be a Claudette Colbert," he urged. "No Mae West ever became a convincing Carole Lombard, but if she develops her own line, she's a knock-out as herself.

"Americans on the whole don't know how to use their voices, we'll admit. Scarcely any of us can say: 'My voice is my greatest asset' and tell the truth. We pitch our voices too high, we talk through our noses, we mumble 'Doncha think?' 'Whazamatter?' and 'Couldn'n'ya go?' We don't bother to finish words. Most of us need this speech improvement.

"But when you learn to improve your way of speaking, be careful that you don't sound affected, too correct to be real; otherwise, you'll lose sincerity. We have a young leading man, getting to be popular, who sounds as if he were trying too hard to speak in a cultivated British accent. I may be unfair to him, for he's young. It may be that even Leslie Howard, when he started on the stage, sounded like that, too, in his earnestness to be a master of speech. Today sincerity is one of Leslie's greatest assets.

■ "Accents, unless they are truly yours, aren't especially attractive. For a time in Hollywood, girls tried hard to be Southerners, to drawl their words, to omit *R*'s and flat *A*'s. People laughed behind their backs.

"If you haven't a natural accent, it won't come out 'cute.' And if you want a career on the screen or radio, overcome any accent you have. Gail Patrick had a daown-South accent when she arrived. If she'd kept it, she might have been good for a year or so, till Southern roles gave out, but she learned to speak English correctly because she wanted to play a variety of parts.

"However, if you have an accent and aren't interested in a career, hang on to it. The real thing is intriguing.

"Margaret Lindsay did all right for herself when she cultivated a British ac-

How one of America's

MOST BEAUTIFUL ART MODELS

reveals the sparkling loveliness of her hair





MISS MARGARET McCONNELL
—so breath-takingly lovely, she commands extra fees for posing, says:

"I never know whether I'll be posing as a society leader, or a busy housewife and mother—but I do know photographers will want my hair sparkling and lustrous. So I was really thrilled when I discovered Drene Shampoo! It revealed the gorgeous highlights and natural brilliance I never knew my hair possessed! And it leaves my hair soft and manageable, too!"

IT works a seeming miracle before your very eyes! No matter if your hair is discouragingly dingy and dull-looking—now see its hidden beauty suddenly revealed! See it sparkling with entrancing natural highlights and luster.. After only a single washing with this thrilling new Drene Shampoo!

In most cases dull-looking, lusterless hair is caused by the greyish, sticky film (bath-tub ring) all soap shampoos deposit on hair! But Drene gives thrillingly different results!

First, it sweeps away ugly, dulling film soap shampoos leave—because Drene contains an amazing, new, patented, cleansing ingredient never before used in a shampoo! *Second*—because Drene is not a soap—not an oil, it leaves no dulling film of its own on hair! Nor greasy film to catch dust. What's more, Drene cleans away dirt, grease—even loose dandruff flakes. Leaves hair so sparkling clean—lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary!

No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! So sensationally popular, American women bought over 24 million bottles of Drene last year alone! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble.

There are now two kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair (leaves even fine hair soft and manageable). Get Drene at drug, department or 10¢ stores. Or ask your professional beauty operator for a Drene Shampoo. Thrill to the new glory Drene reveals in your hair! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



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FOR WOMEN'S TRYING DAYS

*Trade Marks Reg., U. S. Patent Office



cent and got her part in *Cavalcade*. But she did that as part of a campaign. Her own sincerity as a person helped her.

"Oddly enough, the insincerity of one of our leading actors helped him put over a phoney role. People raved about him, but he sounded just like himself to me, shallow and unreal. His first real recognition came from a triumph as a phoney."

■ You needn't have a beautiful voice in order to be successful, famous and popular, according to Mr. Vanda.

"Take Jeanne Eagels: she had an odd husky voice, but she could do wonders with it. I was her press agent during her last play and I used to marvel at the way she used it. I think her success was due to the fact that she never tried to be phoney.

"Producers have told me that they turned Jean Arthur down in the old days because she had what they called a squeaky, funny voice. They admit now that they didn't think she'd get anywhere with that handicap. Today her voice is her greatest asset. It isn't technically perfect, but she handles it so effectively that no better voices can top her.

"All this doesn't mean that you shouldn't improve your voice. The two Jeans I've mentioned above both possessed flexible voices, had excellent diction and knew how to control their speech organs.

■ "Let me tell you a secret:

"Voice placement is only a matter of the imagination. When you call to Sally on the porch next door, you unconsciously measure the distance with your eye and direct your voice to reach her. You're not self-conscious, because you aren't thinking of what your dramatic school teacher would say if she heard you. You simply pitch your voice, so Sally will hear.

"Relax and you'll speak better. I mean that. If you're relaxed, you not only sit, stand and walk well, but you can use your voice to better effect. A tight throat obstructs your vocal chords.

"Voice teachers will tell you that nervousness is really the result of being self-centered. If you weren't concentrated on yourself, you wouldn't be nervous.

"Some people have a version of mike fright when they pick up a telephone. If it's a woman, her voice becomes strident. She gets excited and her voice goes up and up. The cure is to calm down. Lower your voice at least two notes below its usual pitch.

"If it's a man, his voice is monotonous and gets so blurred no one can understand him. The cure for this is to bite off the ends of the words like this: 'What-time-did-you-get-to-town?'

■ "To make your voice flexible and interesting, there's an exercise anyone can use. Pronounce the vowels up and down the scale. Try asking and answering questions using only the vowels. Make the question anxious—eager—joyful—desperate. Then reply, using only vowels, with reassurance, with rebuff, with amusement, with foreboding.

"Reading aloud is probably the best way to learn to improve your voice. Of course, if you can afford it, a fine thing is to have a record made of your voice and play it over, studying it, and after you've worked on diction or relaxing or monotony, or whatever your trouble is, make another record and see how much you've improved. There are machines out now, not so expensive, that make these records. In many cities, firms advertise that they will record your voice for a small sum.

"If you have a tight throat, try yawning widely to relax it. Yawn a dozen times. Then try it again. It makes a big difference.



Charles Vanda, program director for Columbia Broadcasting System, makes a business of judging personalities by voices. Here he is explaining to Betty Grable what the microphone reveals

■ "No doubt about it, a well-placed, nicely modulated voice helps toward success in any line.

"But the first thing to do, if you're looking for success, is to decide about your own personality," says Mr. Vanda.

"Marlene Dietrich wouldn't have gone far if she'd tried to be a wise-cracking, hard-boiled young woman, such as Glenda Farrell portrays on the screen. Stick to your own field. If you're a Tyrone Power, don't struggle to be a John Garfield. Nobody will believe in you.

"Are you the alert, businesslike type? That's all right, why not? So long as you stick to your own personality, you're safe. Improve along those lines, but don't try to speak with a deep, throaty, languid drawl. It will come across as a phoney.

"Are you a rather shy, sweet retiring somebody? Then don't try to be a wise-cracking, hot number. You can't convince anyone. You can overcome some of that bashfulness, but you don't want to wipe out the gentleness and sweetness; there's too little of that in the world.

"Are you a capable, active, competent person? Then never put on a little-girl, baby-talk act. It's pathetic. This world needs as many people who can do things as it can get. Be proud to be yourself. Your own *best* self. Don't try tricks."

Mr. Vanda believes that hard work and conscientious effort will overcome diction defects, and the way to remedy your voice is constant practice.

■ You may be surprised to discover the impression the man at the other end of the telephone may get of you. Sometimes that impression is enough to change your life. Listen to this:

Several years ago CBS assigned Mr. Vanda to assist in a nationwide publicity campaign. Benay Venuta, radio headliner, was chosen to sing in Los Angeles in the morning and in New York at midnight.

While listening in to New York program, the expert heard Benay's sister, Sue Ross, introduced. Sue had a pleasant but not remarkable singing voice, but when she spoke a few words, her future was suddenly settled. Mr. Vanda made up his mind that here, sight unseen, was the One and Only Girl. As soon as he could get to the studio, he met her. They're married now.

And *that's* what can be done with a voice!

Getting Away from It All

[*Continued from page 24*]

suit tearing along one of the gravelled walks after a small Pekinese that is chasing a ball of Cellophane which the wind blows zigzaz. Following the blue playsuit —for Shirley is generally in the lead, being a speedy runner—come three or four other young hotel guests, all intent on capturing Ching Ching.

"She wants to *eat* it," Shirley will pant, separating the Cellophane and the fluffy brown pooch. Ching Ching just grins. She learned long ago not to chew Cellophane. But she knows that it is a good excuse for a brisk game of tag.

"Chuff!" says Ching Ching with her usual approximation to a bark.

"Drink of water? Okay," replies Shirley, who understands the Pekinese language perfectly, and starts for the house.

It's a cream stucco bungalow with four rooms, two baths. The very large tan carpeted living room, which serves during certain hours as a schoolroom, is gay with cretonnes full of greens and gray-blues and pink-orange, the desert colors. There are deep, comfortable chairs, a wide couch, and a blue glass vase and bowl which Shirley keeps full of flowers—when she remembers.

One bedroom has homespun window-sill length drapes in dull reds and greens crisscrossed on an ivory ground. It has twin beds with homespun spreads that match the curtains. This is where Shirley

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and her mother sleep. Here the furniture is maple in Early American style, and on one of the ladder-backed chairs slumbers the doll which Shirley bought some months ago in Los Angeles for three dollars and fifty cents. She didn't have the three fifty with her when she fell in love with this rosy beauty and she declined Mrs. Temple's offer of a loan, because "then I wouldn't be buying it with my own money." But the saleswoman put the doll away for her and next day Shirley, having raided one of the little Mexican pig banks which she hides from herself all over the playroom at home, brought the required sum in dimes and nickels.

But, attractive though the inside of the desert "hideout" unquestionably is, Shirley spends as little time as possible under its roof. She is outdoors in the sunshine and the magic desert air so much that she grows nearly as brown as the Indians who stand statuesquely about the warm mineral springs on the outer edge of town.

There is plenty to keep her outdoors, if it were only the ever-changing face of the great San Jacinto mountain which leaps skyward practically from beside Shirley's bungalow, and wears, at most seasons a hood of snow. But there is more than scenery to coax her from the house.

Directly behind the bungalow is the swimming pool, and its transparent aquamarine depths are a constant invitation. Directly in front of the bungalow is the badminton court. Shirley is a terrific player, and can beat even good men players. Nearby is the archery range, with space for a fascinating game called "wild duck", which is somewhat like "pin the tail on the donkey," but played with darts. Not far distant are the tennis courts. And there is a long, winding driveway where Shirley rides her bicycle with the balloon tires.

■ Though when she is at her "hideaway" Shirley is on vacation from the studio, she is not on vacation from school work. Consequently, her "hideout" days are busy ones.

She is up by eight in the morning and into a sun-suit—dressing takes no time at all. Then she is off for a spin around the grounds on her bicycle, hopping off at the bungalow door in time to go with her mother to the hotel dining room at nine for a light breakfast of cereal, fruit, and milk; no coffee.

Sometimes in the interval between breakfast and lunch, Shirley goes for a horseback ride. Almost always she takes a few snapshots with the little American-made camera that she bought for ten dollars in Bermuda last summer.

Like the doll, this camera was purchased from money which Shirley saved out of her allowance of ten dollars a month.

The probabilities are, however, that sometime during the forenoon Shirley will drop everything for another whirl on her beloved bike. Or she may entice some one into mounting, with her, the two-seated bike on which she rides tandem with her father or one of her brothers or her teacher, Miss Klampt. She has tried to induce her mother to mount it, but hasn't succeeded yet.

■ Promptly at twelve she shows up with her mother in the hotel dining room for lunch, usually soup, salad, maybe a very thin lamb chop, and ice cream or chocolate pudding. By ten minutes of one she is back in the bungalow. At one, school begins in the living room.

Shirley's favorite study at present is American history. Her enthusiasm for it was heightened by last summer's trip to New England. But she likes arithmetic, too. Right now she's having a tussle with fractions. "What kind of fractions?" she was asked. Shirley gave an impish smile. "The hard kind," she replied.

When the sun drops behind the tall tip of San Jacinto, Shirley can tell that school is almost over for the day. Twenty minutes later, at four o'clock, the books are put away. Like the other movie children, Shirley has a teacher assigned by the Board of Education but paid by the studio. She uses schoolbooks that must be kept clean and in good condition because they are State property.

With just the same instruction and exams given all the other California school children, Shirley is in the second half of the fifth grade. This, at nine years, is a little ahead of average. The only break she gets as a movie child is shorter school hours, but, with individual instruction, she can learn more on less time.

School over, Shirley dashes out of the house again. Very likely she goes for a swim in the pool, if she hasn't had one that morning.

Promptly at six—for they are a prompt family—Shirley skips over to the hotel for supper. Again it is a light meal, usually a couple of vegetables, perhaps some chicken, a tomato and lettuce salad, milk. By seven o'clock supper is finished and Shirley is back in the bungalow, reading, or writing in her treasured diary. She has kept up this diary for over a year, and she has never shown anybody an item in it except that she let her father and mother read, under promise of secrecy, the first two entries. The diary locks, and Shirley keeps the key on a ribbon around her neck.

Or, to be sure, she may work on her map. She is making a map of her "hideout". But whatever she is doing, she stops at eight and goes to bed.

To her way of thinking the "hideout" has only one blemish. "There aren't any rattlesnakes," complained the girl who likes Injuns and G-men. "I always thought deserts had them. But I guess rattlesnakes are shy and got frightened off by all of the bikes!"

How Did An "Ugly Duckling" Become a Hollywood Star? It is a fascinating story. Lucille Ball claims that everything about her was wrong for the cameras, and she tells how she corrected a strange walk, a stranger voice, a fatal tendency to buy the wrong clothes and hats. She can laugh about it now, but there was no joke about it when she began to make herself over. Read it in May HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

On the stands April 10.

Every Day Is April 1 in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 23]

everybody laughed and the director apologized to Jeanette and she to him and everything was lovely.

Everything was ultimately lovely, too, in the case of the McCarthy kidnaping at Universal while *Letter of Introduction* was in production, albeit Edgar Bergen will probably never be the same again. I had gone there for lunch with Andrea Leeds and afterward accompanied her back to the set. "I'm late," I remember she said on the way over. "They'll be shooting." But they weren't. Instead, everyone was rushing around in what obviously was a frantic search for something. "What's this, a treasure hunt?" Andrea asked Edgar as he practically stood on his head rummaging in a property trunk. But for once, Edgar's sense of humor failed him. "Don't be funny," he told us, "Charlie's gone." Well, he was. We couldn't find him. The publicity men finally prepared to call the newspapers and Edgar started to dial the police. Whereupon, in this dark hour, a Western Union messenger appeared with a large box. Edgar signed and opened the box to reveal—yes, you've probably guessed it—the urbane Mr. McCarthy! His top hat was on his head. His grin was intact. But instead of his sophisticated white tie and tails, he wore a single sheet . . . And pinned to his manly chest was a card bearing a single word: "Mahatma." No, Edgar never has succeeded in finding out just who thought it meet that Charlie take up Hinduism. He has his suspicions, but Western Union won't verify them.

Uncommunicative sort of organization, Western Union. It wouldn't tell, either, who sent the salmon every morning to Henry Fonda while the *Spawn of the North* troupe was on location at Balboa Beach.

Nor would a certain correspondence school reveal who bought the course in acting, replete with special lessons in lovemaking for Fred MacMurray while *True Confessions* was in production. Fred was convinced, however, that Carole Lombard did it because he had dubbed his lines and muffed the action in one of their hot love scenes. So he sent her a little booklet on *"How to Interest Men."*

Nor does John Barrymore know precisely, even now, who took advantage of him that time he fell asleep on the *Midnight* set at Paramount.

"We want to see your rushes?" the director asked him when shooting was over on that particular day.

"Sure," John said.

So he hied himself to the projection room, there to behold himself stretched out on a bench, a lily in his hand, snoring vociferously. The bit was titled *"Midnight,* with the Great Lover."

■ While a studio's prop department comes in handy in arranging many "gags," as in the case of John's lily and Jeanette's dog house, the various art departments also are regularly pressed into service. The thing is, someone is forever wanting some sort of screwy sign made and getting this department to do it. Hollywood gagsters seem to just love signs.

There was, for instance, the neat but not gaudy legend which appeared above the main gates of M-G-M one bright, sunny morning after Metro had signed its 'steenth foreign star.

"ITT ANGOLUL BESZELNEK," it announced . . . Which means, in case you don't happen to speak Hungarian: "English spoken here."

And the sign over the commissary door on the *Gunga Din* location at Lone Pine: "GUNGAD INN."

And the sign which Cary Grant had inscribed on his dressing room door during production of *Bringing Up Baby* in which a leopard also appeared. This read: "GRANT'S TOMB."

■ It was at a studio which perhaps I had better not name that, Buck, the famous dog star, was enlisted to enact a sort of running "gag" which nearly drove a certain producer crazy.

Seems that this producer is the champion yessed-man in Hollywood. You know—the kind who must be yessed or else.



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Anyway, someone had a little conference with Buck's master and from then on every time Buck and the producer met, Buck would lie down and roll over! I saw him do it once, myself. Buck and his owner were coming out of the commissary and the producer was going in. Exactly as they met, Buck did his stuff.

The thing got to be the talk of the lot. The producer was wild, and would have fired Buck and his master if they hadn't been in the middle of a picture. And yet, so far as anyone knew, the latter wasn't to blame. Certainly he never said anything to Buck—not a word.

But after it was all over, we found out that, trained for talkies, Buck's master always signals his performances by gestures—very slight gestures, I might add. And he had surreptitiously signalled Buck to roll over at the proper time. That's all there was to it.

■ There wasn't so much, either, to the little joke Katharine Hepburn played on Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant one day when Phyllis was visiting Cary on the *Holiday* set at Columbia, but it got a lot of laughs.

Having some time between shots, Cary asked Phyllis to come into his dressing room and help him read his lines.

"Call me when you need me," he told Director George Cukor.

"Okay," Cukor said.

But Katie arranged differently. Getting hold of a DO NOT DISTURB sign she hung it on Cary's door with the result that even when shooting was suddenly called off for the day, owing to some minor exigency, Cary and Phyllis continued to rehearse lines . . . until, finally, they peered out to find the set deserted.

■ Then, there was the time when the cast and crew of *Garden of the Moon* helped Edward McWade and Larry Williams to look horrified as they opened a door and saw Pat O'Brien lying on the sofa, shot, according to the script.

As it happened, they couldn't seem to register the required emotion simultaneously and Director Busby Berkeley was about to tear his hair when Pat and John Payne intervened.

"Have them do it once more," they told Berkeley. "We've got a plan."

So again McWade and Williams retired outside the set. The cameras started and they opened the door. And this time their horror was unanimous . . . for the reason



Is there no limit to the dazzling talent of Charlie McCarthy? Here he is in black-face for *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, while modest Edgar Bergen contents himself with a black eye

that everyone on the set except the photographer lay prostrate on the floor in manner half resembling a Mohammedan prayer to Allah, half a dead faint.

As a matter of fact, McWade and Williams almost fainted too. And, the shot, a close-up of their faces, was a "take."

■ It was also at Warner Brothers that Bette Davis and Donald Crisp doctored Errol Flynn's script for *The Sisters*, and practically sent that fiery-tempered young Irishman into apoplexy.

Seems that Errol stayed home from work one day, asking that he be sent his script for the following day so he could study his lines. Whereupon Bette and Don got busy and wrote a nice little page wherein Errol was required to kiss a man. They had it typed in regulation form and sent it out.

The next morning, a veritable cyclone descended upon Director Anatole Litvak.

"I won't kiss a man!" Errol howled. "I won't look like such a sap! Change this blankety-blank script, or I'll—"

Not being in on the joke, Litvak thought Errol had gone a little crazy until Miss Davis and Crisp stepped up and told all.

And then there was the time that a certain glamour girl had the prop department send a . . . but since all things must end somewhere, maybe this is a good place to conclude this treatise on the Hollywood sense of humor. Maybe this glamour girl would just as soon that little joke remained sacred to the unpublished annals of Paramount goings-on. In fact, as I think it over, I KNOW she would!

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Do Girls Grow Up Too Soon in Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 19]

to come to Hollywood. There the great production genius cast her as an understudy to Jean Rouverol, who was the understudy to Gloria Stuart, who was to play *Hermia* in the Max Reinhardt version of the Shakespearean fantasy in the Hollywood Bowl. First Jean and then Gloria had to drop from the cast at the last moment due to motion picture work. Livvy found herself playing the role. When Warners signed Reinhardt to direct the film version, Livvy, too, was signed.

Luck took her that far. Her own talent and earnest efforts carried her the rest of the way through fifteen pictures, including *Captain Blood, Anthony Adverse* and *Robin Hood,* to well earned stardom and her present role in the technicolor special, *Dodge City.*

That she has grown up too soon, Livvy also admits, as others before her have done, and others after her will do.

"Little Shirley Temple is a classic example," Livvy said. "What average child of nine or ten could handle an interview with the president of the United States or daily meetings with a celebrity-hardened press with the amazing *savoir faire* she displays? She is mistress of every situation, and Hollywood stardom is responsible."

But if, as has been said, Shirley is the notable exception to all rules, Livvy claims that she still can prove her contention that girls grow up too soon in Hollywood by citing her own experiences. Looking older than her actual age would be her first point.

"Last year I went back home to Saratoga for a visit," she said. "One day I popped across the street to see a dear little old lady I had known from childhood. While we were having tea and cookies an old schoolmate of mine happened to call. She is a year older than I, married and has a husky baby boy. I looked at her in amazement and, I must confess, envy. Her whole body seemed to breathe vitality and well-being. Her eyes were clear and gay and full of life. Her skin was smooth and glowing and fresh. What's more, the roses in her cheeks were real, not the kind that come out of a rouge pot. She was young and she *looked* young.

"I hadn't seen a face like that for months, the face of a girl who looked her age. Certainly I hadn't seen one in Hollywood. When I got home I inspected my own in a mirror, trying to discover exactly what it was mine lacked. I could not find the answer; all I could see was that in spite of the care I try to give my body, in spite of living as simple a life as possible, I still looked older than a girl who undoubtedly had far fewer comforts than I. It wasn't exactly a cheering discovery."

■ The average girl of twenty-two has an unstudied attitude towards romance. Boy friends are boy friends, and casual association with them is as natural as living. If love comes, all well and good; if it doesn't, it is nothing extraordinary. Either way, it's strictly her own business.

In Hollywood, a young girl's romance is everybody's business and definitely A PROBLEM with a hundred and one "angles."

"As result, its chief charm, that of spontaneous gaiety is lost," Livvy said. "You become, of necessity, romance-conscious. You see romance being used for a thousand and one purposes, for publicity to build a new star or to save a falling one, for convenience in the matter of escorts, for a desperate grab at happiness, for saving face. Selfish motives, all of them.

"And so much importance is attached to it! Friendship for friendship's sake alone is rank heresy; it's got to be Romance or nothing, and as much everyone's rightful concern as the daily weather reports in the newspaper. That being so, a girl must be on constant guard lest some casual or thoughtless act be misinterpreted. Who ever heard of *young* love on guard?"

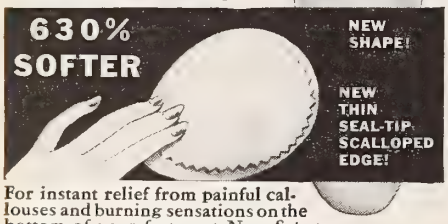
■ Livvy had her baptism in Hollywood romance when she was eighteen and had been working at the studio less than two weeks. After exactly one dinner date with Dick Powell, a movie columnist had



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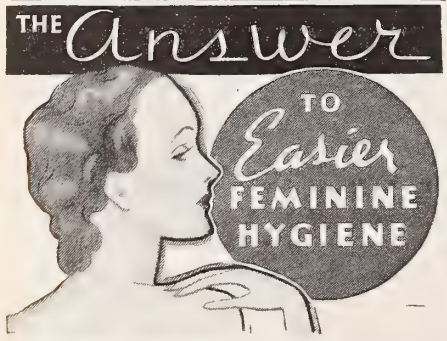
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the two violently in love. Terrifically upset, Livvy went straight to Dick.

"Mr. Powell" (they were still at the Mr. and Miss stage in their acquaintance), "what can I do?" she said. "I know this is terribly embarrassing for you. I assure you I had nothing to do with . . ."

Dick smiled gently at her. In the back of his mind, no doubt, was his first experience of the same kind. "Skip it!" he advised her. "You're pretty young, but you'll learn fast."

Livvy learned fast. A few days ago she was invited to a big party given by a producer following the opening of a new picture. She was asked to choose an escort from the stag list. Errol Flynn was the only man known to her on the list. She wanted to go to the party, but her twenty-two-year-old wisdom dictated a flat refusal.

"Errol is married and Lili Damita, his wife, is away," Livvy explained. "Errol Flynn and I have worked together in several pictures, and naturally have become good, casual friends. But if we had showed up at that party together the gossips would have been making something unpleasant of it for weeks to come. It wasn't worth that to either of us."

■ The men most girls of twenty-two go with are approximately their own age. They are the chaps they knew in school who are just getting started in business, or who still are attending college. In Hollywood most of the eligible escorts are between thirty and forty years old, Livvy said. As a rule, they are considerably more worldly-wise than the girls. That aids and abets the "growing up too soon" process a lot, since the girls quickly assume more sophisticated ways to keep pace.

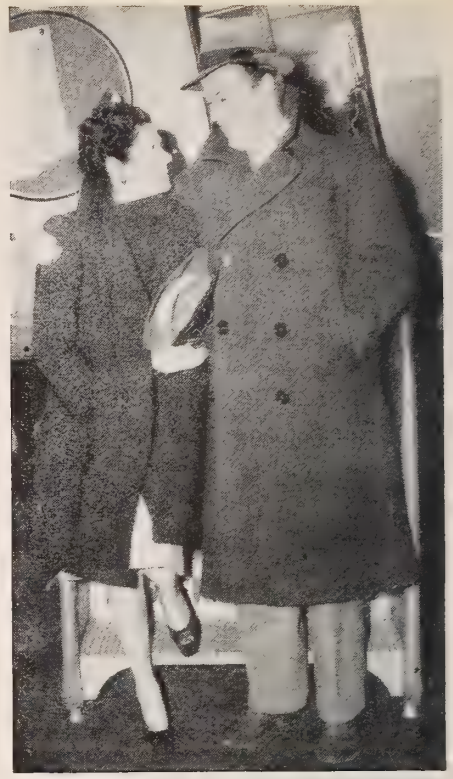
"It doesn't take long for Hollywood to make most of us spoiled sophisticates who have forgotten how to enjoy living, no matter how young and eager and easily thrilled and impressed we were at first," she said. "Seemingly the mind and body become conditioned to excitement. Things that once were really thrilling become hum-drum and everyday. I honestly think that's why so many people in Hollywood lead what looks like rackety lives to outsiders. They are searching for excitement and nothing excites them."

Though she is a long way from that point in *ennui*, Livvy illustrated her contention with an example of her own life.

"Four years ago in Saratoga it would have been an EVENT for me to get a simple new evening dress," she said. "A few weeks ago I wore a gown that cost over $1,800. I will admit to a little thrill when I first put it on, but by the end of the day's work, it had become just another costume among many beautiful ones I had worn. That certainly is growing up much too soon!"

■ In fairness to Livvy, I want to tell another story about her appreciation of things, a story which she did not tell me.

When Livvy, her mother, and sister, Joan Fontaine, moved into their present modest six-room home in a pleasant but not swank residential district of Hollywood two years ago, they found it an ex-



The young Wayne Morrises spent their honeymoon on ships and planes and there they are, arriving from Havana just in time to attend The President's Birthday Ball. Morris' next film, *The Kid From Kokomo*, was finished the day before the wedding on January 7

citing change from the apartment they formerly had occupied.

Bit by bit she saved until she could afford a lovely set of Sheraton furniture for the dining room. She chose it and paid for it by herself. That in itself was a thrill.

By the time she had completed five new pictures she found herself getting restless. The house was too small. There weren't enough closets, and the garage in back wasn't nearly large enough. And so she set out to find a new one to rent.

She found it. It had a large lawn. It was near a lake. It had a three-car garage. It once had housed one of moviedom's brightest glamour girls. She took the lease home and sat down at the Sheraton dining table to sign it. Suddenly the smooth, shining surface of the table caught her eye, and the hand holding the pen stopped in midair.

"Good heavens, I'm going Hollywood!" she said aloud.

For suddenly her mind had flooded with memories of how hard she had worked to acquire that furniture, what a thrill it had been, and what tremendous happiness the little house had brought her when she first moved it. All of that, she realized, had been forgotten in a few short months. Quickly she tore up the lease, and the family stayed where it was.

That story proves her point, too. A twenty-two-year-old who hadn't grown up too soon would never have stopped to take such accurate stock of herself.

■ Every week Livvy collects a salary of over three figures from the studio. Quite frequently she earns other fat sums for radio appearances. That's a lot of money in any man's language and presents an investment problem to even a seasoned financier. Yet Livvy handles its disposition herself, allowing so much for household expenses, so much for insurance policies, so much for investments and annuities. Occasionally she is advised by her elders, but the final decision is hers.

"It was just one more thing I had to learn to do a lot sooner than I ever expected," she said, "and I don't mind saying it almost drove me crazy at first. The most I ever earned before was $45 in one month when I clerked in a book store. Usually I got 50 cents an hour for tutoring kids in Latin, arithmetic or spelling, or $1.50 an evening for tending babies."

Her first mistake, she said, was in blithely presuming that all you had to do with a lot of money was stick it in the bank and let it take care of itself. The fact that big money had to be invested came as quite a blow.

"My second mistake was in presuming budgets would work out as nicely in life as they do on paper," she laughed. "I'll never forget the first one I drew up. We went to the movies once too often in one month and ruined the whole thing. The only way I could figure to make it balance again was for us to go without lunch one day. And so we went without lunch!"

■ Duty to the average girl of twenty-two is simply an unpleasant word and something to get out of whenever possible. Her sense of responsibility isn't expected to go much beyond herself. The movie girl of twenty-two, however, is hedged by it on all sides. Unless she bows to the ultimatum of Business Before Pleasure, she soon finds herself on the outside looking in.

"For instance, I made a date to go to the opera with a young man six weeks in advance," Livvy said. "As it happened, the date was of extreme importance to both of us and I literally was counting the days until it arrived. Less than twenty-four hours before the date, I was ordered on location. Needless to say, I didn't go to the opera."

■ But of all the ways in which Hollywood makes you grow up too soon, none is so irrevocable as the disillusioning that comes so quickly regarding the sincerity of your fellow man, and the discovery that too often it is your success, not yourself, that attracts others to you.

"After my second picture I found a lot of people I barely had met becoming violently friendly," Livvy said. "At first I thought that feeling was genuine. Now I stop and think: What do they want? I've learned, you see, that it is my 'name,' not me, that counts with them."

There was the certain writer who at first completely ignored her and now openly fawns upon her, for example. And there is the top ranking star at another studio who had her secretary telephone Livvy the other day to invite her to a party.

"I've never met that star, so she could not have been inviting me because she liked and wanted *me*," Livvy explained. "But my 'name' is on the approved success list, apparently, so it was the thing to do to invite me. I suppose when you grow older you learn to expect things like that, and learn to compromise with the frailties in human nature. It's not easy when you are young and want to believe in things and people.

"The real trouble is, Hollywood makes you grow up too soon in a lot of ways, but only *half-grown* up. You are not grown up in the sense of being really *mature* in your thinking and reasoning processes. And so you are left lop-sided and all jumbled up until time takes care of it. Even then it's pretty hard to get a straight perspective, I am afraid, because you cannot help being precociously overdeveloped in some respects and woefully underdeveloped in others."

Livvy may be right. If she were really mature she wouldn't be worrying her pretty little head about it. Nor would she be quite such an enchanting young woman. It's the refreshing *naivete* of the half-grown-up with the sober depth of the all-grown-up that does it!

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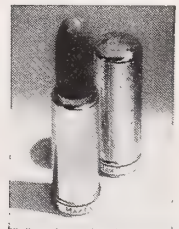


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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (check)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check Light or Dark and Here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, functional Kidney Weakness may be the true cause.



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NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

The Show Goes On

[*Continued from page* 13]

attractive songs. Akim Tamiroff is funny as the mayor who has brought American culture in the form of a fixed slot machine to the village. Edward Everett Horton and Ben Blue are amusing, but no amount of talented acting can conceal the careless structure of what little story there is.

THE GREAT MAN VOTES— *RKO-Radio*

■ This picture is just sufficiently different to draw a good deal of interest. It deals with the man, Vance, who tossed away a distinguished literary career when his wife died. He could not toss away his education, however, or all of the traditions of his fine family. So, even when he was blithest after a bout with his faithful bottle, he coached his children (Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden) carefully through Latin conjugations and details of the Punic Wars before going off to his job as janitor.

Vance (John Barrymore) did not realize that he occupied a position of great political power. He lived in a run-down dwelling surrounded by warehouses and shops. In fact it was the last dwelling left in the oldest ward in the city, and he was the last voter. This particular circumstance was not discovered until after an entire political campaign was based upon a plea to follow the lead of the oldest ward. There was consternation in campaign headquarters when it was discovered that Vance had been put in a somewhat uncooperative frame of mind by being fired after his children had beaten up the ward-heeler's offensive little boy.

In your appreciation of the work done by talented little Virginia Weidler and the remarkable new comer, Peter Holden, do not fail to give credit to Bennie Bartlett for his version of the junior political bully. Barrymore continues the bombastic, flamboyant comedy which had proved so popular in recent pictures and Katharine Alexander supplies the thread of love interest.

GOING PLACES—*Warners*

■ This is the old tale, *The Hottentot,* partially revived. The story always was a fairly funny farce, dealing with the adventures of a young man who posed as a famous rider even though he never had been on a horse. Dick Powell has had far better parts. All of the comedy characters work very hard.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

for themselves and doing very well according to the enthusiastic reception its air show is receiving each week—which ought to be good news to a number of our tight-fisted, nickle-nursing top-ranking stars who have never yet contributed their one-half of one per cent of their salary to the Relief Fund and who, for all they know, may be the first to seek aid from the charity they now deny. That one may be up today and down tomorrow in the motion picture business is tragically true when you learn that the more than a thousand requests for assistance a month reach the desks of the executives of the Relief Fund.

■ Johnnie Davis' stag party given in honor of his pal, Wayne Morris, was something to write Aunt Het about. Nice thing about it was that Wayne insisted that Johnnie skip the bigshots, and invite only those who had encouraged him by word and deed since the day he first stepped on the Warner lot. Irish Ballad warbling by Pat O'Brien, some swell piano playing by Larry Seymour, topped off by a hot turkey dinner were the highlights of the occasion which was enjoyed by everybody from the prop boys, technical men, publicity guys and on down to this scrivener. Johnny Davis, in a wild moment of wilder enthusiasm, brought out his famous cornet and blew so hard and so hot that he almost melted down three of the valves!

■ On our rounds of the studios the other day, we were very pleased to see a young extra busily reading the latest copy of *Movie Story.* Of course, not wasting an opportunity to boost one of our own publications, we said: "That's a mighty fine magazine you have there!"

"Yes," agreed the extra, "It's so much fun reading the complete story of a motion picture before it is shown at the theatre. And just imagine it's only ten cents!"

■ Ironic, indeed, it must be to Jack Benny that sequence in *Artists and Models Abroad* having to do with "hot" jewelry and the dialogue which gives Jack a chance to say he's "on the side of the law!"

■ No, no. Georgie Burns wasn't kicked out of the *Gracie Allen Murder Case* because of his trouble with the Feds. This story was bought and scripted for production almost a year ago and for Gracie alone.

■ The genial Pat O'Brien's wide smile has thinned down to midget size these days and no wonder. First, one of his children became ill. Then his wife took to her bed for a siege of flu. Before these two members of his family recovered his wife's brother's wife had a baby. On top of all this, Pat received a telegram from Del Mar saying that a tidal wave had rolled into his beach home almost carrying it back into the ocean. Then, when

everybody and everything was accounted for, Pat decided to celebrate the return of good fortune by buying a platinum bracelet for his wife and doggone if his little daughter, Maureen, didn't lose it five minutes after he had placed it on her wrist so she could admire it first. A frantic day's search revealed it hanging from one of the stems of a bowl of flowers near the youngster's bed.

■ A sight worth watching—Margaret Lindsay eating a hamburger sandwich. On top of the meat she places a generous helping of horseradish, follows this with another generous helping of mustard, onions and catsup, tops all these condiments off with as much chili as the sandwich will carry and then digs in with all the gusto of a farmhand attacking a country-cooked meal.

■ George Brent certainly must be boat minded. Just recently he hopped aboard a ship bound for Honolulu only to return home on the same boat. He was here less than a day when he hopped back on board again, bound for the same destination.

■ For years and years Tony Quinn thought himself an American only to discover a short while back that he was still a Mexican. It all came out on his last trip across the border when custom officials demanded to see his identification papers. Tony explained they had been lost, strayed or stolen along with his wallet. After signing a few legal-looking documents he was permitted to go on. Back home once again, he contacted friends in his home town, El Paso, Texas, and learned that his parents had moved there from Mexico when he was less than a month old and that there was no record of his ever becoming and American citizen. So Tony's busy, now, taking out his first papers.

■ Jo Ann Sayers, who made her film debut as a hospital nurse in *Young Doctor Kildare*, seems doomed to spend her professional life in a hospital.



Adrienne Ames tells us that her favorite of all pets is her canary. She is playing with Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy in *I Take This Woman*

Her second M-G-M role was nurse in *Honolulu*. In *Huckleberry Finn* she nurses Mickey Rooney. ("And was she a swell nurse!" says Mickey.) In her most recent picture, *Four Girls in White*, she's again cast as a hospital nurse.

■ Susan Hayward, as complete a stranger to folks in Hollywood as we would be to the natives in Timbuctoo, arrives in the filmcity and, believe it or not, five days later, grabs off one of the year's most coveted roles—the feminine lead in *Beau Geste*. Susan's a former New York model, with no motion picture experience and just the sketchiest sort of stage record. So what? Well, all she did was to walk into the office of Arthur Jacobson, Paramount talent head, and ask for a job. And got it. Right now she's under a long-term contract and her first assignment is the romantic lead opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in one of this studio's biggest productions for 1939. Boy, and are a lot of our established feminine stars gnashing their pearly teeth over the selection!

■ Ray Milland is either the most absent-minded guy in pictures or else he just doesn't give a whoop. Anyway, when he returned from his vacation he had so much trouble remembering his new telephone number he laid cash on the line so that the telephone company would give him back his old one.

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?



Posed by professional models

SKINNY? HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES



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Now they can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, new health, pep and popularity often in just a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

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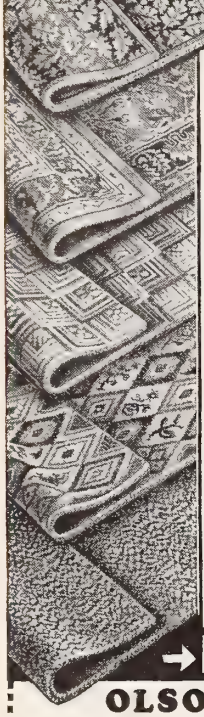
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Loretta Young has her own ideas about a diet for health, and evidently it is a success for it gives her strength to go straight from her role in *Kentucky* to the leading lady's part in *Alexander Graham Bell*

Do Vegetarians Starve?

Here is one way to solve the problem of that meatless meal appetizingly and easily

By BETTY CROCKER

■ I've heard people say, so frequently, that vegetarians must be half starved. Poor things, without any meat! But that's definitely not true.

"I go vegetarian ever so often," says Loretta Young, "because I think a strictly vegetable diet now and then is good for my complexion."

Well, if you saw lovely Loretta in the 20th Century-Fox technicolor picture, *Kentucky*, then you will have to admit that her delicate, rose petal complexion is sufficient proof. Even our baby stars can envy Loretta's smooth, fresh skin. If eating has anything to do with it, then there's something to be said in favor of "vegetable days."

On such occasions, Loretta sits down to this menu:

Fruit Cocktail
Spaghetti Loaf with Mushroom Sauce
Platter of Salad Greens
Snow Pudding
Butterscotch Refrigerator Cookies

The Spaghetti Loaf with Mushroom

Sauce is the meat equivalent in the meal. All the calories and vitamins have been carefully considered in this menu, and here is a well-balanced ration containing all you need.

Now, just to be sure that you fully enjoy the experience when you "go vegetarian" for a few days, I'm going to give you the kitchen tested recipes for Spaghetti Loaf with Mushroom Sauce—as well as the other dishes on Loretta Young's menu.

SPAGHETTI LOAF WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

1⅓ cups uncooked spaghetti, broken in 1-inch pieces
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons butter
3 eggs
1 cup grated American cheese (packed)
⅔ cup soft bread crumbs (packed)
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 tablespoon chopped pimento
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook spaghetti until tender in 2 quarts boiling water to which 2 teaspoons salt have been added. Drain. Heat milk and butter over hot water until milk is scalded and butter melted. Pour gradually over beaten egg yolks. Add well drained spaghetti, cheese, bread crumbs, parsley, onion, pimiento and seasonings. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into well-buttered bread loaf pan 7¾ inches by 3½ inches across the bottom (and 3 inches deep), and bake 1 hour in a slow moderate oven, 325° F. Serve hot with Mushroom Sauce.

PLATTER OF SALAD GREENS

Arrange a variety of different salad greens on a platter, such as curly endive around the outside, inner leaves of lettuce next, then watercress sprigs, and in the center artichoke hearts. Sprinkle sliced shallots and finely minced St. Mary's herbs over all. Pass French Dressing separately.

SNOW PUDDING WITH CUSTARD SAUCE

1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Whites of 2 eggs.

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, lemon juice and rind. Strain and set aside to cool. Stir the mixture occasionally, and when quite thick, beat with an egg beater until frothy. Add egg whites which have been beaten until stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on a glass dish and chill. Serve with soft custard sauce. This makes 8 servings. NOTE: This dessert may be colored pink if desired.

BUTTERSCOTCH REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 cup shortening (half butter for flavor)
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
3½ cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
2 tablespoons sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup finely-chopped nuts

Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well-beaten eggs. Sift flour once before measuring, and sift again with salt, soda and cream of tartar. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream. Blend in vanilla. Shape dough into a roll, wrap in waxed paper, and place in refrigerator for at least 24 hours. Slice with sharp knife, place on ungreased cooky sheet (shaping with hands if necessary). Press 1 teaspoon of chopped nuts onto each slice. Bake 8 to 12 minutes (depending on thickness of cookies) in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. AMOUNT: 3 dozen cookies. NOTE: This dough may be kept in refrigerator and used as desired.

Other meat substitutes offered by Miss Young are:

CAULIFLOWER WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Steam or boil cauliflower until done, but not mushy. Serve with

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

4 egg yolks
½ cup butter
¾ cup boiling water
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Beat egg yolks until light. Add melted butter and boiling water. Cook in double boiler until mixture begins to thicken. Do not cook too long nor too hard as Hollandaise separates easily. Remove from heat and add seasonings and lemon juice.

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CORN AND TOMATOES AU GRATIN

1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn (2½ cups)
1 No. 2 can tomatoes (2½ cups)
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 cup coarse cracker crumbs
1½ teaspoons salt
1-16 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons melted butter
⅓ cup grated American cheese
2 tablespoons butter

Combine corn, tomatoes, green pepper, ½ cup of the cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, sugar and melted butter. Pour into a large shallow buttered baking dish (10x6 inches and 2 inches deep). Sprinkle cheese and remaining ½ cup cracker crumbs over top and dot with butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. AMOUNT: 8 to 10 servings.

Now, if you wish to discover for yourself whether vegetarians fare so badly, try this menu. It's Loretta's favorite for Friday, which is strictly meatless in her family.

And for you who still think a meal isn't worth sitting down to unless it contains meat, I'm going to add a delicious recipe for Mock Duck which I have found most successful.

MOCK DUCK

Buy a shoulder of lamb or mutton from the forequarter (about 5 pounds). Have your butcher leave the foreleg on, and cut off about four inches below the knee, to form the head and neck of duck. Have the shoulder boned, and mold and sew in the shape of body of duck—leaving a hollow for stuffing. The foreleg should stand up to give effect of neck and head. The leg bone may be split an inch to form a mouth. Bits of bone make natural looking eyes. Remove a few of the stitches and fill the hollow with Peanut Stuffing. Resew or fasten securely with skewers. Rub Mock Duck with fat, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, and roast in a hot oven 20 minutes, turning so that all sides become browned. TIME: Roast uncovered for 20 minutes, then reduce heat, cover and allow 20 to 25 minutes for each pound. TEMPERATURE: 475° F., very hot oven, for first 20 minutes, reducing heat to 350° F., moderate oven, to finish baking.

PEANUT STUFFING

1 cup cracker or bread crumbs
¾ cup shelled peanuts, coarsely ground
½ cup milk (or enough to moisten)
1 tablespoon melted butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few drops onion juice
Few grains cayenne pepper

Mix all ingredients in order given. Use for stuffing Mock Duck. NOTE: This amount of stuffing will probably not all go into the duck, but may be baked separately in the pan.

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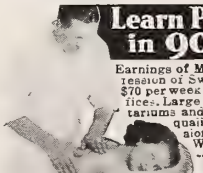
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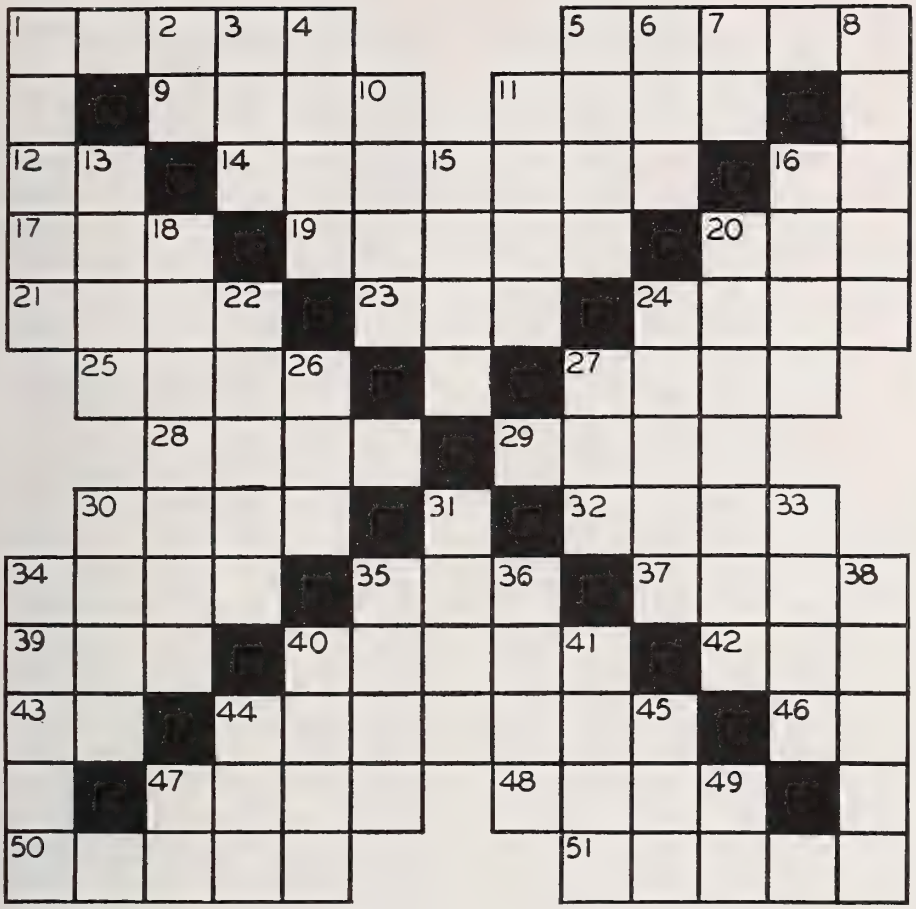
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Dink in *Hold That Co-Ed.*
5. The priest in *Boys Town.*
9. First name of one who played in *Dracula.*
11. *Annabel Takes a* ———.
12. State in which Randolph Scott was born (abbr.).
14. The girl in *Boy Meets Girl* (poss.).
16. Minerva Urecal's initials.
17. ——— *Give a Million.*
19. Her last name is Eburne.
20. One of the three villians in *Road Demon.*
21. Descriptive of one with suave manner of a movie Menjou.
23. That dour-faced comedian.
24. You are sure to hear one in a Gene Autry film.
25. The *Easy* ——— appear in shorts.
27. Aunt Julia in *Just Around the Corner.*
28. Libby Long in *Five of a Kind.*
29. Gallagher in *Pacific Liner.*
30. This makes Asta scratch.
32. Children such as Janet Chapman and Irene Dare.
34. ——— *of the Saddle.*
35. Coat of Mickey Mouse.
37. Norma Shearer is one.
39. State in which Donald Cook was born (abbr.).
40. Parsons in *Too Hot to Handle.*
42. *Men* ——— *Such Fools.*
43. ——— *from the City.*
44. A star of *Topper Takes a Trip.*
46. Mr. Vincent's initials.
47. Olaf in *Submarine Patrol.*
48. ——— *Patrol.*
50. ——— *Winds.*
51. The cowboy star's lasso.

DOWN

1. A star of *The Sisters.*
2. Studio at which Kay Francis works (abbr.).
3. *While* ——— *York Sleeps.*
4. Spuds in *Submarine Patrol.*
5. Paul Wagner in *The Girl Downstairs.*
6. Gregory Ratoff's birthplace (abbr.).
7. Miss Rutherford's initials.
8. The girl in *Kentucky.*
10. First name of 29 Across.
11. Ellie in *The Cowboy and the Lady.*
13. Colette in *If I Were King.*
15. Tyrone Power played opposite Loretta Young and Annabella in this.
16. Lady Westover in *Say it in French.*
18. Feminine lead in *Next Time I Marry.*
20. First name of 8 Down.
22. Whose wife is Kathleen Lockhart?
24. Crosby's contributions to films.
26. *Port of Seven* ——— (sing.).
27. Arch foe of Mickey Mouse.
30. *Down on the* ———.
31. Mrs. Platt in *Thanks for the Memory.*
33. Aunt Milly in *Out West with the Hardys.*
34. *Duke of West* ———.
35. *Love* ——*s Andy Hardy.*
36. Ben in *Kentucky.*
38. Movie with songs, dances, skits, etc.
40. *The Marines Are* ———.
41. One of two *Block-Heads.*
44. Descriptive of men such as Humphrey Bogart portrays.
45. ——— *Gun Justice.*
47. Mr. Abel's initials.
49. ——— *Time to Marry.*

(Solution on page 65)

3 Reasons Why Women Choose FIBS*

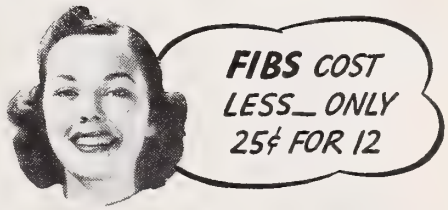
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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

The First 50 Years

[*Continued from page 21*]

famous names in the saga of the screen.

Here David Wark Griffith, a stage actor out of work, was engaged to stomp about at five dollars a day as a member of the little screen stock company. He remained to become its director, pioneering most of the early tricks of movie technique: the close-up, the flashback and the fadeout.

Here Florence Lawrence won renown as the first "Biograph Girl" and Arthur Johnson enacted the roles that made him the first movie matinee idol.

And here, one morning in May of 1909, came a little sixteen-year-old girl with curls down her back, long, golden curls that were soon to be a symbol of romance, the badge of "America's Sweetheart."

Just seven years after Mary Pickford walked into Biograph to work for twenty-five dollars a week she signed the movies' first million dollar contract.

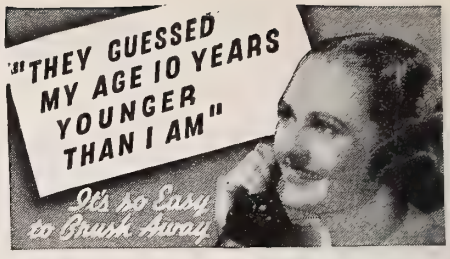
The story of Mary Pickford is the story of the motion picture business in all its amazing mushroom growth from dismal nickelodeon to magnificent Radio City Music Hall. Thumb the history of the film industry, and a Pickford picture illustrates almost every chapter; *Tess of the Storm Country, Rags, Poor Little Rich Girl, Daddy Long Legs, Rosita, Secrets.*

But back to Biograph of the days of the jumpy, flickering one reeler when "double takes," not dialogue, told the story, and a toss of the head, a lift of the eyebrow and a windmill of gestures were eloquence indeed.

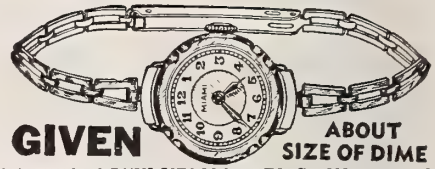
Other actors of that early Griffith company were Henry Walthall, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, James Kirkwood, William Russell, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, a serious faced young man who wanted to make comedies about policemen, and Mabel Normand, destined to be the screen's greatest comedienne. Prop boy for the busy studio was Bobby Harron, who shortly was to don grease paint and play opposite Mae Marsh in a number of Griffith's tenderest tales.

■ Memories of these days are like a newsreel crowded with celebrities, each pausing a brief minute to bow and pass on into the years. At Vitagraph the camera catches fat, rollicking John Bunny in a playful moment with Flora Finch from *The New Stenographer,* one of their many uproarious comedies. Posed in romantic array are Florence Turner, Carlyle Blackwell, Maurice Costello and Norma Talmadge, dropping a youthful curtsey to an approaching eventful career. At Kalem we catch a flash of a pretty young artists' model named Alice Joyce, and at Essanay we stop long enough to admire the Charles Dana Gibson profile of J. Warren Kerrigan.

Best known of all the movie actors of this period, however, was G. M. Anderson, who, as "Broncho Billy," blustered bravely through a one reel cowboy picture every week for Essanay under the well remembered trade-mark of the Indian head of the copper penny.



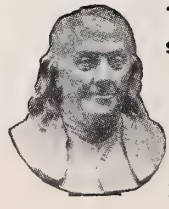
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By 1912 the motion picture was straining to break the bonds of its single reel. Strength was given the movement by the importation of two foreign made films, *Queen Elizabeth,* a four-reel French picture starring Sarah Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen, and *Quo Vadis,* a spectacle in eight reels produced in Italy.

The success of these two long films gave assurance to the more ambitious of the directors in this country. Griffith immediately began *Judith of Bethulia,* a pretentious four-reeler with Blanche Sweet; and Cecil de Mille took Dustin Farnum and a company to Hollywood to make the first feature length picture in the future film capital, *The Squaw Man.*

There entered on the film scene now the man who was to focus more world wide attention on the screen than any other single figure in its history; who was to be hailed by the intelligentzia as the movies' only great artist and by audiences everywhere as their favorite of favorites, Charlie Chaplin.

In 1912 Mack Sennett finally found someone with money who would listen to his ideas about policemen and comedies, and, cutting loose from Griffiths and Biograph, set out for California to begin recruiting his famous Keystone Cops and his alluring Sennett Bathing Beauties.

In the summer of 1913, Sennett remembered a little Cockney comedian he had seen on Broadway in a vaudeville act called *A Night in a London Club.* He wired his New York backers to trace the act and offer a contract to the Englishman whose name, as best he could recall it, was Chadwick or Chapman or something of the sort.

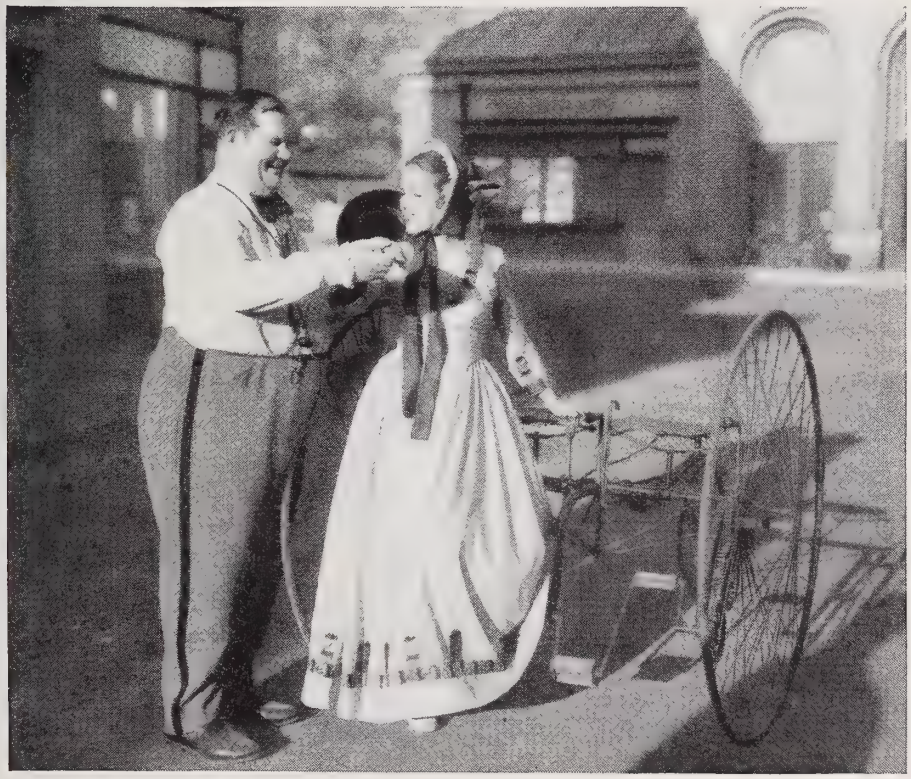
And so it happened that in November of 1913 there reported to the Sennett studio a diffident little man who wasn't at all sure he was going to like this picture business but was willing to give it a try.

From other members of the company he borrowed his first outfit; shoes that were much too big for him, from Ford Sterling; baggy pants and a derby several sizes too small from Fatty Arbuckle. Mack Swain loaned the newcomer a false moustache which Chaplin clipped until it was a mere spot on his lip. Somewhere he picked up a little cane.

Thus adorned Charlie Chaplin trotted through his first picture, *The Kids' Auto Races,* in a peculiar and amazing little shuffle he had copied from a wretched old bar fly in the London slums.

That funny little walk, the impish tilt of his derby, his utterly irresistible pantomime, carried Chaplin and his baggy pants to the top position in the Keystone troupe. In 1914 when Sennett decided to attempt the daring innovation of a six reel comedy called *Tillie's Punctured Romance,* Charlie was cast for the lead opposite Marie Dressler.

Essanay now bid for Chaplin's services, offering one thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars a week to the comedian who had started only a year before at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and Charlie went to Chicago to make a series of memorable two reelers which included *Easy Street, A Night Out* and *The Champion.*

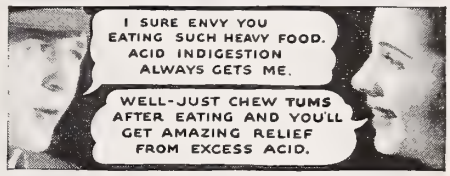


Oliver Hardy thinks that the first version of a bicycle built for two is the best one, and he took Alice Koerner for a whizz around the Hal Roach lot during shooting of *It's Spring Again.* Notice the chain drive on the bike and the chain on Mr. Hardy, too, for that matter

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ALWAYS CARRY
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
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Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—
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This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

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When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

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Wayne Morris plays a hick fighter in *Broadway Cavalier*, but evidently he cherishes a longing to play Tarzan. Here he is up a tree practising

■ Meanwhile, as Chaplin was making screen history with comedy, Griffith was in production with the picture that was to be famous as the first screen spectacle, *The Birth of a Nation*.

The Birth of a Nation was a saga of the South, the Civil War and the days of Reconstruction. Magnificently mounted, the picture was a melodramatic mingling of patriotism, hate, terror, suspense and romance. The wide sweep of its battle lines and the electrifying rides of the white-robed Ku Klux Klan made for the most spectacular story that had yet reached the screen. It drew a whole new audience to the cinema when it was released in 1915 in twelve reels. The picture had cost well over a million dollars but was to gross many times that amount.

■ Just a few months before *The Birth of a Nation* started its sensational runs, there appeared on the screen a vivid little feature called *A Fool There Was* which was to introduce the "vampire" to films, a new word to the language of the day, and an entirely new type of star in the person of Theda Bara.

Next month, HOLLYWOOD Magazine continues with this fascinating "review" of the first fifty years of the movies. And what a galaxy of shining stars play leading roles! Pearl White, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and hundreds of others. Remember the vogue of "the flapper" and the "It" girls? Did you know that Gloria Swanson started as a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty? Remember the blaring wonders of the early talkies?

Don't fail to read the rest of the story in May HOLLYWOOD Magazine

On the newsstands April 10.



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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
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In Defense of Laziness

[*Continued from page* 26]

said. "I guess Mother just was the first victim of the famous Crosby charm."

Bing pooh-poohed this idea, and said he never had been mother's pet; it was just fortunate that she had enough perspicacity at the time to recognize the infinite importance of a perfectly executed drop-kick as compared to the unimportance of a well beaten dining room rug on a Saturday afternoon.

Larry asserts that the only reason Bing always played the role of the victorious cowboy in the childhood game of Cowboys and Indians from which he got his nickname was because the "dead" Indians had to fall down. Bing labeled that a gross misstatement of fact.

"Rather let us say I choose to align myself on the side of law and order," he suggested.

Of course it is perfectly true that he once got a job as a farm hand and was fired after one week. But it was not because he was loafing on the job. He merely had acquired $2.00 in pay and felt it only fair that employment should be spread around among as many as possible in hard times. Nor did he deliberately cut his foot with a hatchet that time he worked in a lumber camp. That is a base piece of propaganda, says Bing.

"Yes, sir, it sure is a puzzle to me why people go 'round saying I'm lazy," Bing said and slid further down in his chair until he was sitting on a spot between his fourth and fifth cervical vertebra. "Now, for instance, last week we found our show running overtime. I insisted we cut one of my vocal numbers. So my brother says 'You're not fooling me, you lazy lunkhead. That's not modesty. You just want to get out of a little work.' And here I'd gone to the trouble to figure it out like this: the less you give them, the more they want and the more they want, the longer I'll have a job."

Sure, he sits perched on a high stool when crooning those ditties the public loves, Bing admitted. But it's not because it is too much work to stand up to sing the way others do. It's simply that he sings just as well sitting down as on his feet, and look at the wear and tear on shoe leather it saves! Doesn't cost half as much to half sole the seat of your pants as the bottom of your shoes. And besides, it's more comfortable.

Furthermore, it is not laziness that makes him sign important contracts without reading them through as brother Everett claims. The very idea!

"I pay a good lawyer a heavy chunk of dough to take care of things like contracts," he defended. "Now as I see it, your lawyer is something like your doctor. You've got to have faith in him and his judgment, or there's no use having him take care of you. Right? So, signing contracts without reading them simply is my way of proving my faith in my lawyer. Besides, I don't like to read."

Once in a while that policy leads to a few difficulties, Bing admitted, but there's usually a way to get around them without too much fuss and feathers. Like the time he wanted a certain entertainer to appear as guest on his program. The guy was broke, his wife was in the hospital, and a jolt of $300 would come in handy. Unfortunately, however, the producer of the show did not see eye to eye with Bing as to the advisability of hiring



Reading, writing and arithmetic go on just the same, even if these youngsters are working in a picture. Between scenes in Samuel Goldwyn's *Wuthering Heights*, starring Merle Oberon and David Niven, these youngsters hurry back to the "schoolhouse" in the corner of the set



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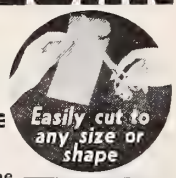
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the guy for that amount of dough. In fact, he didn't want to hire him at all. Technically he was in the driver's seat, because the contract Bing had signed without reading gave him jurisdiction only over what songs he, himself, would sing each week.

"Hire him," said Bing.

"No dice," said the producer.

"It's a good idea," Bing suggested.

"It stinks," said the producer.

"Mmmm," mused Bing. "Want a crooner on your program next week?"

"Certainly," said the producer. "You know damned well you're the spark-plug of the show."

"Mmmm," said Bing. "Then hire the guy. For three hundred bucks."

The guy was hired. For three hundred bucks. What's a contract anyway?

■ By all rights you should have been seeing Bing in a new Paramount picture along about now called *The Star Maker*. It was supposed to follow the current *Paris Honeymoon* and was scheduled to start early in September. Paramount isn't the least surprised it hasn't started yet. Things like that are more or less expected now with Crosby pictures. However, it is the blackest sort of calumny to even hint it was Bing's fault. Certainly he was *willing* to work. It was just that he was a very tired man and so he went to Bermuda for a vacation.

"It's pretty hard for me to understand why anyone would call that laziness," he said in a hurt tone. "All I was trying to do was show a conscientious respect for duty. A tired man cannot do his best work, and second-best is not good enough for my fans."

And as for what tired him out so much, anyone knows it is darned strenuous work watching bangtails run around a race track day in and day out for a whole month. Well, Bing thinks so anyway, and the United States constitution guarantees a man the right to his own opinion.

■ Then there was that night not long ago when he and Dixie had retired for the night, only to be awakened by a dripping faucet in the adjoining bath. The noise kept up until Dixie's nerves were frazzled. Bing lay quietly staring up at the ceiling.

"Bing, for heaven's sake, will you get up and do something about that faucet?" Dixie demanded at last.

"No, my sweet," he answered. "Put a pillow over your head and forget about it. We'll call a plumber in the morning."

"You lazy oaf!" Dixie said in exasperation. "I'm surprised you don't hire someone to do your breathing for you!"

"Tut, tut, my dear," Bing rebuked her. "Breathing is my job. So is crooning. But plumbing is not. And I am a man who subscribes to the principle that a shoemaker should stick to his last. Surely you would not ask me to violate one of my principles? Ah, I thought not."

Dixie put a pillow over her head and called a plumber in the morning. Bing rolled over and went to sleep. His "minimum of effort" policy had scored again.

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■ There is a distinct difference between his policy and laziness. Bing is insistent about that. His idea of a really lazy man, he said, was the fellow he saw down South one day. The chap was sitting on the ground leaning up against a picket fence, feebly fanning himself from the broiling hot rays of the sun.

"Whew," he would say. "Sho' is hot. Yes sir, sho' is hot!"

A few feet away stood a large elm tree offering generous shelter of cooling, deep shade. Bing asked him why he did not move into it.

The chap squinted up at the sky. "Well, sir," he answered. "I figger another hour or so, and the sun'll move!"

■ Seriously, though, Bing has worked and worked hard since the time he was a boy. Everything he owns or ever has owned he has acquired by his own efforts. Mother and Father Crosby believed in giving their children food and a home. Anything more the kids wanted they had to get for themselves.

Maybe he is the laziest guy in the world. If so, it's a new kind of laziness, for he also has more irons in the business fire than almost any other young man his age today. He makes an average of three motion pictures a year. He is the star of a weekly radio program. He makes innumerable phonograph recordings month after month. He takes an active part in the management of the beautiful Del Mar race track. He trains and races a string of thoroughbreds. He is president of the Crosby Investment Corporation which has extensive real estate holdings. He runs a big ranch in California. He plays at least eighteen and usually twenty-seven holes of golf a day to keep in physical trim. He owns one of filmdom's loveliest homes, is the devoted father of four fine sons, and the copartner in one of Hollywood's happiest marriages. The cut of his combined weekly earnings which Uncle Sam gets in income tax is enough to buy a shiny new battleship every year.

A guy like that ought to be allowed to wear his shirt tails outside his trousers if he wants to.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

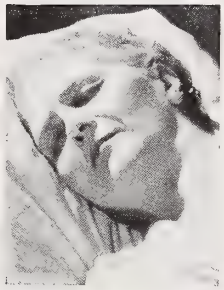
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4


5


6


7

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Hollywood

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W. H. FAWCETT
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Lana Turner, lovely M-G-M starlet, who will be seen next in *Calling Dr. Kildare*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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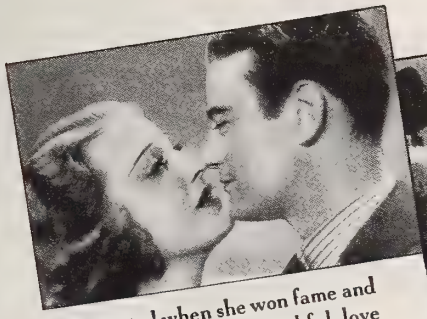
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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

The day a magazine goes to press is a time of rapid enterprise and mixed emotions. Along about four o'clock in the afternoon when deadline approaches, when the presses are thundering and ready to go, when the last page has been checked and the last picture popped into place, there comes a little lull. Then the editor takes time out for herself and drifts off into a gentle day-dream of new hats. The half hour between the closing of one issue and the starting of the next is sacred, through long established custom, to speculation about some bit of personal adornment to celebrate the new magazine.

But this particular month, there are so many plans already under way for the coming issues of HOLLYWOOD Magazine that we found it difficult to concentrate on personal matters. Instead of deciding to get a copy of that hat with the nest of blue and green veiling like Claudette Colbert wore in *Midnight*, we found ourselves thinking about all of the letters from the readers who liked the layout of Deanna Durbin fashions last month.

And that started the best idea, yet, for a contest. The telephone was busy for the next twenty minutes, but when we hung up, HOLLYWOOD Magazine's most exciting contest to date was under way. All of the details are not worked out, yet, but little Miss Durbin thinks that it will be a lot of fun to award as prizes some of the gay, smart clothes that carry her name and endorsement. Watch the coming issues for full details. We promise you that there will be plenty of prizes, and we plan to complete the contest in time for lucky winners to wear the awards back to school in the fall. Who says that time out is wasted?

***

No sooner was that bit of business completed, and we settled down with a happy sigh to the thought of the black hat with the pink peony on top, than the art editor, Mr. Al Allard, came in proudly with a proof of next month's cover. It is a picture of the charming Annabella. "Ah," we said admiringly because, even though she isn't wearing a hat, it is one of the prettiest covers we have had this year, and because we have a fine story about Annabella for the same issue. Allan Finn interviewed her when she returned from her trip to South America, and drew his own conclusions about the rumors that she will marry Tyrone Power. It is a good story with surprises in it.

***

Jessie Henderson, who wrote *Selling Danger by the Day* in this issue, will be back with an hilarious tale of woe that Johnny Weissmuller has to tell about the trials and tribulations a movie "ape-man" suffers. "It's no fun to be Tarzan," Weissmuller says with feeling, and explains just why. You won't believe what he suffers for his art.

***

Our favorite extra, the dashing Mr. E. J. Smithson, was last seen limping down Hollywood Boulevard on his way to enlist in the Foreign Legion. He was limping because of his devotion to duty in *Wuthering Heights*. You'll read about that on page 48. And he was enlisting in the Foreign Legion of Paramount's *Beau Geste* in an embittered effort to get himself out of dancing slippers and into some stout boots.

***

Ann Sheridan, who is moving right up to the top in Warner Brothers' pictures, startled Jerry Asher the other day by saying, "Most Hollywood men don't like love." As soon as Mr. Asher recovered from an only natural surprise, because Ann is one of the most popular stars in Hollywood, he rushed to his typewriter and whipped out a story that gives a remarkable slant on this glamourous girl.

***

Then there is the story of how Victor McLaglen looks up to his son. The boy is the only man in Hollywood taller than the enormous Vic. Then there are the stories about Bette Davis and Ginger Rogers and James Cagney, and a new questionnaire that is going to be lots of fun.

And that brings us back to the hat question. With such a dazzling array of features for a nickel, we think we'll go out right now and buy a hat . . . with a feather in it.



Shirley Temple presents seven little "Oscars" in addition to the two-foot statuette to Walt Disney for his *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*

Save—and be safe! Buy Nationally Advertised Groceries

The Portrait of a Free Soul



NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!



A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

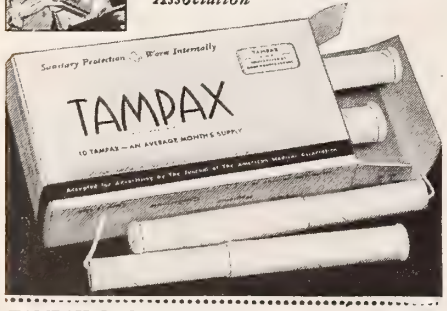
Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.



"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ A day or so after the newspaper poll designated Tyrone Power as the King of the Movies, two elaborately-dressed lackeys met him as he entered the 20th Century-Fox lunchroom, escorted him to his seat (which happened to be an immense "throne" chair from the property department's storeroom) and waited on him hand and foot during the course of his meal. Ty enjoyed the joke as well as the next one. In fact, he enjoyed it so much that he graciously told the lackeys that they could keep their uniforms. Then he instructed his secretary to truck the throne chair to his own home.

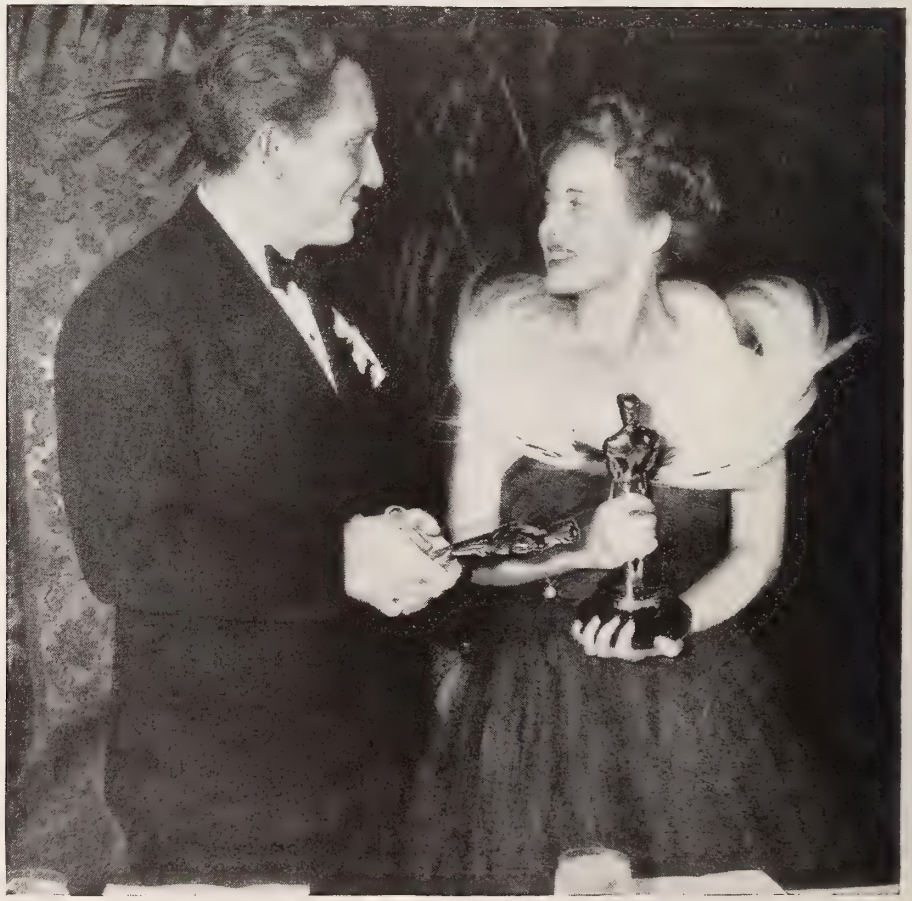
The next day, Don Ameche, who perpetrated the joke, got a bill from the studio for an even $500! And was his face red!

■ According to our theory of good manners it's never too late to toss an orchid and if Norma Shearer will just stop a moment we'll toss her a full bouquet of them. Norma has a big income but what's more important—she has a big heart. And proved it on January 30th of this year by pledging her entire lifetime's radio earnings to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and started off the pledge by paying in advance the $15,000 she received for three broadcasts. What a grand way to "start the New Year right!"

■ It begins to look as though the majors are turning thumbs down on their colossals and super-colossals during 1939, and, instead, are going to try to lure movie patrons through the turnstiles with the sure-fire remakes of old pictures. M-G-M soon will release *Within the Law*, produced first by Warners as a silent in 1917, and again in 1923. The same studio is also going to produce *Our Modern Daughters*. You probably saw it in 1929 as *Our Modern Maidens*. Then there's *Penthouse*, released back in 1933, and *He Who Gets Slapped*, a 1924 production and *New Moon*, a 1930 release. M-G-M has also purchased *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* from Universal. Just recently you've had a chance to look at *Huckleberry Finn*, first made for Paramount in 1920.

Paramount, as we write, is busy on a remake of *Beau Geste*, released in 1926. The studio purchased *The Cat and the Canary* from Universal, which made it in 1927, *Casey Jones*, produced in 1928, and the recently released *Tom Sawyer, Detective*, made twice, in 1917 and 1920.

[*Continued on page* 56]



Academy Awards go to Spencer Tracy for his performance in M-G-M's *Boys Town* and to Bette Davis for her performance in Warners' *Jezebel*, honoring each star for the second time

Save—and be safe! Buy Nationally Advertised Groceries

What does a Woman want most?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."



ANDREA LEEDS

LOVE! says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX SOAP."

Skin must be soft and smooth to pass the LOVE TEST

THE eyes of love look *close*. Foolish to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil romance! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—guards against the *choked pores* that cause Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap. This soap guards the world's loveliest complexions. *Your* skin needs its gentle, protecting care!



YOU want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use gentle Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



There's nothing like a youthful fragrance to lend you charm and attractiveness. That's why so many popular women everywhere, use April Showers Talc. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. For this fine, imported talc is scented with Cheramy's famous "perfume of youth".



Also, April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff 85c

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

DARK VICTORY—*Warners*

■ It takes courage to make such a picture as this. It also takes courage to go to see it, for Director Edmund Goulding evidently felt that he would be disgraced if great floods of tears did not come rolling out of every theatre where it is shown, and he is relentless in his insistence upon the emotional scenes.

Bette Davis deserves the highest praise for the brilliant technic of her performance of Judith, head-strong gay young heiress who never had known anything but fun until she had to face a shocking tragedy from which there was no escape.

Judith hated weakness and illness of any sort. That was why she tried to conceal the blinding headaches that came without warning. She called them hangovers, and drank harder than ever to try to forget them. She insisted that nothing was wrong. She refused to see a doctor.

When, finally, she was tricked into seeing young Dr. Steele (George Brent), she was defiant and flip and secretive. Dr. Steele was defiant, too. He didn't want her case. He didn't want any case. He was all ready to leave his excellent practice and retire to devote himself to research into brain surgery.

But what his first diagnosis revealed caused him to abandon his plans, attempt the delicate operation needed to save Judith's life. The operation is a success, but it reveals that Judith is beyond help, and that, at most, she has ten months to live in perfect health before a mercifully swift end.

What happens when Judith discovers the death sentence which her friends hoped to keep from her, how she faced the most unescapable of all realities is one of the most challenging parts an actress ever had, and Bette Davis excels herself in it.

Many of the most touching and telling incidents in the story depend on the excellence of a new actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Remember that name because she is likely to be one of the important actresses of the year. George Brent is convincing as the doctor. Humphrey Bogart is fine in a rather different part, for him. He plays an impertinent Irish groom, and makes the part memorable even though it has no vital relation to the story.

This is an overly long and deliberately harrowing film which you better avoid if you already are under some emotional strain. But you will hear it widely discussed in the next months, so you can't avoid the subject.



Jimmy Roosevelt, the new vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, talks shop with Merle Oberon at the annual Academy Awards dinner attended by 1,400 of the movie colony

STAGECOACH—*United Artists*

■ One of the truly memorable dramas of the early days of the southwest is Walter Wanger's *Stagecoach*. By all

[*Continued on page* 12]

More than a $10.00 SAVING-

1881 ROGERS

By ONEIDA LTD. *Silversmiths*



Lovely ANN SHERIDAN ... a Warner Bros. production ... Silverware Service of Stars



THE *New* *Del Mar* DESIGN-

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your dealer is now offering this lacy Tid-Bit Server, in DEL MAR design (ideal for gifts or bridge prizes) at only

25¢ REGULARLY $1.00



The **SERVICE OF THE STARS**



Yes, it's the selfsame kind of silverware chosen by so many glamorous Hollywood Stars. And now is the time to make this beauty yours. You can own a 58-piece Service for eight, a Tarnish-Proof Chest and a lovely, lacy Flower Vase (6¾ inches high) — all for only $29.95. If bought separately they would cost you $42.25. So you see you really do save more than $10.00. . . . Choose one to be really yours, from four lovely designs . . . shown at your silverware dealer's.

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 10]

means, climb aboard because it will take you on a trip lasting something less than two hours but which takes you straight back to the pioneer days when death lived in the wild reaches of the southern scenery, and courage was part of every traveler's equipment.

Brilliant photography and spectacular marshalling of great numbers of Indians from the Apache Reservation do much to make real the desolation and the promise of the vast southwestern plains, as well as the dangers that lurked behind every spectacular wind-carved mesa.

For the rest, there are short, vividly clear glimpses of the strangely assorted company that took the stage to Lordsburg.

There is the gently reared young wife of an army officer, on her way to a frontier post to join her husband before her baby arrives. Louise Platt gives the part tension and reserve and dignity. Contrasted is the defiant prettiness of one Dallas (Claire Trevor) who is being chased out of the settlement by the combined efforts of the upright matrons, and who faces with sullen despair a career in a wider-open town farther on. Then there is a derelict doctor (Thomas Mitchell) sodden with booze but capable, even in his tipsiest moments, of a certain cynical humor. John Carradine plays a flamboyant gentleman-gambler, equally undesirable to the sound citizens, exemplified by the banker (Berton Churchill). Donald Meek, of all people, plays a liquor salesman, on the road with samples. John Wayne shoots and rides and defies the law as the Ringo Kid, outlaw dedicated to the revenge of the deaths of his father and brothers. The driver of the stage is Andy Devine. Beside him, gun across his knee, is George Bancroft, ready for the expected murderous raid from Geronimo who has gone on the war-path in warning against the encroachments of the white settlers.

How the guard of soldiers missed connections, how the crowded stage, caught between a burned-out settlement and unscouted territory, rocks on through the threatening desert, makes drama of singular intensity.

This is one of the unforgetable films. Better see it.



Two "Oscars" find happy homes with Walter Brennan, best supporting actor in *Kentucky*, and Fay Bainter, best supporting actress in *Jezebel*

LET FREEDOM RING—*M-G-M*

■ Another set of bad men are routed by the law-abiding settlers of the plains in this film which makes its bid for difference with a singing hero.

While Steve Logan (Nelson Eddy) was away at college learning to be a lawyer, Jim Knox (Edward Arnold) moved in on the peaceful frontier settlement and tried to take it over. He was backed up by a corrupt judge (Guy Kibbee), a bought editor (Raymond Walburn), a brutal Irish foreman (Victor McLaglen), and an army of first generation Americans who were pushing the railroad tracks west.

A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30



For halitosis (bad breath) use **LISTERINE**

TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Knox burned out the men who refused to sell him land, and they were helpless against the venal courts. They pinned all of their hope of help on the return of Steve. But when Steve came back, he sided instantly with the predatory Knox, and against his heart-broken family and friends. Particularly scornful was his sweetheart (Virginia Bruce), a frontier firebrand who made doughnuts for a living when she wasn't riding in the hills.

But don't be like the characters in the play and jump hastily to conclusions. Because who was the mysterious "Wasp" who kidnapped a whole printing plant and exposed the spoilers by distributing newspapers in the night? Who was it that inspired the railroad workers with such patriotic fervor by his singing that they voted right and overthrew the tyrant Knox? And who was it that fought Victor McLaglen, slam, crash, zowie, and triumphed to sing several more songs?

THE OKLAHOMA KID—*Warners*

■ This is one of the great, big, spectacular, expensive westerns, complete with an outlaw hero who has a heart of gold, bad men who get through a large amount of murder, and a pretty heroine with short hair and lots of lipstick.

We have been seeing the same characters and the same plot in gangster pictures for so long that every once in a while you will find yourself wondering dimly why Humphrey Bogart doesn't use a sub-machine gun on his victims instead of a simple old six-shooter.

Jim Kinkaid (James Cagney) became an outlaw because somebody didn't give him a square deal and he distrusted law and order. He cut himself off from his stern and upright family, until Bad-man McCord (Humphrey Bogart) started talking out of the corner of his mouth and telling his border yeggs to get old man Kinkaid. That touched the golden heart of "The Oklahoma Kid," and he began shooting it out with dozens, nay, hundreds of men at one time with more success than the law of averages normally allows.

Rosemary Lane plays the young lady who introduces Max Factor make-up to the southwest some fifty years before Hollywood heard of it. There is a fine, large cast, beautiful photography and more action than a three ring circus.

WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—*20th Century-Fox*

■ His successful business and his beautiful wife gave Leonard (Warner Baxter) a happy existence. Life would have been perfect except for one thing. His wife (Loretta Young) cherished anything but a silent ambition to be a concert singer. That would have been all right, too, except for one other thing. She didn't have a voice.

Leonard was an easy-going man. He loved his wife and wanted her to be happy. So he put up with her voice coach (Cesar Romero) and with his scornful mother-in-law (Helen Westley) so long as the warbling was confined to his own drawing

[*Continued on page* 55]

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING!

WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!

IT'S TRUE! A GIRL DOES HAVE MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE BATHES WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢

at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Will he notice your Spring hat . . . *or only a heavily over-powdered face?*



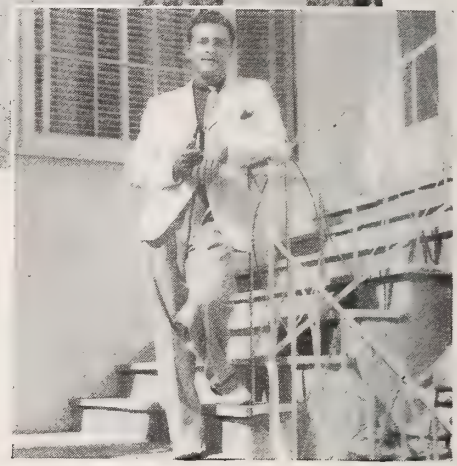
Hat by Sally Victor

LUXOR "Feather-Cling" Face Powder has a *Light Touch!*

Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.







Victor McLaglen's beautiful La Canada estate will be thrown open to the members of the second Movieland Tour for a cocktail party. Right, Allan Jones poses in welcoming mood on the steps of his ranch house which will be the scene of a cocktail party for the members of the first Tour

See Hollywood First

Here are the details for the most exciting vacation you can imagine. Read them carefully if you have dreamed of seeing Hollywood's stars

■ How would you like to go to Hollywood?

How would you like to see with your own eyes the glamourous people and places and things you've been reading about in your favorite movie magazine? How would you like to meet world-famous celebrities in person, inspect the great sound studios where pictures are made, dine and dance at night spots frequented by movie stars—and top off your thrilling stay in the land of celluloid make-believe by being entertained at a cocktail party given especially for you by a famed picture personality?

You would? Well, here's your chance to make all these things and more come true. By popular request, HOLLYWOOD Magazine this summer is repeating the Movieland Tours which have been so tremendously successful in previous years. As before, your favorite screen magazine has made all arrangements necessary to transform your two weeks' vacation into a glorious adventure you will never forget.

HOLLYWOOD Magazine's correspondence files are crammed with enthusiastic letters from Movieland Tourists of previous years, citing their thrilled appreciation of our help in affording them "the vacation of a lifetime." Naturally we're proud of those letters and grateful to the senders. But after this summer's two Tours we expect an even more enthusiastic response. For this year, in addition to a de luxe transcontinental train trip through country of incomparable beauty, climaxed by exciting days and nights in Hollywood, the 1939 Movieland Tours will visit the magnificent $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.

The only "arrangements" you have to make is to specify which of the two Tours you prefer to take. Both are identical.

Save—and be safe! Buy Nationally Advertised Groceries

The first Tour leaves Chicago by special train on Saturday, July 15, and returns exactly two weeks later on July 29. The second Tour begins on Saturday, August 5, and ends on Saturday the 19th. All you have to do is enjoy yourself. HOLLYWOOD Magazine will take care of everything else—hotel accommodations, transportation, meals, studio visits, side trips, introductions to the stars and all other details. And believe it or not, the entire two weeks' vacation will cost you no more than the price of a round-trip railroad ticket!

This year's Movieland Tourists will travel in luxurious special trains consisting of air-conditioned observation-lounge and dining cars and specially-constructed sleepers. Leaving Chicago on the evening of the first day you head westward through the most magnificent countryside America can offer—towering mountains, rushing rivers, fertile valleys and thriving cities. Frequent stops en route will enable you to get a thrilling first-hand impression of North Dakota's Badlands, Montana's fabulously wealthy mining country, the serene beauty of Washington's snow-peaked mountains. A highlight of the westbound trip will be a motor ride through the countryside lying in the shadow of Mount Rainier, majestic snow-crowned monarch of the Cascades.

After spending the night in one of Seattle's luxury hotels, the Movieland Tourists will explore the fascinating city known as "the gateway to Alaska and the Orient," then travel southward to Portland. Six days after leaving Chicago the Movieland Special will pull into Los Angeles, within whose far-flung city limits lies HOLLYWOOD!

Waiting to receive the first group of Movieland Tourists will be Allan Jones and Irene Hervey who will be your hosts at a cocktail party at Bel Air ranch, owned jointly by Jones and Robert Young. There you will meet and chat with many of the actors and actresses whom you have admired on the screen.

Host for the second Movieland Tour, on August 11, will be Victor McLaglen on his large estate in La Canada, whence the Tourists will motor after lunching at Warner Brothers studio commissary. McLaglen's estate is famed for its private zoo, its horses and its genial owner's hospitality.

For three exciting days HOLLYWOOD Magazine will take you on a personally-escorted tour of movieland, showing you things the casual visitor is not permitted to see. You will watch famous stars work before the sound cameras, making films which will not reach your neighborhood theatre until months later. You will lunch at studio commissaries, and visit night clubs fairly glittering with movie stars.

Homeward-bound after your thrilling stay in movieland you will stop off at San Francisco to spend two full days at the magnificent Golden Gate Exposition. If you like, you may wander through exotic Chinatown, go shopping or sightseeing as well. On the evening of the second day, you will board a luxury river steamer for an overnight trip to Sacramento.

The eastbound leg of the Tour will follow a southerly route, with stop-offs at Reno, Salt Lake City and Denver. And when the Movieland Special pulls into Chicago's new Union Station it will bring to a reluctant conclusion the most enjoyable and thrilling holiday you ever spent.

Summer isn't far off. Before you make your vacation plans, learn more about this year's Movieland Tours by reading the free illustrated booklet which is yours simply by mailing the coupon below. The booklet, sent at absolutely no obligation to you, gives complete information about this year's Movieland Tours. Mail the coupon today. It may be the key which unlocks the door to a glorious vacation you will never forget!

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"No charm is more appealing than a fresh and Lovely Skin!"



says this lovely Philadelphia bride

I can't say enough in praise of Camay. Its gentle cleansing seems to freshen my complexion...and no charm is more appealing than a fresh and lovely skin.

Philadelphia, Pa.
January 10, 1939

(Signed) RUTH ANN WALLEN
(Mrs. Charles S. Wallen)

SUCH magic words—"You're the only one I love!" What makes a man say them? Hundreds of lovely, happy brides will tell you that a fresh, smooth complexion is a most important charm. And brides should know!

So many beautiful brides advise Camay! They tell you, "No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather!" Camay cleanses *thoroughly*, yet its creamy lather is wonderfully *mild*.

Today, thousands of girls use Camay for complexions and for a refreshing bath of beauty. Camay's gentle cleansing helps you to *all-over* loveliness—to exquisite daintiness. *You'll* like this inexpensive care. Get three cakes today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS



Girls of Egypt Wore a Magic Charm At the time of Cleopatra, women wore a mystic charm to make them fascinating . . . and irresistible to men.



Girls of Today Use **DJER-KISS** Modern maidens know the way to be completely captivating . . . with the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning . . . Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed. Helps keep you cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*



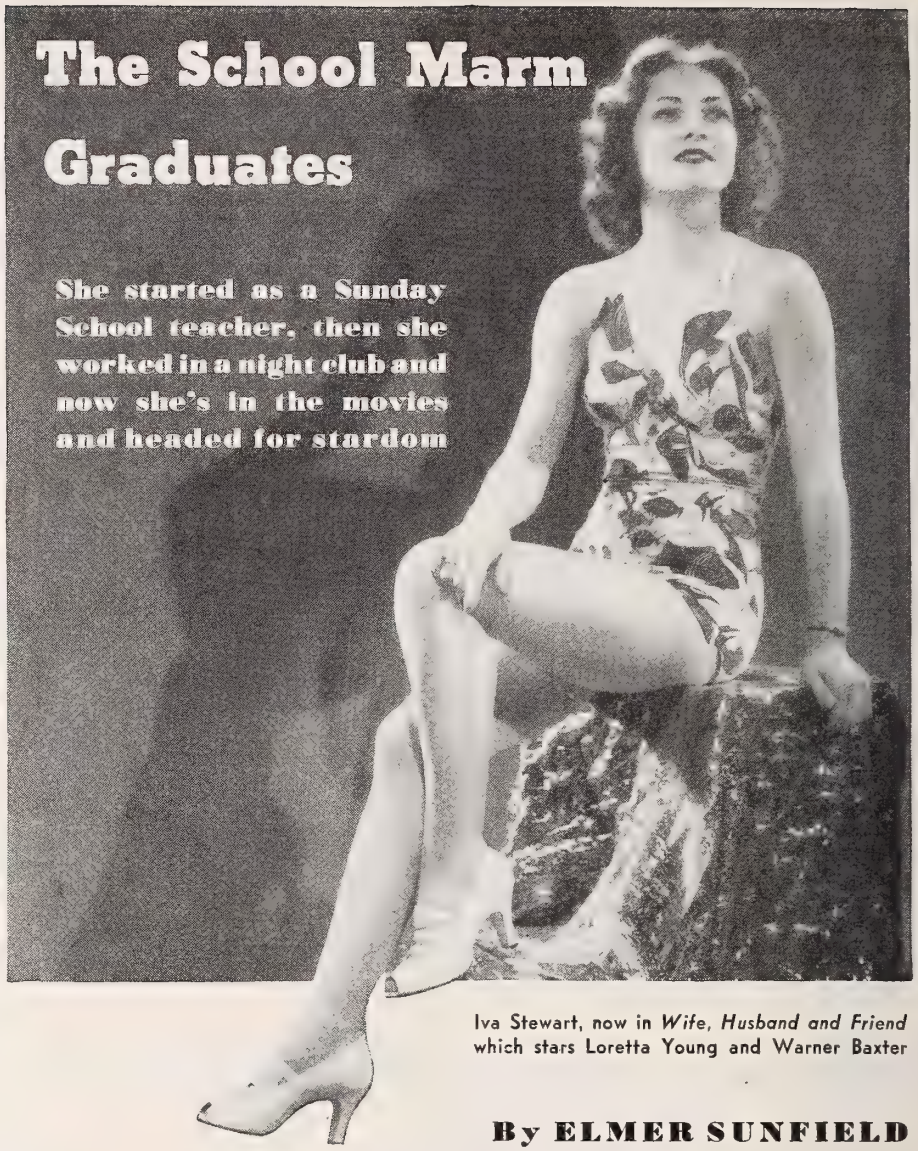
The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

The School Marm Graduates

She started as a Sunday School teacher, then she worked in a night club and now she's in the movies and headed for stardom



Iva Stewart, now in *Wife, Husband and Friend* which stars Loretta Young and Warner Baxter

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ You could have knocked over the beauty chorus of the famous Paradise Club floor-show with much less than a six-inch strip cut from their abbreviated costumes when they discovered that Iva Stewart, the new girl from up in Maine, was a Sunday School teacher!

"What's coming off here?" one of the hard-boiled cuties asked. Which was certainly putting it figuratively since she, along with the rest of ladies of the ensemble, were practically down to their last stitch or stitches. "Let's give the little greenhorn the works?"

"I'll never forget that first night as long as I live," Iva declares. "I was more frightened and embarrassed than I was the first time I ever stepped in front of a camera at 20th Century-Fox studios. It was my first trip to a big city, my first time in a night club. I didn't know a single dance routine. In fact, I never had learned a single dance step, and there I was, jumping up and down in the front line. Well, they certainly gave 'the little greenhorn the works!' I bumped into one of them, and she gave me a shove that sent me sprawling clear across the floor!"

But Iva didn't give up for the very simple reason that she had only eighty-four cents in her purse. There was another reason, too. Her family, due to financial reverses of one kind and another, needed the fifty-dollar-a-week check her chorus work would bring.

"So," she smiled, "I stuck it out and in time was accepted by the girls as a member in good standing. I worked in the Paradise Club for two years and was earning seventy-five dollars a week when I left for Hollywood."

Sophisticated and suspicious Broadway took her to its collective heart when it was finally convinced that she neither drank nor smoked, that she refused to sit at the tables as a hostess, and that she wouldn't go out with strange men who patronized the famous nightspot. A New York columnist went out of his way to pay her compliments in his daily column and she became the "little darling" of the Big Town.

"Folks in Berlin, Maine, my home town, thought I was a goner, headed straight for perdition when they learned that I was a Broadway chorus girl. Eyebrows were lifted and tongues wagged every time my name was mentioned, but opin-

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ions changed when I proved that a girl could remain straight and decent and, except for the late hours, lead a natural life even though in the show business."

Iva got two scares during her stay at the Paradise Club and those two were enough to last her a life-time. Number One was when a tough-looking character of the underworld sent her a mash note from his ringside table, *demanding,* not asking, that she step out with him after the show.

"He'd been there night after night looking at me," she says, "and I knew his reputation from what the girls had said about him in the dressing room. They said I'd certainly be in a jam if I didn't go out with him, so I was frightened to death. I ran crying into the manager's office and told him that I'd quit the show and go back to Maine and wash dishes for a living before I'd ever go out with that man. The manager told me not to worry and he went out leaving me still crying in the office. He came back in five or ten minutes and said that everything was okay, that he'd explained to the tough guy that 'I wasn't his type.' When I went on for the next show the man was gone. And gone for good so far as I was concerned, because he never appeared at the Paradise after that."

Scarcely had the excitement of this experience died down than she got another thrill, this time of a different sort. Unknown to her, one of the chorus girls had entered her name in a nation-wide beauty and fashion show to be held in Madison Square Garden. When the posing and parading in front of the judges was over Iva found herself classified as "the most beautiful and the best dressed girl in America in evening dress and furs."

"At least that's what was engraved on the cup they gave me," she says. "But this wasn't the only time I'd won honors in beauty contests. After finishing high school and while working as a telephone operator in Hebron, Maine, the girls of the exchange prevailed upon me to enter a state beauty contest and I won the title of 'Miss Maine' and with it a trip to Atlantic City where the national beauty contest was to be held. I won runner-up honors for the 'Miss America' title in that one and of course I was very happy about it. I was happier still when I returned home to find a letter asking me if I would consider a job in the chorus of the Paradise Club. We needed the money and so, despite the family's objections, I bought a ticket for New York and landed there, as I said, with just exactly eighty-four cents in my pocketbook."

■ Iva's second experience with the naughty boys of the underworld occurred one night shortly after winning her Madison Square Garden honors. It was even more terrifying than her first one.

"This time," she says, "it wasn't just one man who kept watching me, but twelve who occupied ringside tables. During the floor show I pretended not to see them but it didn't do much good because, when a dance routine brought me close, one of them reached out, grabbed me and shoved me into a vacant chair. He snarled out something about me being a 'high-hat dame' and 'who the blankety-blank-blank did I think I was!' and said I was to show up at a certain spot after the Paradise closed 'or else!' I don't know how I got away from him, but I did, and back in the dressing room the girls made matters worse by saying the men were all big-shots and toughs. The master of ceremonies had been watching the whole thing. He came in, shooed the girls out, told me to quit crying and calm down, and he'd see what he could do. What he finally did was to suggest that I get out of town and not return for a week. And that's what I did do. When I came back I worked a full year without ever being bothered once by anyone. I don't know to this day what was said or done to pacify those plug-uglies, but it must have been something very, very diplomatic."

■ With the publicity she received from her Madison Square Garden contest honors added to what her countless Broadway friends in and out of the show business were giving her, commercial artists' agencies began to stop, look, and

[*Continued on page* 64]

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ACCEPT THIS THRILLING OFFER!

We give you medium-size bottle of Colgate's new Halo Shampoo, FREE, when you buy large bottle at regular price! After using FREE bottle, if you do not agree that Halo leaves your hair gleaming with natural highlights, return unused large bottle to dealer and money will be refunded!

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(2) Not Oil! Halo leaves hair soft and manageable, but never greasy! **(3) Contains no harmful chemicals!** Does not irritate scalp. Guaranteed safe by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

So hurry! While limited supply lasts, get your medium-size bottle of this thrilling new Halo Shampoo *free,* when you buy large size at regular price from any drug or department store. Don't delay. You, too, can have soft, lustrous hair this easy, new way!

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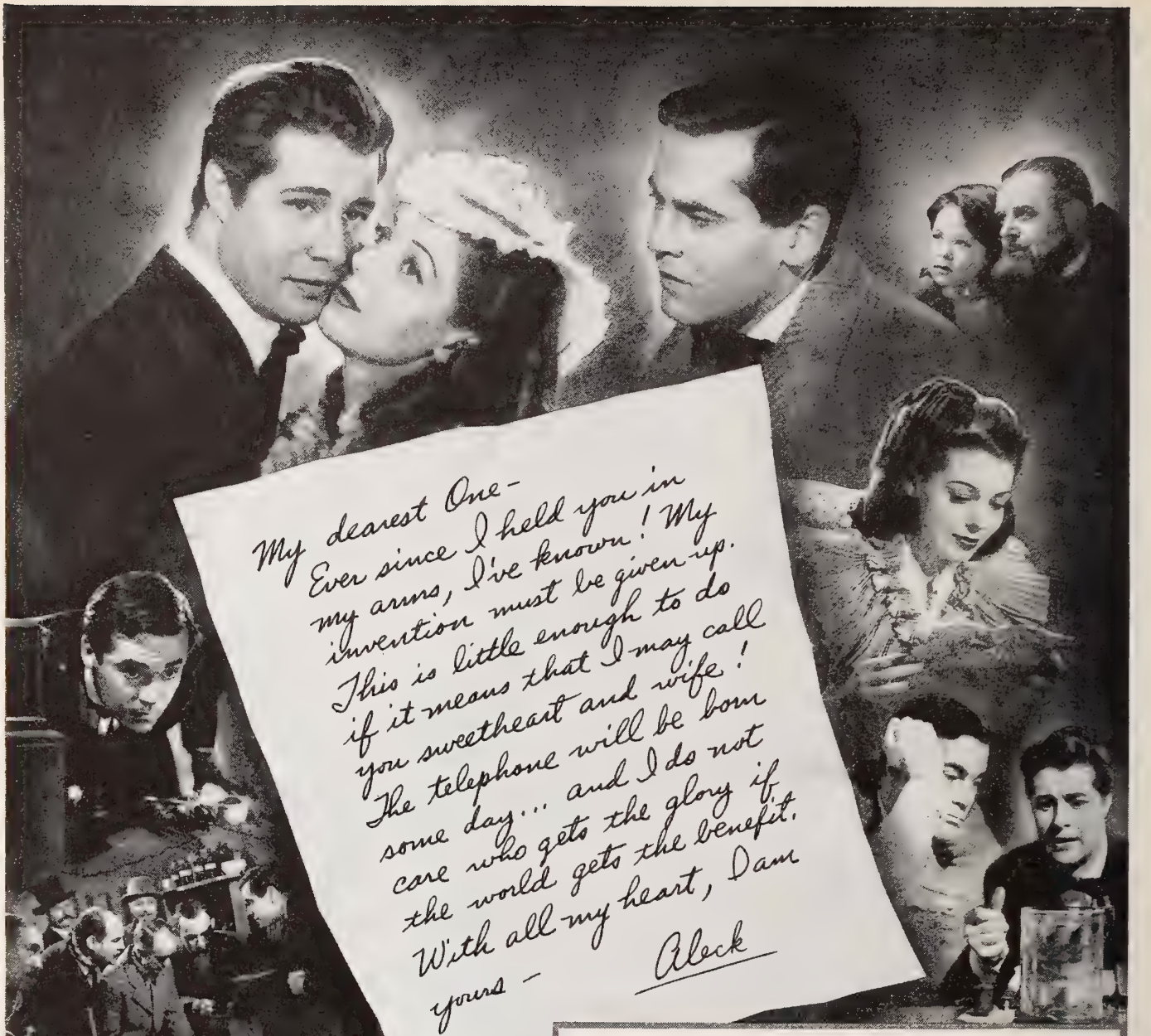


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Buy large bottle of new Halo Shampoo at regular price, and dealers also give you medium-size, FREE! Try free bottle. Then if you don't agree that a single Halo shampoo reveals the natural beauty of your hair, return unused large bottle, and dealer will refund your money. Supply limited, so don't wait!

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Thrilling... and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger... to achieve the miracle of wings for the human voice!

Side-Tracked Siren

Just exactly what is the new style in sirens? Myrna Loy, who made a specialty of the slinking walk, the secret smile, the narrowed eyes of the vamp of yesterday, tells you what to expect of the 1939 siren

By KAY PROCTOR



Above, Robert Taylor looks with respect and pleasure, too, at the 1939 siren in *Lucky Night*

This is a story about Wicked Women, 1939 style. Because—

The Side-tracked Siren is in the groove again. Once more the erstwhile "Perfect Wife" of the screen, Myrna Loy, is going on the vampage.

Secretly, Myrna is pretty set-up about it all; she has found, I imagine, that perfection is not all it is cracked up to be. She admits, however, that when she was cast as the strong-willed temptress, Lady Esketh, in the forthcoming picturization of the best seller novel, *The Rains Came,* she was a little shocked.



This is the way Myrna Loy played the woman of dangerous allure in *The Mask of Fu Manchu,* one of her first vamps

Remember the simple, if sinful, wiles of Azuri in *The Desert Song*?

You could tell vamps by their eye-shadow in the old days, gone forever, alas!

Left, black velvet used to be the vampire's uniform. No more, alas!

"Frankly I was taken aback at the idea," she laughed. "I'd got so in the mental habit of 'nice girl' parts that a siren seemed, well unthinkable. Me a Wicked Woman? Perish the thought! My sireny belonged to the dear, dead past."

Then, she said, she realized it might be fun because sireny 'ain't what it used to be,' and the passing of years has stream-lined it into a pretty nifty model of behavior. Neat but not gaudy.

You remember the screen sirens of yesteryear. "Vamps" we called them. Slinky creatures they were with their lamp-blacked eyes, usually taped into an oriental slant; lacquered hair, always midnight black and coiffed to spell menace; and dead-white pans with exaggerated lips which were supposed to convey the idea of voluptuous and irresistible appeal. They slithered around in flowing draperies that would give the Hays Office a nightmare today, and stretched themselves out on fur bedecked couches to clasp The Hero to their ample bosoms in long, ardent (and how!) embrace. They had two facial expressions: a dirty leer, which meant they were up to no good; and passion, which usually turned out the same way.

For some strange reason, they always seemed very sad about their work, judging by their dolorous mien, which subtly suggested the life of a siren wasn't any great shakes when you came right down to it. Maybe it was because they always got their come-uppance in the end.

First, last and always, they [*Continued on page* 51]



Secrets of

■ In the corner sat a girl who had nice blue eyes. At first sight she was rather attractive in an alert and juvenile way, but when she rose to dance with one of the grammar-school boys, she looked pretty lanky and she fell over her feet and people snickered. That was Lucille Ball in Jamestown, N. Y., eight years ago.

A couple of winters later, she sat in the corner of a Broadway casting office. In front of that blue gaze a director paused. "Where have you been all my life?" he inquired with the enthusiasm of one who has found the type he sought. "Right here!" piped Lucille eagerly in the Donald Duck voice which then was hers. "Oh," said the director, and left her there.

But when Lucille Ball enters a room today, she doesn't have any chance to get into a corner. People spring to attention. If there happen to be some who don't know her, they ask: "Who is that stunning girl?" as if a jolt of electricity had flicked them. Briskly on her way to stardom, Lucille appears currently in an RKO picture called with fine appropriateness *Beauty for the Asking*. Well, she not only asked for beauty; she fought till she got it. Some fight, too. Beginning life as an ugly duckling, Lucille Ball has turned, through her own efforts, into a swan.

This phase of her career reads like one of those ads. "You, too, can have charm. . . ." And why not? Lucille says if she could, anybody can.

"Ugly duckling is right!" Lucille observed over a wedge of chocolate cake in the RKO lunch-room. "Nearly everything was wrong with me. My eyebrows grew too low, I'd formed

Above, the glamour girl who insists that she started as an "ugly duckling" before she made herself over

"Boy, What a Knockout" is what they say when Lucille Ball walks in, but she claims that she had only two good points to start with and had to fight for all of the rest. Here is the story of the "battle"

By EMILY NORRIS



Right, "My hair line was wrong, I pulled down my upper lip, and both of those things had to be changed"

an "Ugly Duckling"

the habit of letting my upper eyelids sag, my hair came too far down on my forehead, my head was meant for a small girl, and my long neck and legs for a big one, I was too tall, I had a mouth like a fish—"

She made a horrible face in illustration. She dropped her lips into a vacuous, descending curve.

"There was a tooth that never grew in, and certain of the others grew wrong. I was too slender (skinny, most people called it); my voice wasn't shrill, but it was a good octave higher than now; and I didn't know how to walk. My legs were paralyzed for three years as the result of a motor accident, which didn't help. But even aside from that—"

She called across the lunch-room: "Oh, Eddie!" Eddie Rubin, of the advertising department, came over to the table. "Show them how I walk when I'm not putting my mind on it," Lucille begged. Eddie crooked his knees, turned out his feet, and did a Charlie Chaplin glide down the aisle.

"See?" exclaimed Lucille, laughing delightedly. "Isn't that perfectly aw-ful? And as for posture! Look!" She rose from her chair and stood with an exaggerated bend in the middle of her back. "The motor accident gave me a spine injury, too, and if my back grows tired and I don't stop to think, I find myself standing like this. . . . I found myself doing it the other day when I rehearsed a scene with Frieda Inescourt, and here I was supposed to be a beauty expert giving her pointers, and she with the exquisite figure!"

Genuine admiration for other players is one of Lucille's characteristics. In a way, she's a thoroughly "different" personage. Apparently free of any professional jealousy, she combines an atmosphere of sophistication with a deep sincerity and a sometimes startling honesty. Don't ask her for the truth, if you don't want it! Devoted to her family, even unto second cousins, she yet left the rooftree to become one of the top-notch models in the swankiest New York dressmaking establishments. And, though famous as among the best dressed girls in Hollywood, she'd rather fly a plane than go to a party any day.

She flew her own plane, as a matter of fact, till the studio forbade it. Once, in weather ten below zero, she landed her plane on the ice to rescue a boy from a disabled iceboat. And once in a plane over a river in Colombia, she shot at and helped disperse a herd of alligators that threatened a jungle settlement.

"To begin with," she was saying, "I had to stop being so self-conscious about my height." She is five feet, six and a half inches; nice for a model, but rather tall for a film player. "At last I came to the conclusion that I ought to do what I wanted to do. It made me feel happy, and when you feel happy you are automatically more attractive. I'm talking about high heels. I liked shoes with heels, so I decided to wear them anyway.

"I don't think girls who are tall should wear low heels if they marry men who are shorter than themselves. Go on and wear high heels, and let the man wear higher ones! [*Continued on page* 58]



Right, an early portrait of Lucille Ball before she learned several secrets about her hair and eyes

Lucille Ball is at the right of Eddie Cantor. She claims that she did not know enough to hold her chin up and avoid a "goozle" when she was a chorus girl in *Kid Millions*





"I stood all wrong, and I had a mouth like a fish," says Miss Ball, describing herself when she appeared in *Hitting a New High*. But you remember that she was a hit!



This is the dance routine that resulted in bigger and better parts for La Belle Ball. She shakes her head sadly over the way her eyelids droop. But that's all changed now



Secrets of

Secrets of an "Ugly Duckling"



Above, the glamour girl who insists that she started as an "ugly duckling" before she made herself over

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[*Continued on page 58*]



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This is the dance routine that resulted in bigger and better parts for Le Belle Ball. She shakes her head sadly over the way her eyelids droop. But that's all changed now

Selling

Dodge City could not be better named for it has the biggest budget for stunts in movie history

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ It sure was a hot session in the Gay Lady saloon. Errol Flynn with a cattle train had blown into *Dodge City* (on Stage 5), and some of his ranch hands, such as Big Boy Guinn Williams and Alan Hale, had dropped into the bar just as somebody mentioned the Civil War. In the year 1872, it was as well to keep off this subject if you were Texans, like Flynn's outfit, and mingling with Kansans, like the group represented by Bruce Cabot and Victor Jory.

Bam! The Civil War started all over again with table legs and bottles flying thick as bullets. Amid a bedlam of yells and splintering wood and glass, Errol Flynn tossed Buster Wiles through a window in a door. Ann Sheridan kicked Sailor Vincent in the chest and knocked him silly. Bruce Cabot flung a couple of the boys down a flight of stairs.

At the height of the conflict (in which, incidentally, the South was victorious), three stunt men—Harvey Parry, Cliff Lyons, and Duke Green—performed one of the most difficult and ingenious stunts ever attempted in pictures. Locked in one another's arms and fighting, they fell over the rail of a balcony 22 feet high, tumbled *head first* to another balcony 15 feet high, crashed straight through the floor of that balcony upon a group of men brawling around a roulette table, smashed the table to bits, and finally landed on the floor of the saloon.

If you think it's easy to plan, to time, and to carry out that trick, then you're worth $485, which is what each of the three men received. And you take your place among the ace stunters of the

Left, Buster Wiles earning $50 for letting Errol Flynn toss him through a window in *Dodge City*. Below, left, Olive Hatch, one of the most famous stunt women, as she jumps a horse ridden by Buck Jones. Below, Harvey Parry and Allen Pomeroy in crash helmets ready to smash a car





Danger by the Day

movies, which is where each of this trio happens to be.

Dodge City is a stunters' holiday. It had a "stunt budget" of $31,500 for fight and roundup sequences, the biggest stunt budget in picture history. Besides the balcony fight, there are dozens of other stunts in which 44 bona fide stunt men took part — that is, men who make their livelihood by selling danger.

Such action costs money. A stunt man isn't an extra who has been told to heave a chair. He's a trained athlete who can fall out of a chandelier without killing himself or anyone else in the process. He is paid a minimum of $35 daily, and a top notcher in this line does pretty well for himself because he gets bigger money for bigger stunts. Cliff Lyons received $15,000 last year, and he certainly earned it. He's the man who jumped two horses off a 70-foot cliff into a lake in *Jesse James*, doing it so skilfully that neither rider nor horses had a bruise or a scratch.

That fight in the Gay Lady saloon cost $12,500 for the stunts alone. It is the most elaborate collection of indoor stunts in the movies thus far. The charge in *Charge of the Light Brigade* still holds top place for the most of the biggest outdoors stunts.

Warner Brothers and Director Michael Curtiz worked like mad for five days to film a shindig that runs three and a half minutes on the screen. The entire cost of the five days, with stars' salaries, a daily $20,000 overhead, and this 'n' that, mounted to $112,500. In other words, the less than four-minutes fight cost about $28,000 a minute. In a million-and-a-half-dollar picture [*Continued on page* 35]

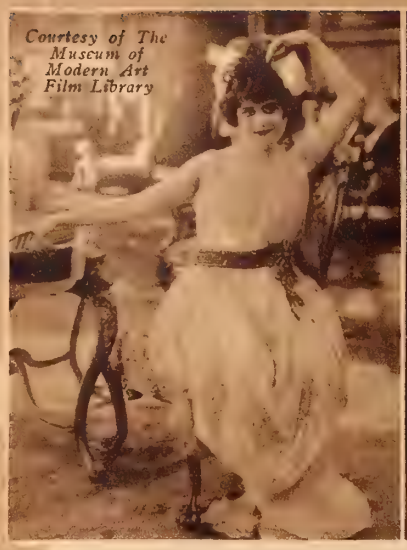


Right, taking it on the chin is all in the day's work for Buster Wiles. Below, Mary Wiggins, who has over-turned more cars than anyone else in the movies, at work. Sailor Vincent earned $25 for this kick from Ann Sheridan in *Dodge City*. Cliff Lyons goes over a high cliff









A hefty *Camille* was Theda Bara, first great 'vampire'



Remember Harold Lloyd's part in *Grandma's Boy*?



Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan in *The Kid* . . . 1920



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert — a typical clinch

The First 50 Years
(Second Part)

Here is the second half of the fascinating condensed history of the movies in the turbulent first half-century of their reign

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

■ Our march of memories back through the early years of the movies came to a halt last month just as Theda Bara slunk provokingly onto a screen filled with gingham-gowned goodness, and gave Sex a capital letter.

Theda Bara was the first creation of the movie press agents.

In private life a rather demure, plump young lady named Theodosia Goodman, Theda Bara was poured into slinky, clinging black gowns, posed with skulls and crystal balls, and made the subject of monstrous myths which declared her to be the daughter of a French artist and an Arabian mistress born on the sands of the Sahara.

Her very name was revealed to hold her story in its cypher. Was not Bara merely Arab spelled backward and Theda a rearrangement of the letters of death? This wicked wench was a seeress of Oriental mysticism, her pictures the last gasp in daring revelations, the ballyhoo brigade reported.

A gullible public swarmed to see her and Theda Bara made 40 pictures for Fox in three years. Long after she had loosened her corsets and retired, Theda Bara's name was a synonym for siren.

Its appetite educated to the sensational, the movie audience was now handed a new sort of thrill—the serial.

Oh, the excitement and suspense of those serials! Oh, what blood and thunder stories were released, chapter by chapter! Each week the heroine was left poised on the brink of a cliff, tied in a burning building or at the mercy of a moustachioed villain whose intentions definitely did not include a chat about William Jennings Bryan and the free silver issue.

Can Pearl White escape from the Chinamen's den? Don't fail to see next week's chapter of *The Perils of Pauline*. Can Earle Williams save Anita Stewart from a fate worse than death? Earle can and does in reel 5, reel 7 and reel 9 of *The Goddess*.

The Million Dollar Mystery, *The Adventures of Kathlyn* and *The Clutching Hand* made return trips to the theatre irresistible.

The thundering hoof beats of the white robed clansmen in *The Birth of a Nation* had done more than merely drum a testimonial tattoo to the genius of D. W. Griffith. The whole motion picture business was swept into a new popularity on the whirl of acclaim that greeted that film, the first great spectacle, on its release in 1915.

The movies now had outgrown their nickelodeon incubators, dark, dismal little holes-in-the-wall, and glittering temples to the new art were being reared in such theatres as the Strand, the first of the big Broadway film houses to boast heel-clicking uniformed ushers and velvet-coated symphonic orchestras.

The public approached these movie mansions in a new mood, impressed by such gala trappings, such ornate challenges to the supremacy of the stage. The motion picture was now accepted as first class entertainment.

The result was twofold. Stars of the legitimate theatre, who heretofore had shunned film offers as slightly less contaminating than typhoid fever, began to give ear to the inviting call of the camera's whir. E. H. Sothern, Sir Herbert Tree, De Wolf Hopper, Billie Burke, Geraldine Farrar, Alla Nazimova, Elliott Dexter, John Barrymore and others paraded from stage to studio along a path paved with fat checks.

Secondly, the movie makers, who until now had depended upon an impromptu, hit-or-miss verbal outline, demanded a smooth story pattern for their lengthened features, and the first batch of well-known writers was hired to "improve" the films.

Outstanding pictures of this period were *The Spoilers*,



Clara Bow, "It" Girl of the torrid twenties



Colleen Moore as a typical "flapper"



Talkies brought Will Rogers fame



Talkies introduced Mae West's slouch



The censors jumped on Muni's *Scarface*

the first of several versions of this Rex Beach novel, in which each successive cast attempted to live up to the tradition of the terrific fight between William Farnum and Thomas Santchi; and *A Daughter of the Gods,* featuring shapely Annette Kellerman, from whom the first one piece bathing suits took their name.

In 1915 Douglas Fairbanks vaulted nimbly off the musical comedy stage of Broadway, high-jumped the Rockies and landed lightly on his toes in Hollywood to begin his athletic film career in *The Lamb.* Entertaining encores followed through the years with *The Mark of Zorro, Robin Hood, The Thief of Bagdad, The Black Pirate* and other track-meets of romance or fantasy.

Harold Lloyd had begun his *Lonesome Luke* comedies, hiding behind a preposterous moustache which he soon abandoned for the tortoise shell rimmed glasses and the energetic characterization he assumed in such later masterpieces of merriment as *Grandma's Boy, Safety Last, Girl Shy* and *The Freshman.*

William S. Hart galloped onto the screen, with Bessie Love in his saddle bags, to make the first of 13 pictures that built him a niche all his own in the Hall of Fame as the good bad man of the West. Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson and George O'Brien have all been honorable men, kind to their horses and, no doubt, their mothers. But who could roll a cigarette with one hand while with the other he shot three half-breeds, bang! bang! bang! like Bill Hart?

Two spectacles of significance reached the screen in the fall of 1916, Griffith's *Intolerance,* a mammoth pageant of love through the ages, and *Civilization,* a powerful indictment of war, produced by Thomas Ince as an answer to the parade of military melodramas that followed the outbreak of hostilities in Europe.

With the entry of America into the war, the screen became an animated recruiting poster, most stories stressed patriotism and Hollywood heroes were costumed in khaki, but Charlie Chaplin's comedy *Shoulder Arms* was the most memorable picture of the period laid against a background of battlefields.

In 1919 Gloria Swanson emerged from the ranks of Sennett bathing beauties to touch fame in *Male and Female* and, under the wary tutelage of Cecil De Mille introduced a new sophisticated trend in such Aesop's fables of the bedroom as *Don't Change Your Husband, Why Change Your Wife* and *The Affairs of Anatol.*



Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in one of the elaborate love scenes of 1928

Richard Barthelmess teamed with Lillian Gish in the poignant *Broken Blossoms* and the melodramatic *Way Down East* and Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney achieved renown in *The Miracle Man.*

In 1920 a little boy with a Dutch bob winked at Charlie Chaplin in a Los Angeles railway station and Jackie



Edward G. Robinson started his great career as a gangster in *Little Caesar*

Coogan was launched on a million-dollar career in *The Kid.*

The next year brought to the screen *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and with it the sleek Rudolph Valentino, the very embodiment of exoticism and glamour, whose succeeding pictures such as *Blood and Sand, Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Sheik* lifted him to a pinnacle of fan adulation that has never been equalled.

Production by [*Continued on page* 38]



This is the queen of the box-office, Shirley Temple, waiting for discovery



FUN AT MIDNIGHT

Why dignified, reserved Miss Claudette Colbert is the victim of more practical jokes than any one on the Paramount lot

By JANE OLIVER

Assembled above is the cast of *Midnight*. Left to right, Elaine Barrie, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, Don Ameche, who did NOT get the last laugh, Claudette Colbert, Francis Lederer and Hedda Hopper, all ready for laughs

■ Claudette Colbert was finishing the last forkful of a generous helping of Chicken Tetrazinni when a gentle rap sounded on her dressing room door.

"You're too late for lunch but come on in," she invited. The door opened and a stranger tottered in.

Tottered was the word. The man was 80 if he was a day. His clothes hung loosely on his gaunt frame. Wrinkles etched deep furrows around twinkling eyes set beneath shaggy brows. His voice quavered feebly as he addressed her.

"I hope you will forgive this intrusion," he began with a courtly bow, "but I have wanted to tell you what a divine actress I think you are—the greatest I have seen in my long life! Would it be too much, I wonder, to ask for an autographed picture?"

Claudette was touched, both by his words and his charming manner. She thanked him for the compliment, inscribed a photograph and gave it to him. What a dear old fan he was! But where in the world did he come from, she was wondering silently. How did he get past the iron gates of the studio where guards stand watch every hour of the day? How did he locate her dressing room of the many on the lot?

"Yes, ma'm, you certainly have been my favorite actress for a long time," the old man continued. "I'll never forget the first time I saw you. It was at the old *Bijou* in Boston and my mother held me on her lap!"

As the old silent titles used to say, "came the dawn" for Claudette. The visitor was an extra whom somebody had coached to pull a gag. Director Mitch Leisen, probably; it sounded like one of his brainstorms.

"Thank you, that's very sweet of you," she smiled, handing him the photograph, "but I'm afraid you have made a mistake. That must have been *my daughter*!"

Yes sir, you can have her world famous gams, or legs as they still are called in polite society. (Limbs in politer!) You can have her big brown eyes with their naughty come-hither lure. You even can have her enchantingly throaty voice which no one ever has been able to describe properly. I'll take Claudette Colbert's matchless sense of humor!

To see her in public, you'd never suspect she had one. Sense of humor, I mean. She is reserved, dignified. She walks like a queen and talks like a queen. She *is* a queen, [*Continued on page* 53]

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!



April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin —with Pond's."



Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—

NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN*



Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. MISS LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Squire of Belleigh Acres

With something less than complete seriousness, Edward Everett Horton, matinee idol and farmer, discusses life in the great out-doors on his ranch, one of the show places of the Valley

By SERENA BRADFORD



Driving a tractor calls for that look of pioneer determination



And it is a serious matter to get the sheep dogs into their tub

■ He took off his twenty-gallon piazza-brimmed straw hat—and derned if 'twasn't Edward Everett Horton! He hi'sted up his galluses, sat down on the top step, gave the justly famed double-look to his farflung ranch acres, and began to talk about life in the Valley . . .

Life on a ranch in the San Fernando sector, only a couple of traffic tickets beyond Hollywood; the Valley where men are stars and stars are farmers, where there are more swimming pools than tractors, where I wouldn't be surprised if there's gold-diggers in them thar hills, and where the crops roll up big and pretty as an income tax. Gentlemen (and ladies too, of course), I give you The Valley.

"When I got into pictures," Squire Horton was a-sayin', "I didn't know I was headed for the farm. But some of my relatives used to own farms in New England, and they thought I ought to get out into the Valley so I could raise hogs and really amount to something.

"They felt that making faces at a camera was silly, and talking into thin air on the radio was absurd. They said they wanted me to do a man's work, roping calves or something, like a real Western rancher.

"I kept telling them you make more faces roping a calf, from what I'd observed, and say more things into thin air, too, but finally I bought this place so we could retire here sometime if we had to. Retiring is all right, but none of us had had a good night's sleep since we moved to Belleigh Acres. Yes, I called it Belleigh Acres and was I correct!"

He drew a sigh deep as an oil well (yes, oil comes into it, too) and gazed about him. On a little hill, his white house stands next to the white house of his brother, which [*Continued on page* 40]



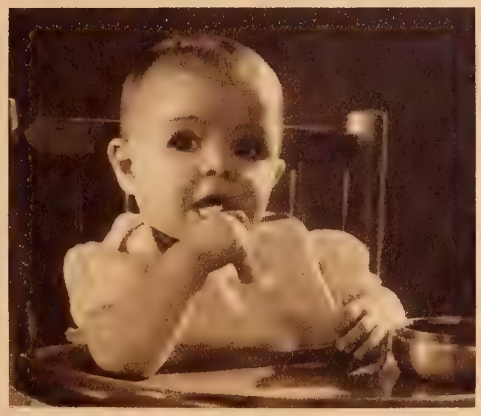
The Squire, just back from England, gets a welcome from the rare and very old lead eagle which decorates his garden

Elizabeth shows how your baby can grow

Babyhood . . . thriving on Clapp's Strained Foods



Elizabeth—4 Months . . ."Here's her first really good picture," says Elizabeth Harkrader's mother. (Elizabeth lives in Westfield, N. J., where a study in infant feeding took place recently.) "I had just begun to feed her from a spoon then. She'd had Clapp's Baby Cereal about a month and was beginning Strained Vegetables. My, how she used to chirp when she'd see them coming!"



Elizabeth—10 Months . . ."She was creeping and beginning to pull herself up on chairs, at the time this was taken. She just gained like anything in those days—more than a pound a month. She was nice and solid, too, so that you could see that her Clapp's Strained Foods gave her the vitamins and minerals that a baby needs. She was getting all the Strained Foods by this time."



17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

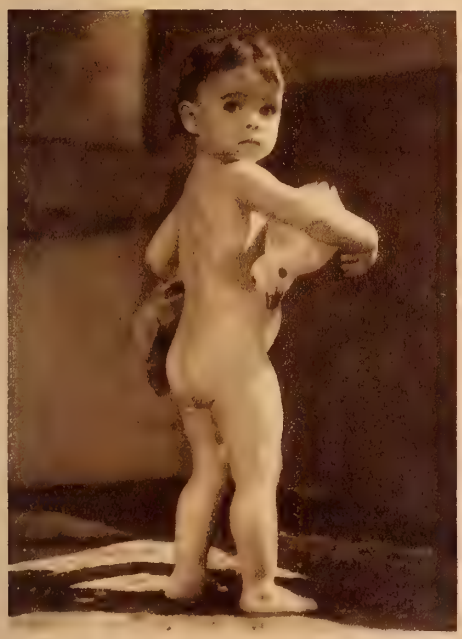
Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce.

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Age . . . protected by Clapp's Chopped Foods



Elizabeth—1½ years . . ."'Our little nudist,' her Daddy calls this picture. We were very lucky then, for just as she got too old for Clapp's Strained Foods, they started to make Chopped Foods. They're coarser, you know, help the child to learn to chew. But they're cut up and cooked and seasoned, exactly the way the doctors advise. It was lucky for me, too—Chopped Foods certainly save no end of work!"



Elizabeth—3½ years . . ."This is her latest picture. She goes to nursery school now and she's so self-reliant and helpful—bathes herself, and even feeds baby brother. She still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods, and the grocer has some new ones—Junior Dinners—that she just loves. Beef or lamb, cooked with vegetables and cereals, and *very* good. I wish everyone with little boys or girls of Elizabeth's age could know about them!"



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

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Soups—Vegetable Soup.

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes.

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CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT



By
MARJORIE ALLEN

Florence Gill wanted to bring pleasure to the world by being an opera star . . . and she has done just that, but with the strangest supporting cast a singer ever had



■ This is a story about one of the fantasy folk under contract to Walt Disney Studios. It isn't Donald Duck, who gets into more trouble than Peck's Bad Boy; or Pluto, whose gallant heart is bigger than his flapping ears; or even heroic Mickey Mouse, who is equally successful at dragging maidens from distress and laughs from a hard-boiled audience.

Instead we tell about "The Barnyard Nightingale," the character Madame Clara Cluck, the singing chicken, who has done more doubling than a stunt man in a western picture and who has been everything from the opera singer of *Mickey's Grand Opera,* to all three of *The Three Orphan Kittens.*

Mickey, Donald, Pluto, and Minnie, were joined by another because an English singer decided to take a trip to India—via California. This singer, Florence Gill, is now known for her soprano chirrups in many of the Disney cartoons.

Before Miss Gill became a double for a chicken, she had an impressive musical education as a background. Her theatrical career started in a German boarding school. Appropriately enough, considering her present work, Miss Gill's first performance was in the immortal children's classic *Little Red Riding Hood.* And Florence was the tiny heroine who almost fell prey to a wolf in grandma's clothing.

When she returned home to London, Florence put in five arduous years of training at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Her father had a magnificent voice and her mother had been a concert singer. Talent was handed down to her.

As a hobby Miss Gill began to imitate chickens, pigs, cats, dogs and all kinds of animals. The amateur animal imitator, though, was looking forward to one thing —opera. Renowned as a concert, oratorio, and light opera singer, Miss Gill dreamed that some day she would tread the boards as a lead in opera, but later realized that her health would not stand the grinding pace of an operatic career.

■ The lure of grease paint could not be denied, however. "I knew I'd have to find something that no one else was doing," Miss Gill told us. "One day while I was busy about the house, I started to hum 'Swanee River' and quite unconsciously began to cackle in tune. When I realized what I was doing I burst out laughing at the ridiculous effect.

"Then, I thought to myself, if a hen could sing, what would be the most incongruous type of music for her? The answer came —Opera! I secretly worked on several numbers and then called on the Disney Studio for an audition."

She was not the only person to have the Disney Studios in mind. Her audition was the forty-second that particular day. Undoubtedly it was a weary, tired group of executives that listened to the English actress. Florence did a pig and a parrot and—but let's hear what Florence has to say.

"While I was doing a kitten, I heard an outburst of laughter from one side of the room. I looked and there was a big cat walking toward me answering my meow. When the laughter had subsided, I turned to Mr. Disney and asked if he'd like to hear a chicken sing."

" 'What,' he asked puzzled, 'a chicken sing? Never heard of it, but go ahead!' "

■ So it was that a noted English singer came to be a successful part of the many sided Hollywood world. Walt Disney not only heard "a chicken render opera," but he spotted what he knew would be good audience material.

Of her many roles with Disney, her most appealing was probably that of the little kitten in *The Three Orphan Kittens,* who gets stuck in [*Continued on page* 47]

TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE *Vera Zorina*

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"



Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



MARY: What! Choose my *powder* by the color of my *eyes*, Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!



MARY: It's *wonderful* on *you*, Claire! But *your* eyes are *blue! Mine* are *brown!*

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



MARY: And they found *eye* color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*



CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective . . . yet its color lasts and lasts!



MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
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By Richard Hudnut

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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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Not in the Script

Some of the funniest scenes never reach the screen and here are a few facts about current pictures that you'd never guess unless you went behind the camera during shooting

By JERRY ASHER





Below, Shirley Temple looks delighted with an eating scene, but what really happened never shows in *The Little Princess*. At the bottom, Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce look calm, but they weren't when things went wrong with the tray. Above, Ray Milland in *Hotel Imperial* looks the spirit of carefree gaiety, but that is not the half of it! The gentleman playing for Jeanette MacDonald in *Broadway Serenade* is Lew Ayres. Would you guess that his feet are freezing?





■ With all due respect to those mental giants who whip up movie plots, the accidental things that happen when they shoot a scene are ofttimes much more amusing than the original script. When you and you watch the glamour kiddies dream it up romantically on the screen of your local picture palace, you can't possibly guess what funny things actually happened when the scene was made. For instance, when Hedy Lamarr had her first eating scene to do in her second movie, the action called for her to walk into an automat with Spencer Tracy, select her food, sit down and eat it. What's more, Hedy is one girl with a figure who doesn't have to worry. So every time they shot the scene, Hedy didn't nibble away as some of her sexy cinema sisters are prone to do. She ate the food and she liked it. Being a mere infant in the mighty business of making moving pictures, Hedy didn't know that assistant directors sometimes go stark raving mad when there are eating scenes to be done. The extra people, who are the real troupers of Hollywood, work up good healthy appetites. Along towards noon, food used on sets has a way of mysteriously disappearing. Ofttimes production is held up while they send to the commissary for additional provisions. After the third take, Hedy ran out of food. A good trouper is Hedy, so she just reached over and took some of the food that was resting on a serving table. Director Frank Borzage started the cameras. The two stars sat down at a table and went to work. With her first bite of food, Hedy made a face that would have frightened little children. Spencer Tracy gave it a big take and then burst out laughing. Between the two of them they broke up the scene completely. No one had thought to explain to the Lamarr-velous one that the prop food was only for show. To keep away the people on the set, and to give the food that fresh shiny appearance, the prop man had sprayed it with a nice mixture of mineral oil and Flit! After that, Hedy couldn't even stand the thought of another bite. So when you see the scene on the screen, Hedy will be looking as beautiful as ever. But Spencer will be lapping up all the gravy.

Nelson Eddy and dignity are synonymous. Over a period of years the great singer has kept his place as an artist and a gentleman. Never once has he broken faith with his millions of fans. In his quiet forceful way, Nelson has remained true to type and never turned to crazy comedy. So it is difficult to connect the singing star with any situation that isn't entirely dignified.

Still in *Sweethearts* there is one scene that would be even funnier if all audiences were in on the truth. Nelson sings a song while the stagehands move scenery all around him. He has to duck to keep from being hit. He has to jump back and forth to keep them from mowing him down. Finally he has to stoop quickly to keep from getting clunked over the head.

Time and again they took this scene. Some little thing

would always happen at the last moment and it would have to be done again. Finally, one especially good "take" got under way. Nelson went through his gymnastics beautifully. But, as he stooped to carry out the action, only a kindly fate and a long protecting cape saved the situation from low comedy. His tights had split, and there was nothing to do but sing. Nelson carried on for the sake of good ol' Metro. The director called it a perfect scene. When you see it on the screen, if you'll look closely you'll note an amused twinkle in Nelson's eyes.

History tells us that "Carlotta" was really mad. But historians should get a load of Bette Davis, who is portraying the ill-fated Empress in *Juarez*. For days Bette worried over the scene where she faces Napoleon the Third and for the first time shows signs of her insanity. As far as Bette is concerned, it is the most important scene in the picture and she just had to do it right.

Came the day of the shooting and Bette arrived on the set. She was all made up and wearing the sleek black wig that is part of the characterization. Because the full gray wool dress she wears is so heavy, Bette decided not to put it on until they had rehearsed and were actually ready to shoot the scene. Wearing 1939 slacks, polo shirt and sandals, along with her period wig, Bette presented an amusing appearance as she threw her heart and soul into the rehearsal.

Finally at four in the afternoon, Director Dieterle announced that the actors would "talk." Bette hurried to her portable dressing room and donned the huge costume. All day long she had grown used to the freedom and comfort of slacks. Now she was behind a closed door, ready to make an entrance as the mad "Carlotta," when the word was said.

There was a deathlike stillness on the set. Bette's great moment had come. She drew a deep breath as the red warning light went on and the scene actually started. Slowly Bette opened the door. Her face was distorted with fear. Trembling she took a step forward, got tangled up in the voluminous folds of her dress —and fell flat on her face! What Bette said next was never said by Carlotta in history. But the accident broke the terrific tension and completely snapped Bette out of her nervous state. You will never see this scene on the screen. But you will know why the one just like it, will put Bette in line for another Academy award.

■ Before Hollywood claimed him for a star, Ray Milland was a cavalryman in the personal guard of England's King. So he was pretty thrilled when his role in *Hotel Imperial* called for him to do some stunts that would prove how he could ride. Eventually he was hurt badly, when a defective saddle strap sent him headlong onto the cobblestone street. But of course this will never appear in the picture.

But before the accident, on the first day he had to ride to be exact, Ray really proved that the Millands can take it. Wanting to appear at his best in the daz-

I TOLD YOU THAT MARRIAGE WOULD HIT THE ROCKS . . .



SUSAN: Mercy me, this telegram says our newlyweds are in trouble again! Mollie wants to pack her bags and come here.

MATILDA: I told you that marriage would hit the rocks if she didn't get wise to herself. Come on—we haven't a minute to lose!



SUSAN: But I'm scared to death of these flying machines. Why can't we send Mollie a telegram instead?

MATILDA: Don't be a ninny! I've told her a million times Jack wouldn't nag so much if she'd only keep tattle-tale gray out of his shirts and things. Now I'm going to *show* her how to do it.



SUSAN: H-m-m-m! I'm not frightened a bit any more. We ought to do more flying, Matilda.

MATILDA: The next flying we'll do is on our feet—straight to Mollie's and then to her grocer's. Once she stops using those weak-kneed soaps that leave dirt behind—and changes to Fels-Naptha Soap—she'll be rid of tattle-tale gray in a jiffy!



MOLLIE: Hey, forget those dancers a minute and look at Jack's shirt. It's just marvelous how white my washes look since Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* went to work for me. Not a trace of tattle-tale gray now!

JACK: That isn't *all* the good news, darling. Did you tell these two cupids we're taking another honeymoon cruise?

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

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"I know from experience I will be happier when I *feel* better and *look* better."

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Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

In the Spring take S.S.S. TONIC

zling Italian uniform, Ray decided that a bit of sun tan would give him a nice healthy glow. It was the middle of December, and Ray was positive that even California's unusual weather could do him no harm. So he went out on the sun deck adjoining his bedroom and did a Gypsy Rose Lee.

Three hours later Ray awakened from his nap. The sun had set behind the hills. Into Ray's consciousness came the realization that somewhere closeby there was a raging fire! When Ray sat down to dinner that night he did a slow burn. And he was still burning next morning at five after nine, when he swung himself up into his saddle and prepared to shoot the first day's scenes. When Ray got home that night, he had more blisters than there are closeups in a glamour girl's picture. When you see Ray riding to glory on the screen, just be glad that you can't feel his pain from where you are sitting!

■ To get to those eating scenes again, Shirley Temple is no different from thousands of other little girls when you sit her down in front of a big tempting dish of ice cream. Just as they were about to film a big birthday party sequence in *Little Princess,* someone remembered how Shirley had eaten two turkey legs and too much stuffin', on a recent picture. So, until they got to the actual closeups, the prop man really went to town. Mashed potatoes colored with beet juice made the most wonderful strawberry ice cream for any little girl.

The director warned Shirley not to eat the "Ice Cream" until they moved in for a closeup. Shirley gazed at it longingly until the camera's started grinding. Now this is where Shirley Temple *is different* from any other little girl. The cold mashed potatoes in her mouth were a shock, of course, but being the splendid little trouper that she is, she went right through the scene without a flicker of an eyelash to indicate her surprise and disappointment.

Everyone on the set expected her to cry out. When she didn't, at the end of the scene they gave her a big round of applause. Shirley herself joined in the laugh. The scene couldn't be used because Shirley wasn't supposed to eat the "Ice Cream" then. And Shirley said she was sure she could do the scene much better anyway, when they used the really real stuff!

■ So far as Claudette Colbert is concerned, one celebrity in the family is quite enough. When Director Mitch Leisen, (who knows how to put on the dog) insisted that a part be written into *Midnight* for Smokey, Claudette's French poodle, the star reluctantly gave in. Right from the start Claudette knew that Smokey's sensitive nature could never stand up against the exasperating demands of her art. But Smokey seemed to like it—until one day.

They were taking a scene where the butler walks in and hits Don Ameche over the head with a pan of kidneys. It was one of those nice homey little bits of business that Mitch Leisen handles so well. Smokey wasn't even working that day. But Claudette thought that he should be on the set to learn all he could, so long as he was to have an acting career.

Smokey was bored by the whole procedure until Ameche got beaned with the kidneys. No one but Smokey knew that Don Ameche had been bringing dog biscuits to the set every day. A pal was in distress and Smokey tore to the rescue. If only the scene that followed could fit into the finished picture! The actor playing the butler ended up clinging to a chandelier, and Smokey's acting days are now a thing of the past. He didn't get paid anyway, because he isn't a member of the Screen Actors' Guild. Claudette doesn't mind supporting a pet pooch. But canine actors are definitely out!

■ Expectant movie fathers always behave in a strange manner. But Melvyn Douglas gave it the works when Virginia Bruce pulls that "baby talk" in *There's That Woman Again.* On the screen you see the proud papa to be, carrying a tray of breakfast to the little woman, who is about to become the mother of his child.

They start shooting the scene and Melvyn does his stuff. In fact, Melvyn overdoes his very excellent stuff. The tray gets out of control and a glass of tomato juice makes Virginia look like she is a fugitive from the Marx Brothers!

■ Watch closely when you see Lew Ayres play the piano in *Broadway Serenade.* This particular scene was a retake and just a tiny corner of the set had to be built again. All the sound stages were busy at the time. So a board floor was built over the ice rink that was used in *Ice Follies.* Lew at the piano, had to play some hot music and speak a few lines. But every time he started to talk, the ice-cooled air made his breath photographic. Finally they had to put screens around Lew and electric heaters at his feet. On the screen he will look cool, while they tried to keep him hot. It isn't supposed to be a funny scene. But it was more than funny, watching them take it.

■ The most unusual bit of feminine finery was worn by Ann Sothern in *Trade Winds.* But not even her best friends knew about it. There's a scene where Ralph Bellamy with gun in hand, throws his arms around Ann and makes love to her. The gun goes off accidentally and is supposed to get a big laugh. Not taking any chances with their valuable property getting shot where no lady should ever be shot, the prop department made Ann a nice bullet-proof petticoat. You've heard of tin underwear, but this is the first time it was ever fashionable in the movies. You'll have to take Ann Sothern's word for it—that it's only a passing fad!

And its NOT in the script!

Save—and be safe! Buy Nationally Advertised Groceries

Selling Danger by the Day

[*Continued from page* 23]

they felt it was well worth while.

Stunts and stunt men, you see, are vital to action films, and, as a rule, it's the action films that make the most money. Stunts are a special province. Even with all the courage and good intentions in the world, nobody can perform them successfully week after week except the people who have devoted years to learning how. Therefore, when the script calls for a leap from a mountain top, or for the overturning of a car at high speed, the casting office summons one of these men—or women—who commit "suicide" every day and get away with it.

Stunts are hazardous stuff, but they are worked out beforehand to eliminate as much of the hazard as possible. "It isn't just, 'So help me, here we go!'" Harvey Parry explains, "we figure every angle." A stunt man despises the hot-headed amateur who runs an unnecessary risk. Most of the A-1 stunters have refused, from time to time, to do jobs which involved almost certain injury. The experts won't "take a chance"—at least, not what they consider such—and 18 of the top-notchers, banded together loosely in a semi-social organization, recently were granted insurance by Lloyd's. They pay about the same rate as police or firemen. "Stunt men," says Harvey Parry, capping it, "are the slowest-driving motorists on the road. They know what cars can do!"

The "Gay Lady" brawl wasn't the only scene in *Dodge City* (well named!) which required the skill of stunt experts. Half a dozen of them went on location at Modesto and, among other activities, let themselves be shot off horses.

Sam Garrett was of this number. He is the world's champion roper, and can rope cattle while standing on his head. So was George Williams, whose horse, Goldie, at a certain signal will fall down at full speed and roll over on its rider. Cute pet, eh? For an end-over-end—that is, he goes over the horse's head and the horse somersaults over him—he draws $250. For letting the horse roll over on him he draws about $300, depending on whether the ground is sand or rock. Williams did 90 per cent of the falls in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

One of the most exciting *Dodge City* stunts out on location was the burning of a baggage car with several cowhands inside. Dangerous, but the stunt men moved fast, right through the flames, and made it without casualties. Another good moment was when Cliff Lyons, for $250, fell off a hearse that was careening over the prairie with a kidnaped marshal in it. Several of the men also jumped from moving trains to the backs of horses, for from $75 to $100. Naturally, the sums vary according to the importance of the feat. Sailor Vincent was paid $25 for letting Ann Sheridan kick him in the chest, Buster Wiles $50 for letting Errol Flynn throw him through that door.

It's merely a matter of learning how, what and when, the experts explain. Of

"Confound it! If it's good enough for me...it's good enough for him!"

How a young couple learned the modern way to bring up their baby.





JANE: For mercy's sake, Sid..! Are you losing your head?

SID: Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle!



JANE: My goodness!... The idea of giving that child a dose of *your own laxative!*

SID: Look here, Jane. He needs a laxative. Mine works. So what's the harm in giving him a bit?



JANE: *Plenty,* my dear NIT-WIT. You see, I just came from the doctor's. I told him about the trouble we were having with Bobby. And I asked him what to do.

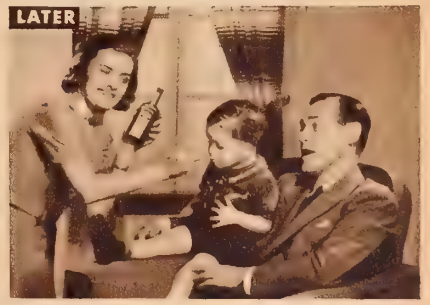
SID: What did he say?



JANE: He said that the modern method of *special* child care, calls for a *special* laxative, too. He said an adult's laxative can be too harsh for *ANY* tot's immature system...even when you give it in smaller doses. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



JANE: He said Fletcher's Castoria is a modern laxative...made *especially* to suit a child's needs. It has no strong, purging drugs and won't cause cramping pains. He said it's on the *safe* side, *yet very thorough.*



SID: Man alive—look at him go for it!... And with that finicky taste of his!

JANE: The doctor was right... Fletcher's Castoria has a wonderful taste... Thank heaven, we found a *SAFE* laxative he'll take *willingly!*

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

course there are few actors (stunt men don't consider themselves actors though often they play "bit" parts) who have the training to do stunts although good gymnasts and athletes like Victor Jory, Guinn Williams and Alan Hale are adept at these things, and Jimmy Cagney in a recent picture made a flying leap to a horse's back "just for fun." Many of the regulation stunters are former rodeo stars, others were circus men.

For example, Yakima Canutt, one of the best, was a champion cowboy and rodeo king; Allen Pomeroy, a college athlete; Duke Green, a professional diver and acrobat. Otto, Victor, and Tom Metzetti, who did a majority of the falls down stairs and off roofs in *Gunga Din,* were circus stars. Paul Mantz, Tex Rankin, Fred Clark, and Dick Grace have gained first rank reputations for "airplane stuff." They do wing-walking, crashing planes, swinging by ropes, whatever you care to suggest. Paul Mantz did that terrific power dive in *Wings of the Navy.* Clark in *Devil Dogs of the Air* brought a plane down and bounced it gaily over two ambulances at the airport.

■ Hollywood admires the stunters tremendously, knowing they have saved many a picture from the curse of the commonplace, yet on the stages they are regarded with well-justified suspicion. Accustomed to danger, they are inclined to play sort of rough when several of them get together.

Some of these practical jokes have become famous. On location for the *Valley of the Giants,* his fellow stunt men tied Sailor Vincent—an unusually sound sleeper—to his bed, put smoke bombs around and waited. When Sailor woke to find the room full of smoke, he jumped right out the second story window with the bed strapped to his back. Even half awake, he remembered to relax as he fell and escaped unhurt, but he threw an awful scare into his playmates.

■ When the *Kid from Kokomo* was shooting, stunt man Harvey Parry was supposed to be knocked unconscious during a fight. By prearrangement, Parry pretended to be really unconscious. He remained all doubled up while they carried him to a spot on the sound stage near Joan Blondell.

"Is his back broken?" somebody inquired. "I'll fix it!" said stunt man Allen Pomeroy. He seized Parry's limp form and vigorously bent it backward, as if to straighten it. A most horrible creaking and crunching of bones was heard. The joke succeeded too well. Joan, who hadn't noticed the apparatus from which the creaking came, passed out cold.

Ah, well. Just carefree pranksters. At that, each and every one of them admits you have to be "a little crazy" to make stunts your living.

Yet, if you met these people, you'd never think they were "a little crazy" or, for that matter, addicted to dangerous exploits. Harvey Parry, for instance, who plays the violin and has a young daughter in art school, lives sedately in San Fernando Valley. Outside working hours, he won't even trip over a garden hose. Cliff Lyons, a six-footer, speaks in a gentle voice, likes early American furniture, and owns one of the most charming little homes in Hollywood.

Olive Hatch of the long, dark hair—for all the stunters are not men—is a graduate of U. C. L. A., a former newspaper woman, national champion in the 100-meter free-style swim, member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club team that holds the world record for the relay (swimming) race. Her specialty is leaping to the backs of horses ridden by Buck Jones, or falling over backward in chairs as she does in *The Girl Downstairs.* And there's Mary Wiggins, poised and beautiful, who holds the women's professional high diving championship of the world, flies a plane, and thinks nothing of dousing gasoline over herself, setting herself afire, in an ordinary garageman's suit, and diving from an 86-foot platform into three feet of water, the surface of which is covered with flaming gasoline. She does this to amuse the customers at county fairs.

■ A mad crew, my masters! Yet ask them about their "most dangerous stunt" and they'll tell you seriously that there isn't such a thing. They've planned them all in advance with painstaking care



and tried to eliminate every peril. So ask about the "most difficult stunt." We-ell—

"Once," said Harvey Parry, "in *The Eleventh Hour*, I made a 110-foot dive into the sea. I had to clear 20 feet of protruding cliff and try to land when the wave was in. With the wave in, I had 12 feet of water. With the wave out, about 4. From that height, it takes you around three seconds to fall, and you're hitting the water at 80 miles an hour. It needed figuring, but I made it okay. Only, at that, there was a piece of wood swirling around in the wave. It hit me in the chest and knocked me out."

Most good divers, he explained, hate to jump from heights, instead of diving, "because they get the sensation of falling." He has been national diving champion and national amateur boxing champion. And he is, by the way, a fatalist.

No wonder. Because after jumping and diving from masts and cliffs, after skidding and overturning cars and running locomotives off tracks, and coming out practically unscathed, he slipped from a six-inch high sidewalk in *Call of the Wild*, and broke three vertebrae. The greatest contrasts he's known were his stunts in *Call of the Wild* and *They Made Me a Criminal*. For the first film, Parry and Duke Green had to break the ice to get into a river for a boat smash scene, with the temperature 22 degrees below. For the second film, Parry had to run the tops of box cars at Palm Springs in summer, with the thermometer at 135 in the shade. The rungs of the iron ladder on the cars were so hot they burned his hands, even through gloves.

Parry is a fine boxer, and is in great demand for fight scenes. He says that in pictures he has lost "three world championships! I knock 'em down often, but I never win. I've been in over 100 fights and never won yet. In *The Irish in Us*, Cagney and I fought for three days under the hot lights. Both of us were in good condition, but Cagney lost 9½ pounds and I lost 5."

Many times Parry, like other stunt men, has missed disaster by a hair. But he never has been nearer it than in *The Conquerors* when, with Ann Harding, he did a runaway-team scene. When the wagon broke up and overturned, Parry got hit on the head. Somewhat dazed, he knew that he must race back along the railroad track and pull a dummy from the ruins of the wagon before a locomotive, coming at 40 miles an hour, struck it.

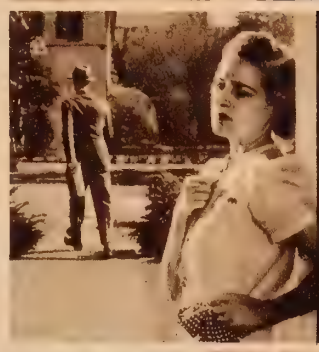
"I was confused and couldn't judge the distance between the engine and myself," he said, "I rescued the dummy, but I could have touched that engine as I jumped away from in front of it."

■ And, still speaking of risks. . . . "The amateur is the risk," Parry added. "The youth who turns somersaults down on the beach and believes his friends when they say, 'You ought to be in pictures.' The biggest risk of all is the ambitious extra who tries to horn in on the scene and musses up a stunt you've spent weeks in making safe, like the extra who grabs a chair and throws it in a fight, not

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

realizing that a stunt man will throw the right chair—a breakaway—or else not hit anyone. When a star makes a mistake, they do a retake. But if the stunt man makes a mistake, usually they have to get another boy."

Duke Green, who among other accomplishments can fall off a horse at the right time and place, frightened Parry and the rest of them half out of their wits not long ago. He fell off the horse, but unexpectedly the horse fell on Duke. When they picked the stunt man up, he was making dreadful sounds: "Awrgh! Awrgh!" After a minute, with people bending anxiously over him, he gave a mighty wriggle and exclaimed: "Dog*gone* it! I swallowed my tobacco!"

Two of the hardest stunts figured out by Cliff Lyons were a jump into an automobile, and a jump from the top of a dam. The automobile jump, from a roof to the car, was a fussy thing because Lyons had to jump at one angle while the car at 45 miles an hour was going at another. "If we'd both been traveling in the same direction, it wouldn't have been anything," he explained modestly.

The leap from the dam was tough. Lyons often had made higher leaps, but the rocks at the dam's foot were a menace. By painstaking measurement he found a space—only one—between those rocks which would almost exactly fit his body. That's what he aimed for, and if you suppose it's a cinch. . . .

■ Stunters say it's the little, unconsidered things that make the hazards. The forgotten milk bottle on the ground when you put a car through a brick wall. A stray nail. An electric light globe that may drop on your head. Mary Wiggins says diving, afire, into a flaming pool isn't so risky as crashing motorcycles into houses or overturning cars. She has overturned more cars—at high speed, too—than any man in the movies and she's done it not only in the movies but at numberless county fairs. She has done 125 motorcycle wall crashes and 30 auto wall crashes. At one stretch in fairs, she turned over 77 cars in 11 weeks, one a day.

Yet, though they all say the hazards are eliminated as much as possible, they all echo Mary's, "Definitely NO!" when asked if they advise other boys and girls to take up stunting, "Too much strain, mental and physical, for compartively too little pay." Come right down to it, nothing really can pay you for the stuff you do as a stunter. Not, you understand, that any of the stunt men or women crave any other sort of work. . . . No, siree!

The First 50 Years

[*Continued from page* 25]

now was centered in Hollywood and in the early twenties the movies entered their golden era.

The war had given Hollywood a domination of the world's film market. Its coffers were overflowing. Picture budgets were as lavish as the stars' personal spending sprees on clothes and cars and swimming pools. Typical of the times was Charles Ray's outlay of $60,000 for a crystal bathtub from Tiffany's.

The flapper with her bobbed hair, short skirts and easy, gay manner was the symbol of the jazz age and came to life in the person of Colleen Moore in *Flaming Youth* and other sprightly stories. Later in the decade Clara Bow was to take up the torch from Colleen and sizzle through such successes as *The Fleet's In;* rowdy, red-headed Clara Bow, the personification of what the sensational novelist, Elinor Glyn, enigmatically dubbed "It."

Memory makes a montage of stars' faces in a reel of recollections of those who brushed fame in the twenties: Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno; Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien; Dorothy Mackail and Jack Mulhall; Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody; Marguerite Clark, Wallace Reid, Corinne Griffith, Vilma Banky, Milton Sills, Bebe Daniels, Mary Miles Minter, Bert Lytell, Blanche Sweet, Conrad Nagel, Reginald Denny, Richard Dix, Betty Bronson.

It was a period rich in splendid pictures, those last few years before sound, and out of the mists of yesterday unroll vivid little scenes as souvenirs; Ramon Novarro romantically rattling his sword in *The Prisoner of Zenda;* John Barrymore proudly slapping his top hat in *Beau Brummel;* Marion Davies flirting from beneath a poke bonnet in *Little Old New York;* John Gilbert waltzing Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow,* making passionate love to Greta Garbo in *The Flesh and the Devil* and teaching Renee Adorée how to chew gum in *The Big Parade.*

Cecil De Mille turned from the bedroom to the Bible for inspiration, and produced *The Ten Commandments* and *The King of Kings.* Lon Chaney made make-up an art and leered through *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *The Phantom of the Opera.* Francis X. Bushman came back from the past to bask a little while longer in the limelight of *Ben Hur.*

Charlie Chaplin deserted comedy for the director's megaphone on the sensitive, subtle *A Woman of Paris* featuring Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou, and then skipped back before the camera for *The Gold Rush.* Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell made tender love beneath the rooftops of Paris in *Seventh Heaven* and Ernst Lubitsch deftly demonstrated that sex was witty as well as wicked in *The Marriage Circle.*

A German made picture, *Variety* started Hollywood talking about camera angles, and audiences about its star, Emil Jannings. *Beau Geste* with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes made fighting seem very romantic and *What Price Glory?* with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, made war seem an ugly waste.

Among the promising younger players just breaking into pictures were Joan

Crawford, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers.

By 1924 Hollywood had begun to suffer a boomerang of its own publicity. Every time a beauty contest was held the winner packed her bathing suit and loving cup and headed for the Coast to show Mary Pickford what was which. Young ladies starred in high school plays succumbed to the idea that they could outdo Pola Negri in emotional acting with one hand strapped behind their backs.

The fluffy heads of every community became obsessed with the idea that once they could transfix a director with their fawn-like eyes, he would keel over weakly and make feeble gestures indicating they were to be given a choice part and $1,000 a week. Every small-town sheik, with his patent-leather hair, bell-bottomed trousers and garterless socks, knew in his heart that, as a great lover, he could make Valentino look like a gasoline pump.

So they poured into Hollywood, an army of hopefuls, a few to find occasional work as extras, the rest to give Los Angeles and its environs the reputation of having the prettiest waitresses and handsomest hood-lifters in the country.

Harry Leon Wilson wrote the Hollywood of this period into history with his satirical *Merton of the Movies,* which was in turn a novel, a play and finally a film which featured Glen Hunter and Viola Dana.

■ It was in 1926 that Hollywood began to watch, first with skepticism and then with concern, the signs of an approaching revolution in the industry.

Warner Brothers were experimenting with a sound device called the Vitaphone, and in August of 1926 presented a canned musical accompaniment to John Barrymore's latest venture in tights, *Don Juan.* The picture was prefaced by a prologue which revealed the tonsils of several grand opera singers, a symphonic orchestra and Elder Will Hays actually talking from the screen.

Hollywood was impressed but unconvinced.

Then a year later, in October of 1927, Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer,* part silent, part talking feature, blared out noisy proof that the microphone had come on the set to stay. The first all talking film, *Lights of New York,* followed quickly.

And all of Hollywood climbed aboard the band-wagon of sound.

For a while the industry was in an uproar. Pictures went out half talkie, half silent. Howard Hughes in one high-handed gesture scrapped a million dollars worth of negative on *Hell's Angels* and spent a million more on a sound version which introduced the famous platinum locks of Jean Harlow.

A wave of musicales flooded the screen and then subsided while fans were still whistling the hit tunes from *The Broadway Melody,* the most impressive of the list. Producers scrambled for stage actors and the rights to established plays.

■ And then Hollywood regained its balance and settled down to produce a series of distinguished films.

Ann Harding, with an enchanting performance in *Holiday,* set the pace for the screen's new recruits. Maurice Chevalier intrigued the matinee trade with his accent and his songs in *The Love Parade* and Garbo spoke (the press agents added an exclamation point) in *Anna Christie,* which brought Marie Dressler bustling back into the headlines. George Arliss contrived a new dignity for the films in *Disraeli* and Ruth Chatterton's broad a's were heard in *Madame X.* Will Rogers became a star in the talkies because of a drawl that had been lost in the silent days.

In 1931 Clark Gable strode into the spotlight in *A Free Soul.* In 1932 Katharine Hepburn flamed across the Hollywood horizon in *Bill of Divorcement* and in 1933 Mae West slouched into the number one spot at the boxoffice with *She Done Him Wrong.*

■ For fans who craved less small talk and more action, the old fashioned Western was taken out of its chaps and sombreros and re-outfitted in the pinch-back coat and derby of the gangster cycle. Guns that once had been holstered on the hips of Bill Hart and Tom Mix were now sheathed beneath the checkered vests of



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Paul Muni, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson in such quiet little social discussions as *Scarface, Public Enemy* and *Little Caesar.*

When the pendulum swung again (given a good swift push by Elder Will Hays and various organizations for the promulgation of purity) it was into the good clean air of Louisa Alcott and *Little Women,* and when the smoke of the gangster cycle, and the powder puffs of Miss West, had cleared away from the boxoffice it was found that Shirley Temple was enshrined as the nation's new idol.

It Happened One Night romped away with just about all the Academy awards for 1934, bringing "Oscars" to its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable; its director, Frank Capra and its scenarist, Robert Riskin. The same year's film fare was brightened by *The Thin Man* with William Powell and Myrna Loy and *One Night of Love* with Grace Moore.

David Copperfield, with Freddie Bartholomew; *Top Hat,* with the talented terpischoreans, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and *Naughty Marietta,* with the vocally vital Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald were among the most popular offerings of 1935, and Robert Taylor's autograph became increasingly sought after.

In 1936, *Mutiny on the Bounty,* with Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone; *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town,* with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur and *The Great Ziegfeld,* with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, drew the loudest plaudits from the critics and in 1937 Rainer and Paul Muni in *The Good Earth;* Spencer Tracy in *Captains Courageous* and Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in *Romeo and Juliet* were strong magnets that drew quarters to the cashiers' tills.

Last year two English films, *The Citadel* and *Pygmalion* served notice that Hollywood has a rival in production worthy of respect and attention.

■ To celebrate its fiftieth birthday this year, the motion picture is to present the life of its inventor, Thomas Alva Edison. The film will be released in two parts and thus far only the actor to portray Edison as a boy has been selected, Mickey Rooney.

Fifty years of films! The ghosts of yesterday's stars fade again in the mists of memory. Names that filled the billboards a generation ago are hardly known to the fans of today. Forgotten now the Clara Kimball Youngs, the Warren Kerrigans. The parade of magic names shuffles on and one wonders who, of the Garbos and the Gables of today, will still hold the power to thrill the memory when the golden jubilee of the movies has given way to a diamond jubilee.

One figure alone seems ageless. One star alone gives promise of scampering with undiminished glamour about the screen fifty years from today . . . Mickey Mouse.

Squire of Belleigh Acres

[*Continued from page* 28]

in turn stands next to the white houses of several other relatives. From their hilltop, the Horton clan look off at rolling country something like New England, with lots of trees and flower beds around the houses and lots of High Sierras beetling in the distance. Birds twittered, grass smelled sweet, and a black chicken busily scratched up what looked like a bed of particularly choice posies.

"Chickens, for instance," Farmer Horton went on, his ascetic features a trifle grim, "they are a strange animal. They will leave stuff you buy for them to eat and grub up the best geraniums, but will they swallow even one snail off the rose bushes? Not a chance! Instead, they repay your hospitality by laying an egg in the grass under the eucalyptus tree where they know you are going to sit down hard after a long day at the studio.

"Still, I studied up seriously on poultry. I was determined to have the best poultry in the Valley.

■ "Do you realize," he inquired with that earnest Horton look, that 97 per cent of the chickens in the world today never know a mother's care? I made up my mind that the chickens at Belleigh Acres weren't going to be mere incubator orphans, deprived of parental guidance, but it turned out that a third of the mothers were unnatural creatures that walked coolly off the nest and into the lettuce patch and then would not come back.

"One day I picked up eight abandoned eggs and rushed them to the incubator, and bye and bye those eggs turned into two pheasants, three guinea chicks, a goose, a duck, and a turkey. I treated them kindly, but the pheasants flew away to Guy Kibbee's yard, and the guinea hens made so much noise we gave them to Don Ameche, and he gave them to Al Jolson, and he gave them to Barbara Stanwyck, and she gave them to a zoo.

■ "Now, cattle I can understand," he remarked meditatively. "Hog-tie a steer, and you really have something, but our feathered friends are just a crossword puzzle so far as I'm concerned. Take Oswald, our ostrich. Fans are always sending things to movie people, and Oswald was one of those things. He was only a little fellow when he came into our lives, but he grew so fast he could knock me down, after a few months, with one kick. If only we could have sent him to college and got him on the football team! Oswald was always hanging round the back door and kicking. It got so I'd cross the back yard at a dead run to the first fence. Sometimes I reached it before Oswald booted me over. Sometimes not.

"We were rolling along nicely, crops coming up and so on, when we got our burglar scare. Things were missing. All kinds of things. Spoons and hammers and

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thimbles and even the kitchen alarm clock. It was very baffling. Very.

"I was pretty tired one night after a long session at the studio, so I went to bed early to snatch a good night's sleep. I'd slept an hour when all of a sudden something woke me with a start. It was the kitchen alarm clock, good and loud.

"The alarm grew louder and louder, then faded away, and still I couldn't locate it. The thing was uncanny. I fell into bed again. In a few minutes the alarm went off again, so loud I nearly jumped out the window. Again I hunted. Again no luck; and no sleep, either, for ever so often during the night I was scared awake by that alarm.

"At dawn I solved the mystery. There, outside my window, stood Oswald, his profile toward the rising sun, and in his long neck bulged a suspicious appearing lump. Apparently he had reached that neck in the kitchen window and plucked off the clock. Even as I glared at him, trrrrr-rrr-rrrrrr! went a shrill bell in his gullet. Oswald jumped almost as much as I did, hiccuped and sauntered away.

"I was ready to shoot him, but it wasn't necessary. He ate a pair of garden shears and cut his own throat.

■ "Speaking of garden shears," he observed, "reminds me that I decided not to have an ordinary farm, but to grow unusual stuff. I planted peanuts, for example, and tobacco, and all the strange vegetables you ever heard about. Then the gardener fell into the spirit of Belleigh Acres, developed a Luther Burbank complex, and decided to invent a few vegetables of his own.

"One time as I dozed in the hammock, I kept hearing a putt, putt, putt, on the ell roof like a patter of machine gun bullets. Lazily I glanced around, to see objects like huge green bumblebees whizzing through the air in twenty directions. One came, plop! on my chest and immediately leaped into the air again and soared over toward the barn.

"But I'd caught a clear glimpse of it. The thing was a Brussels sprout!

"Naturally, I could hardly believe my eyes. I sprang from the hammock and went to the acre where we had planted the Brussels sprouts. I had to dodge flying sprouts the entire way. It was actually dangerous. There were more sprouts in the air than in the ground. They'd leap from the earth, light a few yards away—perhaps on a fence post—then they'd truck a few seconds as if they were listening to a good swing band, and be on the wing once more.

"The explanation was simple. The gardener had been raising Mexican jumping beans on the sly. He'd planted them beside the Brussels sprouts patch, and the jumpers and sprouts had amalgamated. That whole season we had to pick our Brussels sprouts with a fly swatter.

"That was the afternoon before we discovered oil on the ranch, same as they do in the movies . . . just exactly the same! I first saw it floating on the irrigation ditch, then I came to a place where the ground was sopping with it. So we bought a lot of machinery and started to drill and we had gone down a couple of hundred feet when one of the neighbors strolled over. 'Oil well!' he guffawed. 'This is where that picture company built an imitation gusher when they were here on location, doing that film about Oklahoma, two or three months before you bought the ranch.'

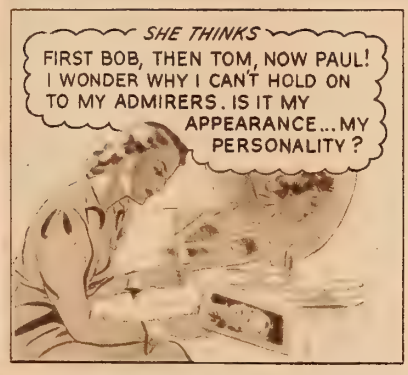
"It was dusk by that time, and I was covered with oil smears, so I went for a plunge in the pool. I dove into that water and landed on something rough and big that snorted, and I came out so fast I didn't even get wet. The gardener, a kind-hearted chap, had put two half grown alligators that a fan sent us from Florida into the swimming pool so they would feel at home. We gave up raising our own luggage the next day."

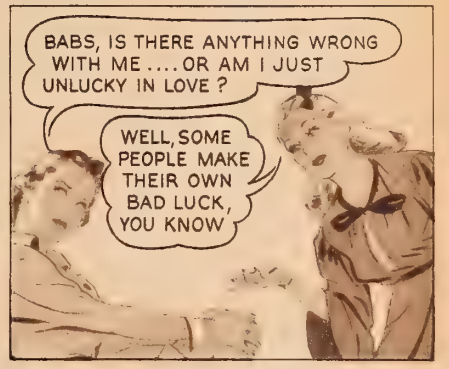
■ The impression was growing that Farmer Horton was not taking his move back-to-the-land very seriously.

"That's right," agreed Squire Horton happily when we accused him of farming for gags rather than for gold. "That's absolutely right. The by-product of conversation at the ranch is very superior. Very. Not to mention the exercise. You know, this getting back to nature is a strenuous thing, because Nature, in her quiet cosmic way, has a habit of getting back at you!"

Her Mirror Can't Tell Her Why She's *"Unlucky in Love"*









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Turning Around On Two Bits

What happened when out of town friends demanded to be shown Hollywood and one frantic young man had only a quarter to spend, is an amazing insight into entertainment short cuts

By

WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

An oasis of misery stood in the middle of the room, flinching at the sounds of laughter, entirely panic-stricken. The name of the oasis was Bill and the cause of his misery was an unaccompanied quarter, a lone wolf of a twenty-five cent piece, a veritable hermit of a coin, that cowered in the otherwise empty cavern of his pocket.

At first glance, Bill didn't see any way out. And it didn't help him any to realize that the whole thing was his own fault. If only he hadn't written such glowing letters to pals in his home town; if only he hadn't boasted about getting a job so quickly in Hollywood; if only he hadn't hinted at a fabulous salary but had written the truth, instead: that his weekly stipend at Universal was exactly $22.19, just barely enough to keep body and wallbed together! If only he hadn't largely promised to show the sights of Hollywood to the gang any time they cared to visit the town!

Now, hail, hail, the gang was here . . . Joe and Frances, Alec and Joan. Bill listed his assets: plenty of food in the kitchenette; a tankful of gas, *and* a quarter. His liabilities consisted of four friends rarin' to "do" Hollywood; payday four days off, and a bad front tire. Bill prayed for guidance. He couldn't bear the thought of his financial anemia becoming known; and he wanted to show the gang a good time.

Guidance came from Joe. "Hey, look, Bill," he said, "our old arrangement of Dutch Treat still stands. But for gosh sakes, take us places where it won't cost a dollar every time we draw a breath."

Bill almost cried with relief. Good old gang. Good old Joe! He bustled around, making sandwiches and drinks, and postponing the moment of hurling the gang upon Hollywood until he got his thoughts completely marshalled. By the time Frances said, "When do we start?" he had the afternoon's trek all mapped out.

"Bet you want to see the studios, first of all?" he said confidently. "Nothing much shooting on Saturday, but if we're lucky, we'll run into a couple of stars somewhere along the line," and he turned the car out toward the valley where Warner Brothers beautifully landscaped studio nestles against the towering foothills. From the winding roadway, the gang could see the vast sound stages, and the outdoor sets, the size of administration buildings and storage spaces. Then came an inspiration to Bill and a thrill to the gang. Bill remembered the road that ran close to the Lakeside Country Club, turned into it, and there was Bob Burns, whanging home a 230 yard drive.



Center, romantic Olvera Street where stars go for Mexican food, dishes, shoes and entertainment



La Brea tar pits, death traps for prehistoric animals, yielded these skeletons of fantastic "first settlers," now on view at Exposition Park



Left, more fun than a circus may be had with a bag of peanuts at "Monkey Island"

"On the way to the other studios, I want to show you Hollywood's very first settlers," said Bill mysteriously, and headed for Wilshire Boulevard. He stopped by what looked like an ordinary park. The La Brea Tar Pits. Admission free! Here, in the heart of the Sequin and Sable Cinecity, are pits filled with tar, thick, black, oily and gummy. In prehistoric times, these pits trapped and preserved unwary three-toed horses, dire wolves, saber-tooth tigers, giant sloths, short-faced bears, mastodons, horrible killer-birds and reptiles. There are about 91 pits. In one alone, scientists found 270 skulls besides some human remains. Bill's gang leaned on the low stone walls that now surround the pits, and watched a mysterious pin-point of light appear in the evil-looking liquid blackness, and then another and another. The points slowly swelled from within until they were recognizable as bubbles. They got bigger and bigger and thinner and thinner until, almost transparent, they began to wave about in the wind flashing the most beautiful colors. Then they burst and the edges settled sluggishly into the tar again. It was all very ugly and beautiful and eerie. But what a horrible way to die! What terror the trapped animals must have felt as they threshed frantically about in the slowly-sucking stuff, each frenzied movement only miring themselves in deeper.

"Now we'll see 'em minus the tar," announced Bill and drove the gang to Exposition Park where is housed the largest and most interesting collection of fabulous prehistoric animals in the world. Admission free! After getting a collective crick in the neck gazing up at tremendous lengths of vertebrae, Bill drove the gang to Magnetic Hill, overlooking Hollywood. This hill was supposed by Indians to contain a magnetic stone strong enough to draw vehicles uphill. Bill turned off the engine of his car. It coasted UPHILL. He turned it on again and the car labored DOWNHILL in low gear. The feeling was so disconcerting and fascinating that they kept the car going up and down for half an hour, while Bill explained that it was all an optical illusion created by the peculiar geographical formation and placement of the surrounding hills.

Twilight was falling swiftly when they turned into the glittering, fortune-studded Sunset Strip where, in 1870, land sold for $1.25 an acre. Until nine o'clock, Bill parked near entrance to Cafe LaMaze, then the Cock 'n Bull, then the Bublichki, Selznick's, and A Bit of Sweden, and the excitement of seeing fourteen real stars drive up, climb out of cars and go on a forage for food made them forget their own appetites until eight o'clock when Bill took them home for dinner. At 9:30 he drove them to one of the enormous sports centers on Beverly boulevard where they played miniature golf, ping pong and badminton for 25 cents a game. Bill thanked his lucky stars there were five of them. Being extra, he begged off, refusing to spoil their games, and scouted around looking for well-known players to point out. He found three.

■ When Bill went to bed that night, the gang had seen quite a bit of Hollywood and he still had his quarter. He lay awake until well after midnight, planning his twenty-five cent program for Sunday. If they had only let him know they were coming, he could have written in advance for tickets, which cost nothing, to Chase & Sanborn's radio hour with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Nelson Eddy and Don Ameche. And he could have written for admission cards to Huntington Library and Museum. Here are hung some of the most famous paintings in the world, including Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," and here, resting in the guarded sanctuary of dust proof glass cases, are rare and valuable ancient books and original documents.

Before he went to sleep, Bill thought of so many places of interest and little or no admission that he wished the gang had a week in town.

■ He could have taken them fishing off the pier at Malibu. Here, for 25 cents, you can sit all day with a jack pole and a bucketful of live bait or some newspaper-wrapped shrimps and absorb

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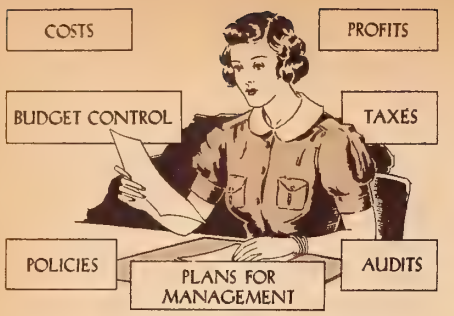
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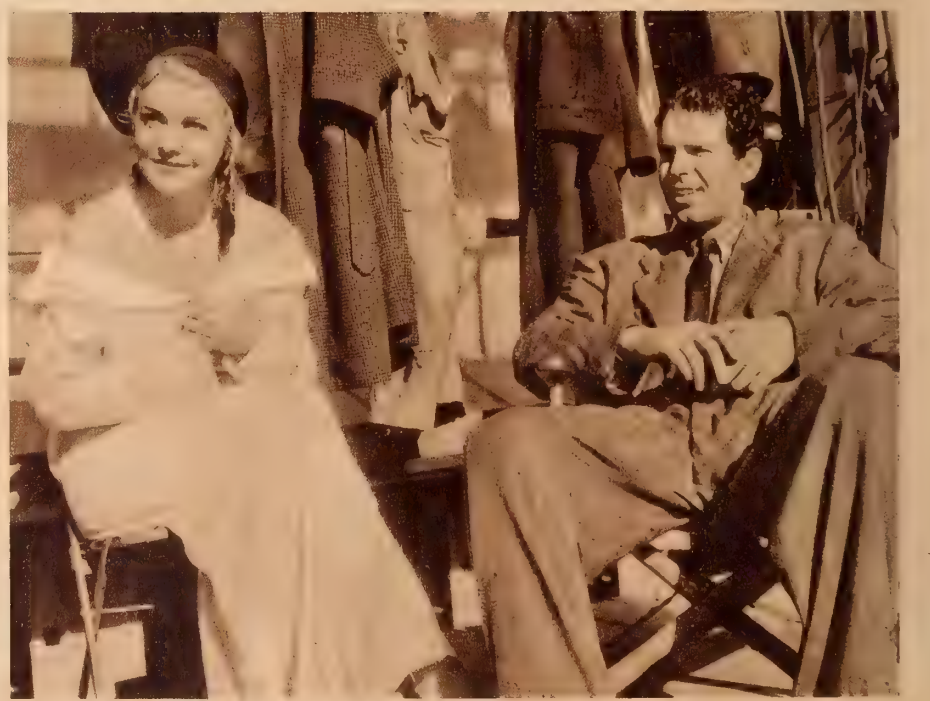
California's Vitamin D while fishing for (and catching, too) flounders, sharks, sheepshead and sanddabs. Or, for nothing, they could have gone in swimming near the homes of Norma Shearer, Marion Davies and Harpo Marx. Or he could have taken them up to Mount Wilson where the largest telescope in the world is trained on other-world activities, and where the sunset, visible from Santa Monica to Laguna, is a thrilling, never-to-be-forgotten sight.

He picked his gang up at nine o'clock in the morning and drove them through Griffith Park, the largest municipal park in the United States. Included in its 4,000 acres of beautiful mountain and valley lands are three public golf courses, bowling greens, a cricket field, a zoo, picnic grounds, airport, bridle paths, swimming pool, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, bicycle paths, bird sanctuary, a Greek Theatre seating 5,000, and, on one of the mountain tops overlooking the entire city, the Planetarium, most modern of the three in America. Admission to the park and the fascinating exhibit at the Planetarium is free. They could have seen the Zeiss projector send the stars speeding across a vast semi-spherical dome for a quarter, but they decided to save that for another afternoon.

When he finally was able to drag his party away from the Planetarium, where they became fascinated with the exhibit of the moon, Bill drove them out toward Universal City over Cahuenga Pass. It was over this pass, in the 19th century, that frequent revolutions by California governors brought armies through Hollywood. In 1845, Juan Alvarado and Antonio Carrillo, grandfather of Leo Carrillo, marched 284 men through the pass and, in a battle with Governor Michel-torena, succeeded in killing two mules. After the battle, according to Leo, both parties got together and had a barbecue.

■ The next stop was at Hollywood's latest rendezvous, the "Monkey Farm," just around the corner from Universal Studios. Surrounded by a high fence, the building's front looking like a movie palace, its neon sign of agitated simians one of the largest ever hung, the whole ensemble painted glaring white and baby blue, Monkey Island is just what its name implies. On an artificial island on which are built two artificial mountains, each trimmed artistically with artificial palm trees, 500 monkeys fight and chatter, and hunt for fleas. A fifteen foot moat surrounds the island and separates the spectators from their less inhibited ancestors who, without wires or cages, enjoy a fine unobstructed view of the humans. Under the "mountains" are servicing halls and four monkey dormitories, all electrically lighted and heated and air-conditioned. Very sanitary and modern.

Bill, hoarding his quarter, said he wanted to see a friend who lived nearby. The others all bought admission tickets —25 cents. Joe and Alec bought some gas-filled balloons to which bananas were tied. These they let drift over to the island where hundreds of monkeys at once pounced on them, and formed five-feet tall hillocks of fighting little animals. When Bill picked his friends up again, he still had his cash reserve and the realization that he was doing a good job on the 25 cent spree. Crossing the bridge at Universal Studios, he deposited his gang in the middle of the biggest housing boom enjoyed by Hollywood since gold was first discovered twenty miles



Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray bask in the famous California sunshine after a dip in the Pacific for a scene in Paramount's *Cafe Society*. Not even a wetting mars her beauty

away. There model homes, completely furnished, occupied the five for an hour.

■ Further up Ventura boulevard they found Charlie Ruggles' famous dog kennels; the gold-fish farm; the rare bird farm; the very spot where General John C. Fremont and General Andreas Pico signed the treaty that surrendered California to the United States. Bill came back over Cahuenga Pass where, in 1850, the government sent a caravan of Smyrna camels in an endeavor to solve the desert transportation problem. Cahuenga Pass runs into Hollywood boulevard at just about the place where a major sheep jam, in 1903, inspired a city ordinance that prohibited bands of more than 2,000 sheep to be driven past the Hollywood Hotel.

Bill had put up a basket of sandwiches and they had lunch in the Japanese gardens, famous the world over for their beauty. These gardens, conceived and cared for by two brothers, cover an entire hill overlooking Hollywood. The gardens are pure Japanese in style, featuring dwarfed trees and bushes. The whole thing is terraced and paths pass by little lakes, waterfalls and miniature forests inhabited by quaint little carved figures. The gang had lunch in a charming Buddha shrine near a miniature bridge. Admission to the gardens is 25 cents, and Bill felt lost without his quarter. He had grown to be quite fond of it. At the same time, he felt a large thrill of achievement that he had been able to show the gang such a lot of Hollywood at such little cost.

Next he took them to an outdoor driving range where, for 25 cents, you can whack a pailful of golfballs to your heart's content. Bill got out of this by pleading a sprained thumb. The next place on his list was the Ostrich Farm, and panic enveloped him as they approached it, for he had run out of dodges and he felt that the great unmasking scene was about to take place. For admission was 25 cents. But again, good old Joe came to the rescue, insisting that this was his treat inasmuch as Bill supplied the lunch.

■ The next stop was the Southwest Museum, where a long corridor of miniature dioramas offers at least a month's study, tracing in detail Indian life from the days of the cliff-dwellers. Bill passed up the alligator farm, the lion farm and the butterfly farm, as time was growing short, and hurried the gang to Olvera street, bordering on the Plaza on which still stands the Los Angeles Mission, around which Los Angeles was built. On this street are still standing some of the adobe homes of the first Spanish inhabitants, and you can buy fiery-hot frijoles in the cellars where the Franciscan fathers used to store their wine.

Olvera street is very popular with Hollywood stars, and every night many may be seen dining at Casa La Golondrina, or eating a tamale from a street vendor, or purchasing Mexican sandals, or wandering through the old Olvera Adobe, home of a lovely lady named Concepcion who, reluctantly though graciously, was hostess one week to an American general and the next to a belligerent Mexican governor.

■ Well, the week end was over. Bill's quarter was gone. In its stead was the satisfaction of a job well done and financial embarrassment well covered, and the gang swore that they had seen more of Hollywood for less money than they dreamed possible.

"Come down again next month," said Bill, as he bade them goodbye. "We'll take in the fights at the American Legion; we'll go to the outdoor skating rink; we'll take in the night auto races and a game of soft-ball; there is rowing on Echo Park Lake and we can go down to Long Beach and go aboard a battleship. If you can stay over Monday, we'll go through Max Factor's place and see how they manufacture make-up and wigs; and the girls can have the works at Westmore's Beauty Salon. And the most money we'll spend at any one place will be for a Zombie cocktail at Don's Beachcomber Cafe. They cost a dollar and Don won't serve more than one to a customer—they're so strong.

As his friends drove away, Bill sighed, "Whow! With $10 I could entertain an army!"



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Sugar 'n Spice

"Sugar 'n' spice, 'n' all things nice,

That's what little girls are made of . . ."

Eleanor Powell, soon to be seen in *Honolulu*, poses in a dress whose crisp ruffles suggest spring and the light floral perfumes that are popular for summer

By ANN VERNON

■ The old jingle is especially true this spring. For every little girl, and every big girl, too, will make a point of being as sweet as sugar and as fragrant as spice.

Eleanor Powell, as seen here, typifies this trend. Her frothy white dress looks like a bon-bon—and you can be sure that there's plenty of spiciness in the perfume blending with her necklace of flowers.

If you want people to think you're a mixture of "all things nice," your cue is to appeal to their noses, to let perfume tell the story. In order to do this you've got to stop thinking of perfume as something that should be reserved for the first Tuesday of every month—and start making it a part of your every-day personality. Wear it as gallantly and proudly and constantly as your lipstick.

Perfume should not be a mask. Nor a timid gesture. Nor a blaring announcement. It should be a part of you. The harmonious impression you make by your face, your clothes, your voice and your personality should be augmented by the addition of fragrance. You can achieve this by introducing fragrance in your bath, by scenting your lingerie, by clothing your body in a light but lasting sheath of perfumed cologne, by scenting your hair and the veil on your hat.

You can't overdo it if you use the right kind of scents, and use sense in applying them. A bath twice a day, plus a perspiration corrective are the two foundation stones of fragrance, because they prevent unpleasant natural odors from infringing on the delightful artificial ones you employ. You can make your bath the beginning of your fragrance campaign by using a delicately perfumed soap and a companion preparation that scents and softens the water at the same time.

The soap and powder I'm referring to come in two scents, one a light floral bouquet (that means the mixing of several individual flower odors) and the other a spicy pine scent. The soap lathers profusely and each bubble provides fragrance and cleanliness. The soap's fragrance is deepened by the scented powder dissolved in the bath water, and its lathering propensity is increased by the water-softening properties of the powder. A generous size cake of the soap costs a dime and a can of powder, likewise.

The newest thing on the anti-odor front is a cream perspiration stop with all these advantages: a nice, clean, fresh smell; no greasy aftermath; no drying up in the jar. Besides which, it really does an excellent job of checking and deodorizing

Take your skin, hair and figure problems to our beauty editor. She will be glad to advise you free. Write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope (U. S. postage) for her reply.

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perspiration. It doesn't irritate tender skin, even after shaving, and tests prove that it's harmless to fabrics. Ten cents for a trial size, 29 cents for a full size jar . . . An all-important thing to remember when using this or any other odor corrective, is to wash and *rinse* the skin thoroughly first. Only then do you get full satisfaction.

■ After your bath and deodorant have been attended to, you're ready for the first application of glamour—perfumed cologne to you. Apply it from the neck to the ankles, rubbing it dry with the palm of your hand. It takes only a moment, and with good colognes as cheap as they are, it amounts to very little in expenditure. But what a lovely all-over garment of glamour it provides! All during the day, the warmth of your body releases just a hint of the perfume essence, but that hint is enough to establish you in the "sugar and spice" class.

You'll want to depend on the more concentrated version of the perfumes for these strategic spots: the base of your throat, the nape of your neck, the temples, eyebrows and the wrists. Dabs of the perfume here turn you into a real work of art. If you want the name of a Parisian perfume that is the last word in allurement drop me a line. You can get the scent, diluted, in cologne and toilet water, or in bath powder, if you prefer that to "liquid refreshment" after your bath. All of these are inexpensive. The cologne and toilet water are now out in sample sizes for a dime.

■ Harmony in your cosmetics is usually much more of a problem than perfume harmony, for there are so many confusing shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up to choose from. And often, you find, they seem to change colors when applied. Knowing this all too well, one manufacturer has brought out sets of cosmetics scientifically keyed to each other and to the color of your eyes, which usually establishes your general "color scheme." In Hollywood, where they know and respect make-up as nowhere else in the world, the stars have gone quite mad about this sure fire cosmetic formula. There are cosmetics matched to blue, grey, brown or hazel eyes, which covers about all the territory discovered at this writing. Besides blending and harmonizing perfectly in color, the preparations are pure enough to eat and as adherent as they are pure. Each one, powder, cake rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow, costs 55 cents; but there are introductory kits for $1.10. Want the name?

Write to me before May 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned here. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope (U. S. postage) with your letter and send it to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway.

Something to Crow About

[*Continued from page* 30]

the milk bottle. (You will remember that she was all three kitties.)

■ Miss Gill's dramatic work is not entirely limited to her imitations. Among her character roles have been parts in *Every Night at Eight, Here Comes the Band, Larceny on the Air, Welcome Home* and *Way Down East.*

Her appearances in other feature pictures are *She Had to Eat, Mountain Music,* and an amusing bit in Marion Davies' *Ever Since Eve,* in which Florence plays a scrub-woman.

The title, *The Barnyard Nightingale,* came as the result of a radio broadcast over a Los Angeles station. Miss Gill hadn't been able to decide on a name for herself and her work. After the performance, a man stepped up to her and said, "You know, I always think of you as *The Barnyard Nightingale.*"

In this manner an unidentified man identified Miss Gill.

Florence Gill told us a secret about her work. She said, "I laugh at it, too. When I see one of my pictures or hear one of my recordings, I can laugh as much as anyone else—wondering how in the world any human being can make a noise like that!"

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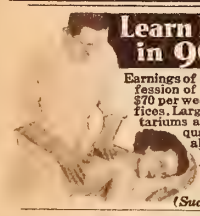
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HOLLYWOOD FROM THE HEIGHTS



Above, one of the elaborate camera set-ups for some of the striking outdoor scenes in *Wuthering Heights*. Left, Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in a tense moment in the Emily Bronte story which features David Niven

Our favorite extra got into trouble in a dance, and bitterly has made a resolution about the next part he plays

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, at last I finally got myself a taste of what is sometimes laughingly called the more abundant life, and as I sit here hunting and pecking on my Elsie Smith to tell you about it, all I hope is that the day is coming soon when I can get myself another bite of the same.

Eleven bucks per day for seven days in a row adds up to seventy-seven bucks which amount is nesting in my pocketbook right now as a result of my 'extra' labors in Mr. Sam Goldwyn's screen version of *Wuthering Heights*, the Emily Bronte classic. Merle Oberon, David Niven, Donald Crisp, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier and a number of other screen notables worked in the picture and earned much more than I did, maybe, but I'll bet they won't get as much enjoyment out of their folding money as I'm going to get out of mine. Seventy-seven bucks! Boy, that's a powerful lot of money to do mischief with! But not one dime of it will go to a dance-hall, and I'll tell you why later.

I'll never forget those seven days, not if I hang around the studio alleys and sound stages until the last "yes-man becomes the man who "no's" everybody.

Maybe I didn't go places, but I surely saw things while I was employed by Mr. Sam Goldwyn and I'll bet that when I tell you what I saw on the very first day I went to work you'll probably fall off your chair and say: "And to think he got paid for it!"

I sneaked into Sound Stage No. 9 that first morning as quiet as a mouse sneaking up to a pound of cheese—and there, right before me, was Merle Oberon taking a bath! A very public bath, too, for I counted as many as forty men standing around.

Now taking a bath for a motion picture is not the easiest thing to do, I discovered. A vast amount of detail has to be observed. For instance, Miss Julie Heron, one of Mr. Sam Goldwyn's researchers, had to thumb through a score of books on early 19th century English to learn how, and in what, those delicate English ladies took their Saturday night dips. Miss Heron finally decided that a copper bathtub

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was in style, so Mr. Sam Goldwyn got one. Then he had to send a boy out to buy a half dozen huge copper pitchers with which to fill the above-mentioned copper bathtub with water. (I'll bet you didn't know that before the eighteen-hundreds bathing was considered such very bad taste that it was looked upon as a vice!)

With the tub and pitchers provided for, along with warm water and suds, William Wyler, the director, got ready to shoot. First of all, being a modest man, he ordered the wardrobe lady and the hairdresser to be blanket bearers, and the script girl to be towel carrier. Well, these ladies in waiting guided Merle to the tub. The property man scrammed after he had beaten the warm water into fleecy suds with a giant egg beater, and Director Wyler began shooting after Merle was safely buried in her cloud of foam. The sequence was shot and re-shot six times before the director was satisfied.

■ The second day started off with a startling piece of off-stage action from Laurence Olivier. A bunch of us extras were walking behind the noted English actor on the way to the sound stage. All of a sudden and for no apparent reason at all, Olivier flung himself full-length on a dusty garden path. And the way he tossed and turned you'd think his shirt was full of hornets. He got up, finally, smiled brightly at Director Wyler, and said: "That's the only way I know of dirtying up a costume realistically." It still seems a mite crazy to me, but Olivier's a better actor than I am, sure as sin, so why should I criticize? Mr. Olivier, you may recall, was here five years ago and, feeling that he had been insulted beyond all endurance, packed up his kit and beat it back to England. He said, then, that Hollywood gave him a perpetual headache and that he'd never come back, but here he is, a little more tolerant of Flickertown and its ways and giving a triple-A performance.

Once on the sound stage, about all I did to earn my keep was to toss rice at David Niven and Miss Oberon as they emerged from the church.

■ There were a lot of interesting things about that screen marriage that weren't in the script.

In the first place, standing by as a spectator and watching her go through her marriage lines with Niven was Alexander Korda, Merle's fiance.

In the second place, Merle and David were coupled together two years ago in a real life romance that came within two flower girls and a bridal bouquet of marriage. But, like so many Hollywood romances, theirs faded and died. In the meantime, Korda had been through the divorce courts, and he recalled the girl whom he had started on the road to stardom. No doubt Merle remembered him, too. In any event, he came to Hollywood and shortly after it was rumored that they were secretly married. Well, there Korda was, a side-liner to this screen marriage. I was watching pretty closely while tossing those handsful of rice, and take it from me, he was pretty much embarrassed —and that goes for Merle and David, too. It took the full day for this scene to win an okay from Director Wyler and when he did so, come five minutes to quitting time, Korda took Merle to dinner, and Niven went home to his bachelor quarters.

■ I walked to work the third day with Flora Robson the noted English actress who came to Hollywood to play the featured role of Miss Oberon's maid, Ellen. This Robson lady, by the way, is a horse-playing addict from barrier to wire, and, while I don't think her "system" is worth more than a discarded mutuel ticket, the ladies may find some virtue in it since she's more than $300 ahead on the Santa Anita race meeting as we write about it.

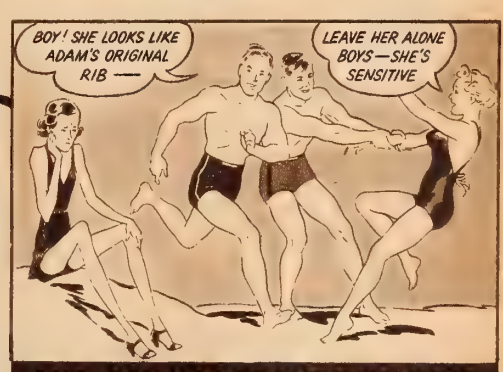
"When I'm employed at the studio and can't get out to the track," she says, "I send out my niece, Helen Gay, with instructions to stand at the paddock and back whatever horse looks at her. So far Helen has attracted the stares of two long-shots, the last one paying off $41 for a $2 ticket. Helen says this horse turned his head completely around as he went to the post that day, and when he got to the track he glanced at her over his shoulder. So there must be something in it!"

Well, that's Miss Robson's story, and you're stuck with it.



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Anne Johnston

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Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.



Don Russo

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Don Russo, Phila., Pa.

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■ Now for the third day. You'll pardon me, I hope, if I bring in Merle Oberon again, but it just can't be helped. Merle is nice to look at, nicer to be with, and doesn't care what's demanded of her, just so it helps the picture. For instance:

All day long she let her pretty legs get chewed up by a huge Great Dane dog. And if you think that's fun try it sometime. After a couple of hours of "takes," Merle finally complained. "This dog acts too hungry," she told the prop man. So he changed the formula of the prop blood on her legs by putting some vinegar in it. Up until the change the blood had consisted of about eighty-five per cent chocolate syrup, and the Dane was satisfying a sweet tooth like nobody's business—except Merle's. Even with the change in the blood mixture neither Merle nor Director Wyler was very much enthused about this sequence. But they kept trying until late afternoon when Merle finally hit upon an idea that rang the camera bell at the first shooting. In order to simulate an adequate expression of pain while the dog was biting her legs, Merle ordered a property man to sneak up and give her ankle a good twist. Believe me, he did. Merle not only grimaced with pain, she howled so loud you could hear her clear out to Santa Monica. And you couldn't blame her for it, either, for unfortunately, the property man in his great zeal to obey the command of the actress, grabbed a leg that had been previously injured by an accident on location less than a week before. David Niven, who is the greatest off-stage gum-chewer in Hollywood, declared that he had swallowed a four-stick chaw when Merle's first screech hit the rafters!

■ And now we'll go into my dance. There were four long days of it with me doing nothing else but holding a cute little gal in my arms, which sounds swell, but believe me there are two sides to being a jitterbug for the cameras! If you don't think a guy gets mighty tired jigging with the same partner for that length of time you'll never pass as an expert on the gavotte, polka, schottische or whatever it was that kept us going round and round from morning 'til night. Honest, I wore the soles of my shoes down so thin that I could tell whether a coin was heads or tails, just by standing on it!

My girl friend for the dance scene was as cute as a button, and I got along in fine style the first day, particularly after dance director, Jack Crosby, took us over to a dark corner and gave us a lesson or two. And I kinda liked the way she hummed "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" all day long, although Willie isn't my name, and I told her so. But she began to loaf on the second day, and while she didn't weigh more than ninety pounds in her swim suit she got mighty heavy come quitting-time whistle. The third day she said I was getting on her feet, and I said she was getting on my nerves and Jack Crosby said we'd better change partners on account he didn't like his actors snarling at each other. And now I've got waltzer's foot or something and one place I'm not going to leave my folding money is in a dance-hall!

It wouldn't be fair to give you a synopsis of the plot of this picture. Instead, I'd suggest that you read the Emily Bronte classic before Mr. Sam Goldwyn releases his screen version, and you'll enjoy it in your favorite movie palace much more.



Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier gather heather on the *Wuthering Heights* location a few miles from Hollywood. Goldwyn transformed 450 acres of California into a replica of Northern England

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Side-Tracked Siren

[*Continued from page* 19]

were what used to be so quaintly called "A Fallen Woman." Social pariahs, they were; outcasts ostracized by one and all. They were Sin with a capital S, because Sin and Sex were synonymous.

You remember them—Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Barbara LaMarr, Pola Negri, Rosemary Theby, Olga Baclanova, Merle Oberon and a young lady named Myrna Loy. Or maybe you've forgotten a little dilly called *The Mask of Fu Manchu* in which she aided and abetted Boris Karloff in some dark villainy, or *Satan in Sables* in which she played Lowell Sherman's extra-legal heart interest of the moment? Myrna hasn't forgotten.

Myrna first became a siren by an out-and-out fluke; it was a toss-up between two parts—a mistress and a madonna. She often has wondered what would have happened if the breaks had been the other way. It started when Rudolph Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, saw Myrna dancing in a Grauman prologue and were struck by her piquant beauty. They made a straight screen test of her, but nothing came of it. Some time later M-G-M made another test of her, this time for the role of the Madonna in the great spectacle *Ben Hur*. For four hours she actually had the role, since it was deemed fitting that an unknown actress should play the reverent role. Then the Box-office Boys began yelling for a Name, and Betty Bronson was given the part.

The Valentinos refused to give up their faith in Myrna. Natacha, who was an exotic person herself and a designer of some renown, one day gave way to a flight of fancy. She dressed Myrna up in a bizarre costume of her own designing, painted an extreme make-up upon the frankly American features of the Loy face, and set a sleek black wig upon the Loy head. The effect was startling. It was a complete transformation. Warner Brothers saw a photograph and promptly cast her for the mistress bit in *Satan in Sables*. That led to a five year contract during which time she played more sirens than she can remember, including the dusky charmer in *The Desert Song*.

Curiously, too, her last siren part was also her first wife role, albeit the wife was of a different breed from what she has been portraying since. It was in that sophisticated picture, *The Animal Kingdom* in which Myrna was the wife who was a heartless, selfish, scheming minx and Ann Harding, as the mistress of Leslie Howard, was the soul of understanding, generosity and nobility itself.

"I think that picture really presaged the change in sirens," Myrna said. "For the first time 'the other woman' was not a 'bad' woman. She, in fact, was endowed with the qualities and virtues theretofore strictly reserved for the women living safely within the bounds of holy matrimony. It gave people something to think about."

Had that attitude not been accurately and honestly reflected in the changing social conditions in the world, no producer ever would have dared to so present it on the screen, Myrna went on.

"It is true that in some things like fashions, make-up, little fads and perhaps even architecture and decoration, life copies from the screen," she said. "But in all major issues, such as social standards, the screen copies from life. Therefore the pattern for our modern screen sirens comes straight from a convincing counterpart in real life."

By the same token, it would be silly to pretend that the old-fashioned "vamps" of the movies accurately reflected the real life sirens of yesteryear, Myrna continued. They were ridiculous in the exaggeration of their lack of virtue. Any similarity to any person, living or dead, wasn't coincidental, it was darned near impossible! But just as "nice" women never openly admitted the existence of less fortunate or more fascinating sisters, so the screen took it upon itself always to teach an impressive moral lesson by painting them much blacker than necessity or fact warranted. Perforce she wore her stripes for all to see.

"The modern siren doesn't wear any stripes," she said. "In the first place, she's

MERLE OBERON IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"



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FACE POWDER... Created in color harmony shades to beautify screen star types, Max Factor's Face Powder will be unusually flattering to you. Satin-smooth, clinging, it stays on perfectly ...$1.00.

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SKIN: Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐
EYES: Blue ☐ Gray ☐ Green ☐ Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Black ☐
LASHES (Color): Light ☐ Dark ☐
AGE
HAIR: BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

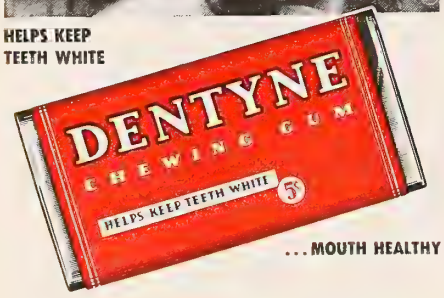
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usually far too clever for that, and in the second place, the chances are she has no stripes to wear. The term 'Siren' no longer implies a lack of morals; in many cases it is the happily married wife who is the siren so far as her husband is concerned. She is the one who spells allure, glamour and mystery to him, and rightly so. The change in social standards, customs and conditions since the inhibited Victorian era has made it possible."

The freedom in behavior now permitted well-bred women is the keynote of the change, Myrna believes. Once respectability attended church socials, stiff concerts, stuffy teas and musicales, with an occasional cotillion or ball for joint activities of nice women and decent men. Otherwise women sat home with their tatting, or an exciting session with the stereoptican machine showing polite views of Niagara Falls and The Leaning Tower of Pisa. Their men meanwhile were at the club or "out with the boys"—and too frequently, some of "the girls."

Today "nice" women (and happier ones) may join the men in a night club or at a cocktail bar, at a slightly spicy musical comedy, a hot political rally, or even at a poker table where the clatter of chips may go on until the wee hours of the morning and tall steins of beer top off the session. And Mrs. Grundy never bats an eye. It's the thing to do.

"Seems to me it boils down to this," Myrna said. "For some strange reason, custom did not permit a nice woman to be gay. It was unthinkable that she play with her husband and share his good times. Therefore 'the other woman' spelled fun to men. Now social custom no longer stacks the cards in favor of the siren. Wives are playing the same game and giving their erstwhile competitors a good stiff run for their money. Sirens, in fact, have to step lively to keep up with them."

■ The modern siren is quite a complex person, according to Myrna. She has to be. (We're speaking of the threat-to-marital-happiness type now.) Granted that her chief lure is still sex dressed up in less flagrant style, she cannot depend upon it alone. And she knows it.

"A hypothetical modern maid who lures men to their destruction is, of course, a sophisticate who knows all the answers but rarely tells them. She is apt to be restless and concerned with the physical and material side of life. Usually she is rather honest about herself. Beauty is an asset but not a necessity. She wears chic clothes well, often preferring quieter garb than her less predatory sisters. As a rule she is proficient at sports but is careful not to excel.

"Certainly she is more intelligent than in the past," Myrna stated. "Again, she has to be, because nowadays she mingles on an even basis with an educated and cultured society that once upon a time would have refused, point blank, to accept her. If she acts like a lady, she is accepted as one *pro tem*. Where society once took the attitude of 'Your private affairs are also my business and I don't approve of them,' it now says 'Your morals are your own business, and frankly, I'm not interested.'"

Recognizing this, picture producers are patterning their 1939 sirens from this new model, just as they recognized some time ago that "nice" heroines also could be devastating sirens. Consider what Goldwyn did with Merle Oberon. Consider Bette Davis in *Jezebel*, Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner. Consider also the change in Dietrich and the newest bombshell in sireny, Hedy Lamarr.

"Hedy really is making it tough for all of us, heroines and sirens alike," Myrna chuckled. "She combines the best features of each. She is something new in glamour—and she's caught us all off guard!"

Which is as pretty a compliment from one actress to another as I've heard in many a moon. What's more, Myrna meant it. There isn't a jealous bone in the girl's body. But when she again tosses her hat into the sireny ring, I'm not sure that Hedy isn't going to find a lot stiffer competition than she's meeting at the moment. And I'm not sure that wives from coast to coast (and Lapland and the South Seas) aren't going to have fresh cause for complaint; they've witnessed their husbands going overboard for "the perfect wife" so heavens knows what will happen when "the perfect wife" turns into "the perfect siren." A revolution, probably.

You see, this playing a siren isn't going to be a one-shot affair for Myrna. Several of them are on the schedule including the naughty Amytis in *The Road to Rome*. She was the gal, you remember, who had to deal with Hannibal, the invader, to save the home town of Rome. The Hays office finally has cleared the way for the picture production of the famous stage play, and none other than Clark Gable is scheduled to play Hannibal. Some fun! Her current picture, *Lucky Night* with Bob Taylor sort of breaks the news gently to the public; she is a captivating minx in that one. The "perfect wife" won't be lost entirely, though; another Thin Man or two will be sandwiched in between. Likewise, *Sea of Grass* with Spence Tracy.

■ "My only objection to the 'perfect wife' sort of thing is that it entails a danger of typing," Myrna said. "Somehow the public became so saturated with the 'perfect wife' publicity in connection with me that I was expected to become the real life spokesman for the screen wives I played. I'm tired of being asked to hand out practical advice on how to win and hold a husband.

"*Fundamentally, all women are sirens.* We may just as well face it: men don't marry women; women marry men! There is more truth than literary brilliance in that passage from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* in which he says: 'And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the fields and don't know their own power. They would overcome us entirely if they did.'

"There is just one difference in sirens today," Myrna concluded. "Some work harder at it!"

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Fun at Midnight

[*Continued from page 26*]

serenely poised and mistress of herself and every situation. Not that she is in the least bit high-hat. She is too friendly and genuine a person for that. It's just that dignity is natural for her. Instinctively, you feel that pulling a rib on her would be as unthinkable as asking Winchell or Cantor to head a Nazi benefit. Okay to make a patsy out of Lombard or Martha Raye but not Colbert. Definitely not Colbert!

The truth is, she's the perfect patsy for a gag. Loves 'em like her daily vitamins, and the more the merrier. And can she take it? Ladies and gentlemen, she can! And does!

It's just as well. Pulling a rib on Colbert is the favorite in and outdoor sport over Paramount way, and anybody can join the team. If a gag isn't under way, it's a cinch bet that one is in the process of brewing. The wonder is that her pictures ever finish on schedule.

Usually the kidding starts on the spur of the moment as on the afternoon when I was a visitor on the set and had more good clean fun than watching a circus with the sideshows thrown in free. Claudette went to her portable dressing room to touch up her makeup before the carefully rehearsed scene was shot. She called back to Winifred, her maid, to bring a certain lipstick which she had left on the set. Winifred was searching for it when Claudette added:

"And please bring that box of tissue I left on the table." Then, after a moment, "Oh yes, and you might as well bring Smokey, too." Smokey is her black French poodle who is making his debut with his mistress in *Midnight*.

Don Ameche, who plays opposite her in the picture, was standing near. Noting Winifred's dilemma in gathering up the various articles, and getting Smokey's leash untangled at the same time, he offered to lead the dog. That was all Director Mitch Leisen needed. Up went the high sign, a magic signal as sure to produce results as "Hey rube!" at a circus brawl. The gang gathered. Mitch grabbed the tissues and fell in line behind Don. Hal Walker, the assistant director, grabbed a smokepot being used to create the authentic atmosphere of a dive cafe. The sound man grabbed a mop and the cameraman a bucket of ice. (I never did discover what the ice was on the set for). Katherine O'Neill, the Colbert stand-in, picked up three phonograph records. Next in line came the script girl laden with a bowl of cubed sugar. Following her were five extras, respectively carrying a violin case, a chair without a back, two billiard balls, a hot water bottle and a fire extinguisher. Swinging into a loud if not harmonious chorus of "Dixie," they marched to the dressing room door.

"Company, HALT!" roared Captain Ameche. Then as Claudette poked her head out the door, he saluted with military smartness. "At your service, Madame," he informed her.

It was half an hour before the cameras started turning again. An hour later another gag was under way. But this time it backfired on its perpetrators.

Claudette was in her dressing room again, this time changing costumes. The necessary wait lasted only a few minutes, but it gave Leisen time enough to cook up some more deviltry. Silently he summoned every person on the set, and led them on tiptoe to Claudette's dressing room door. There he lined them up in an aisle. When the star finally emerged, everyone was to bow low in a deep salaam and murmur "Ahhhhh!" while Claudette made an imperious exit.

Two minutes passed in utter silence. Then five. Then eight. Still no sign of Claudette. The gang began to get tired of the enforced immobility. Finally in disgust they broke ranks and drifted away. Close on their heels came Claudette, as unconcerned as a daisy on a hilltop.

"Ready, Mitch?" she asked and smiled wickedly.

"Yah," Mitch grunted. "Let's go."

The gang had overplayed its hand. Things were too quiet and Claudette had grown suspicious. Peeking through a slit





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in the curtain, she had seen the formidable reception committee and had rested calmly until Winifred, posted as lookout, had announced the ignominious retreat!

■ The most hilarious gags, and I suspect the ones Claudette enjoys the most, are those which exploit some little foible or weakness of hers. As, for instance, her super concern for her throat and dread of a cough. She is forever carrying around evil looking mixtures in bottles of every size and description and constantly dosing herself with them. That you could count on one hand the times she actually has had a cough apparently has no bearing on the matter, or, like Mary's little lamb, everywhere that Colbert goes, the elixir's right behind.

Imagine the company's delight then, and Claudette's secret chagrin, when a succession of Western Union messenger boys appeared on the set one day, each bearing a different sample of some thirty-seven brands of cheap patent medicine guaranteed to cure the most stubborn cough. And each insisted Claudette sign for the delivery. Leisen thought that one up, too.

■ Then there was the still (a posed photograph used for advertising purposes) which she received as a Christmas card. Claudette is persnickety about only one thing: she insists upon okaying every still in which she appears before it is released for publication. She seems to think one side of her face has an odd trick of appearing less lovely in photographs than the other. It is the right side, I believe, although most of us would give our eye teeth to have either side half as photogenic.

Searching through some discarded stills, Leisen came upon one which was a lulu as far as presenting Claudette with her worst face forward. He let out a wild whoop and gleefully ordered a large print made. Then he sent it to the art department with secret orders. The day before Christmas it was presented to Claudette with great to-do by the entire company. She took one look and fell in a mock swoon.

Four other people had been in the picture with Claudette. The artist carefully had drawn speeches coming from their mouths. One said: "Poor Colbert, she sure had me fooled!" Another read: "Just goes to show what a little make-up will do for a woman." The third said: "Peeugh, did you get a load of that!" and the fourth, "Well, somebody must love her."

■ But most unforgetable of the gags that have been pulled on her, Claudette said, was The Three Minute Kiss.

Being a lady, she would not name the gentleman involved, but it was an actor for whom she long had entertained a cordial personal dislike. As luck would have it, the script called for the two to engage in a long and ardent embrace. Instinctively she flinched each time the scene was filmed, and withdrew from his arms after the kind of a duty peck that harassed husbands give wives as they're dashing out the front door to make the 7:57. Finally the director called her aside.

"Look, Claudette, we've got to get that scene right," he said. "It won't be right until you give us a kiss with a little 'umph' in it. I know you don't like this guy, but get it right just once and I'll call it quits. Hang on like grim death until I say 'Cut.' Then we'll quit for lunch, and you can stop worrying."

She agreed. The cameras again were focused, the players took their places. Sternly the director warned the company he wanted absolute silence on the stage.

"The cameras started turning and I went into my act," Claudette related. "And how I went into it! I gave and gave for my art, determined to get it over with, once and for all. I had shut my eyes to make it a little easier. After what seemed ages I decided enough was enough, and they darned well could rewrite the scene if necessary, but I was through kissing that gent for all time. I opened my eyes and broke out of the clinch.

"The gentleman and myself were quite alone in our *grande passion,* I discovered. Everyone else had sneaked out for lunch!"

■ Nor has she forgotten the taste of one of the most recent gags. This time Don Ameche was the instigator. All morning they had been working on a scene where they are drinking coffee. Several times Claudette had complained loudly of the bitterness of the brew. The scene had not been completed when they broke for lunch.

Fresh cups were brought when work was resumed. The scene went as scheduled. Don said "Sugar?" and Claudette, busy with a lipstick and mirror, mumbled "Uh huh." Whereupon Don was supposed to drop a cube of sugar in the cup which she was to pick up and drain.

Suddenly the air was split with a wild screech from Claudette. In place of sugar Don had dropped a pellet of saccharine into the cup. Saccharine, as you may know, is only 300 times sweeter than sugar and the taste sticks in your mouth for hours.

Don likewise inspired the signs she found plastered all over her dressing room when she arrived for work another morning, five minutes late. In bold letters they read:

MISS COLBERT: PLEASE DO NOT APPEAR ON THE SET BEFORE 10 O'CLOCK.

MISS COLBERT: PLEASE AVOID STEALING SCENES FROM MR. AMECHE.

MISS COLBERT: PLEASE HELP US KEEP AMECHE HAPPY.

MISS COLBERT: PLEASE REMEMBER TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK.

She paid him back for that one. He always takes a workout in the studio gym at the end of the day, arriving home for dinner about 7 o'clock full of vim, vigor and good humor. It was after 9 when he dragged his weary bones through his front door that night. For, aware that nary a man would be left on the deserted

lot to lend him a hand, Claudette had let the air out of all four tires of his car as she drove by on the way out of the studio. On each wheel he found a hastily scrawled sign:

MR. AMECHE: PLEASE REMEMBER DAMN IS A NAUGHTY WORD.

MR. AMECHE: PLEASE CHANGE THESE TIRES.

MR. AMECHE: PLEASE DO NOT BE LATE FOR DINNER.

MR. AMECHE: PLEASE REMEMBER CLAUDETTE LOVES YOU LIKE A BROTHER.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 13]

room. But, when his beloved determined on a public appearance, he made his first mistake.

Counting on the discouragement of the critics to end her ambitions, he packed the halls with his reluctant friends. So relieved were most of them when the evening ended that the applause was enormous. That was the beginning of real trouble.

What happened when Leonard, who always had confined his own musical efforts to shouting in the shower, discovered that he had a terrific voice, is surprising. When the fascinating diva (Binnie Barnes) fell in love with him, when he became a secret canary under a false name and made a debut in grand opera is the funniest, gayest and most improbable comedy you'll see in quite a while. Nobody gets shot in this one, and there isn't a horse or a stagecoach or an Indian or a cowboy comic in the whole thing. Which is different, anyway, in this which seems to be back-to-the-sagebrush month.

CAFE SOCIETY—*Paramount*

■ This is the story about the young reporter (Fred MacMurray) who has no patience with spoiled darlings of wealth, and how he fascinated a rich girl (Madeleine Carroll) by being mighty mean to her. There is the understanding grandfather (Claude Gillingwater) who slaps the brash young man on the back instead of on the chin, and cheers him on to further drastic insults with the familiar formula, "If I'd spanked her myself, you wouldn't have to now."

Just the same, the show is a lot of fun. After all, French pastry is made of the some old sugar and flour and flavoring every time, but some of it is much better than the rest. And there are very pretty decorations in this particular light, familiar, little comedy.

The dialogue is deft. The direction is smooth and exact. The characters are amusing. The ending is happy. So you get just about what you expect from the title. What could be fairer?

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—*20th Century-Fox*

■ This film is a peculiar and not always successful combination of straight playing and farce. Don Ameche puts on



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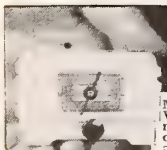


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a pretty little beard, and gives a bouncing performance as D'Artagnan. Binnie Barnes plays the role of the daring Lady de Winter seriously. Gloria Stuart and Joseph Schildkraut sigh and worry with graceful gestures as the King and Queen. Miles Mander makes a fine menacing Cardinal. And the Ritz Brothers cut up like Saturday night on the merry-go-round.

The plot is followed faithfully with one exception. The three musketeers succumb to drink in the first reel, and the Ritz Brothers steal their uniforms and carry on in their parts from then on.

There is one wonderful dance in which the comics make even those most loyal to the fine old tale forget their distress for a moment. But, as hundreds of people have already said, "It's all too Ritz for me."

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN—*M-G-M*

■ This department long since has taken the stand that Mickey Rooney can play anything. This department thinks that he has one of the most remarkable talents on the screen. But this department also is thoroughly familiar with the works of Mark Twain, and we feel that Mickey got a pretty tough assignment when he was cast as the slow, lazy, rather dull Huckleberry Finn.

Mickey's own vigorous mentality is hard to suppress. He gives a brilliantly alert, zestful quality to any character he undertakes. In this particular film, he does a fine job of playing a young boy, but it isn't the Huckleberry Finn who fled with the escaping slave down the Mississippi. It isn't the Huckleberry Finn who was completely taken in by the rascally con men of a by-gone day. Mickey acts hard, and well, but not for one minute can his audience believe that he didn't see through the "King" (Walter Connolly) and the "Duke" (William Frawley).

The script is partly at fault. It takes for granted that everyone who steps into the theatre has read *Tom Sawyer*, and so knows Huckleberry Finn's background. So the film starts without explanation of why one uncouth little boy is living with two proper maiden ladies. It must be confusing to those who have not gotten around to reading the history of Huck.

Anything that Mickey Rooney plays is interesting, but if Huckleberry Finn is one of your favorite characters, go to the theatre prepared to be a little surprised.

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—*Radio*

■ This film is recommended heartily, nay, urgently to all reporters. It will make them realize that they are not even beginning to take advantage of their opportunities. After all, doesn't reporter Richard Dix give assignments to other reporters? Doesn't a cub take it upon himself to send his own copy down to the composing room? The good old work-a-day press has a lot to learn from the movies about the newspaper business . . . unless, it is the other way around.

For the rest, the tale deals with a reporter who cleans up, single-handed, a sort of numbers racket, and a great deal of trouble he has doing it, too. Cyrus W. Kendall makes a fine menace . . . one of those menacing chill-eyed big-shots who always is ordering people taken for rides. This unpleasant character has a rather different way of doing things. He has a truck and a driver stage phoney traffic accidents in which all of the intended victims are killed at the first smack. Well, it IS different, you'll have to admit.

Lucille Ball has not a great deal to do but appear as the love interest, John Arledge is the comic young reporter and there is a fine collection of sturdy actors who usually play those hard cases you see in all of the underworld films.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 8*]

Warners horns into the remake circle with four pictures. No. 1—*The Drug King*, known as *The Match King* when it was released in 1932. Dressed up for 1939 you'll see it with a Coster-Musica angle to it. In 1919 you saw *The Crowd Roars*. You see it in 1939 as *The Roaring Road*. *The Sea Hawk* and *Outward Bound*, produced in 1924 and 1930, respectively, are scheduled for remakes.

Universal has announced four old-timers to appear in new dresses. Three of them will appear under new titles. *Spirit of Culver* was known in 1932 as *Tom Brown of Culver; Okay, America*, produced in 1932, comes out of the cameras this year as *Risky Business; The Last Warning*, a 1929 release, is retitled *House of Fear*.

RKO is experimenting with only one remake—*Bill of Divorcement*. This was made as a silent in 1922 and into a talkie in 1932.

20th Century-Fox copies RKO in that it will release a three-timer—*The Gorilla*. Warners produced this one in 1927 and again in 1931.

So don't tell us we didn't warn you if you happen to see these old boys under new titles and feel that you've been cheated.

■ Joan Blondell and husband Dick win the gold-plated rooftree for being the movingest couple in this here town called Hollywood. From a home in Beverly Hills to another in the swanky Bel Air district were the first two moves. Then into Coldwater Canyon for a week or so and a quick jump back to Beverly Hills—four homes in four months. Why not live in a trailer and save all that expense?

■ Bob Hope has a mad on against his mother and maybe we shouldn't blame him. Seems that when the tourist buses were driving past his Lakeside home the guide would point out other screen notables' domiciles without an error, but when he came to Bob's he tagged it as the home of Walter Lantz, the screen writer. The guide, of course, was not more than half right. Bob BOUGHT the home from Walter some time ago. The other day Bob's

mother overheard the guide. Immediately she phoned the Tourist Bureau, and indignantly informed them that the home was occupied by her son, Bob Hope, radio, screen, and stage star.

And now son Bob is pestered to death by agents of all sorts, by buses of all sorts until he's practically out of sorts himself.

■ Jack Haley was mighty glad when the *Wizard of Oz* picture was finished. Jack had to wear a tin suit and the only way he could rest between "takes" was to lean against an ironing board. Jack says it wasn't so bad, but he was continually bothered by studio workers who kept dropping letters into his tin pants thinking it was a mailbox.

■ Note to Shirley Ross: Saw you in *Cafe Society* the other night and enjoyed your swell performance—but for gossakes, I scarcely recognized you at first due to the terrible make-up you had on. Don't know whether or not the make-up department did it intentionally, but if I were you I wouldn't permit that sort of thing again. You're too good-looking a girl and too clever an actress to be messed up thataway. There was a rumor that it was done purposely so that the contrast in looks between you and Madeleine Carroll would be more pronounced, but I'll bet you this—Madeleine never requested it. She's too nice a girl to pull that sort of thing. Anyway, please check up on your make-up department next time and raise particular youknowwhat if they try to make you look ugly. 'Tain't fair to us Shirley Ross fans nor to you, either.

■ Amazing sight of the month: Rosalind Russell running along Vine street in a nightie, negligee, and fur coat. Having completed boudoir scenes in Metro's *Fast and Loose*, Rosalind had no time to change clothes before rushing to a broadcast. The studio car became trapped in a traffic jam near the broadcast building, forcing Miss Russell to get out and run. Rosalind didn't fly through the air with the greatest of ease, but she got to the station in time to grab her script.

■ From now on Mickey Rooney accepts no more telephone calls. Not long ago he answered a call that turned out to be from a girl in London. She wanted to talk to him. She also wanted him to pay the toll charges. Weeks before that, the same girl had given him a ring from New York, and when the chatter was finished Mickey discovered she had reversed the charges. Talk may be cheap, says the Mick, but not over the telephone, and, so far as he's concerned, long distance can ring forever—he won't answer.

■ For your Gone With The Wind Department—Vivien Leigh's five-year-old dotter may grab a spot as Bonnie in the Selznick colossal.

■ David Niven has a sense of humor, no foolin'. Went up to Sun Valley for a bit of skiing after *Wuthering Heights* was completed and organized himself into a one-man skiing club. The club's badge, which he wore on his sweater, was a ham rampant on a pair of skiis.

■ Columbia can soon call itself the gem of the studios if ambitious cinema plans mean anything. Jean Arthur, through with *Only Angels Have Wings*, starring Cary Grant and Richard Barthelmess, goes into *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, a Capra production. Joan Blondell, through with Warners, has just signed a long-term contract at Columbia to appear in a number of pictures over a period of several years. Joan's first job is *Good Girls Go to Paris*. Loretta Young, through with 20th Century-Fox, recently inked in a Columbia contract. She'll be co-starred (for $100,000) with Cary Grant in *Our Wife*. Rose Stradner, formerly of Metro, has likewise signed up to a long-term contract and soon goes into the leading feminine role in the picturization of the Broadway stage success, *Blind Alley*, under the direction of Charles Vidor.

■ Frank Morgan and Bill Gargan have chipped in five hundred smackers each to start a frog farm not more than two hops from Palm Springs. Already the farm is a going concern and the two frog fanciers hope to reap a handsome profit



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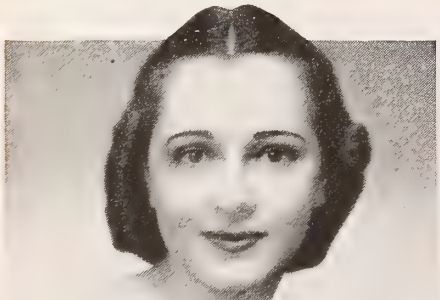
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Helen told me to get a bottle of angostura bitters (aromatic) at the druggist and take 1 to 4 tablespoonsful in an equal amount of water, hot or cold, to relieve periodic discomfort. My doctor said women have been using it for four generations . . . that it is gentle and not habit-forming. All druggists sell it.



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■ Alan Dinehart claims he's got one of the most expensive mailboxes in America. Tired of having his mailboxes snatched by souvenir hunters (he had four of them uprooted and carted away during the past month) he decided on something drastic. Now he has a box that is a brick replica of his home. It is set in solid concrete, and surrounded by a miniature brick wall. Trouble is, while the souvenirists may not be able to cart it away without a derrick and truck, the new one will probably draw more tourists than the old mailbox ever did.

■ We don't claim to keep abreast of the ever-changing feminine fashions, but our wide-open optics discovered some old-fashioned petticoats peeping out from the hems of Rita Hayworth's and Jean Arthur's skirts the other day, on the set of Columbia's *Only Angels Have Wings*. Rita described hers as "bayadere striped," whatever that is. Jean, even more professional, said hers was "eyelet embroidered organdie," whatever that is. Wouldn't surprise us any, now, to learn that it's quite in order for men to wear long underwear.

■ They're saying this about the barroom marksmanship of a top-ranking star: "After taking a couple of 'shots" he hits the bottle regularly."

■ Arthur Treacher created a furore in his San Fernando Valley home the day he acted as butler to the wives of his movie star friends who used his home for a bridge benefit. Arthur met each guest at the door, took their wraps, served tea and attended to all the other duties of a perfect servant without once cracking a smile. All the guests knew him, of course, and tried their best during the afternoon to break him down, but good old Arthur went on as though acting a role in one of his pictures.

■ Wendy Barrie tells this one: After the front-office decided to use an all-English cast for *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Anita Louise was moved into another picture, and Wendy signed in her place. Wendy happened to be in Palm Springs and, notified to report immediately for her new role, jumped into her car and streaked for home as fast as her four-wheeler could take her. Unfortunately, a traffic cop caught up with her and began the preliminaries that spell "ticket." Wendy admitted that she was exceeding the speed limit, and apologized very profusely, but the traffic meanie kept right on writing. Wendy gave her real name—Margaret Jenkins—her occupation, the name of her next picture, in fact, gave him a beautiful sales talk—so the cop tore up the ticket and waved her on her way. To friends that night she related her experience, said that he was the handsomest man she'd ever seen in her seven tours around the world and that she was going to call him up to thank him for being so courteous. So she called him up. But he denied that he had torn up a ticket. He said he was writing a note asking her to have dinner with him—but had torn it up when he realized that she was Wendy Barrie, the actress, instead of Margaret Jenkins, the speed demon. His folks, he said over the phone, were among her very best admirers. Well, Wendy went out of a Sunday and enjoyed, she claims, the best dinner she's had since coming to Hollywood. And the traffic cop is STILL the handsomest man she's seen in her seven tours around the world. So Wendy says.

■ Hollywood's most hen-pecked husband says he ought to follow the example of M-G-M and *Take This Woman* of his and put her on the shelf.

■ Bob Hope wants to know if you've heard about the movie executive who went on a beer party and got a bawling out from his wife when he got home because she found a little Blue Ribbon in his pocket.

Secrets of an "Ugly Duckling"

[*Continued from page* 21]

What's more, I really believe that wives who like bright red finger-nails ought to paint their nails bright red, even though the husbands say they disapprove. And bleach their hair, or dye it red or black, if they wish. Not in defiance, but simply in following their own instinct to make themselves better looking.

"You see, when a girl is unmarried she generally knows how to dress and what to do in order to be as attractive as possible. Women have a pretty sure intuition about such things. A man marries her because she attracts him, and then he tries to make her over. All the time, he probably admires red finger-nails on other women, at that. I think if women throughout the country experimented with dyeing their hair different shades, 'till they found the color they preferred, they'd be happier, and so would everyone who associated with them. What makes you feel tops, generally makes you look tops; and vice versa."

She gazed at her own red nails. They matched her lipstick.

"Well, anyway, I started with voice lessons, to pull my speaking tones down to a decent level. And I began to be careful—because of those teeth—about my enunciation; I had to watch out not to lisp, or emphasize the letter 's', and I've always had a time trying to say 'probably.' Girls with really good teeth have such a swell start!"

In passing, it might be said that Lucille's teeth look very white and satisfactory. It is only when she hunts for it that she can show you the tiny spot where a lower tooth ought to have made it appearance and didn't.

"Then I found that, by plucking my

eyebrows, I could paint more definitely curved ones higher up, and relieve the down trend into which my brows and mouth seemed naturally to slump. And I discovered that my face is actually *little*. From the shoulders up, I could—by trying hard—be cute and pretty. But if I were cute and pretty up there, I'd look ridiculous with my long legs and waistline. It's a problem, having the kind of head and face that goes with an entirely different type of body."

■ How did she discover these things? Who told her?

"Nobody told me," she answered, "I found them out by looking in the mirror. The same way any girl can find them out. I looked till I found that I couldn't wear my hair high on my head, and that if I wore bangs they must begin from halfway up my head, and that, whatever the prevailing style, I'd better wear my hair simply around the forehead and let it go in a medium long bob."

She grasped her light brown tresses, held back from her face by two plain amber-colored sidecombs, and piled them high. "See?" she demanded. The effect, as she prophesied, was bad. "My neck's not short enough for it," she explained. "And, see?" Quickly she combed out her shining hair, and let it hang limply over her features. "Carole Lombard can do that," she complained, "and her hair never falls in her eyes, but mine just goes gr-rrrr. No, it must be held back." She slipped the sidecombs once more into place.

She had just about learned these few things, she went on, when she wandered from a New York dramatic school to a job in the chorus of a New York musical show. Was she thrilled! The home town newspaper announced her success, and things went beautifully for a week until the management fired her.

"I don't blame them," she confessed frankly, "I was simply like this. . . ." She made her eyes huge and round and naive. "I hadn't even learned how to walk properly." But the blow hurt and she stumbled along Sixth Avenue, crying for eight blocks. Then a car pulled up at the curb. Inside was a redheaded youth.

"I said, 'Go wa-ay!'" Lucille remembered, twisting her mouth and letting her voice come forth in a childish snarl, "He said, 'Listen, I believe my father would give you a job—you're about right for a model. *I'm* not trying to pick you up!' I said, 'I don't wanna job! Go wa-ay!' But he gave me his card and I called on his father and got the job.

"About this time, I learned to use lipstick so that it made the corners of my mouth curl up a little. I learned to do the left side of my mouth a bit higher than the right, because it droops more on that side, and not to put my left eyebrow down as much as my right, because my left eye is a mite smaller, like most people's."

■ Lucille sighed at a recollection. "One evening I went to a party. I still didn't know about clothes, and nobody told me. I learned the hard way, trial and error. Well, I went to this party in



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WOMEN IN YOUR 40's
Need Not Lose Charm!

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women.* It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

a black velvet dress with strings and loops of pearls hanging down to here. It was exactly the kind of thing I should not wear. A famous photographer asked me why I didn't wear civilized things, and found me a job modelling at a first class establishment; Hattie Carnegie's.

"The girls weren't very clubby, and nobody advised me as to my personal wardrobe. They just looked askance at it, and giggled. But I'm so grateful for that tough experience! It taught me how to dress and how to walk. First, I began to notice a certain model with an unattractive face but with a walk that . . . ! In a sophisticated evening gown, tight and slinky, she fairly *snaked* across the floor."

Lucille snaked her hand across the table among the salt and pepper shakers. Lithe. Alluring.

"Of course, I didn't imitate her walk. Each model was supposed to develop a distinctive walk of her own, just as everyone should do. In fact, you ought to have a different walk for each type of costume; did you know that?

"I developed a gay, girlish sort of walk for modelling fluffy, wide-skirted organdies; and a 'tweedy' walk for sports things. Did you ever watch Katharine Hepburn coming down a staircase? That's the perfect walk for a formal outfit; she absolutely flows down the stairs, smooth and graceful, like the lines of her evening gown."

■ Lucille's next step forward, she said, was in the matter of clothes for herself. She peered into the mirror till she decided what would suit a girl with her own particular problems of complexion and contour—and pocketbook.

"To combine smartness with economy, stick to two colors," she advised. "I chose black and brown. I learned to wear a very simple black dress, for example, and to have only one dress, if necessary, instead of three——but to have that one *good.* I was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and I'd pay $39.75 for a dress (a fortune to me, then!) and $5 more for alterations, if necessary.

"Each week I bought some item until I had two complete outfits; a smart hat, an outstanding handbag, a bit of costume jewelry. With the black and dark brown I could wear costume jewelry in strong colors, you see.

"I bought two coats, and I selected them with painstaking care. One was a tweed sports model with a fur collar. The other was a plain black wool of really nice material that had a collar of the goods, so that with it I could wear a bright scarf—instead of a cheap, fussy coat with a lot of third rate fur on it.

"And—this is important—when I had only fifty cents, I spent thirty-five of it for a gardenia. Just because it made me feel so fine. I'd spend the other fifteen cents on a malted milk and call it lunch, and trust to a date for dinner or go without."

■ She laughed and glanced up with sparkling eyes. But what she'd learned so far, she declared, was only two-thirds of it.

"Hair was the other third," she resumed, "not so much the arrangement, which I'd figured out long ago, but the color. After I came to Hollywood, they had me blonde and brunette and red. . . . To suit them, and to experiment for myself, I've dyed my hair over and over. Once I started by boat for New York, and found I was the only blonde aboard (my hair is blonde naturally, but it was blonder than natural at the moment). So I had it dyed almost black in Havana. A sight!

"After I arrived in New York, they made me bleach it to brown. After my return to the Coast, they made me bleach it to pale yellow. And when Gregory La Cava, the director, saw it he turned me down for a part in *Stage Door.*

"I was so mad that I bounced over to a beauty parlor and had it dyed dark chestnut, for my own satisfaction, and I was in the midst of the process when a call came from the studio. I wrapped my head in a towel and, all wet and straight and stringy, went to see Gregory La Cava again—and he gave me the part! I think the reason was that when I dyed my hair dark he thought I had a mind of my own."

Anyway, she played the role right snappily. It was her first important break in pictures. She's climbed steadily ever since.

"But dyeing my hair so often within a short period nearly ruined it. Next time they suggested a different shade, I balked and kept it as is; darkish blonde or lightish brown, whichever you like to call it. And I began to use hairbrushes—put 'em everywhere convenient, and even carry one around in my handbag.

"You know, I never could brush a hundred strokes at one time, as they tell you to do. But this way, I likely get in more than that in the course of a day. It certainly has brought my hair back."

She ran a hand approvingly over her head. And well might she approve those crisp, glossy tresses—another tribute to her progress from duckling to swan.

"So," she concluded with the smile which the lipstick-lifted corners of her mouth make into something memorable, "that's the story. Every girl has *some* good points. I started with two; my eyes and an acceptable hairline. For the rest, either people told me or I thought it up myself. Take my word for it, a girl's best friend is her mirror."

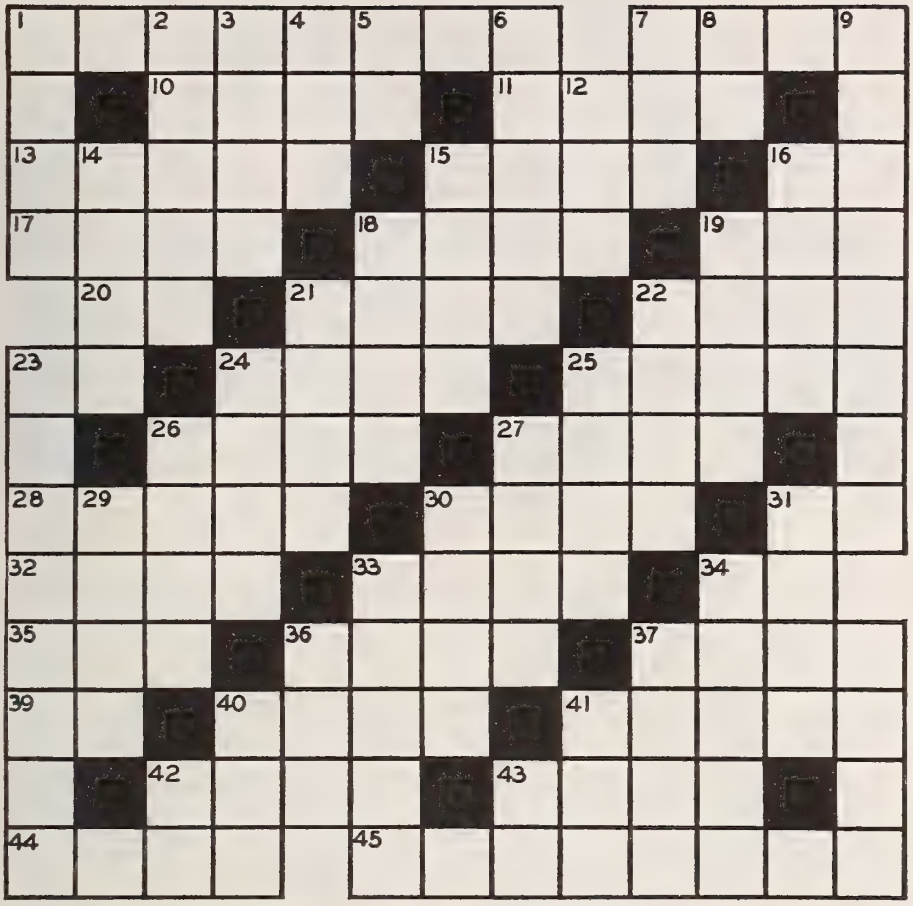
She left the lunch-room with that joyous, "tweedy" walk which went with her brown wool skirt and brown and white checked jacket. And everybody gazed after her and murmured: "Boy, what a knockout!"

"IT WON'T LAST SIX MONTHS!"

That is what Hollywood says about certain marriages. Why? Why does Hollywood mark some marriages for failure before the happy bride and groom leave the church? Why does Hollywood give other weddings a hearty blessing? And how much do these attitudes affect chances of a happy and enduring union? This is an interesting discussion of marriages that have not been broken by Hollywood . . . and why.
Read it in the June Issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. He had lead in *They Made Me a Criminal.*
7. Successful motion picture productions.
10. *Joe Fallon* in *Off the Record.*
11. He was the murderer in *Strange Faces.*
13. *Barshee* in *Jesse James.*
15. *Storm* ——— *Bengal.*
16. *Santa* ——— *Stampede.*
17. An Autry vocal selection.
18. *Miss Armstrong* in *Girls' School.*
19. Birthplace of Director William Dieterle (abbr.).
20. Initials of actress married to John Payne.
21. Small roles in a screen play.
22. *Terry Wilson* in *Pardon Our Nerve.*
23. Initials of a star of *Juarez.*
24. *Barbara Wayne* in *Paris Honeymoon.*
25. ——— *Alibi.*
26. She is often co-starred with Gable (poss.).
27. First name of 23 Across.
28. Peter Holden is one.
30. *Major Mitchell* in *Gunga Din.*
31. Miss Nissen's initials.
32. A Cole Porter contribution to sound films.
33. ——— *Victory.*
34. Initials of Mr. Abel.
35. First name of Miss O'Connor, comedienne.
36. He had title role in *The Strange Case of Dr. Meade.*
37. A plaything for Janet Chapman.
39. Initials of a star of *Stand Up and Fight.*
40. Blonde singing star of Twentieth Century-Fox films.
41. The car-builder in *Burn 'Em Up O'Connor.*
42. The girl in *Next Time I Marry.*
43. *Uncle Silas* in *Tom Sawyer, Detective.*
44. 40 Across sang in *Tail* ———.
45. Kay Francis' screen husband in *King of the Underworld.*

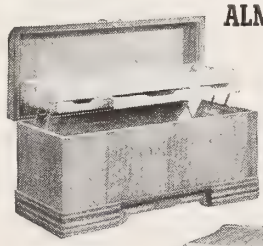
DOWN

1. Donald Duck dresses like one of these (slang).
2. *Detective Phelan* in *They Made Me a Criminal.*
3. Remember Claudette in *Under Two* ——— (sing.)?
4. *Bert Ballin* in *Comet Over Broadway.*
5. Mr. Nugent's initials.
6. Comedienne in *Just Around the Corner.*
7. *Torchy Gets* ——— *Man.*
8. *Gold* ——— *Where You Find It.*
9. *Goldie* in *They Made Me a Criminal.*
12. ——— *with Wings.*
14. Tex Ritter was starred in *Where the Buffalo* ———.
15. Food for Gene Autry's Champion.
16. Her last name is Emmett.
18. *The Mad* ——— *Manton.*
19. She was a lawyer in *Disbarred.*
21. He had lead in *The Frontiersmen.*
22. Comedian in *Paris Honeymoon.*
23. What stars of this puzzle appear in.
24. Part performed by an actor.
25. Asta's speaking voice.
26. Miss Basquette's first name.
27. A particular character in a screenplay.
29. Feminine lead in *The Long Shot.*
30. *Detective Cramer* in *Tarnished Angel.*
31. *Judy Davis* in *Pardon Our Nerve.*
33. He recently wed Movita.
34. *Mars Attacks the* ———.
36. His last name is Taliaferro and he plays in westerns.
37. *Mrs. Engstrom* in *Girls on Probation.*
38. *Eastman* in *I Stand Accused.*
40. Ardent admirer of a movie star (slang).
41. Racing vehicle in *Road Demon.*
42. Initials of Boyd Irwin.
43. Harry Davenport's initials.

(Solution on page 64)



Misguided, eager soul that he is, he'll *want* to know what kind you prefer. *You'll* want a chest that is a credit to your room, with the right amount of cedar for protection against the destroying moth, PLUS handy patented features that make a Roos cedar chest a joy to own. Some have wardrobe compartments, others self-rising trays, others divide ingeniously into two chests. All of them have a delightful way of keeping contents in order—unrumpled, unmussed, sorted neatly until you want them. All bring extra utility; extra CONVENIENCE.



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Right: Roos cedar chest with UTIL-TRAY (as pictured below) that rises when lid is lifted. Matched American Butt Walnut Veneer Exteriors. **$29.75**

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Richard Greene is proving to Anita Louise that his favorite dessert, "Floating Swan" really does float, so she included it in her party menu

ANITA PLANS A PARTY

Anita Louise has a different way of ending the worries about the planning of a party to please all of her guests

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Anita Louise was planning a party while she was lunching with Richard Greene, with whom she is filming *Hound of the Baskervilles* at 20th Century-Fox. It was to be a buffet supper, because Anita lives in an apartment. "It's so much easier to plan your party for a buffet," she explained, "because you don't need a large table and your guests just sort of gravitate into congenial groups while eating."

But what to serve?

That's always an important question. Anita makes it simple. "I ask what my friends like best," she said. "And that plans the menu for me."

And here's an example: Dick had ordered a most delightful looking pastry called "Floating Swan" by the proud chef at the Cafe de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Dick voted enthusiastically for "Floating Swan," and the chef obligingly gave us the recipe:



FLOATING SWAN

½ cup butter
1 cup boiling water
1 cup all-purpose flour
4 eggs
Whipped cream
Confectioners' sugar
Soft custard

Heat butter and water together to boiling point in enamel saucepan. Sift the flour once before measuring. Add the flour all at once and stir constantly with a wooden spoon until the mixture clears the pan and forms into a ball (about 1 minute). Remove from heat. Cool. Add the unbeaten eggs, one at a time beating to a smooth paste after each egg is added (about 100 strokes after each egg), then beat the mixture until smooth and velvety. Keep out about ½ cup of the dough for the necks of the swans. Drop the remaining dough from a spoon onto a very lightly greased cooky sheet forming balls about the size of a large walnut and keeping them about 3 inches apart.

THE MENU

Crabmeat Cocktail
Olives Stuffed Celery Crisp Crackers
Tallarene
Toasted French Bread Vegetable Salad
Floating Swan Coffee
Salted Nuts

Place in a hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes, then reduce the temperature to 350° F., moderate oven, and bake 20 to 25 minutes longer. While these balls are baking, put the reserved dough through a pastry tube with a ¼-inch aperture forming the dough into question-mark like shapes resembling the necks and heads of swans. Bake these necks at 450° F. (hot oven) for about 5 to 8 minutes, then reduce to 350° F. (moderate oven) for about 15 to 18 minutes. Allow the baked puffs and necks to cool slowly (away from drafts). When cool, cut the tops from the puffs and remove filament and split each top lengthwise down the center. Heap the lower part of the puffs with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Insert a neck in the whipped cream at one end. Arrange the split top so as to represent the wings of the swan—pressing them down toward the neck and letting them be a little lifted toward the rear. Dust with confectioners' sugar and place the swans in shallow individual dishes of Soft Custard—or on a large platter filled with Soft Custard (about ½ inch deep). This recipe will make from 16 to 18 little swans.

SOFT CUSTARD

2 eggs or 4 egg yolks
2 to 4 tbsp. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. flavoring
2 cups scalded milk

Beat the eggs and add the sugar, salt and flavoring. Pour scalded milk over beaten egg mixture and place in double boiler over hot water. Stir constantly while cooking. The water in the boiler should be a little under the boiling point. As soon as the mixture stops frothing and lightly coats a spoon, it is done and should be removed at once from the heat. If cooked too long it will curdle.

■ Having started with the dessert, Anita worked back to the main dish. This, she said, was going to be "Tallarene," and Alice Faye had given her the recipe for it. "Tallarene" is a truly cosmopolitan concoction—everything's in it.

TALLARENE

½ lb. spaghetti (about 2 cups uncooked)
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
1 red pepper or pimiento
½ green pepper
1½ cups cooked carrots cubed (or whole kernel corn)
½ cup diced celery
½ cup olive oil (or other cooking oil)
1 lb. hamburger
1 cup canned tomato soup (undiluted) or tomato paste
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper
½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ cup grated cheese

Cook spaghetti in 2 qt. boiling water, to which 4 tsp. salt have been added, for about 15 minutes or until tender. Sauté chopped onion, garlic, red and green pepper, carrots and celery in oil until onions are a golden brown. At the same time, form hamburger into tiny balls and sear on both sides in the oil. Add tomato soup or paste, salt, pepper, cayenne pepper and Worcestershire sauce. When heated, add cheese, stir until melted and then add spaghetti. Stir the mixture over the heat for 5 minutes, then turn into a baking dish. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. 10 servings. NOTE: If it is more convenient not to use the oven, cook gently on top of the stove for 20 minutes instead of the 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Then turn onto a hot platter and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Now Anita was ready to announce her complete menu, which as you see, started first with the decision on the style of party (buffet), who was to be there (choosing favorite dishes of guests), and, after making sure she had recipes for her main dishes, combining the whole in a neatly balanced menu—and that's how a party is planned in Hollywood!

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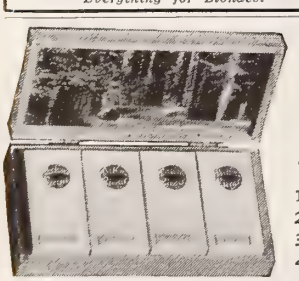
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The School Marm Graduates

[*Continued from page* 17]

listen. During her second year at the Paradise she began to earn extra money posing for ads.

Toward the end of 1934 the motion picture talent scouts began to take an interest in the pretty little ex-Sunday School marm of the night clubs.

"I took a test," Iva sighs. "Just that and nothing more. The report said 'no good due to lack of experience.' In 1935 when 20th merged with Fox, I took another but nothing came of it. The test was lost—and it began to look as though I'd be lost, too, so far as a motion picture career was concerned. Then I got a break. In 1936 I made a newsreel fashion short for Vivian Donner and when that was shown, 20th Century-Fox immediately ordered another test with the result that I'm here in Hollywood."

In the year and a half she's been in Hollywood she's done no less than forty "bits" in as many pictures. She played the romantic feminine lead in *Safety in Numbers* of the Jones Family series and more recently the feminine lead in *Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation.* An important executive of the studio is authority for the statement that before 1939 reaches the month of December, the ex-Sunday School teacher, ex-Broadway nightclub girl, ex-commercial artists' model will be up there crowding out present 20th Century-Fox favorites.

It was this executive who called Iva into his office the other day to explain and to talk over the plans he had for her future.

"I understand from reports," he began by way of introduction to more serious matters, "and from what others tell me, and from what I personally have observed, that you're the most respected person on the lot. . . ."

"Yes," Iva interrupted without so much as a "pardon me," "but does it pay?"

The executive began to give Iva the well-known chill that they say equals

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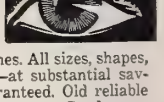
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a blizzard. But before he could answer her question Iva avoided disaster, and probably a bad case of pneumonia, because the office by this time was colder than the inside of a refrigerator, by explaining just what she meant. There was nothing personal in the question. She was perfectly happy about her progress in pictures, happier still because she was respected and had so many friends. It was these friends she wished to talk about. They were respectable, too, she said, and hard workers, loyal and ambitious, but in the year and a half she'd been around the studio she'd never heard anyone in authority give them a pat on the back.

Well, Iva went on and on, reeling off a list of names, putting in plugs for them right in front of her boss until she finally ran out of words.

"I was pretty scared when I was through," she admits, "and I didn't know what he was going to say after my cutting loose that way, but he just smiled and said for me not to worry about my unsung heroes and heroines because he'd see to it that they got recognition."

Well, that's Iva for you. The choir-singing, Sunday School marm from Hebron, Maine, who'd much rather say a good word about somebody else than to hear a good word about herself.

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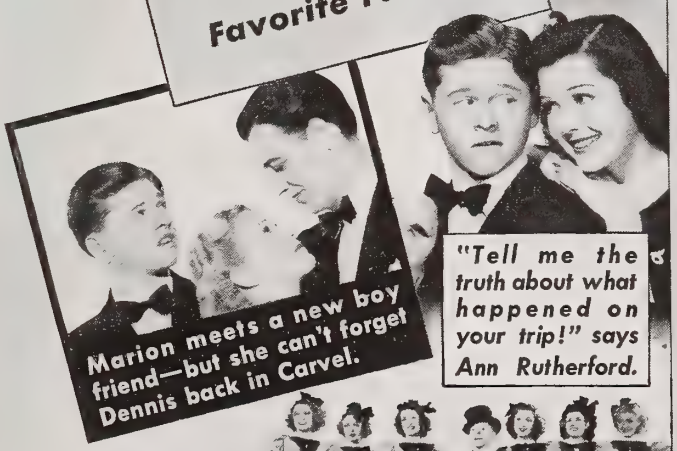
IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade... as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious... as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamor girl... love finds Aunt Milly... Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts... Mom settles for a frying pan ...and the Judge winds up with a silk hat ...but he has to pay all the bills!



"Pop, why should I get married—and blast all the dreams of so many women!"

ALL NEW ADVENTURES with America's Favorite Family!



Marion meets a new boy friend—but she can't forget Dennis back in Carvel.

"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.



It's a scream when Mickey gets tricked into a night-club cabaret—and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

The Hardys become millionaires overnight
And what fun!

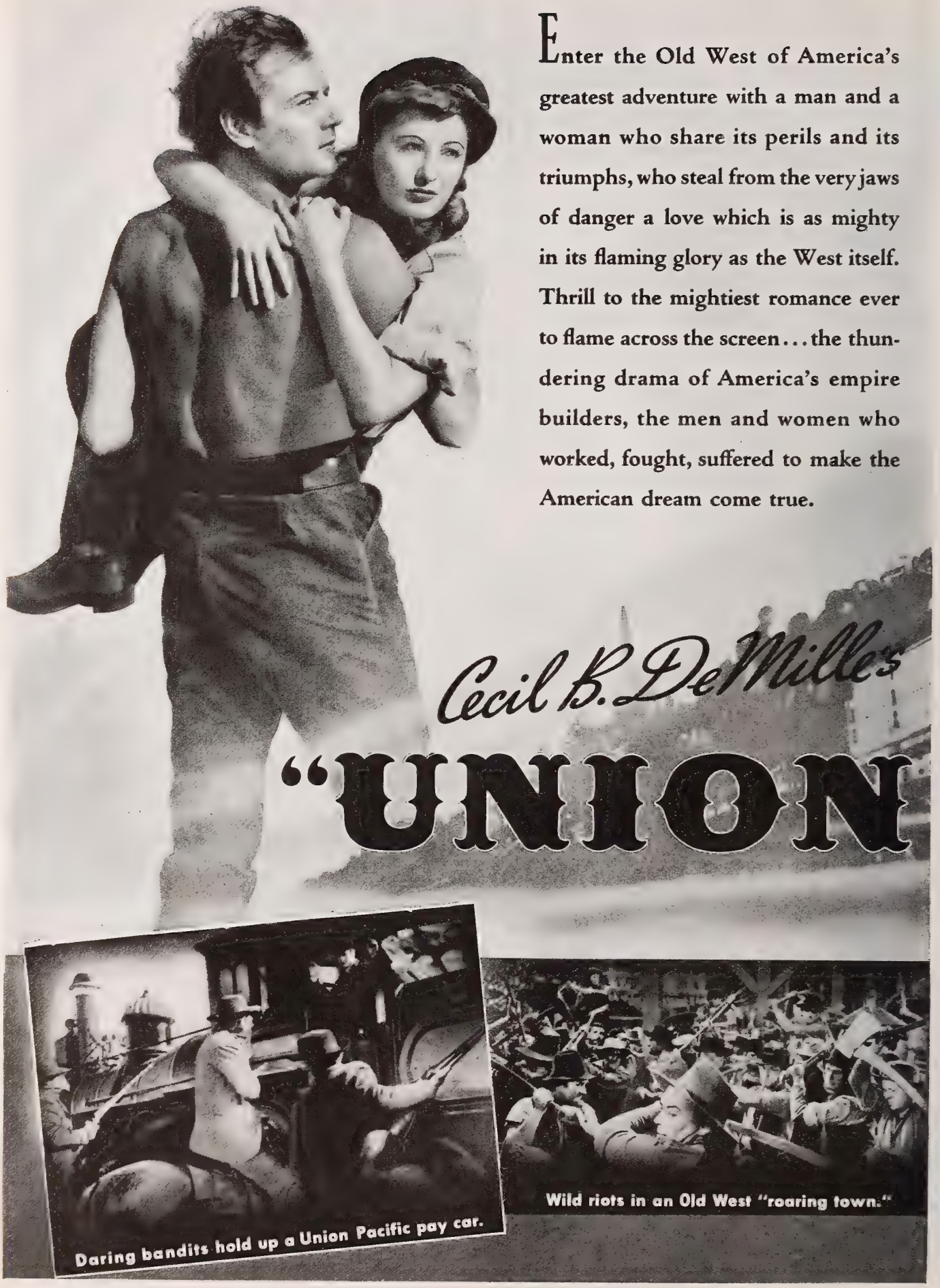
THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with

LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN



Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture

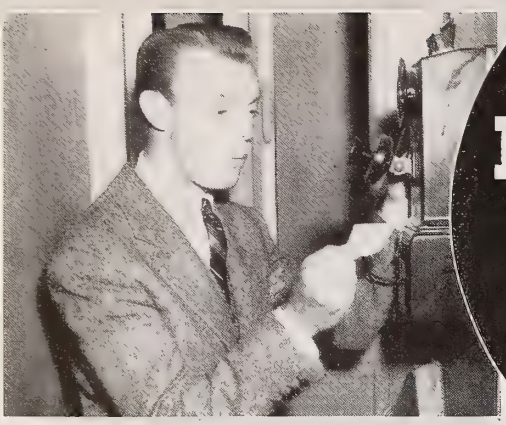

Enter the Old West of America's greatest adventure with a man and a woman who share its perils and its triumphs, who steal from the very jaws of danger a love which is as mighty in its flaming glory as the West itself. Thrill to the mightiest romance ever to flame across the screen... the thundering drama of America's empire builders, the men and women who worked, fought, suffered to make the American dream come true.
Cecil B. DeMille's
"UNION
Daring bandits hold up a Union Pacific pay car.
Wild riots in an Old West "roaring town."


PACIFIC"
Paramount Presents
CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
"UNION PACIFIC"
Starring BARBARA STANWYCK • JOEL McCREA
WITH
AKIM TAMIROFF • ROBERT PRESTON
LYNNE OVERMAN • BRIAN DONLEVY
Produced and Directed by CECIL B. DeMILLE
Screen play by Walter DeLeon, C. Gardner Sullivan and Jesse Lasky, Jr. • Based on an Adaptation by Jack Cunningham of a story by Ernest Haycox
Warring Sioux attack and burn a train.

Being Broke Helps

Young Mr. Dennis O'Keefe now under contract and on his way to stardom shows how an extra has to work

By FRANC DILLON



1. The blithe first call



2. The voice with the personality



3. The prayerful wait



4. "What do you mean, I'm not the type?"

■ The shrill peal of the telephone bell brought to expectant attention a group of young men, variously occupied in a rather messy-looking furnished apartment. The chap nearest dropped the electric iron with which he was pressing a pair of trousers, and answered while the others listened.

"Bud? Yes, just a minute." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Central Casting for Bud!"

In a moment they were all on their feet, rushing out of the room. Down the hall they ran, knocking at every door and shouting for Bud. Following them was the chap with the telephone in his hand attached to a cord that was practically a cross-country line, for, when Bud was located in the apartment at the extreme end of the hall, the telephone was there, too.

Meanwhile the group had been augmented by at least one fellow from each apartment along the hall.

"Yes, this is Bud Flanagan . . . Yes, sure . . . morning clothes? Yes . . . yes, I have a complete wardrobe . . . $15—eight o'clock —all right . . . oh! wait a minute, do you need any others? . . . all right, goodbye."

He put the telephone down. "Four days! Gee, that's sixty bucks! What have we got in the way of morning clothes for a fashionable church wedding?"

"That new ascot tie of mine will be right," volunteered one.

"My hat," added another.

"My gray gloves will fit you," added a third.

"Swell—now all I need is a pair of pants—"

Pockets were turned inside out, and quarters, nickels, dimes and an occasional dollar bill were tossed on the table. Bud was as good as dressed for his role as best man.

"That's the way it was," Dennis OKeefe, formerly Bud Flanagan, told me recently. "We had a community wardrobe and could dress one of the fellows for any sort of role in ten minutes. But I, being the tallest one of them, never could borrow a pair of pants, and had to rent them from the costume company.

Everything [*Continued on page* 44]



5. "Now just let me tell you . . ."



6. "You'll be sorry when I'm a star!"



7. "Wish I had my nickel back"



8. "Wish I had my finger back!"



SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE... ***THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!***

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

AVALON

MY MAN

WILD ABOUT HARRY

THE VAMP

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

IA-DA

MAMMY

APRIL SHOWERS

I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

TYRONE **POWER** · ALICE **FAYE** · AL **JOLSON**

in

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with

William Frawley · Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush...No Matter How it Tricked Her!

"Listen!...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? *So all right, he's tricky!* He's hurt me? *So what?...I love him!* He's my man!"

And in the swing of today...Gordon & Revel's latest hit 'I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak'!



MEN turn and look...

A youthful fragrance is a woman's most successful weapon in her repertoire of charm! That's why April Showers Perfume and Talc are so popular wherever men are to be interested! It's the most inexpensive way to assure yourself of a lasting, captivating fragrance!



CHERAMY

April Showers

The Perfume of Youth



28c Talc

Also April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff — 85c.

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ This has been a month filled with slightly giddy events, as befits newsbreaks in the springtime.

Saddest of all the stories, perhaps, is l'affair Butterfield. Miss Mary Butterfield, twenty-two-year-old clerk, and very pretty, too, "won" Errol Flynn in a raffle. That gave her the opportunity to entertain the star as her house-guest during the week-end celebration over the premiere of the film, *Dodge City*, when it opened in Dodge City, Kansas.

The prize caused Miss Butterfield mingled pleasure and pain from the start. As soon as her first excitement wore off, practical anxieties set in. "I hope Pa's snoring doesn't keep him awake!" said Miss Butterfield, according to reports in the daily press. But that concern was paled to insignificance shortly by a new domestic development. Young Joel Butterfield, age eleven, turned up with an unmistakable case of measles, and the guest room, as well as the rest of the Butterfield house was quarantined. Oh, woe! Oh, undeserved blow of bitter fate!

Fans all over the country shed sympathetic tears for Miss Butterfield. But Miss Butterfield made a brave rally, and negotiated the "sale" of Mr. Flynn for $25 to a friend, Miss June Brody, who excused her extravagance (as if it needed excuse!) by explaining that she preferred Mr. Flynn to a new Easter outfit.

When they had time, during the strenuous celebration, Warner Brothers' executives must have regarded the two young ladies with some awe. After all, Mr. Flynn costs the studio a salary of four figures every week, and he doesn't stay to dinner at that figure, either.

* * *

■ Miss Vivien Leigh, lovely young English actress who is playing the Southern belle, Scarlett O'Hara, was the first to admit that she had a good deal to learn about the part. With becoming modesty, she said that she appreciated the honor of having the most discussed role of the past two years, and that she was going to try hard to give a good performance. Those were not empty words. Right away she turned her fine alert mind to the problem of playing Scarlett, and started to ask questions. "What," said Miss Leigh, "is a June bug?"

Selznick's is a well-equipped studio.

[*Continued on page* 12]

GOOD NEWS

for contest devotees and Deanna Durbin fans



Deanna Durbin waves a cordial greeting to HOLLYWOOD Magazine readers and extends an invitation to join in her fascinating new contest. Full particulars will be published in the July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. And wait until you see the long list of prizes!

Announcing

THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT!

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PAUL MUNI · BETTE DAVIS

in

"JUAREZ"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

TIP FROM CUPID

A Light Touch

is the *right* touch in face powder



LUXOR "Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.



The Show Goes On

[*Continued from page* 10]

Quick as a duck jumping on a June bug, they whipped open the big dictionary, and showed her a picture. And that would have ended the matter, except that the solid south, always gallant and quick to aid ladies in distress, began shipping samples.

June bugs arrived by the dozens. Some of them perished from the rigors of the trip. Some were smashed in envelopes in transit. But scores had strength left to crawl out of cardboard containers on arrival, and hundreds were quite lively enough for energetic acrobatics.

Miss Leigh was touched, flattered and scared to death. June bugs are wonderful ambassadors of good will, she said, and she hoped her well-wishers from the south would understand the spirit of grateful appreciation with which she tossed them one and all into the rose-bushes outside her studio window.

But the matter did not end there. Mr. G. R. Gorton, Deputy Agricultural Commissioner, heard what was going on, hastily called the Post Office Department, enlisted the help of Inspector Caldwell who spent a busy time with a microscope. Neither storm nor dark of night delayed them until every June bug was safely tucked away in a tin box, until every June bug egg was destroyed.

It seems that June bugs are against the law in California. Nothing, it seems, gets quite so hungry as a Georgia June bug, and there was a strong possibility that, unless confined, Miss Leigh's stable of imported bugs would mow down the rose-bushes, the lawn, the trees and move on against the orange groves and the redwoods, leaving California nibbled right down to the ground. Of course, it hasn't worked out that way in Georgia, but nobody denies that California is different.

Miss Leigh did not forget her manners, even when the round-up of the June bugs reached its peak of excitement. "Ah think they're mighty interesting little beasts," she said in her best Scarlett O'Hara accent, "And Ah'm mighty obliged to all those sweet people who tried to he'p me with my paht as Scahlett."

* * *

■ "When you say that, apologize!"

There is a new fighting word in Hollywood, and it is "Nazi." And even if you smile when you say it, you may get sued.

At least that is the way Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, soon to become the fifth husband of Kay Francis, feels about it. He felt so strongly about it that he went right down to the district attorney's office and filed a complaint, charging slander because he claimed that the Countess Di Frasso has called him a "Nazi spy."

"I never said anything of the kind," denied the American-born Countess vigorously, but the Baron is mad, and wants the world to know that he is becoming an American citizen.

■ This month was also distinguished by the rather depressing news that Ann Sheridan had been selected by twenty-five judges as "America's Ooomph Girl." Who appointed the judges, who were other contenders for the dubious honor of the title, and who started the contest in the first place, nobody seems to know. The whole grim business is shrouded in a certain mystery. We are not worried about Miss Sheridan; she is an attractive girl, blessed above the average with pretty curves and that intangible quality which we, in our quaint, old-fashioned way, like to call "Allure," and she will get along. But the future of the twenty-five judges weighs upon our minds. What happened to those resourceful gentlemen after their brief hour in the sun? Where did they come from? Where did they go? Was the title "Ooomph Girl" inspiration, or did they spend long hours thinking it up? Are they flashes-in-the-pan, just one-word men, or may we expect them to come back next year with another label, to break the hearts of the new crop of glamour girls? How embarrassing to have to confess, "I was only the runner-up in the 'Ooomph Girl' contest, but maybe I'll get to be 'Miss Zowie' next year." Will sweet Miss Sheridan drop a bitter tear when first she sees herself described in the heartless press as "Ex-Ooomph Queen?" Will we get to be known as the "Ouch Girl," if we keep on writing things like this?

* * *

■ Next month, the Deanna Durbin contest really gets under way, so watch the July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine for complete list of prizes and full details of how to win the dresses and coats and dozens of other prizes which the little singing star is giving. You'll be able to find the magazine easily by its stunning cover, a picture of lovely Hedy Lamarr in a blue gown. Inside, there is a challenging story about this remarkable girl who has had so much of fantastically good luck, so much of misfortune. The story asks, and answers in surprising fashion the question, "Has Hedy Lamarr Three Strikes Against Her?"

More fun than you've had in a long time is promised by a special chart, prepared by the noted Nona Howard, astrological expert. At a glance you can tell which star you resemble most, but you will spend a good deal of time on the chart which analyzes your temper, your tastes, your best bet in boy friends according to your birth date.

The most unusual story planned for the summer months is the inside tale of how Clark Gable ropes savage mountain lions. He thinks it is fun. The funniest story, promised for an early issue, deals with the earnest endeavor of Humphrey Bogart to be a great lover for the movie cameras, and why he would rather remain the admired "Ugh Man" of Hollywood.

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE



MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin —use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth*, appealing.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



● Go to either Fair first... then across Scenic America to the other Fair . . . then home again! Choice of many routes . . . stop over as you please! You can travel twice across the Continent for *a penny a mile or less!* Never before in travel history has such an offer been made!

Assured Accommodations. Trailways will arrange everything for you while in the "Fair Cities"—hotel, admissions to the Fairs, sightseeing trips, etc.,—for these unheard-of prices:

3 All-Expense Days in San Francisco....$ 8.75

3 All-Expense Days in New York.....$11.25

(*Other tours 2 to 7 days or longer at either Fair*)

Low Trailways Fares to Either Fair, and Everywhere
If you can't make both Fairs, see at least one. Go one way, return another, at no extra cost, with a wide choice of scenic routes. To the next town or across America—to all the glorious vacation lands—Go Trailways.

79 ALL-EXPENSE VACATION TOURS

. . . reaching every vacationland, Canada, Mexico. Everything arranged in advance for a thrilling carefree vacation—hotels, sightseeing trips, boat trips, etc. No guessing about where to go, what to do, what to pay. One low cost from your home town covers practically every necessary expense.

Finer Bus Service. See Scenic America in Trailways Cream-and-Crimson Streamliners, most of them air-conditioned. They bring you the utmost in travel comfort, plus Trailways Courtesy to make your vacation more pleasant. Trailways is the *friendly* way to travel.



Send for FREE Travel Guides NOW
(or consult your local Trailways agent)

National Trailways System F6
20 E. Randolph St., Chicago
Please send me information on ☐ Both Fairs;
☐ All-Expense Tours Trailways service from.....
.....to.....
.....
I want to leave about.....
and will be gone.....days.
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Thank goodness M-G-M has seen the error of its ways, and has selected Joan Crawford for the *Witch in the Wilderness.* Through no fault of her own, Joan has been burdened with a long string of second-rate pictures that haven't done her popularity a bit of good. *Ice Follies,* her last, while a beautiful picture so far as the technicolor shots of the skating sequences were concerned, failed to give Joan the breaks she deserved and she was pretty much broken-hearted about it. But from now on, with King Vidor directing her in *The Witch* Joan will undoubtedly start climbing right back to that top position marked Leading Lady No. 1. At least we hope so, because Joan is one of the squarest-shooting girls in this here town of Flickerville.

■ You can class this one as a "three smart girls" yarn. Three years ago Irene Hervey, Joy Hodges, and Kay Kober "batched it" together, all striving for breaks, all praying they'd come soon. Lady Luck tapped Irene and Joy on their respective shoulders, and the two girls have been doing mighty well for themselves in Hollywood. Not so with Kay Kober, however. She's still waiting, still struggling for recognition—but not by her lonesome, you betcha. Irene and Joy still remain her encouraging, helpful pals and when Kay isn't busy making tests for the one good role she needs to shove her ahead, she is employed by Irene and Joy as their stand-in.

■ We have a hunch that a certain young man of San Francisco is through pulling telephone gags. Particularly on pretty Ann Rutherford. Ann was waiting for a call from the Golden Gater, and when the call came in she was somewhat confused when the voice in her ear asked: "Darling, do you love me?" Ann gave the proper answer and from then on the conversation leaned heavily on the sentimental side. Finally the operator told Ann and the Golden Gater that their time was up. Ann discovered only then that the call was on a "demonstration" wire from the San Francisco Fair, and that she had had as much privacy as a curbstone orator. At least forty listeners-in had enjoyed the converation.

■ Akim Tamiroff is a mighty busy man these days keeping track of his many roles. He is burdened with five separate roles in his latest picture *The Magnificent Fraud,* and the switch from one to another presents many a make-up problem. The day we spent at Paramount visiting the sound stages we saw Akim in the morning dressed for his role of Jules LaCroix, the actor. Before lunch we saw him outfitted as a dictator. During lunch he was Akim Tamiroff. After lunch he was back at his dictator role. Along about quitting time that afternoon we entered the sound stage, and there he was ready to go through a sequence as LaCroix again.

[*Continued on page 13*]



Joy Hodges seems to be putting the Indian Sign on Fawcett cameraman, Charlie Rhodes, in a friendly sort of fashion. Jon Hall, Pat Di Cicco and Frances Langford (Mrs. Hall) smile for the nice man, too. Snapped at the Cafe Marcel during the dinner hour after a day's work for each

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

CARY GRANT JEAN ARTHUR



1939's GREATEST SCREEN ADVENTURE

★

EACH DAY A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH PERIL!
EACH NIGHT A MEET-ING WITH ROMANCE!
Set against the mighty tapestry of the fog-shrouded Andes . . . !



"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

THOMAS MITCHELL ★ RITA HAYWORTH
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

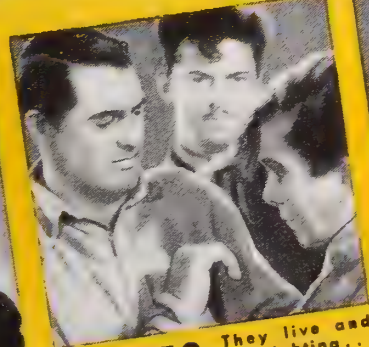
STRUGGLING desperately to re-win happiness



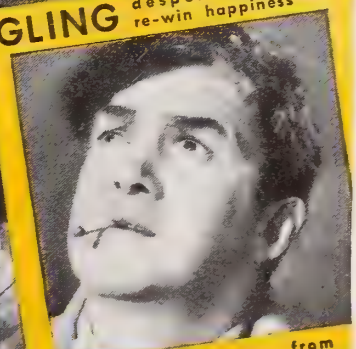
"STAY UP there 'til it clears, kid!"



MISTAKES all wiped out ...in the end



FIGHT? They live and die fighting . . .



LIGHT fading . . . from the eagle's eyes

A Columbia Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN!

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 14]

■ Believe it or not, the man who has the most specialized knowledge and the most unusual niche in all filmdom is Joseph Benton North.

Mr. North is the sad-faced gentleman whom film directors hire for marriage scenes because he has the dignified dourness which seems to go with a cinematic clergyman. Mr. North claims he could marry an Eskimo to an Australian bushman, with or without camera angles, and please both sets of parents. He can recite the marriage rituals of forty-seven varieties of religion—anything from the voodooistic ceremony in blackface to the full seven-day ritual of the South Seas, with feast and fun. Mr. North performed the Church of England ceremony that united Merle Oberon and David Niven in marriage in *Wuthering Heights*.

Film Clergyman North has fifty-two screen marriages to his credit.

"Most producers of pictures," he says, "call for a mixed ceremony. This is done in order not to offend religious classifications. For this purpose I have a mixed ritual which I made up myself and which so far has proven acceptable to all classes of people."



Virginia Grey seems to keep her feet on the ground when she walks in stilts, most popular beach toy on the sands of the Pacific now. You'll see her soon in *The Hardys Ride High*

■ Billy Gilbert, the man with the big sneeze, has decided to give up dieting to reduce. All because the last time he tried it his wife worried so much that she lost ten pounds while he was gaining fifteen!

■ Matrimonial Note: Alice Faye got a postcard from an official in the Yuma courthouse. Card showed exact spot where Alice and Tony Martin stood to be married. Since that momentous occasion, said the official, more than 200 couples have asked to occupy the same spot when they gave their "I Do's."

■ When Postmaster General James Farley was in town to dedicate the Los Angeles postoffice, he said he craved a touch of night life. Come nine-thirty he made a bee-line to Slapsie Maxie's, where he stayed for the better part of an hour reminiscing with his old friend, Leather-pusher Rosenbloom. Mr. Farley seemed quite amazed to learn that Maxie had branched out into the motion picture business, but said that he might have guessed since Maxie had put on many an "act" in the squared circle during the time he (Mr. Farley) was boxing commission of New York City.

■ To Wally Beery goes the credit of being Hollywood High-Flyer No. 1. Since the day he took his first solo flight he has spent more than five thousand hours in the air. During the years that he has been playing tag with the birds, he has owned eight ships, and has flown more than one million miles.

■ When you see Warner Brothers' *Dodge City* keep your optics alert for a glimpse of Ann Sheridan in a sequence

Get rid of that telltale DANDRUFF with LISTERINE Antiseptic

Sensational tests prove Listerine Antiseptic relieves and masters dandruff. 76% of patients of New Jersey clinic got relief.



THINK of it, dandruff whose origin defied science so long now yields to a new delightful treatment.

Its cause has been discovered—a queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale, which is found in the scalp, the hair follicles and the hair itself.

Quickly killed

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills these germs.

Freed of the parasite that saps their vitality, scalp and hair improve in appearance in a surprisingly short time. Itching is alleviated, and the scalp and hair soon take on new vigor and lustre.

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment takes the place of those smelly salves and dressings that treat dandruff symptoms but not its cause.

Easy...delightful...quick

If you have any evidence of dandruff, all you do is douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp once or twice a day. Follow it with vigorous and persistent massage. It's the most delightful, stimulating treatment you ever heard of and gets results that simply amaze you.

Every day we receive enthusiastic letters telling how Listerine Antiseptic checked dandruff in a much shorter time than that shown in exhaustive clinical and laboratory tests.*

Don't wait until dandruff becomes an advanced infection; if you have the slightest symptom, start the Listerine Antiseptic treatment now. Even after dandruff disappears, it is wise to use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against reinfection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

DO OTHERS OFFER SUCH PROOF?

*Clinic and laboratory prove this:

1 That dandruff infected rabbits treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic showed a complete disappearance of dandruff symptoms at the end of 14 days on the average.

2 A substantial number of men and women dandruff patients of a great midwestern skin clinic, who were instructed to massage the scalp once a day with Listerine Antiseptic, obtained marked relief in the first 2 weeks, on the average.

3 Seventy-six per cent of the dandruff patients of a New Jersey clinic, using Listerine twice daily, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms at the end of 4 weeks.

showing a saloon free-for-all. Ann's in the background and does a colossal comedy fall not in the script. She slipped during the shooting, and thought the director had stopped the cameras when she fell. But the cameras went right on while she made faces, got up and rubbed her bruises. When Hal Wallis saw the rushes he nearly busted his galluses, and insisted that Ann's fall be left in the picture.

■ Gail Patrick, whom we consider the best-dressed young lady in town (and one of the best actresses, too) has added a parlor touch to her kitchen by installing three upholstered chairs. "All parties end in the kitchen," says Gail, "so why not make the guests feel comfortable?"

Gail, by the way, is an aviation enthusiast from 'way back, and when anyone starts talking about the dangers of air travel she hauls out her big book of newspaper clippings showing auto and train accidents to prove that a journey by airplane is safer than by either the choo-choo or the tin can on wheels.

■ Here's an oddity. John Howard, the handsome young bachelor who plays in those Drummond detective films screened by Paramount, is an American boy, but apparently his English admirers don't believe it. They send him hundreds of letters complimenting him on his perfect English accent. And Reginald Denny, who is as English as they make 'em, gets hundreds of letters from England complaining about his atrocious English accent in the same films.

■ Jean Arthur, starring in *Only Angels Have Wings,* has a new—and interesting—hobby. She collects aviation super-

[*Continued on page* 67]



—*Photo by Charles Rhodes*

Lya Lys, lovely leading lady of *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, snapped with the dashing John Schwartzkopf, HOLLYWOOD Magazine's fashion-plate and advertising staff member, as they were leaving the preview of a new film

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet



FRAGRANT SKIN HAS SUCH ALLURE!

THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!







Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢

at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

The Talk Turns to Tampons



The Invisible Way! Fibs, the Kotex Tampon with *new exclusive features,* really solves the problem of days when less protection is needed. More comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



Quilting—so Important! Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—keeps the soft cotton sides in place—thus increasing comfort and lessening the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert.



Yes, Fibs Cost Less! . . . Only 25c for a full dozen. Try them next time. Mail coupon now for trial supply FREE.



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FIBS—Room 1422,
919 N. Michigan Ave.—Chicago, Ill. **FREE!**

Please send me FREE trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

THE LITTLE PRINCESS—
20th Century-Fox

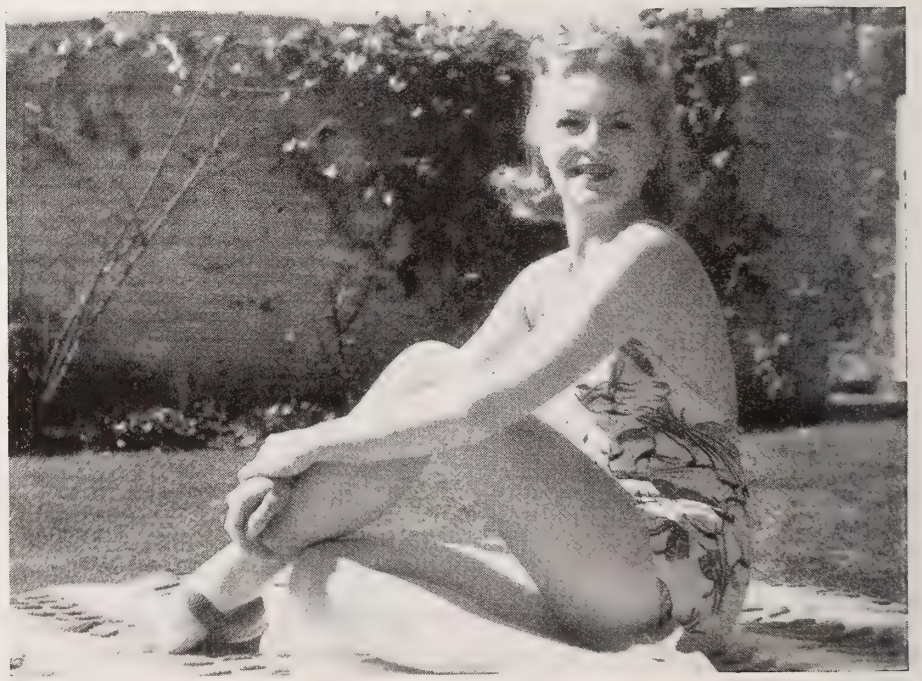
■ It is a perfect story for the first lady of the screen . . . the tale of the beloved motherless daughter of an Indian Army officer left at the severe Miss Minchin's school while papa served out his time in the liverish low country, carrying the white man's burden. It was a perfect story; how papa fell ill of brain fever and died supposedly penniless; how the mean Miss Minchin showed herself in her true colors, stripped Sara of her furs and feathers, banished her to the garret and the scullery; how the Lascar servant from the house next door took pity on the shivering little Missie in the garret, slipped across the leads and furnished the dingy room with rich Oriental splendor; how the tragic master of the big house next door brooded over the fortune that he was holding in trust for the lost daughter of his dead friend. As we said, it was a perfect story.

But, in the current screen version, the truly wonderful little Miss Temple has to struggle with so much added production value that it is a wonder any of the fine sentimental yarn is left. Not content with having papa a respected officer of the Indian Army, the studio has to send him off to fight the Boers in Darkest Africa. Shirley is under terrific tension all during the siege of Mafeking, and when the town falls, it really is more than any one youngster should be called upon to bear alone. But, undaunted, Shirley takes to haunting the hospital, looking for her daddy. It is a busy hospital. In one scene alone, Shirley, Queen Victoria, Miss Minchin's brother (Arthur Treacher) and Shirley's papa (Ian Hunter) all are busily meeting each other in corridors.

I saw the film at the Roxy, and the audience was extremely sympathetic to Shirley's problems. Helpful, too. The hard-pressed child had sought safety in what she supposed to be an empty waiting room. She supposed that because she neglected to look around when she slipped inside. And who do you suppose was sitting in that wheel-chair all the time? Right, Shirley's papa. So the audience, unable to stand longer the sight of Shirley's sorrow, began to help. "Yoo-hoo, Shirley, look behind you!" shouted the balcony as one man, and so that is how Shirley found her papa.

The mean Miss Minchin (Mary Nash) was properly put in her place, you may depend upon it. Shirley got a new outfit of very grand, if inappropriate clothes, and a lot of us who had read Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, "The Little Princess," went away from there thinking that the original story still was a perfect one for the first lady of the screen.

If there were any in the audience like me, who, faintly irritated by all of the hospital stuff and tap dancing and Boer War, went home and read the book again, the argument lost a little of its power. Because, judged by current standards of child literature, the story certainly is one of the most sickening pieces of over-elaborated sentimentality that ever gagged a parent who was trying to read a little one to sleep.



Very different from the heavy skirts, the ruffles and the complete coverage of her clothes in *Stagecoach* is the bathing suit that Claire Trevor chooses for a sun bath in her Hollywood garden

But the fact remains that this story is known and loved by millions of people. It was dear to several generations of little girls who probably have passed it along to their daughters. And the screen version is going to be just a touch annoying to those people who like to know what they are buying when they see a familiar title advertised.

Shirley rapidly is becoming known as the star to whom nothing is sacred. Of course, it is not the fault of La Belle Temple. But her films are beginning to be known for ruthless butchering of childhood classics, and the remaking of beloved stories nearer to the box-offices' desire, and a lot of people don't like it. A goodly number of people expressed themselves in strong words when *Wee Willie Winkie* appeared as a girl, tap-dancing all over the parade ground in a cute little uniform and saving the whole darn regiment instead of just Lieutenant "Coppy's" sweetheart. And bitter was the outcry in the land when *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* astoundingly turned out to be a radio extra, and one who couldn't get an engagement, at that!

This strangely changed *Little Princess* is an impressive production, all in Technicolor, and with a very handsome dream sequence which is beautifully staged. Shirley is her usual amazing self, but there are a lot of people who, ungratefully enough, would be perfectly willing to trade all of that running to the hospital for the exciting scenes in which the Lascar creeps across the roofs with his arms full of food and firewood to make a fairy-tale come true for the Little Princess and for millions of people in audiences all over the land.

Ah, well. Some day Shirley will get around to making *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and that probably will be interesting, too. Bets already are being taken that the time will be changed from the Civil to the World War, and that Shirley will be a Dollar-a-Year girl, who exposes a spy ring that is intent upon strafing her daddy in his submarine. Who can tell?

THE FLYING IRISHMAN—
RKO-Radio

■ It was about a year ago that an extraordinary young man named Douglas Corrigan pursued a fixed idea to an astonishing finale, flew the Atlantic in a $900 plane, gave the whole world a joyous laugh with his impertinent explanation, and ruined, forever, his chances of becoming a pilot on a commercial plane.

The flight was singularly well timed from his standpoint. He knew that, if weather conditions were right for Howard Hughes' take-off on a round the world flight, they would be right for him, too. The flight was singularly ill-timed from the standpoint of the serious minds who have built the aviation industry in hardly more than thirty years from a dangerous diversion to a sound method of transportation. Papers were full of the news of Howard Hughes' plans, his equipment, the dangers of the route, the experimental instruments carried by his huge airship. And a

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

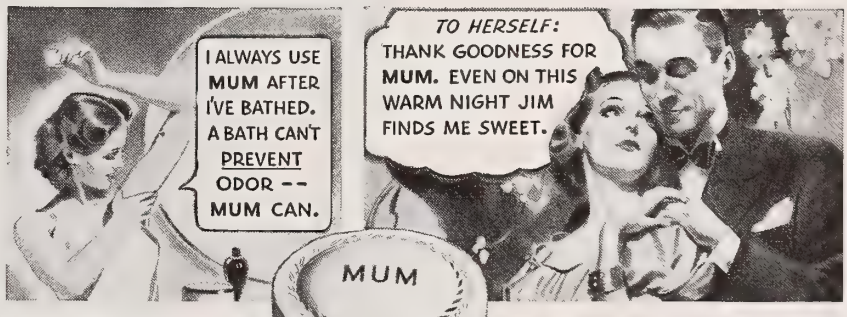
For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant... more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



For Sanitary Napkins
First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

HOW TO GET
the best
NAIL POLISH
you ever had



Here's the **only** way to get **perfect** nail polish —
1. the bottle-cap is coated with the actual nail-polish, so **you see how it will look** when dry and glossy.
2. this bottle cap is shaped like a fingernail so you can **hold it beside your fingernail** (and beside your **dress or accessories**) and tell exactly what colors will suit you.
Dura-Gloss is the polish that gives you this **new way** of selecting **colors.** Try Dura-Gloss today. You'll never be satisfied with any other! It's the **best polish** money can buy (goes on better, lasts longer). 10c.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.



Brilliant was the formal preview of *Wuthering Heights.* On the left, Producer Sam Goldwyn beams with pride in his picture and pleasure in his distinguished guest, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Equally happy are Merle Oberon, star, and James Roosevelt, vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures

few days later, papers were full of Corrigan's ship with its door fastened by a twist of wire, his "gas gauge" of chewing gum wads, his two shirts, his "wrong-way" compass. From the wide view, nothing worse could have happened to modern aviation than to have an ill-equipped boy take off at such a time for such a flight. But it gave the country a week of joyous laughter which may be renewed by seeing the film, which is an extremely interesting, and at times touching, biography of a most interesting personality.

Corrigan is far from being an actor. He walks woodenly through the feature-length film, trying his best to follow instructions, and those instructions are all too apparent most of the time. But, just the same, the film is fascinating and certainly the stiff performance of the daring Doug is the most vital thing in it.

The story shows the life of the boy who wanted to fly more than anything else in the world. It shows his almost fanatic insistence upon becoming a commercial pilot, against all odds. It shows his attempts to prepare himself, his sickening series of disappointments, his final determination to perform a feat so spectacular, so daring, that the airlines could not refuse him.

The final scene of Corrigan waving to a street jammed with cheering crowds is one of the most pathetic of his disappointments. No one can dispute his courage. No one can dispute his extraordinary worth as an aviator. But now and forever the door of commercial aviation is closed to him, so far as a pilot's berth goes. As one executive of a great airline put it, "We are selling dependability. We fly on schedule. We sell safety. Nothing is left to impulse. The laughs alone, if we let Corrigan have one of our ships, would set us back ten years."

See the film, by all means, as one of the great tragedies of an ambitious man who wouldn't take "No."

LOVE AFFAIR—*RKO-Radio*

■ She (Irene Dunne) was a girl who had learned to fear poverty, and who wanted to make a rich marriage. He (Charles Boyer) was an impecunious heart-breaker, and it was time he settled down to make a financially prosperous marriage. They met on a trans-Atlantic liner, and fell in love.

They fell so much in love that they said "Goodbye" for six months, she to dismiss her wealthy friend and make her own living singing in a night club, he to try to paint for his white ties and tails.

Each was a success and each started for the date, made six months before, on the top of the Empire State Building. He kept it. She didn't. He left for Europe, embittered. She lay on a hospital bed, firmly refusing to let him know that a traffic accident made it doubtful that she ever would walk again.

There is so much in this story that is charming and unexpected that it is a shame to spoil your enjoyment by telling of it in detail. But you will take great pleasure in the performances of the principals, in their most delightful dialogue, in the engaging character played by Maria Ouspenskaya, and in the rousing performance of the landlady contributed by Ferike Boros. Don't miss this one.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—*Universal*

■ If this film does not have quite the same vitality and coherence that former Durbin pictures have shown, it still

will please the fans of the talented little girl who has a list of such outstanding successes to her credit.

With a few changes, the cast of her first great hit is reassembled, a few years older, and with new emotional troubles to be smoothed out by little sister. Charles Winninger as the father is busily occupied with the stock market, and so concentrated on its ups and downs that he does not have time to see that his two older daughters both are in love with the same young man (William Lundigan). Joan (Nan Grey) is engaged to him. Kay (Helen Parrish) weeps silently for him after the lights are turned out. Penny (Deanna Durbin) determines to do something about it, and drags home from singing school Harry (Robert Cummings) in the hope that he will divert Kay. Instead, he diverts Joan, and little sister has a deal to explain away before she settles all of the destinies of her family satisfactorily. Nella Walker plays the serene mother and Ernest Cossart is the sympathetic butler.

Deanna sings charmingly, and acts with the same verve that has made better stories than this seem extraordinary.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES —*20th Century-Fox*

■ Worthy to take an honored place in the hall of fame in a vault next to *The Son of Frankenstein* is this fine effort at phony horror. The smudge pots smouldered like mad for days, surely, to make the thickest drifting mists to date. Every angle of the bleak moor is filled with threat and *papier mache* boulders. The howling of the eerie hound is as happily spine-tingling as the screech of Dracula's bats and the roar of King Kong combined. And Basil Rathbone might have stepped directly out of the illustrations of Sherlock Holmes. It's grand, from the bumbling pomposity that Nigel Bruce gives to the loyal Watson to the sweet, blank apprehension that Wendy Barrie uses for the perfect heroine, and the manliness of the hero played by Richard Greene.

In the first scenes, Rathbone is solemn, as befits one who senses murder in the air, but also confidently insouciant as suits one to whom sudden death is a daily occurrence.

You may be put off by the assorted villain types scattered through the film (Lionel Atwill, John Carradine, Eily Malyon, E. E. Clive, Harry Cording and Beryl Mercer, for instance). But not Sherlock Holmes. He feels his way unerringly through the menacing cast, the drifting mists and the haunted mire to lay a trap for the ghostly hound that is ready to rend the throat of the heir to the Baskerville curse.

He says "Quick, Watson! The needle!" only once, but that is a scene worth waiting for, if ever you have read a Sherlock Holmes story.

MIDNIGHT—*Paramount*

■ This is a fine, smooth comedy about a chorus girl (Claudette Colbert), who found herself stranded on a rainy night in Paris, all dressed up in a gold gown, but without a sou. A reluctantly sympathetic taxi-driver (Don Ameche) drove her until the early morning from night club to joint, while she tried to get work as a singer. He didn't know it, but in those hours he fell in love. She didn't know it, but those hours changed her life completely.

Things evidently happen fast to a lady in a gold gown alone in Paris. First she posed as a guest at an exclusive musicale, where she fell under the keenly appreciative eye of M. Flammarion (John Barrymore), jealous husband of Mary Astor. He suspected that she was all too fond of one Jacques (Francis Lederer), and hired the chorus girl forthwith to run interference. All would have gone well had not the chorus girl, hard pressed for a name, chosen that of the taxi driver, adding a title to dress it up a bit. When he arrived on the scene, and boldly claimed, not only the chorus girl as his wife, but the title as well, there was a pretty to-do, and you'll have a lot of fun finding out how it all ends.

THE ICE FOLLIES OF 1939—*M-G-M*

■ By all means, see this film if you never have had opportunity to see one of the big ice shows which have been touring the

[*Continued on page* 69]

Beauty is a flower — **make it blossom in Your Skin!**



THIS LOVELY NEW YORK BRIDE SAYS:

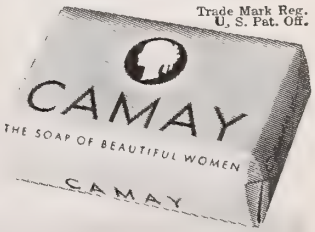
I wouldn't know where to turn for a complexion soap if I didn't have Camay! For no other soap I've ever tried has quite the same fragrance. And its creamy lather always seems to freshen up my skin!

New York, N. Y.
April 20, 1939

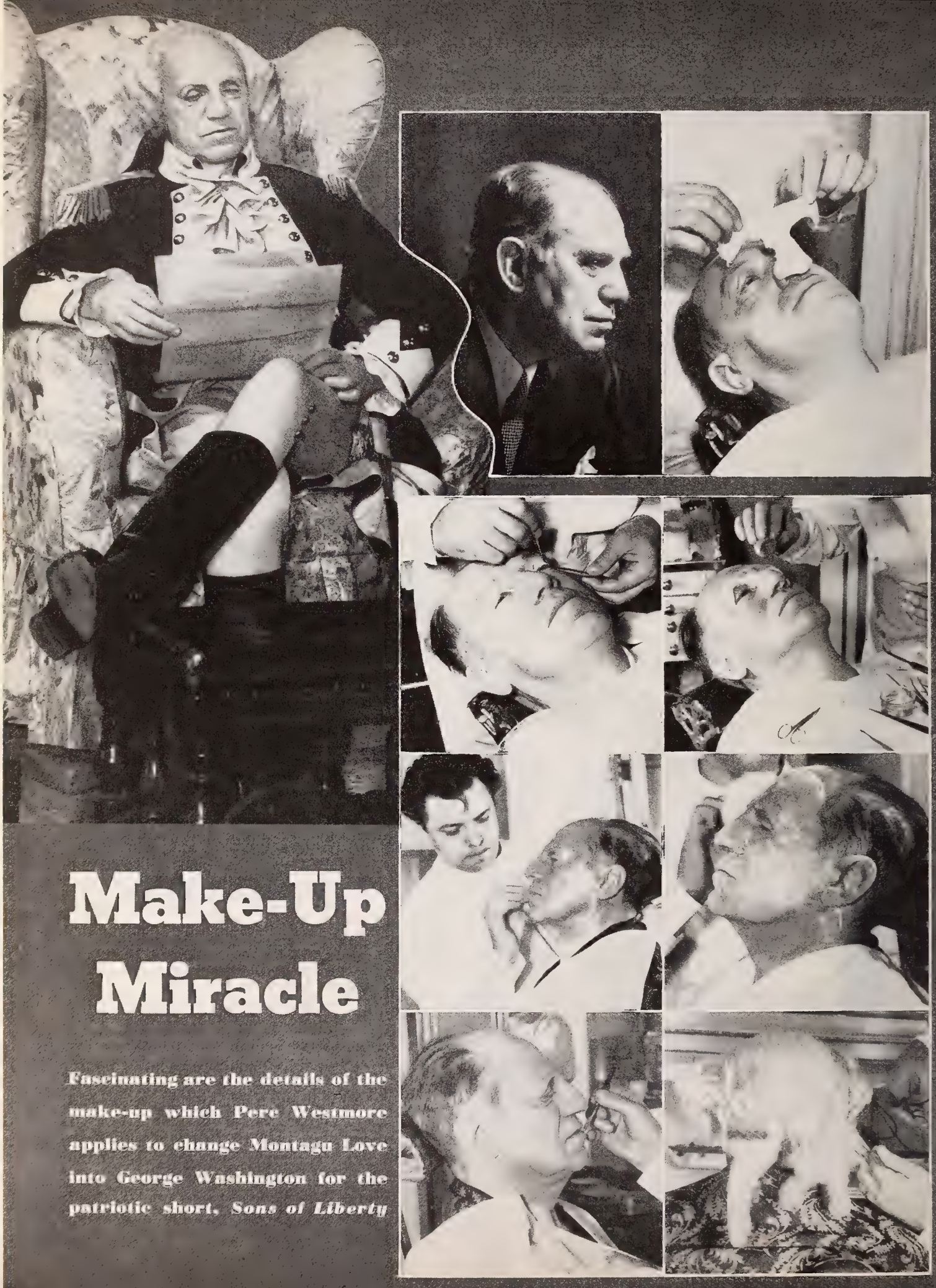
(*Signed*) VIRGINIA FRYE
(*Mrs. John H. Frye, Jr.*)

EVERY GIRL has possibilities for charm . . . a chance to win romance! Don't miss *yours!* Listen to Mrs. Frye's advice. "*Your* skin has a natural loveliness," she says, "so help bring it out with Camay!" She knows that Camay's searching cleansing is so caressingly *mild*—so wonderfully *thorough,* that it helps make any girl attractive!

You'll like Camay—for your complexion, and to make your *bath* a daily beauty treatment, too! Wouldn't you like to help keep back and shoulders as soft and smooth as your face? Then get three cakes of inexpensive Camay today! Soon you'll see why gentle Camay is such a wonderful aid to daintiness, to all-over loveliness, to truly exquisite skin!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Make-Up Miracle

Fascinating are the details of the make-up which Perc Westmore applies to change Montagu Love into George Washington for the patriotic short, *Sons of Liberty*

Most Men Don't Like Love

That is what glamour-girl Ann Sheridan, who is one of the most popular young ladies in Hollywood, convincingly explains

By JERRY ASHER

■ Ever since Ann Sheridan beaded her first lash for the glory of Warner Brothers' pictures, Hollywood bachelors have been heaving deep, heart-felt sighs. And that crackling sound you heard in the western sky was the noise of hearts shattering to bits when Ann so much as glanced at the visiting firemen. After her first few pictures, studio officials went around shaking hands with each other. "A one-woman heat wave . . . and we've got her under contract!" they are reported as saying happily.

And what does Ann Sheridan say to all of this?

Ann, herself, can't figure it out except by the rather startling conclusion: "Most men don't like love."

"Just stop and take a look at the problem of the Hollywood bachelor," bids Ann. "He works all day long at being a great big heart-throb for the cameras. He has to act convincingly like a creature of fatal allure, so irresistible that audiences will believe that great stars fall for him. Did it ever occur to you that he might not care to rush away from his day's work and hold hands at night?

"Most Hollywood girls demand too much," says Ann, who is in a position to do some plain and fancy demanding, herself, if she wants to. "They expect men to live up to far too much. When a man calls up for a dinner date, why expect that he has fallen madly in love with you? He probably thinks that you a r e attractive, amusing, good company, and wants to know you better.

"If I'm invited out, I accept because I like the person, and I think I will have fun. I naturally suppose that he must feel the same way about me. And if I like someone, he doesn't have to call me up two days in advance to extend an invitation. The fact that I like him enough to go out with him, means that I'm glad to be with him at any time, if I happen to be free. If I don't like him or don't want to go out with him, it wouldn't make any difference if he called up a month in advance.

"Unless it's some special occasion, I'd much rather not have a man plan an evening. Making reservations, sending corsages, scheming and worrying are all unnecessary effort. I know some girls think that you must demand these attentions or a man won't appreciate you. Personally, I think most men will be twice as attentive in the long run—if they aren't driven to it.

"Women enjoy the company of men, just as men enjoy the company of women. Why make any more of it than that? I don't want a man to feel that he [*Continued on page* 48]



Ann Sheridan, soon to be seen in *Battle of City Hall*



The Robert Youngs and the Allan Joneses. Hollywood is proud of their happiness



Don and Honore Ameche, a notably happy couple



Joan Crawford with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., before divorce

Hollywood Makes It Hard For Hymen

Hymen, god of marriage, has his troubles with the gossips who doom some marriages to failure from their very start

By JANE OLIVER

■ *"The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."—Jonathan Swift,* Thoughts on Various Subjects.

"The reason why so few Hollywood marriages are happy is because young men and ladies spend their time in making wisecracks, not in making silence." —Jane Oliver.

■ Of course, if you want to argue, you can snap right back at me with this little item from George Eliot's *Romola*: "An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down." Or you may tell me in your own words that it's a darned poor marriage that breaks up

No one questions that Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin are happy



But Alice Faye and Tony Martin are hounded by rumors of trouble



Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman are not touched by the ill-wishers





Hollywood predicted divorce for Carole Lombard and William Powell



Rumors of trouble from the start for Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan



The gossips have been busy predicting a break for Errol Flynn and Lili Damita

under pressure of what outsiders say or think about it.

But the truth of the matter is that a good many Hollywood marriages start out with the town's huzzahs and hoorays and end not much later in a flurry of scowls and scallions from "friends of the happy couple." In short, gossip and gossip alone has been the serpent in many a movieland Garden of Eden.

You don't think it's possible? Wait a minute. Haven't you ever possessed some cherished object which lost some of its luster because a friend belittled it? Haven't you ever had a hat, for instance, which you thought exceptionally becoming until someone remarked that it "looked awful" on you?

Suggestion is an insidious force. You can't see it, touch it or smell it. Subconsciously it works on your mind and emotions, subtly destroying values without your even being aware of what is going on. I knew an artist who once drew a caricature of a man's wife. Like all good caricatures it was funny. It also was brutally frank. The man thought it amusing and kept it on his desk. Every day when he went to his office he saw that caricature. Before long the apparently harmless drawing wrecked his marriage; bit by bit the exaggerated features of the caricature had insinuated themselves into his mind until they represented to him a true picture of his wife!

That was an accident. But when you deliberately apply the force of suggestion through gossip, adverse comment and rumors of trouble to a marriage, all too frequently something breaks. Many of us who write about Hollywood are convinced that the smarties of the town laughed the marriage of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to its unhappy end. Granted Joan and Doug did a lot of adolescent things when they were first married. They gave out ultra-gushy interviews about each other, flaunted their love in everyone's face, called each other by exaggerated pet names, indulged in other supersaccharine sentimentalities of young lovers. Why shouldn't they? Being terribly young and terribly in love still aren't crimes [*Continued on page 72*]

Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere don't have to battle divorce rumors



The Fred Astaires are blessed by neglect from the gossip-mongers



But Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have to fight off rumors





Brian Donlevy, as the brutal sergeant, reviews the men of his command in the location on the Arizona desert set

Beau Geste Comes Back

Our favorite extra joins the Foreign Legion and decides not to become a soldier of fortune

By E. J. SMITHSON



Gary Cooper, in costume as Beau Geste, with Mrs. Cooper on the sand in front of the big fort built for this picture

Dear Editor:

Well, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd again be playing foot soldier over those hot desert sands—not after that boiling-out experience I wrote you about some months ago when I shipped out of Hollywood to join the extra gang for those fight sequences in *Gunga Din* on the Mojave Desert. Remember? I came home with my body full of sunburn blisters, my hair full of Mojave sand, my stomach full of 100 proof snakebite medicine, and my heart full of that 'never again' feeling. But you must know me by now. It's a changing world. Promises don't mean a thing (look at Hitler). And, as you are well aware, I'm a glutton for punishment. So, when I heard that Wild Bill Wellman, director of *Beau Geste,* wanted a thousand men to make up his Foreign Legion Army, I was among the first ten to knock at the Paramount gates for the job.

We were going to Yuma, Arizona, which was all right by me because the longer it took us to get to 'location,' the more folding money I'd have in my pocketbook come final payday. My sense of huma about going to Yuma went up a few points when somebody suggested a galloping game of dominoes, and I nicked Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford, J. Carrol Naish and Mr. Gary Cooper for an even $28 in less than an hour.

Then came the dawn. And with it Yuma. And with Yuma my first sight of what I was in for—long stretches of (you guessed it) sand. I would have stayed on the train and spent that $28 for a return ticket, but Brian Donlevy said it belonged to him, mostly, and he was of a mind to get it back at the end of the first working day. So—

We climbed into Truck No. 3 of a mile-long motor caravan, and began our 19-mile safari to Bill Wellman's tent city in (ye gods and little fishes, what an incongruous name!) Buttercup Valley! Joe Youngerman, first assistant director, says that Buttercup Valley is America's most perfect reproduction of the Sahara. No doubt he is correct. At any rate the region could certainly be described as the best of those 'wide open spaces, where men are men [*Continued on page* 63]

Bachelor No. 1

What does "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor" think about the town and the all-important subject of marriage?

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ "Lord, how I've tried, but I simply can't get away from them!"

The words were a trifle startling, for, when David Niven had first popped into view around the corner, he looked exactly as one might expect Hollywood's No. 1 Bachelor, the Most Eligible Man in Town, to look. He looked as though somebody were after him.

His light blue eyes were harried, his lightish hair stood straight on end, and his green sun glasses were shoved to the top of his forehead, a disguise that could be yanked down at an instant's warning. He sank, breathless, into a chair.

One could envision a bevy of beauties hotfoot on his trail. "You mean, you can't get away from the ladies?" I asked with sympathy.

Niven, one of the most unconceited bachelors in Hollywood or anywhere, stared for an instant. Then he put back his head, wrinkled his nose and laughed out loud. Good Lord, he wasn't in flight from the ladies, he said. No ladies—he denied like a gentleman—were in pursuit of him. (Statistics, however, prove different.) No, he went on, what he'd been trying to flee was the casting office. Each time he planned a holiday they slammed him into another film. Of course, pictures were splendid. But, on the other hand, all work and no play! Well!

While he grumbled pleasantly, there was opportunity to study the most socially sought-after man of the moment. Four years ago he was unknown to Hollywood. Today he is a star and has won the reputation of being the most entertaining dinner companion in town. He has an inexhaustible zest for adventure, and tells of his escapades in a manner to make a dummy howl with amusement. The escapades, themselves, are fantastic, like the time, living at the super-luxurious Waldorf in New York, he borrowed a limousine from a Vanderbilt and delivered the wash for a Chinese laundry in order to get money for meals.

As he progressed toward stardom, he was seen at the dinner and dance places with many of the most glamourous girls of the celluloid sector. First of all, beautiful Merle Oberon. For a time everybody, except the two most concerned, thought his interest in Merle would lead to marriage. Then he was seen with Hedy Lamarr. With Loretta Young. With Ann Sheridan. With Marlene Dietrich.

Gradually, one fact began to be evident. Niven has the sunniest, most devil-may-care disposition. He has a sense of fun that keeps his section of Hollywood in a continual uproar. [*Continued on page* 60]



Below, David Niven has been a frequent escort for lovely Loretta Young

Above, with Merle Oberon, still his good friend though rumors of their marriage died when her engagement to Alexander Korda was announced



Play the *Name Game*

How well do you know your movies? Do you know the stars well enough to call them by name? Here are 25 descriptions of 25 stars. *One* name in the four listed under each description is right. You will find the correct answers on page 67

By PAUL LARNARD

■ This quiz has been constructed as a sort of consolation contest for those who did not win any of the $250,000 in prizes in the Movie Quiz conducted during the recent Greater Movie Season.

You don't have to buy anything to enter the contest. Merely paste your answers on the left front door of a 1939 Rolls-Royce limousine and send it—attached to the rest of the car—along with your answer.

The first prize will be a season's pass to the New York Aquarium or the choice of a complete set of postcards of the Philadelphia Sesqui-centennial Exposition of 1926. Third, fourth and fifth prizes will be autographed pictures of Ferdinand, the Bull. There will be no second prize, owing to the change to daylight saving time in certain states.

Remember, the contest is absolutely free, but each entry must be accompanied by a 1939 Rolls-Royce in good running condition. The decision of the judges, should we be able to catch up with them after the first entry arrives, will be final, and no cars will be returned. The contest will close April 1, 1940, and there is no limit—absolutely no limit at all—to the number of entries you may submit.

1. She is said to create more styles than any other star on the screen. Once known as a "Hey-hey, Charleston" gal, she later acquired tone in a marriage now on the rocks. Born Lucille La Sueur, she now signs her checks as:

Constance Bennett — Joan Crawford
Bette Davis — Kay Francis

2. He won early fame as a stage star and notoriety as a cross-country runner. He has a habit of stroking his nose, lifting his eyebrows and letting his fourth wife, much younger than himself, boss him. His real name is Blythe:

Warner Baxter — Lewis Stone
John Barrymore — Adolphe Menjou

3. Rudolph Valentino discovered her when she was just making a start as a dancer. After years of playing Oriental sirens, she attained stardom in domestic comedies. She was known back in Montana as Miss Williams:

Myrna Loy — Loretta Young
Miriam Hopkins — Fay Wray

4. When he was a bank clerk in London he was invited here and there to tea as Mr. Stainer. If you pushed your autograph book at this elusive gentleman today, he would pencil in the name of:

Basil Rathbone — Errol Flynn
Donald Crisp — Leslie Howard

5. Once she planned to be a missionary to China but instead her first job was as a night club hoofer. Ruby Stevens is the name on her birth certificate. She's a ranch owner and the redheaded girl friend of one of America's favorite boy friends:

Betty Grable — Ginger Rogers
Barbara Stanwyck — Elaine Barrie

6. When Helen Gahagan, the stage star, married him she became Mrs. Hesselberg, but the screen name of this romantic actor is:

Joel McCrea — Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Montgomery — Robert Young

7. She's one of Rudy Vallee's discoveries and was singing with his band when she was given her first film break. Her real name is Leppert. Her stage name she adopted from a well known vaudevillian:

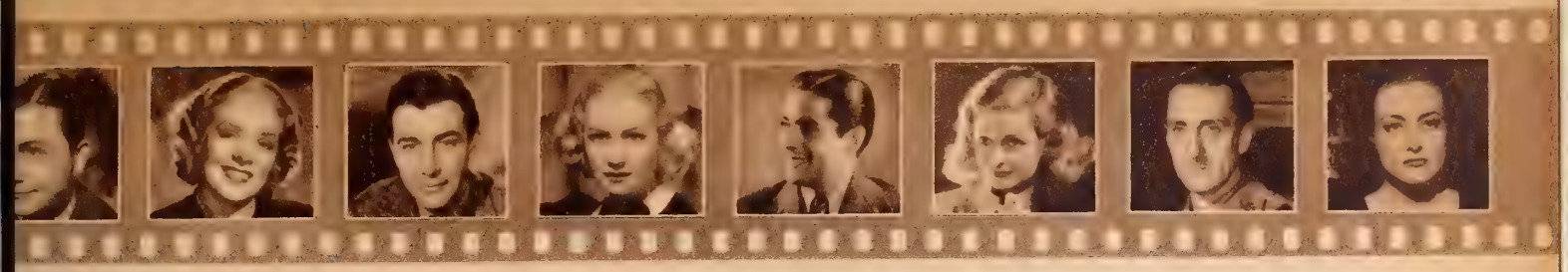
Alice Faye — Shirley Ross
Martha Raye — Dorothy Lamour

8. Nursemaids could hardly scare their fractious charges with the name of Charles Edward Pratt, which is how this screen villain was christened in Dulwich, a quiet suburb of London:

Bela Lugosi — Akim Tamiroff
Humphrey Bogart — Boris Karloff

9. Ziegfeld glorified her in the musical comedy *Smiles*. Briggs was the name she gave when she applied for a marriage





license to wed a great star who later died. Today she is married to a prominent director:

Joan Bennett — Billie Burke
Virginia Bruce — Luise Rainer

10. Fred Allen may have a lot of other names for him but the one on his report card when he was a schoolboy in Waukegan was Kebelsky. Three patient research workers from the Institute of Proper Nomenclature are still trying to figure out why Paramount called his last picture *Artists and Models Abroad*:

Bob Hope — Jack Benny
Bing Crosby — Jack Oakie

11. She is married to a doctor. Her passport, when she came to this country from France at the age of 13, read Lily Chauchion. But the gold statuette the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded her in 1934 was engraved:

Claudette Colbert — Frances Dee
Mae West — Irene Dunne

12. The name of Arlington Brugh might not cause any commotion in a girl's boarding school but most of the pupils probably have written fan letters to its owner, in spite of the fact that he is engaged to another star:

Tyrone Power — Robert Young
Charles Boyer — Robert Taylor

13. The seductively stockinged legs of Mary Magdalene Von Losch brought her fame in two different countries. The lads who admired the famous gams were fervent fans of:

Martha Raye — Marlene Dietrich
Simone Simon — Anna Sten

14. When she was in New York last, criticism was heaped on her for not presenting a more glamorous appearance in public. Her passion for privacy is legendary but the fact that she once worked in a barber shop under the name of Gustafsson is not so well known:

Katharine Hepburn — Margaret Sullavan
Greta Garbo — Patsy Kelly

15. Weisenfreud was the name by which he was known to New York theatre-goers before he won motion picture acclaim with a vigorous characterization in a gangster movie:

Edward G. Robinson — Charles Bickford
John Garfield — Paul Muni

16. Long before he cushioned his conversation with his individualistic giggle in such films as *Rosalie* and *Paradise For Three*, he was Anita Stewart's leading man. Wupperman was the name he changed to:

Frank Morgan — Hugh Herbert
Edward Everett Horton — Jed Prouty

17. She has divorced one star, married another. When Mack Sennett was still buying custard pies wholesale, she was known as Jane Peters. Now that she handles pastry only with a fork, she is known as:

Ann Sheridan — Carole Lombard
Joan Blondell — Hedda Hopper

18. Although he is now as American as chewing gum, he was born in Bucharest, Roumania, where his Balkan buddies knew him as Emmanuel Goldenburg. Theatres that played gangster movies billed him as:

James Cagney — George Bancroft
George Raft — Edward G. Robinson

19. Austerlitz may remind you of a battle in the Napoleonic wars, but to his old playmates in Omaha, Nebraska, it conjures up a picture of the most nimble pupil in their dancing class:

Fred Astaire — Arthur Lake
Buddy Ebsen — George Murphy

20. No one who ever heard her sing *Thanks For The Memory*, or saw her in a bathing suit would refer to her as Gaunt. Yet that is what she was called until she changed her name to:

Ethel Merman — Shirley Ross
Gloria Stuart — Jeanette MacDonald

21. Kiesler was the name on her father's mailbox in Vienna before she conquered Hollywood with one screen appearance and almost single handedly wore out the word "glamour":

Luise Rainer — Ilona Massey
Hedy Lamarr — Lya Lys

22. When he supported Colleen Moore in *Orchids and Ermine* back in 1926, he was down on the payroll as Joe Yule, Jr. Now that he is a successful song writer, and incidentally a star in his own right, he has taken legal possession of the name of:

Tyrone Power — Tony Martin
Wayne Morris — Mickey Rooney

23. Marion Michael Morrison was the alliterative handle under which he registered at the University of Southern California where he was a football star several years ago. Since then, he has been starring in Westerns under the shorter label of:

John Wayne — William Boyd
Buck Jones — Gene Autry

24. The country doctor who left the McMath house in Independence, Mo., one afternoon 28 years ago, told neighbors that the new arrival was to be named Virginia Katherine. By the time she was ready to go into the movies by way of vaudeville, the young lady had changed her name to:

Jean Arthur — Ginger Rogers
Florence Rice — Janet Gaynor

25. Archibald Alexander Leach painted neckties in Greenwich Village, was a stilt walker at Coney Island and a tumbler with a troupe of acrobats before he became one of Hollywood's most popular leading men. Archibald Alexander is better known as:

Cary Grant — Fred MacMurray
Fredric March — Robert Montgomery

[*Answers on page 67*]



Juarez Highlights

Sit in on the filming of one of the biggest pictures of the new season

By SERENA BRADFORD

■ Empress Bette Davis—oh, well, then, Empress Carlotta of Mexico—was wandering around between scenes on the *Juarez* throne-room set. Below a remarkably becoming coal black wig, Bette's clear skin and small features had a cameo quality. She really did look like Winterhalter portraits of Carlotta. Her gown—

"Miss Davis! Hey! Hey, Bette! Wait a second! Hold it!"

Two electricians yelled at her simultaneously, with such vigor that Director William Dieterle jumped, and the heads of the camera crew jerked about as if on swivels. Astonished, Bette halted. They waved her away with frantic shooing motions. As her brocaded slippers hesitantly retreated, one of the men gasped: "That dress! ZOW-ie!"

Bette had been about to step across a snarl of electric cables and connection boxes. And the billowy hoop skirts of her court gown were heavily embroidered with $1,200 worth of gold, silver and copper—they were so stiff with metal that they practically stood alone—and if those burnished folds brushed a defective bit of wiring, the result might have been electrocution. Warner Brothers decided to take no chances. Until the scene had been filmed and the gown put away, a prop boy was detailed to follow Bette, murmuring, "Watch it!" at the proper moments.

"Heavens," Bette commented, "a nice outfit to wear in a thunderstorm, eh?"

The real Carlotta, who lived till 1927, ran no risk from electric wires in the three years, when, with Emperor Maximilian, she ruled over Mexico. When their rule began in the spring of 1864, the palace outside Mexico City at Chapultepec was lighted by candles in great golden candelabra. Replicas of them appear in the adoption scene for which Bette had donned the gorgeous metal dress.

To understand the whys and wherefores of the scene, shall we take a quick blink at history? It beats the wildest melodrama, this time.

A Belgian princess who became an Austrian Archduchess (by marriage) at twenty, an Empress at twenty-four, and a hopeless madwoman at twenty-eight; this sums up the career of Carlotta. As for Maximilian (Brian Aherne), he was an honorable man who thought he had been freely chosen by the Mexicans as their Emperor. But soon he discovered that he was merely a puppet of the French monarch; and that the Mexicans preferred their Indian patriot, Juarez, who had recently declared Mexico a Republic with himself as President.

For the rest: At the end of the Civil



Paul Muni in his striking make-up as Mexican leader, Juarez, with John Garfield

War, the United States frowned upon a foreign emperor in America, and extended aid to Juarez. France then withdrew from Maximilian her troops and support. Carlotta, rushing to Europe, vainly begged help for the husband whom she devotedly loved. When news came of Maximilian's death before a Juarez firing squad, Carlotta's reason snapped. She spent the rest of her long life, closely guarded, in a Belgian castle. To the end, she believed herself still to be Empress of Mexico.

■ The high peak of magnificence for both Carlotta and Maximilian was the day of their adoption of an heir. Maximilian, still ruler, needed a son to consolidate the empire which he had accepted (against the advice of his elder brother, Franz Joseph of Austria) from Louis Napoleon.

Amid the splendor of the Chapultepec throne room, the imperial couple sat in their chairs of state, their ermine robes trailing down the steps of the dais. At the foot of the steps stood a small boy in black velvet suit and royal robe, looking small indeed against the enormous room with its crowd of court ladies and officers, diplomats and clerics. Augustin Iturbide, orphan of an aristocratic Mexican family, was to take the place of the son who had been denied to the Emperor and Empress, despite Carlotta's agonized prayers. With solemn rites the officials pronounced this child the heir and successor of Maximilian, little knowing how soon and how hurriedly they would send the lad north to the political safety of the United States.

The adoption scene over (there were real tears in Bette's eyes and probably there had been in poor Carlotta's, too), the company moved to another set for an earlier episode in the film: the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at Vera Cruz. For this sequence, part of the Vera Cruz waterfront had been reproduced; a square-rigged ship chartered; an arch of triumph erected. Quaint sights greeted the Empress, quaint and foreign after the sedate elegance of the marble [*Continued on page 46*]



Right, one of the most colorful periods of Mexican history was the short reign of the lovely Carlotta (Bette Davis) and the tragic Maximilian (Brian Aherne)

Below, little Mickey Kuhn kneels before Brian Aherne and Bette Davis during the impressive adoption scene



Below, Claude Rains, as Napoleon, discusses problems of empire with the Empress Eugenie (Gale Sondergaard)



Annabella Keeps Gossips Guessing

Ever since she met Tyrone Power, the French star has taken mischievous delight in confusing all the gossips

By ALLAN FINN





Above, Tyrone Power and Annabella at the Cafe Marcel after the formal preview of *The Little Princess*. Below, going to the Academy Awards dinner



Above, having a thoroughly good time at the Academy Awards banquet with a souvenir "Oscar"

■ Will Annabella marry Tyrone Power?

Fifty million Frenchmen (and Lord knows how many Americans) are asking that question now that re-marriage is legally possible for Annabella.

France's latest gift to Hollywood is back at Twentieth Century-Fox for two more pictures after her success in *Suez*. Power, star on the same lot, is hard at work on *Rose of Washington Square*.

They may be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this because her divorce from Jean Murat, French actor, was made final late in March after unusually quick action from the French courts. But, at the moment that this story is being written, she is carrying out her role of "Little Miss Enigma," and keeping the gossips guessing. Nobody ever has known which way Annabella was going to jump. She likes to keep 'em guessing.

I watched Annabella's rise on the exciting lots of Joinville and Billancourt, Paris. I stood at the elbow of Erik Charrell in Hollywood when he directed her in the French version of *Caravan*, her first American effort. I followed her romantic dash through South America with Power. I talked with her in New York not long ago. [*Continued on page* 56]

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE



Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."



Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

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INTO THEIR SKIN*



Often Sings at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"



In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

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Shooting At Solitude

Some of the adventures of Warner Baxter when he was "resting" before starting *The Return of the Cisco Kid*

By
ANNE ELLIS MEYERS

■ High in California's purple San Jacinto mountains, whose rocky steeps echo the cries of wild animals, whose stubborn wastes have long defied all civilized design, there is a valley like the crater of a vast volcano.

It is far from Hollywood, this valley—a hundred miles as the crow flies, and more than that by Highway 99 and the tortuous trail that leaves the highway at Banning. Its desert soil is spotted with cactus and greasewood and catclaw, with greedy spines that tear at the living flesh of man and beast. Rattlers breed there and noisome insects. Monsters like the gila infest its sandy reaches. In winter, the wind is bitter and the snow comes down from the peaks like an icy shroud. In summer, the awful sun is like a devil with a pitchfork, prodding and pitiless.

Yet it is beautiful, this valley in the San Jacinto mountains. Stark, forbidding, inimical, still it is somehow magnificent. And there is a man in Hollywood who loves it. He has built a cabin there, and once or twice each year for twelve years he has sought it out in search of peace.

That man is Warner Baxter. And the ironical fact that, for all his persistence, he has *not* found the peace he sought in his beloved wilderness is the basis for this story . . . that, and the adventures that have made his search exciting.

"I am so tired of Hollywood and all it stands for," he tells Mrs. Baxter, periodically. "I am going—"

But Winifred Baxter, after twenty years of marriage, understands. So she interrupts. "Yes, I know. You are going to *War-Wynne* (that is the name of this retreat. The *War* is for Warner; the *Wynne* for Winifred) for a 'rest.' But of course what you are really doing is jumping out of the frying pan into the fire."

Still, Winifred Baxter is a wise wife, and so she says it with a smile as she helps Warner with his packing. Then she sends him off (accompanied, usually, by Frank McGrath, his stand-in, secretary and friend) with an affectionate farewell.

"I hope it won't be rattlesnakes this time," she says. And Warner grins and assures her that *War-Wynne* is now rattlesnake proof.

The episode of the rattlesnake, which upset Warner's plans for a peaceful interlude "away from it all" on one occasion, was [*Continued on page* 36]

Kitty had a "go home" complex



Kitty can be balky as a mule sometimes! Just as we were coming out of the movies, Steve drove up in his new roadster with Freddy and Joe and Mary Devine. They had some swell new dance records and were going over to Joe's house to play them. Naturally, I wanted to go along. But not Kitty! She was in one of her "go home" moods . . . and she was hardly even polite.



Well—I was pretty peeved! "Kitty," I said, as we walked on, "sometimes you're a regular stick-in-the-mud! What makes you act so queer?" "I can't help it," she mumbled. "I worry at certain times of the month. Think how embarrassing . . . how horrible, if . . . " "Listen," I interrupted: "I can cure that go-home complex in one lesson!"



So—when we got to my house, I made her come in. First I explained she could have peace of mind with Modess. Then I showed her *why!* I got some water and dropped it on the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad—and she saw, with her own eyes, how safe Modess is!



"It's wonderful! I'll feel so safe now," she beamed. "Yes—and you'll be more comfortable, too," I added, "because Modess is a 'fluff-type' napkin." Then I showed her the soft, fluffy Modess filler—so different from napkins made of close-packed layers! "Yet Modess costs no more," I told her.



Well—it was Kitty herself who insisted on going back to Joe's! The crowd was still there when we arrived . . . and did we have a marvelous time! Kitty was her old "life-of-the-party" self again . . . and believe me, when Joe's mother invited us to stay on for a pick-up supper, I didn't hear a peep out of Kitty about having to go home! Modess certainly cured *that* complex, all right . . . just as I knew it would!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"

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Shooting at Solitude

[*Continued from page* 34]

pretty fearsome as, come to think of it, most of the Baxter-at-*War-Wynne* adventures have been.

This time, Warner had gone to *War-Wynne* alone, and at first was getting along fine, rising early every morning and catching fish for breakfast in the little lake in front of the cabin; eating prodigiously of his own cooking with the satisfaction of a man who doesn't have to watch his waistline; hunting all day long. The weather was perfect, with never a cloud in the sky. Everything was perfect.

He came home late one evening to find that situation slightly changed. The electric lighting system, usually very efficient, had failed. Baxter expected a man in the morning from Banning to do some odd jobs and thought probably he could fix the lights, too. So, tired and hungry, he didn't bother with them. Instead he built a roaring fire in the fireplace and whipped up a delicious stew in the big kettle on the crane. He went to bed in the darkness and lay there, blissfully relaxed, listening to the mournful cries of the coyotes, the rustle of the night wind, the soft crackle of the dying fire in the living room. It was all very peaceful and remote from that turbulent place called Hollywood.

Just on the verge of sleep, something rushed him back to consciousness, precipitately and horribly. There was the thud of a falling log in the fireplace, and then, sinister and unforgettable, the whirring of a coiled rattler.

With a hand that he confesses was shaking like a leaf, Warner reached for the matches on the night table. His movement was signal for another buzzing, this time much nearer. Warner says he is sure his hair was literally standing on end by then. The dim firelight cast wavering shadows across the floor, but the darkness around the bed was thick and black.

Whirrrrr! The snake sounded its fearsome warning once more, nearer than ever.

Fumbling with the match box, Warner's trembling fingers dropped it. He heard the matches slither to the floor. The rattling was so close to the bed that he didn't dare to reach down.

So what did he do? "So I stayed there in bed, huddled beneath the covers, scared stiff, the whole night through," he told me, wryly. "And I can tell you it was the longest night a man ever spent. I couldn't smoke, because I had no matches. I couldn't see. And every time I moved, that unwelcome visitor of mine would let me know that he resented it."

Just before dawn, there was a soft swishing sound and Warner realized that his guest was departing.

"But by that time," he declared, "I was too jittery for pursuit. I just stayed put until daylight, when I could make sure that the way to my shotgun was clear."

He found the snake in the kitchen, coiled and waiting. But a blast from the gun put an end to him. Warner has his rattle—three inches long—to remember that night by.

The rattler wrecked Warner's lovely peace of mind and enjoyment of solitude for the rest of that vacation. On his way back to Hollywood he made arrangements for the sealing of all places where a snake might get into the cabin.

■ After a few months, however, the memory of the rattler dimmed, and he developed a new aversion to all things civilized. Optimistically, he hied himself back to the San Jacintos for some deer hunting.

This time, however, "buck fever" practically ruined his vacation.

"I was going along, feeling fine, certain of bagging an extra good one," he told me, "when, pushing through a thicket I saw a beautiful buck, horns flung skyward, standing not a hundred feet away, looking directly at me.

"Well," he confided, ruefully, "I followed suit. I simply stood there and looked at him, too, fascinated. I didn't even have the presence of mind to raise my gun to my shoulder. . . . Until, finally, Mister Deer, apparently satisfied that I was harmless, turned his back on me and trotted away, slowly, looking back as if to say, 'Hope I see you again, old pal, old pal,' while I still stood there like a graven image.

"Yes," Warner concluded, "disgust at my performance during that little episode pretty well spoiled that outing, and the ribbing I got from Frank McGrath didn't make matters any better!"

■ On another hunting expedition, Warner managed to shoot a fine buck, all right, but the next day apparently was taken for a buck, himself, by an impulsive hunter who took several shots at *him*!

"I was out by myself, after quail," he recounted. "As I was pushing through some underbrush, I heard the report of a gun, and a bullet whizzed by my head, certainly not more than a foot away. Seared stiff—I admit it—I dropped to the ground, when a second shot came, lower and closer to me than ever. I yelled out, but the only answer was a third shot."

"Well," he concluded, "that ended my hunting for the time being. I stayed on the ground in that clump of bushes for a long time and even after it seemed pretty certain that the barrage was over, crawled along on my stomach a goodly distance—in the opposite direction, I might add. Now, I wear a red cap and a red coat, too!"

■ Being shot at was no more uncomfortable or dangerous, than what happened to Warner and Frank McGrath at *War-Wynne* on still another occasion.

"It was late in March. So late that there seemed little danger of heavy snow, despite the fact that the mountains were still covered," Warner said. "We left Hollywood in the middle of the afternoon, and stopped in Banning to lay in

[*Continued on page* 38]

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

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Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your *eyes?*

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll *love* it!



ELSA: *You're* proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue!*

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that *eye* color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
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By Richard Hudnut

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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
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Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.



Velvety talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

Shooting at Solitude

[*Continued from page* 36]

food supplies and have dinner, which meant that it was dark before we headed east into the mountains. We had the tonneau of my sedan filled with various pieces of furniture, so we tied the big carton of groceries onto the running board. I remember the wind was blowing down from the north and there was the smell of snow in the air, but, as we bumped along the road, we thought little of it. As I say, it was very late in March, and spring was on the way.

"When we reached *War-Wynne*, I suggested we put the car in the garage and unload it in the morning. Frank agreed and we went inside and went to bed. When we woke the next morning, the ground was covered with snow, fully a foot deep, and it was still snowing so hard you couldn't see a foot ahead.

"We weren't terribly concerned. After all, the storm would clear eventually. Meanwhile, we had plenty of food. But that was only what we *thought!* When we went out to unload our supplies, we found the grocery box gone.

"Frank looked at me and I looked at him. Then, we looked at the road. It was obliterated. A car could not possibly get through. Nor could a man on foot without snowshoes. With one accord, we rushed into the kitchen and threw open the cupboards. Food suddenly had become terrifically important.

"Well—" he grimaced in remembrance, "there were two cans of condensed milk, a can of corn syrup, some flour, baking powder, bitter chocolate, salt, pepper, an assortment of spices, and one egg! The coffee and sugar containers were empty.



The marriage, itself, was not a surprise, but the date was. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable in the garden of Miss Lombard's home on the day after their secret trip to Arizona for the wedding. As soon as the house is ready, they will move to Clark's newly purchased home

"But of course you could telephone for help," I said.

"Heavens, girl, there is no telephone at *War-Wynne*. It is a *retreat!*"

"Well, what *did* you do?"

He grimaced again. "We settled down to watchful waiting, and a diet of flapjacks and unsweetened cocoa, while outside it kept on snowing."

"What about the egg?"

He laughed. "Oh, the egg. . . . Well, it had been there six months! Still, it served as a diversion. We conjectured about its desirability as a meal in case other supplies ran out, but we never found out because the third day of that little 'vacation' was my birthday and with it came help.

"Some friends of mine in Hollywood, who have never seen *War-Wynne* and didn't realize its inaccessibility, decided it would be a fine thing to send me birthday greetings. It was, too," he declared, feelingly, "because the Western Union is an enterprising concern, and sent a boy to the cabin on snowshoes—seventeen miles. It took him half a day, and I had to pay him fourteen dollars for making the trip, but he got there and, pushing back the way he came, sent us a snow plough and some food. Now I know how the wolves felt!"

"Have you ever seen any real wolves?" I asked.

"Yes, and what is still more uncomfortable, they have seen me! It was one day when I was out hunting quail.

"Suddenly I came out onto a little clearing and found myself looking into the unfriendly faces of four wolves, not twenty feet away. They were big brutes and they looked mean. I stood stock still, trying to look like the surrounding *sahuaro* (giant cactus). They also stood stock still. I knew my shot gun was no match for even one wolf, let alone four, and that bird shot wounds would only enrage them. In fact, I didn't even look toward my gun for fear it would give them ideas about beating me to the trigger. And there we stayed.

"After staring at me for a couple of years, or so, they turned and trotted off leaving me weak and shaken."

"Have you ever encountered a real bear?" I asked him.

"Well, I guess I could make myself the hero of a bear story." He spoke seriously enough, although I thought I detected a wicked little gleam in his eye.

"Yes," he went on, "I was bear hunting once, and pretty soon I came upon a very large bear. I raised my gun and shot, but missed. I shot again—and missed. And then, before I had time to reload, Mister Bear charged. I ran and the bear ran after me. Then I fell down, which made him gain on me. I could see that he was chasing me out toward the edge of a high cliff. I tried to turn in another direction, but he wouldn't let me. I had to head toward the cliff and the next instant the bear had me cornered. If I jumped, I should be killed. If I stayed—" he made an expressive gesture.

"Well, what *did* you do?" I demanded.

He grinned wickedly. "I stayed right there and the bear ate me up!"

MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS
—WITH NO SIGNATURES!

"The first made me furious!"



The neighborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

"The second made me fly into action!"



I've warned you—but the gossips still raging. Don't you know it's left-over dirt that makes your clothes look so dingy? Stop using lazy soaps! Change to Fels-Naptha like I did and see how its richer golden soap and lots of naptha put tattle-tale gray to flight!

"The third made me happy as a lark!"



Smart girl! I've seen you trotting out of the grocer's with Fels-Naptha Soap and you've certainly turned the tables by taking my advice. Your washes now look so gorgeously white, all the little busybodies on the block are cheering instead of jeering.

P.S. Nobody may take the trouble to warn you, but there's bound to be plenty of neighborhood gossip if *your* clothes are full of tattle-tale gray.

Why take a chance? Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap today and pin up the whitest, brightest washes that ever flapped in a breeze!

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Patricia Morison, soon to be seen in *The Magnificent Fraud*, has blue eyes and coal-black hair, and so won the classification of "blonde-brunette" from make-up expert Perc Westmore

Introducing Patricia

Something about the girl who made a big success of one career and now is starting another

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ For a girl who insists (with appropriate words and gestures) that she has been afflicted with an inferiority complex since early childhood, Patricia Morison, Paramount's latest "discovery" (and Lordy, how the blue-eyed Pat detests that word!) has been doing fairly well for herself.

Patricia has been in Hollywood since the leaves began to fall early last October; she has one picture to her credit—the J. Edgar Hoover story, *Persons in Hiding*—and right now she's working with Akim Tamiroff as his leading lady in *The Magnificent Fraud*. Now don't think for a minute that the title of the picture is a two-word description of the lady in the case. She's magnificent all right enough—in looks, ability, and all the rest of the necessary trappings that combine to make an excellent actress. But she's no fraud.

Patricia could have been in Hollywood a couple of years ago and matching her talents with those of a score of other "A" picture players, but she didn't—and for a very poor excuse if you care to ask us.

"I wasn't certain that I would photograph well," she offers as her reason. "So I said 'No' to the talent scouts and went on about my business."

Her "business" at that time was acting on Broadway and in *The Two Bouquets*, a play that marked her stage debut. Her only other actual stage experience was as understudy to Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina*. When *The Two Bouquets* withered enough to ring down the final curtain, Paramount talent scouts finally convinced her that the time had arrived to sign on the dotted line. "Which I did," she says, "after three or four days of worrying about those photographic angles."

Perc Westmore, who dollies up the gals to make 'em look pretty, classifies her as

a "blonde-brunette" (Pat has blue eyes and coal-black hair). "Never had one on the lot before," he said. "Got to get used to her, I suppose. Funny, but very interesting—we'll have to use just a touch of make-up on her. A blonde-brunette! Good Lord, what's my make-up world coming to!"

Patricia has another claim to fame—the longest hair in the picture business. It is thirty-nine inches long, as compared to Dorothy Lamour's thirty-six-inch tresses, Anna May Wong's thirty-four, Fay Bainter's thirty-five, Arleen Whelan's thirty-two, Evelyn Venable's thirty-four and Johnnie (Tarzan) Weissmuller's thirteen-inch locks. (You should have been with us the day we went around from studio to studio on our hair-measuring expedition. It proved to be the best job we've had since we arrived in Flickertown!)

This "blonde-brunette" was born in New York City twenty-one years ago. Her father is William R. Morison, English writer and artist. Her mother was Selena Carson before becoming Mrs. Wm. Morison, and served in the British Intelligence Service.

After our "blonde-brunette" got to be a big girl she began her studies in drama, poise, and diction under Martha Oatman, in Los Angeles, but nothing much came of it save a few parts in school plays.

"My future as an actress looked less than bright, and I gave it up for art of a different sort: Fashion designing. And I did fairly well, too."

Fairly well, nothing! What happened to her after a couple of years intense study and application was that she was good enough to get herself a job as a designer in a swanky New York dress shop.

There's one thing we like above all else in this "blonde-brunette" discovery. She doesn't believe in signs, prophesies, or prognostications of any sort. The first time we met her we warned her that something was going to happen to her. We recalled, for her benefit, that a day after we had interviewed Ellen Drew, she had been taken to the hospital for an appendectomy operation. We went further and recalled that a day after we had interviewed Betty Grable, SHE had been carted to a hospital for an appendectomy operation! "You can't frighten me," Pat insisted. "You're not that bad an influence."

"Well, maybe not, but we're not so sure."

Later that afternoon Pat happened to lead her police dog into a neighborhood drugstore and quicker than the soda jerker could mix up a coke, the canine had knocked over a table displaying perfumes. Expense to Pat—one hundred and fifty pieces of folding money.

But you ain't heard anything yet!

On the way home (she was wearing one of those wimple affairs on her head and she says it blinded her) she stepped from the curb and ran smack dab into a truck. One foot was run over by a rear wheel and Pat was laid up in a hospital for four days. She says now that the whole thing looks mighty suspicious and maybe we'd better be banned from the studio. At least until *The Magnificent Fraud* is finished.

Maybe she's right.



"**Suffering cats, Judy,** did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

"**Now, Joan,** keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."



"**. . . that's a prickly** heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now. . ."



"**Look at Daddy**—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . ."Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has". . ."Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"**Feel a pinch** of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

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Here's Looking Atchoooo!

An explosive career that rocked Hollywood with laughter was launched by one sneeze

By ED JONESBOY

















■ Success in Hollywood sometimes is the result of the strangest mishaps . . . a motorcycle messenger takes a spill at a studio gate and becomes a star . . . a filling station boy lets a tank overflow while he admires the dashing Hollywood get-up of the driver, and finds himself with a contract . . . a manicurist makes a false move with the clippers and gets a script instead of a scolding. Billy Gilbert sneezed at the wrong time, and has been doing all right ever since.

Gilbert was reared in show business, and worked hard at engagements in vaudeville, stock, burlesque, musical comedy and silent pictures before his big chance turned up.

It was in one of the Hal Roach shorts, after the advent of sound, that Gilbert sneezed accidentally and with such excruciating results that Roach ordered the mishap kept in the scene—and thus Billy began sneezing his way to fame.

To correct the impression in the minds of most film fans that Billy is "just that funny, fat fellow who sneezes and sputters," we're happy to state that he's an accomplished comedian whose capability in entertaining is not merely the freak specialty which has thus far won him recognition in films. He has been making folks laugh long before he ever knew that an "atchooo" could be funny.

Not so long ago we drove out for a visit with this rotund geezer who is the world's best sneezer. When we pulled into the Casa del Destranado (Ranch of the Sneeze), Billy was busy feeding his four fat and sassy goldfish which he has named Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard and Edward Everett Horton.

"It's a funny hobby for a funnyman," he admitted, "collecting rare specimens of goldfish, but I enjoy it. I name them after film stars. See that one over there?" He pointed to a beautiful, transparent little swimmer, "I call that one

'Hollywood' because it's so easy to see through."

After the fish had had their fill, Billy led us into the living room of the Casa del Destranado where someone brought us something very nice in a tall, frosty glass, and, while we observed the flight of the swallows, Billy talked and we listened.

"I'm too fat to have any of those 'angles' you writing folk are always looking for," he said. "It might interest you, though, to know that I started acting as a leading man for a roadshow at the tender age of fourteen. While I was growing up in the show business I had some mighty exciting experiences. There was the time, for instance, when I saw the sheriff of a New Mexican county shoot at the villain in our act because he—the actor, I mean—portrayed his role of a meanie too well. There was another time, for another instance, when I overheard a sheriff in Arizona tell a deputy to run along because he—the sheriff—was too busy building a stage for the night's performance to bother with a desperado who had just six-gunned someone full of lead. It might interest you to know that our troupe played *East Lynne* in pool rooms, stables, Masonic Halls, churches, saloons, and that I portrayed kids of fourteen, glamour boys of twenty-five, middle-aged guys of fifty, and old men of seventy before I was fifteen. When I was eighteen I was a leading man for a burlesque circuit. I was not only a leading man, mind you, but I sang baritone solos, did buck-and-wing dancing, dialect comedy, made romantic love to more burlesque queens than there is rice in China; that I played 'bottom' man in an acrobatic pyramid act in vaudeville. At twenty-three I owned my own stock company in San Francisco. That was years ago, but I betcha some of the theatregoers will remember the night I played the leading lady's part in a costume hastily expanded. She had a tummy-ache that later developed into a bad attack of appendicitis. I played Uncle Tom in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* until one of the hounds took a nip out of the seat of my trousers because he hadn't had anything to eat but peanuts for three days. I'll never forget the time an irate Golden Gate husband took a shot at me one night because his scatter-brained wife thought she had a crush on me. I was playing Romeo, then, and if I do say it myself in all due modesty, I looked very good in tights.

"Maybe you won't believe it, but I've been in more than 350 pictures—silent and sound . . . that I'm building a swimming pool large enough for ME, and when that's finished I'm starting on a rumpus room and a bowling alley, and when these two additions are completed maybe I'll be playing Booth Tarkington's famous character, *Mr. Rumbin.* Who knows?"

Well, we said, we didn't, but that we hoped he would. And we meant it because we can't imagine anyone in the wide world coming closer than Billy to being Mr. Rumbin's double. We examined the artist's conception of Mr. Rumbin as he appeared in Tarkington's latest story. Then we looked at Billy Gilbert and there they were—twins! Both rotund, impressive-looking, heads thatched with dark, curly

"Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"



Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!



MOTHER: Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?



MOTHER: Oh well...if *that's* the way you feel about it... But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?

ALICE: Yes, but that was 25 years ago...



ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.



ALICE: He prescribed a *special* food formula ... told me to use *special* baby powder ... He even recommended a *special* baby laxative!

MOTHER: Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*



ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.



MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how persnikity he is about new things.

ALICE: The doctor said *even the taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and two booklets of beauty hints as described.

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FWG6



hair, trim mustaches, pince nez spectacles, wing collars. We read part of the story and were amazed by the Mr. Rumbin characterization. It seemed as though the author had deliberately copied the mannerisms and dialect of Gilbert as closely as the illustrator, Ritchie Cooper, had copied Billy's physical features.

"I've written Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Cooper about it," Billy said, "and the three of us have marveled at the coincidence. Here, look at this." He handed us a petition signed by 100 members of the South Bend, Indiana, Billy Gilbert Fan Club. Every member had noted the likeness and all hoped Billy would get an opportunity to enact the role.

"And that's that," Billy smiled. "I'm getting so I don't know whether Mr. Rumbin is me, or I'm Mr. Rumbin. One thing sure, though. I'm going to go through the rest of my life a very unhappy man unless some studio decides to let me play the part."

On our way back to the City of Celluloid Celebrities, we thought of all the pictures in which the funny, fat fellow had stolen plenty of scenes: *My Lucky Star, Broadway Melody of 1938, Rosalie, Army Girl, Breaking the Ice*, just to name a few. We hoped that by the time this little piece could get into print some studio will have announced that it plans to produce the *Mr. Rumbin* series with none other than Billy Gilbert in the title role.

At any rate, Billy, here's looking at-choooo, and praying that you get your wish.

Being Broke Helps

[*Continued from page* 8]

was so gay in the old days," he continued. "There was such a swell feeling of camaraderie among the fellows. We got jobs for one another; we ate together. We wore each other's clothes, borrowed money from each other."

The memory of the old days when rations sometimes were lacking seemed to stimulate his appetite. He ordered a second cup of coffee to top off his breakfast of cornflakes, bacon, eggs, fried potatoes and raisin bread toast. It was moving day and he had worked up an appetite. His bachelor quarters had been forsaken and he was "moving right back to mamma."

The move home was not inspired by loneliness, he assured me, but was an economical measure.

■ "You know, I think being broke helps at the start of a career," he explained. I know in my case it's true. If my mother hadn't been broke, the chances are I would never have been born. My grandfather was one of those dentists who always told his patients not to neglect their teeth, and to pay when they could. When he died, he left my mother a legacy of some dental equipment and a lot of bills. She could sing, dance and play the violin. She had never performed professionally, but she got herself a job in vaudeville. She was one of the first of the 'class' acts. And it was while she was in vaudeville that she met my father. That never would have happened if she hadn't been broke.

"Being broke taught me so much. If it hadn't been necessary, I wouldn't have learned to do a lot of things. You know, like fixing the plumbing, or the radio, or my car, and I can stew up a neat little dinner. There were times when I became pretty disgusted, but I wouldn't have had it any other way at the start.

"I've seen so many people come to Hollywood, make a great hit in one picture and think they were set for life. One picture doesn't make a star, nor even an actor. And while the extra route may be the hard way, I'll take it.

"Young actors think it's great luck to get an immediate break when they come to Hollywood. Sometimes it is, but more often it isn't, and it's heartbreaking to get a real opportunity and not be able to turn in a satisfactory performance because of lack of experience. And we learned a lot from each other, simply because we were broke and couldn't seek much outside entertainment.

"We lived in bunches, sort of like the road gangs of boys today. For companionship and also as an economy we lived three in an apartment. Only two people were allowed in those particular apartments, so one of the boys was a 'guest,' so far, as the landlord was concerned.

"Our ice box was divided into sections, with a compartment for each of us. We had our own food, did our own cooking and everyone had to wash his own dishes immediately after using.

"A telephone was a necessity, but none of us could afford one alone. So we had a community phone. By hook or crook (mostly crook) we spliced the cord so that it would reach into every apartment on our floor.

"When absolutely broke, we could live for days on pop corn pancakes. Take a five cent bag of popcorn; add flour and water and fry it. It swells up and you would swear you had eaten two steaks. It doesn't stay with you and you get hungry again right away, but then you can fry more cakes and fill up again."

■ Dennis firmly believes that luck had a lot to do with his getting a break. "Being in the right place at the right time did it," he says.

"I didn't have a dime to back me up when I decided one day that I wouldn't be an extra any longer. As long as you are willing to be an extra, you'll be one, and I suddenly determined to make something of myself. It meant a great sacrifice because I was getting a lot of work.

"It was a hard jump from extra to bit player, because, when I was offered to a director to play a bit, he would ask, 'What has he done?' An extra seldom has a chance to do anything. But a few chances came along and I was willing to wait for

them. The other fellows told me I was crazy when I passed up an extra job that would run several days at fifteen dollars a day to do one day's work in a small part that paid twenty-five dollars. It was hard, but I stuck to it.

■ "Then one day I was in this (M-G-M) studio and a little bit part came up. Tommy Andre, the assistant, mentioned me for it and there I was, in the right place at the right time. Jack Conway, the director, thought I looked too young to appear as Walter Pidgeon's friend, but Walter spoke up and said, 'Oh, what do you mean, he's too young? We've worked together a lot.' That helped, so I got the job.

"I had played a bit at Columbia a few days before and the director had let me put in a little business. Well, Harry Cohn saw it and offered me a contract.

"Meanwhile things were moving at M-G-M. When I had gone on the set to do the bit in *Saratoga*, I found I was wearing exact copies of Clark Gable's clothes! I shivered in my shoes when I saw him watching me. Some stars would have been very unpleasant, and I would have been ordered to change my clothes or to get out. I was so nervous I could hardly work because he never stopped watching me. I learned afterward that Conway had told him to watch me because he wanted Gable's opinion on my work!

"Later Mr. Conway took me into the private dining room where the executives were having lunch.

" 'Look here,' he said, 'you're always yapping that you can't find new talent. Here's a boy that's got something, and he introduced me by my real name, Bud Flanagan. Of course Eddie Mannix, being Irish, made a crack about my nationality and, being Irish, I cracked back. But I stopped wise-cracking when they began to talk contract.

"When I got home there was the message that Columbia was offering me a contract. Paramount heard about it and offered me a contract. After all the years I had been an extra, suddenly I had three contract offers the same day. I was really dizzy!"

It must be admitted there isn't much glamour in the name Bud Flanagan, and, although it was a wrench to part with the name that his parents had made famous, he did not protest when M-G-M re-named him Dennis O'Keefe.

■ The first move he made after he signed his contract was to beg to be allowed to work in *The Big City*.

"Just anything," he begged, when he was told there was nothing in it for him. Finally they let him put on a cap and uniform and play a taxi driver. Then he confessed that he just wanted to be in the picture so he could stand around and watch Spencer Tracy act.

"Being broke helps!" he grinned. "It teaches you to make every minute count and to value every opportunity that comes your way—imagine getting a free acting demonstration from Tracy! Boy! You can't buy that!"

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● They're new, startlingly new, these lovely Glamour Fabrics that have been created this year by Jantzen. There is the gorgeous *Velva-Lure*, soft, light and velvety. *Satin-Knit* is a radiant new texture, rich and lustrous. For vibrant color and gaiety see Jantzen's exclusive *Knit-in Prints*. They are a perfect revelation in flowered richness and beauty. A delight to wear —a delight to *feel*—a delight to behold. All contain *Lastex yarn* for the correct amount of two-way stretch and Positive Uplift that molds and holds the body in youthful lines.
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Send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1939 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐
Name
Street City

Juarez Highlights

[*Continued from page* 31]

palace on the Adriatic Sea where she and her youthful husband had been so happy.

A profusion of exotic flowers, an outburst of cheers—but nobody except soldiers were on the twisted white streets, and there were so many vultures! Maximilian began to wonder uneasily. They didn't tell him that numberless executions had taken care of those who conspicuously objected to his coming. Bette, in her high-necked, puffed-sleeved blue gown, the color of the ocean, climbed into the imperial coach, a marvel of black enamel and gold leaf. On the cushions was a paper. It was a message from Juarez: "You are the victim of a fraud, designed to make you believe that the people of Mexico desire an Emperor. I tell you to leave Mexico and never return . . ."

Maximilian could not believe this paper told the truth. In the role of the ruler, Brian Aherne looked at it first with uneasiness, then with a half smile, while his retinue scoffed at the Indian upstart who ventured such a warning. The great Emperor had no way of knowing how important the poor peon was to be.

What about the "Indian upstart," Juarez, as played by Paul Muni?

History records that he was outwardly calm, even exasperatingly unhurried. He handled documents with clumsy, slow fingers. His brain seemed to plod. But that's what deceived the people of his own era, at first. Behind that dogged exterior was an unbreakable will and the mind of a keen and adroit soldier. His usual stolidity made his few flashes of fire the more effective.

The "village" which housed the Juarez headquarters stood as a triumph of the movie technicians' skill. Built at the Warner ranch in San Fernando Valley, it was designed largely from plaster casts of the walls of local Spanish missions. The casts picked up the impressions of weather markings, water furrows, and sand erosions found on the ancient stone and adobe structures, and these markings were transferred to the buildings in the outdoor sets.

Consequently, three strides across a patch of grass, you found yourself in the middle of old Mexico. There stood a cathedral at one end of a steep street, its chunky tower sharp against the sapphire sky; a cathedral complete with weather-beaten gray portico and crumbling steps. Farther on was an inn with hospitable doorway and iron-grilled windows. At the brow of the hill stood some houses with purple vines over the lower porches and a lop-eared balcony or two upstairs. Casement windows swung in the wind. Curtains flapped. The chipped house cornices, the powdery pink stone of the fountain, the streaks and stains and cracks on the walls of shops . . Why, the place looked as if it had been there five centuries.

■ It's a pity they couldn't have had in the picture one Luis Flores Lopez, who lives in Mexico City and who has attained the mature age of 116 years. Lopez, who fought under Juarez's aide, Porfirio Diaz, throughout the time Maximilian was Emperor, acted as technical adviser on the film, and gave Director Dieterle many valuable suggestions when Dieterle went to Mexico for data.

One of Lopez's deeds of derring-do has been duplicated in the picture. During an engagement with the French artillery, he rode up to the gun emplacement, unarmed, lassoed a field piece, and dragged it back to the Mexican lines. This act of courage was witnessed by Col. Gabriel Moreno, now aged 90; and by General Ignacio Velasquez, now 108 years old, who was the commanding officer during that engagement. Apparently one way to live long is to join a Mexican revolution.

And it looked for a while as if the way to have a short life was to join the cast of *Juarez*. Gilbert Roland, who plays the role of a Mexican officer, averted two bad accidents in as many days. First he saved the $20,000 royal coach and doubtless the life of Bette's stand-in when he stopped a bad runaway by spurring his horse forward and seizing a bridle. The next day—still doing things not in the script—he saved Bette from almost certain injury by

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throwing his mount off balance and to the ground after it had suddenly reared and seemed about to plunge into Bette's lap.

Great pains have been taken to give the film authenticity. Many objects were brought from Mexico, and a $50,000 shipload of authentic Louis Napoleon art objects is part of the "atmosphere." The wardrobe furnished 3,000 outfits; the property department 10,000 "props;" the make-up department $2,500 worth of whiskers. Maximilian's four beards cost $500, and the rest of the cast used five hundred whisker items from "the works," to the tiny patch that John Garfield, as Porfirio Diaz, wore on his chin.

Even the stars in the skies are correctly placed. Director Dieterle is a believer in horoscopes, so he had somebody work out the exact position in which the stars were on the evening of the famous "adoption day." So the constellations you see twinkling beyond the windows of Chapultepec palace when that day ends are the same as those which Carlotta and Maximilian saw. Thus, to his own satisfaction, Dieterle combined both astronomy and astrology. He felt that the ill-starred royal pair were entitled, in his picture, anyway, to the stars to which they were accustomed.

Perhaps because the theme is so tragic, Juarez handed the cast more unplanned laughs in the course of production than you'll find (more's the pity) in many a comedy. Paul Muni tried one little scene seven times before he got through it without interruption. Tiny upsets ruined the first three takes; in Take 4, a fly landed on Muni's nose; Take 5, an airplane droned above the sound stage; Take 6, the mikes picked up a long peal of thunder which turned out to be the rolling of an embarrassed actor's tummy.

Quite a lot of the merriment centered around the flaring hoop skirts of Carlotta. Once, at a lakeside, a breeze caught those hoops and Bette, finding them as unmanageable as balloons, had to be saved from taking flight by a corps of cameramen. And in the big scene when Carlotta's mind feels its first touch of insanity, those hoops got in their work again.

Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, had called. "Your Imperial Majesty," he began.

Bette whirled about to face him. Her foot caught in the folds, the heavy hoops swung, and Her Imperial Majesty went flat on the floor. She might have been *really* mad that time, but once more she laughed. For a film Empress, there's nothing like a sense of humor.

It doesn't hurt for an Emperor to have a sense of humor, either. After a nice picnic lunch out at the ranch, Brian Aherne learned that he was to face the firing squad. All afternoon. So, for fun, he took a quick look at the calls for next day to see what the future had in store. His call read: "Brian Aherne. Stage 7. 9 a. m. Interior coffin."

Aherne shrugged. "Oh, well," he said, "that's life in the movies."

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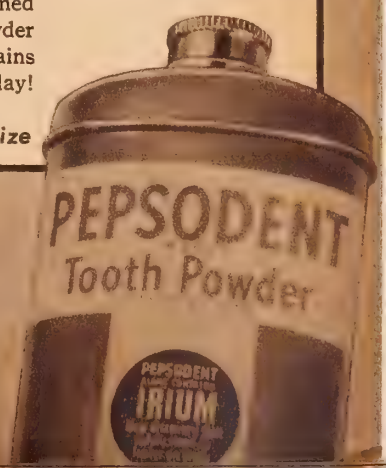
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Most Men Don't Like Love

[*Continued from page 23*]

has to tear around and wait on me. I think it's stupid and superficial for a woman to put a cigarette in her mouth and then sit there posed, waiting for a man to break his neck to light it. I like attentions, thoughtfulness and courtesy the same as any other girl. But there are ways of having charming attentions without constantly reminding a man that a woman must be handled like a hot house flower."

More than in any other part of the country, men are sought after in Hollywood. The reason is easy to understand. Many more girls than men are employed by the picture industry. Many more lovely girls than handsome young men seek careers in the movies. The town overflows with pretty maidens who are working at any available job to maintain themselves until some important executive notices them and whips out a contract. All of those girls want companionship, friends to come to their parties, to go dancing with. And there just aren't enough men to go around. Especially eligible bachelors. And the eligible bachelors are growing cagey. Most of them are starting careers that are very important. They want to support wives properly when they do marry.

This probably explains why Ann Sheridan is one of the most popular young women in Hollywood today. When love walked out of Ann Sheridan's life a little while ago, common sense walked in on the arm of her sense of humor. What it cost Ann to rise above her own troubles, no one knows. But, without being cynical or sharp, and without discussing her personal life, Ann let it be known that she is NOT in love with the idea of being in love.

The result was a concerted rush of young men! David Niven and Ronald Reagan both are good friends, but Cesar Romero seems to head the long list. He says that she came into his life like a refuge from a storm!

"The very first time I asked her to go out with me, I was held up at the studio!" Romero tells you. "I know how it upsets girls when a date is broken, and I was worried, but I couldn't help it. I was supposed to be at Ann's house by seven. At six they gave me the bad news. I saw my chances slipping of ever getting another date."

"Please don't give it another thought," said Ann when Cesar called her. "I understand perfectly. Let's make it another night soon."

"I did make it another night soon," says Cesar. "But the next day I sent Ann flowers and a written apology. When we met she made me promise never to send flowers for such a reason again. I always look forward to going out with Ann, because I know we will have a good time. Ann always makes a fellow feel that everything he does is pretty special. It's sure a relief after some of those girls who never seem to get enough attention.

"I think Ann Sheridan is the only girl in Hollywood, who doesn't object to someone dropping by unexpectedly. One morning I was playing tennis in Ann's neighborhood. On my way home I passed by her house. It was two miles to the nearest phone. So I took a chance and rang her bell. While I waited, the maid went out to tell Ann, who was in the garden.

"Ann shouted for me to come on out. I found her wearing dirty overalls and cotton gloves. Her hair was pinned up in a knot on top of her head. She had sun tan oil all over her face. She wasn't wearing a bit of make-up and she didn't apologize or try to cover her confusion with coyness. *That's* what I call a regular girl."

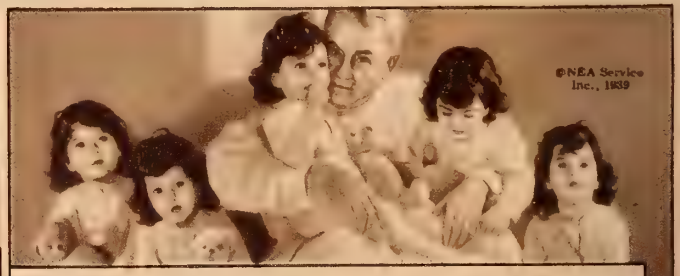
One night Ann and Cesar were supposed to attend an opening. At the time, Cesar was allowing his hair and beard to grow for his role in the new *Cisco Kid*. When Cesar explained that he felt a little like Pancho Villa, Ann quickly relieved the situation.

"Okay," she said. "That settles it. We don't go to the premiere. Let's go down to Olvera Street and get some chili. Down

Do you Remember when we were Born..?



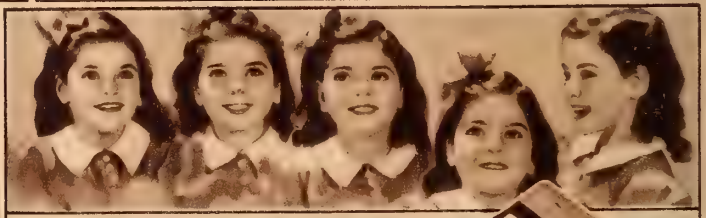
1934—The Dionne Quins, born May 28th, a miracle of modern medical science. Because of their premature birth, their skin was so sensitive that for months they were bathed only with *Olive Oil* . . . When the time came for soap and water baths, Dr. Dafoe decided that only Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, was gentle enough for these precious babies!



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1937—*Growing lovelier* day by day! These five little beauties with their lovely "Schoolgirl Complexions" are a beauty lesson to women the world over! For *Palmolive*, made with soothing Olive Oil, is still the only soap Dr. Dafoe permits these famous little girls to use!



1939—*Five years old* on May 28th! And during all these years they've never, *never* used any soap except Palmolive! What better proof could you have, dear Lady, that this gentle soap made from Olive and Palm Oils really is ideal for your own complexion, and for your children, too?



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there they'll greet you like a long lost brother!"

Another time they did go to an opening. Again Cesar was detained at the studio. Ann was all dressed and waiting when Cesar called her to say that he still was on the set.

"Of course I'm not put out," said Ann soothingly. "I don't mind waiting. Actors' hours are always irregular. I knew our date might be uncertain, if they kept you working. I can find enough things to do in the meantime. I certainly don't feel that any date could be important enough to upset you. I'll read 'til you get here."

A grateful Cesar finally put in an appearance. When they arrived at the El Capitan Theatre, through an error someone else had taken their tickets. Now Cesar was genuinely upset. Ann simply grabbed him by the arm and dragged him next door to Barker Brothers. "Let's hear some new recordings," she said. There they sat in one of those stuffy little rooms. Cesar in his top hat. Ann in her ermine.

If Ann ever felt the urge to be conceited, she'd admit her flair for frying chicken would be her one bid to fame. Ann learned the gentle art when she was little Claire Lou of Dallas. She really enjoys doing it, and it isn't one of those movie - star - roughing - it - in-her-own-kitchen things, either. One evening Ann invited the sex appeal lads over for a long-promised meal. David Niven was there. Ditto Ronald Reagan. Also one or two more.

Now it just so happens that a certain other glamour girl, who isn't used to having her invitations refused, was also giving a party. She wanted Cesar there. She wanted David there too. In fact she wanted several of Ann's guests, who were forced not too unhappily, to refuse. Needless to say, the name of Sheridan isn't mentioned any too kindly in cinema sewing circles. But the boys all think she is wonderful!

One day recently, the "Dead End" boys visited Ann on her set. She's their favorite on the lot and this is definitely what is known as, passing the acid test. Ann was kidding around and having a lot of fun. But the boys wanted to play rough. Suddenly Ann felt a pain in her neck, and called a halt. The boys had practically put her neck out of joint. Not since the discovery of gold in Alaska, have you seen such a rush to a rescue.

Say the "Dead End" boys about Ann, "We like her because she never tries to make us over into gentlemen."

Says Ann right back at them, sweetly, "That's silly. Why should I?" And then just as they all look pleased, "Besides it's impossible!"

Not so long ago Ann was granted a divorce from handsome Eddie Norris. Even if she wanted to be serious again, it will be many months before she is legally free. As a rule, Hollywood has an insidious little way of knowing what goes on. No one has ever learned what happened between Eddie and Ann. When she married, Ann was in love. Now she isn't. But she has a host of friends, a lot of fun, and a conviction that "Most men don't like love!"

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Perils of Pauline

At the age of three, she was selling Liberty Bonds. At nine she was keeping house, and the rest of her career is equally surprising

By ELMER SUNFIELD



■ If there's one girl in Hollywood who is thankful that she is at last beginning to "look her age," as the feminine saying goes, it's the lovely Pauline Moore.

Every year, for four straight years, Pauline was asked to take a screen test at 20th Century-Fox's New York office. Every time she took it, the cameraman raved about her beauty, the director raved about her acting, and about three weeks later 20th Century's Hollywood office turned the test down—and raved because (and these are the exact words, copied from an inter-office memo) she continued to look like a grammar school girl!

She even married and became the mother of two babies—and still continued to look as young as Deanna Durbin. Talk about the irony of fate! Scores of other actresses were buying cosmetics wholesale in mad efforts to save their skins—and their careers—and here was pretty Pauline on the outside looking in—and for no other reason than that youth clung to her tighter than ivy to a wall!

Two years ago, however, the studio finally relented and signed her to a contract. Small roles served to convince producers that she was, indeed, a valuable piece of property. That is, if they could ever figure out some way to age her! Well, Father Time stepped in a few months ago, and, while the old gent didn't put any wrinkles into her lovely face nor sprinkle her hair with grey, he did make her look old enough to satisfy the front office, and she found herself cast for her first leading-lady role as Constance in *The Three Musketeers.*

Now that she's "growed up" enough to please her bosses, Pauline is headed for stardom as sure as this writer is knee-high to a reflector. We'll tell you why by beginning at the beginning—which takes us back to

Pauline Moore, wife of the well-known illustrator, Jeff Machamer, will be seen in *Young Mr. Lincoln*

June 17, 1914, the date of her birth.

For one reason or another Pauline didn't go to school until she was 9 years old, but her alert little mind was kept pretty busy as early as her 18th month, when she started her dramatic training by reciting a poem at a Christmas party.

"Mother must have been pleased with that initial effort of mine," Pauline says, "because immediately afterward she enrolled me in a dramatic class at the E. K. Peall Conservatory in Philadelphia. When I was three I worked for the Red Cross, taking flowers to the hospitals, reciting pieces, selling Liberty bonds, singing such songs as *Keep the Home Fires Burning* and *You Can Give All My Toys to the Poor Girls and Boys, But Bring Back My Daddy to Me.* My, I was proud of myself! When I was four the Conservatory held a graduation recital and I received a medal for accomplishing the best work of the year."

During the flu epidemic of 1918 the family moved to Greensboro, North Carolina.

"We stayed there about three years," she says, "and in my spare time I studied piano and dancing. But I had to drop both and learn how to keep house for Mother. Father—he was Paul Love, a civil engineer in the British Intelligence Service—had been killed in action when I was about a year and a half old, and Mother had been the provider ever since. When we moved to Greensboro she found a job in a department store. She'd come home at night so tired she couldn't cook, much less try to tidy up the house. So I took over the housework, and likewise the cooking. I won't go any further into describing my skill with the skillet other than to say that the second evening I tried to prepare a meal I roasted a rabbit with its fur still on! Given time I would have made worse mistakes, but Mother kept a watchful eye on me after that."

■ But not for long. Pauline's mother suffered a breakdown and was taken to a Pinehurst sanitarium to recuperate. Pauline was taken to some kindly neighbors, where she stayed until her mother returned.

"She came home one Christmas day, thinner than the proverbial rail," the daughter says. "We went back to our old apartment, and I went back to my old job of cleaning and cooking. Of the two jobs, cooking was the easier—for the very sad reason that we had no money to buy food. At least not the kind of food Mother needed just then. After a day or two a Red Cross nurse paid us a visit, cross-examined me when Mother wasn't looking—and the next day we received a big basket of food—milk, canned goods, and all the trimmings. The sight of it made me so happy that I ran up and down the street crying out that the Red Cross was sending us food! Maybe you can imagine how embarrassed Mother was when she discovered what I had been doing!"

It wasn't long after this "most embarrassing moment" that the Moore family packed up and moved to Union Furnace, Penn. Mrs. Moore found a job as housekeeper for a widower with four children, held it for a month or two, and then decided that another migration was in order.

"Harrisburg, Penn., this time," Pauline relates. "And then something happened. Something terrible, I thought at first. Mother married the man whose name we now bear. Jesse Joel Moore, a credit insurance man whom she had met long before during a visit in the South. I was twelve when this happened, and old enough to know better, but I thought I was losing her for good when she told me her plan. I cried for hours because of this great catastrophe that was going to befall me. But Mother married, despite my violent protestations, and I was glad that she did, because my step-father was a wonderful man. He loved poetry, loved to read it aloud, and finally taught me to appreciate the beauty of it. So much so that I even tried my hand at writing it. Believe it or not, when I was twelve, I had a book of poems published under the title, "Love Lyrics," by Pauline Moore! All proceeds from the sale of this monumental work (and it sold fairly well, believe it or not) above the cost of printing went to the Y. W. C. A."

Pauline graduated from high school when she was a mere fifteen and then en-



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Address.....

tered the Darlington Seminary at Westchester for a year.

"I became very active in church work," she says, "and with Mother made numberless speeches before Y. W. C. A. groups throughout the state. I just missed becoming an evangelist by an all-of-a-sudden realization that it was dramatics I liked above everything else. The reason why I dropped the one and chose the other was due, no doubt, to my intense interest in the stock company in Harrisburg. I'd come home every week-end and literally haunt the theatre. Finally I got up enough courage to write the leading lady, Edna Preston, a three-line little note stating that I'd like to meet her. The next mail brought me a little three-line note in reply stating that nothing would give her so much pleasure than to have me come back-stage for a visit. Edna said that the manager needed some extra girls for a revue he had in mind, and suggested that I apply for a job, just to see if the theatre would appeal to me as much in back of the footlights as in front. Well . . .

"I didn't go back to school after the Easter vacation. Instead, Mother and I went to Asbury Park with the stock company. We opened at the Savoy Theatre with *Nancy's Private Affair,* in which I played the part of a hard-boiled golddigger. After that came the lead in *Death Takes a Holiday.* When we closed Mother and I went to New York. The day after our arrival I went to the Universal office and had a long visit with Dave Werner, the casting director, whom I finally outtalked into signing me up to a three-months' contract. Dave said the studio would prepare me for pictures, but something went wrong because about all I did was to pose for publicity stills and fashions. I never got on a set! During all this time, Father, still intent on getting me out of the theatre, finally had his say. Universal's legal department called me up and informed me that since I was under age I'd better go home and grow up. Well, I was pretty angry about the whole thing, and I told the legal department to go jump into a couple of lakes. Still angry, I wrote Father a long letter, blaming him for all the bad luck that had happened to me, not realizing that I was hurting the man who had been so good to us all. But that's the way stubborn youth is, I guess.

■ "Then I finally got a job modeling dresses in a wholesale house, but only after trying a hundred different places. The job lasted two weeks, during which time our lunch hours were spent running in and out of theatrical offices. Finally, when my job was gone and my pocketbook was empty, I got a break. I walked into the Ziegfeld Theatre one blustering March noon in 1932, approached a girl seated behind an imposing desk, and asked to see Mr. Ziegfeld. 'Mr. Ziegfeld is busy rehearsing his show,' the young lady said. 'I am busy trying to land a job,' I said. 'May I please see Mr. Ziegfeld?' 'No,' the girl told me, very emphatically, and suggested that I go downstairs and see Sammy Ledner. Well, I saw Sammy. 'What do you do?' he asked. 'Sing? Dance?' I did neither. I told him rather haughtily, 'I'm an actress.' Sammy laughed and told me to sit down. When the authors, Mark Hellinger and Lew Brown, came in Sammy introduced me in his most polite manner. 'Miss Moore is an actress,' he informed them very soberly. Lew smiled at that and asked me to sing a song. He sat down at the piano, opened up the pages of *Now That You're Gone,* and I sang. Or tried to. At any rate when I was through he said something vague about 'coming back in two, three days.' So I came back twice a day! Maybe perseverance always wins at that! At any rate I landed a job. June Knight, the ingenue, had to have her appendix snipped off, and I went on in her place throughout the rehearsals. Up until two days before the show opened, I thought sure I was going to play the part, but June, good trouper that she was, came back and went on opening night. The show ran for six months with me understudying practically everyone in the cast. As a reward for my work the manager gave me some of the late Dorothy Dell's costumes, and when any of the showgirls were ill he'd let me go on in her place.

"The gay and vivacious Lupe Velez was also in this show, and I'll never forget the night she put on an act of her own. In one part of the play she was supposed to come on stage arguing with a shopkeeper. As she argued she kept tearing a dress to pieces. Well, on this particular night, Lupe found she had just two minutes left before her entrance—and there wasn't a prop dress in sight for her to rip apart. Lupe got excited when she found that out, and started to tear at her hair. When that didn't get results she started in shrieking, 'Geeve me a dress, somebody! Queek! Do sometheeng, somebody, queek, or I shall keel somebody!' You can imagine the furor that was going on backstage by then. While everybody was jabbering and running here and there looking for a dress, I stepped into one of those tiny quick-change rooms, stripped, and threw out the elaborate Spanish senorita costumes I was wearing—and I stayed in hiding while Lupe, now on the stage with the shopkeeper, tore that expensive costume literally to shreds! After a while the stage manager came up and whispered, 'Are you there, Pauline?' 'Yes,' I whispered back, thinking I was to be fired. 'Fine,' he said, much to my great relief, 'fine work. That was quick thinking.' "

NEXT MONTH

Packed with special features is the JULY issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Don't miss Deanna Durbin's big contest, and its dozens of delightful prizes. They're easy to win! Don't miss the chart by which you can pick your astrological twin among the movie stars. Don't miss the dozens of feature stories, and the news, gossip and pictures of Hollywood.

■ Before the show was more than a week old, Mrs. Moore left for home to await a blessed event, and a few days later she sent out a chaperone for Pauline.

"My 18th birthday arrived just before the show closed," the daughter says, "and I phoned Father collect saying that I was sending my chaperone back and that from now on, being of age, I was going it alone."

That's what SHE thought. Because when she said it she didn't reckon with a young cartoonist by the name of Jeff Machamer.

"Every night when I walked home from the theatre," Pauline smiles, "I'd look up at a brownstone apartment house across the street and see a man working on a drawing board. One Sunday my landlady told me she'd sold out and that I'd have to find another place to live. The first stop was at the brownstone building, where I rented a little room on the fourth floor. On my last trip from the old place to the new, I carried my little fox terrier puppy. Just as I was going upstairs, the landlady yelled from the lobby that there was a telephone call for a Mr. Machamer. When he passed me on the stairs he stopped at the sight of the puppy and said he'd like to draw it. He went on to answer the phone—and I didn't see anything of him until the show closed six months later!"

And she probably wouldn't have seen him then, save for the fact that Jeff needed a model for a rush illustration, and remembered her. Pauline says she wouldn't go to see him at first. She was an actress, not a model. But she changed her mind, went down and posed as he requested. Not only that, but she posed for him several times after that. Later, when the show closed and she was down to her last dozen dimes, she posed for other artists whom Jeff recommended.

Pauline did a little modeling in the early spring of 1933. During the bank holiday she answered some domestic help wanted ads and ended up in the Bronx taking care of the four-year-old son of a bridge-playing mother.

"I held that job two weeks and might have held it longer only the mother ordered me to wash the outside of the windows of our 'four-stories up' apartment, and I couldn't imagine myself doing that in zero weather. Not if I valued my neck. So I quit, moved into the Dancers Club, and earned my board and keep by operating the switchboard."

It was while operating the switchboard that she got a call to report for rehearsal for *Murder At the Vanities.* The show ran for seven months, which just goes to show you what happens to telephone girls who know enough to put in a plug for themselves.

Something else happened about this time, too. Jeff Machamer finally got up enough courage to ask Pauline out to dinner. Emboldened by the success of that, he began to hang around the stage door. As a matter of record he hung around until May, 1934, when he took Pauline over to Westminster, Maryland, and married her.

"There was no honeymoon," she says. "We went right back to New York because Jeff had to work. Two weeks later I went into a show called *Dance With Your Gods,* but evidently the gods weren't propitious because the play lasted but two weeks."

During all this time 20th Century-Fox continued to make its annual tests of her and the front-office remarks continued to be the usual stereotyped affair—Miss Moore is too young. Miss Moore still looks like a grammar school girl.

"After the last test," she says, "I settled down to being very domestic. Laurie Ann was born February 9, 1936. Along in late October of that year I made another test for 20th Century-Fox and this time it sort of jelled. I was told to report to the Hollywood studios in two weeks. This was in the morning. At noon of the same day I was told to leave New York in two days. In the afternoon—of the same day, mind you—I received another call ordering me to leave at five-thirty. Ten minutes after that another call ordering me to take a plane at eight-thirty! So I flew. Mother followed by train the next day, bringing Laurie Ann. The day they arrived, I went into a role as cousin to Loretta Young in *Love Is News.* After that came roles in *Charlie Chan at the Olympics, Born Reckless, Wild and Woolly, Heidi, Three Blind Mice, Passport Husband, Five of a Kind, The Arizona Wildcat* and *The Three Musketeers.* I certainly was kept busy once I did get here."









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Report On Cuba

Fascinating were the experiences of a reader of HOLLYWOOD Magazine when she went to the movies in Cuba



You call him Clark Gable, but he is known as Clarkey Gobbley to hundreds of enthusiastic fans





Believe it or not, this is Hinher Rohers, and the gentleman on the right is known as Robairto Teelor to many adoring maidens in the South

Dear HOLLYWOOD Editor:

I have just returned from my first trip to Cuba—not the Cuba of Havana with its smart shops and hotels and sophisticated inhabitants. But the small towns of eastern Cuba, where life is less cosmopolitan and the inhabitants, just as charming, are simpler. It was there I learned something I thought might be of interest to you and to other readers of HOLLYWOOD . . . . the fact that Cubans love American movies.

I love movies myself. Most of my friends are ardent fans. But our interest pales into positive indifference compared with the passion of our Cuban friends. I have never seen anything like it. When a Cuban hates he hates, and when he loves he loves. And there is no doubt that they love movies with all the fire, the violence, and the single-heartedness of the Latin temperament.

I learned this the first day. I was sitting in the lobby of a small hotel, waiting for my father. A movie magazine was open on my lap but I wasn't reading. I was looking instead out on the dusty, sunny street, with its palm trees and great colorful flowers and its low-voiced, slowly-moving passersby. It was a different world from any I had ever known.

Suddenly a girl sat down on the couch beside me. She was about seventeen, shy, and very lovely with her olive skin and dark eyes. She pointed to the magazine in my lap.

"You like Clarkey Gobbley, *si*?" she asked eagerly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Clarkey Gobbley. You like him, *si*?"

I was baffled. Then shyly, but still eagerly, she pointed to the picture on the page in my lap. Of course! Although many of the younger Cubans speak and read English, they still pronounce our proper names in Spanish. Who else could Clarkey Gobbley be but—Clark Gable!

"Oh, yes!" I said. "I mean—*si*! Do you?"

What a torrent of praise I had called forth! She chattered in Spanish and in English, she rolled her eyes ecstatically. And she threw questions at me faster than I could answer. Was not Clarkey *muy bueno*? And what of Robairto Teelor? She paused expectantly—and for breath.

Yes, I liked Robert Taylor.

And Hoan Crawford? And so-beautiful Hinher Rohers?

The last one had me stumped until I had time to translate. Ginger Rogers, of course. Oh, yes, I was particularly fond of Ginger. On and on the senorita chattered, asking hundreds of questions, most of which I could not answer. We talked movies until my father came. And after that, we were fast friends the whole time I stayed at the hotel, and all we ever talked about—or rather, all I was ever talked *to* about—was movies.

It dawned on me after I had talked with her, and with other young Cubans, that to them movies are not acting but real. This was illustrated in an amusing way once when my father and I were talking to a group of Cubans.

The name of Charlie Po came up. When we looked a little blank, they were obviously disgusted with our ignorance. Why, they said, he is the greatest detective the world has ever known. He is a Chino (Chinaman) but he travels all over the globe and no one who has ever lived can do the miraculous things he has done. Beside him our English detective, Sherlock Holmes, is a *bobo* (fool). I then had a brainstorm and said, "Oh, you must mean Charlie Chan."

Si, si, only they call him Charlie Po. Why this is I never discovered, but they were loud in their praise and declared that if ever Cuba had a murder mystery they hoped the Cuban government would send for Charlie Po at once to solve it.

Movies are so real to them that whenever a Clarkey Gobbley or Robairto Teelor picture is shown, the senoritas dress in their finest and fall all over themselves to get front row seats. Much as our mothers, I suppose, sat on the front row of the legitimate theatre in hopes that the matinee idol of their day might notice them.

They love Chiquita Shearley Templey, too. To them she is *la mas simpática que todas* (the most winsome little girl of all). *Platinos* (blondes) are more popular than brunettes, and Mae West is a great favorite. *Mequilito Musey* (Mickey Mouse) is the most popular comic strip, and at westerns and gangster pictures they get so excited that the noise they make can, literally, be heard for blocks.

Once when I was in one of the smaller towns I noticed a sign in front of the movie theatre that announced in big letters, "Ginger Rogers in person, SOON!" I got quite excited because I had known Ginger as a little girl in Fort Worth and I wanted to see her again.

So I went to the manager to find out when she was to arrive. He told me with eloquent, sad gestures that unfortunately the beautiful *platino* was kept in the States this time, but that she would certainly arrive at a later date. After that, from time to time whenever one of Ginger's pictures was to be shown, the sign would appear again. Of course she never arrived. But the manager always had a valid excuse and I discovered that, neither in his own mind nor in the minds of his ardent customers, was he doing anything dishonest. Seeing Ginger on the screen was just like seeing her in person, to them, and they were just as enthusiastic as if she had appeared in flesh and blood.

One of the last evenings I was on the island I went to a G-man picture with my father. It was Saturday night, and the house was packed. The townspeople all came, as well as the farmers and workmen from surrounding plantations in town for the day, with their wives and children. It was a colorful audience. You saw, occasionally, a woman in a *mantilla,* now seldom worn, or a young girl with flowers in her hair. Some of the men from the country wore *machetes* (a short, sharp sword-like knife). The flow of their soft voices was like music, with here and there a staccato note. The place was alive with voices before the picture started, but even when the lights dimmed and the title was thrown on the screen they didn't stop talking. They simply changed the subject of conversation. They began talking to the characters in the picture, or about them. It was shown, as nearly all American pictures are, with English sound and Spanish sub-titles.

The G-men they greeted with enthusiastic shouts and cheers. The villainous gangsters they greeted with cries of "*Quite se!*" Which is the Spanish equivalent of "Take it away!" When one of the G-men was killed, the man next to

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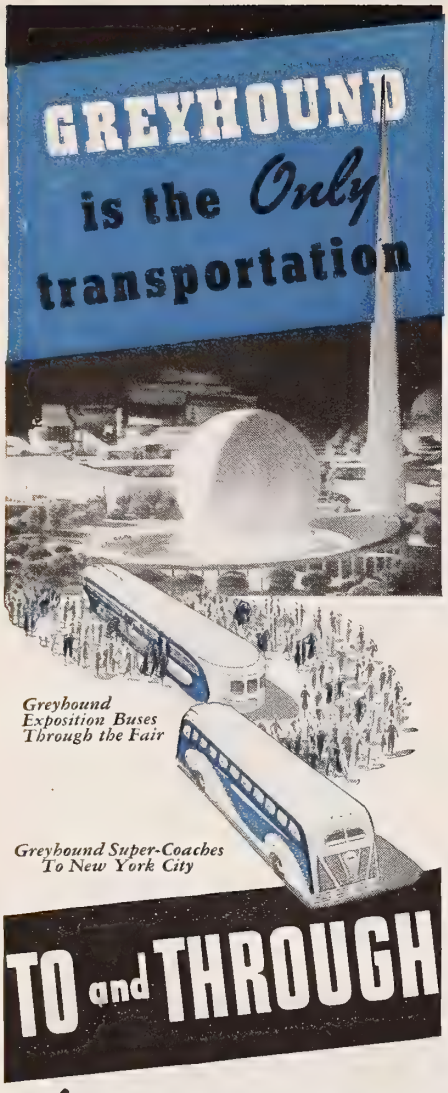
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me sighed and said *"Que va!"* That means in literal translation, "What goes," but figuratively it is an expression of resignation like, "Well, that's the way life is."

At the climax when the G-men were closing in on the hide-out and the machine guns were blasting and the tear-gas bombs thrown, they stood up and yelled. It was all terribly exciting and noisy, and when I came out I thought—and I'm afraid in quite a superior sort of way—"How quaint the Cubans are, after all, to get so excited at a movie!"

Last week, on Saturday night, I went to a movie in my own home town, right here in the States. It was, as it happened, another G-man picture. The house was packed with townspeople and the farmers in town for the day with their wives and children. It was an exciting picture and I was quite carried away with it. And then all of a sudden, right at the climax, I was aware of what was going on around me. The place was a bedlam. There were shouts and cheers and stamping of feet; there were cries of "Go get him!"

And I thought, a little shamefaced but with a great thrill, that movie audiences are not very different, no matter where you find them.

Vive cinema!

Sincerely yours,

HELEN IRWIN DOWDEY.

Annabella Keeps Gossips Guessing

[*Continued from page* 32]

Her entire career has had an aura of innocent mystery. Take her name, for instance. She was not content with using conventional appellations. She wanted to be different; to mystify. So little Mlle. Suzanne Charpentier became "Annabella" when she went on the screen.

The name was suggested by Poe's "Annabel Lee," her favorite poetic work. It worked magic for her. It sounded far off and romantic. It made people remember her easily.

Now take her friendship with young Mr. Power. He says they are only friends. The studio says nothing. And Annabella smiles mischievously, enchantingly, and remains silent. From the very beginning, when they met on the *Suez* set, they struck it off famously. Power saw less and less of other friends, and more and more of Annabella, and the Hollywood wiseacres immediately rumored romance.

About mid-summer in 1938 she sailed for France, and in August the gossips had something more to talk about. The cables suddenly burned with the news that Annabella had filed suit for divorce. "Power!" everybody now said. In Paris, Annabella told reporters: "I marry Monsieur Power? That is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all. Hollywood is my reason for divorce. Our work separates us for so long that it is impossible for Murat and me to remain married. *Voila! c'est tout!"*

The wiseacres raised their eyebrows. The studio had no plans for her. The chances were she might work awhile for Robert Kane, in charge of the company's English plant.

Annabella said nothing more. She made *Hotel du Nord,* with Jean Gabin, and appeared on the stage a couple of times. In November Power flew to Rio de Janeiro on a vacation. And where was Annabella? Not in France, or on her way to report to Kane, but aboard a ship rolling down to Rio.

At the dock she told reporters she was on a vacation. Yes, she might meet Mr. Power at the plane. She went to the airfield, but the crush of the crowd routed her. He found her at the Copacabana Hotel, where both engaged suites.

Annabella and Tyrone saw a lot of each other in that brief, vacation sojourn under the romantic Southern Cross. They went motor-boating, swimming, dancing. Then, while the gossips speculated wildly, she hopped a plane for the U.S.A. Power took the slower steamer route home. It was all very mystifying. The studio's New York office had "no orders." What Annabella was doing was apparently her own business. So, when she dropped out of the skies at Newark shortly before Christmas, not even a company office boy was on hand to say *"bienvenue!"*

■ I found Annabella sitting alone in her suite of the Pierre. She was gazing wistfully out on the snow of Central Park. A few hours earlier Power had docked and gone straight to the Pierre. At that moment he was warming his ankles three floors above us.

"Are you sailing back to France soon?" I asked, perplexed.

"Non, non, I am going to Hollywood," she laughed. "Isn't it wonderful? I have just now signed the contract—for two pictures. . . ."

"Maybe Mr. Power has something to do with your change of plans," I suggested.

"Pleaseeee!" she begged. "Promise you will not ask about my private life? You will not ask about Mr. Power?"

"But," I said quickly before I made any promises about questions, "there've been a lot of reports about you two in South America. You owe it to your millions of fans to say something."

"But I'd rather not say anything, because there's so much cheap publicity and insincerity in all talk like this. Let's wait. Let's keep it a mystery for a while longer. You know," she added, "I'm all alone now. I have no home. I gave up my apartment in Paris. I have traveled all alone for the first time in years. I am very happy to go back to Hollywood. I love the place. Life is so simple, so informal. I like to sit all day in the sunshine and drink milk and orange juice. *C'est la vie, vraiment!* It is so wonderful to work there. Everybody is so sincere. The heart is put in everything, even down to the little girl who fixes your hair. There's so much hope and enthusiasm!"

Ten minutes later, Annabella and Power were off to lunch at a quiet spot. Previously cornered by newspapermen, he had said: "I admire her very much; but I'm not in love with her and do not intend to marry her. Our trips were planned separately. During the filming of *Suez* she mentioned she had cousins in Buenos Aires and that we might meet there during our visits."

Nevertheless, it gave the gossips still more to talk about when both of them boarded a plane for Hollywood several hours later that same afternoon.

It wasn't the first time that Annabella had left people gaping in bewilderment. M. and Mme. Pierre Charpentier, parents of the French star, regarded her with puzzled expression when she was only a child. Annabella was born in Paris on the French Fourth of July, Bastille Day, July 14, 1912, and a few years later, at the age when most little girls were still playing with dolls, Annabella was collecting photographs of movie stars.

Her collection soon covered the walls, chairs, the floor of her room.

One day in school she dropped her locket as she rose to recite. It snapped open, revealing two tiny pictures. Her professor stepped forward, examining it.

"Who are these strange people to be in a precious locket?" he asked.

"Dear cousins," she replied, suppressing a grin.

The pictures were of Norma Talmadge and Mae Murray!

■ Moody, restless because of her consuming ambitions, Annabella neglected her lessons, worried her parents. A friend noticed her strange pensiveness.

"She's mad to get in the movies," her parent said, "and we don't know what to do."

"I know someone at Joinville," the friend replied. "Maybe I can arrange a small part for her."

Annabella was wild with joy. The part was small, but big enough to attract the attention of René Clair, leading cinema director.

She underwent months of heart-breaking work in small parts until one day in 1930 when French cinema audiences woke to find a new star. Annabella triumphed in one picture after another. Studios clamored for her services. She appeared in four pictures during one year alone. But it was Monsieur Clair's *Le Million* which sent her skyrocketing to international stardom.

Berlin, Budapest, Vienna and London were bidding for her. Early in 1933 Annabella went to Hollywood, land of her dreams, to do the French *Caravan*.

Hollywood was disappointing at first. It was full of famous international stars. "I was terribly alone," Annabella says. "I stepped onto the set when Loretta Young, who was making the American version, stepped off. Nobody paid the slightest attention to me. I just sat around and pined for Paris for two solitary months."

Back in Paris Annabella was soon called to London to do *Wings of the Morning* for Robert Kane, her former boss at Joinville, and producer of the French *Caravan*.

"But," she replied, "I don't know English."

"Come over anyway," Kane said, "we'll take care of that!"

The upshot of it was that Annabella settled down with a physician's family in London to learn the King's English. She stayed for three months, and they never found out that she was the famous continental film star! Talk about hoodwinking people!

The picture was a big success. Hollywood, which hardly had noticed her before, swamped her with offers. But Annabella kept them guessing for awhile.

Finally in October, 1937, she came back and brought her family for company. Hollywood was warm and attentive.

Her first picture was *The Baroness and the Butler*, which was not so hot. Then came *Suez*, and now Annabella is on her way to American stardom.

"What's the secret of your technique on the screen," I asked her.

"Technique? Technique?" she asked. "I am just sincere, natural. Real life romance is that way. Maybe I should say I also am enthusiastic. Yes, that's it!"

But she left out one important thing . . . that mischievous air of mystery. I think it accounts for much of the allure she has off and on stage—that habit of keeping them guessing.

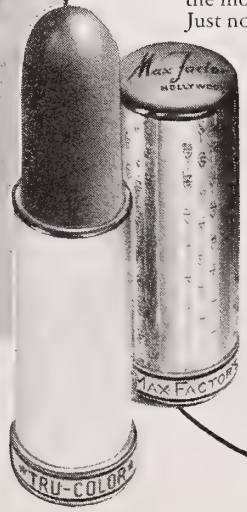


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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Light ☐ Dark ☐)	
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

If Hair is Gray check Light or Dark

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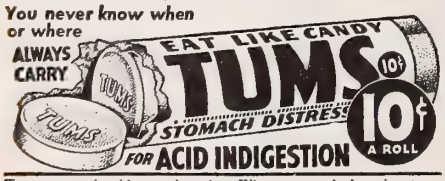
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Hand and Footnotes

Pink or flaming scarlet tips on your fingers and toes are just the start of hand and foot beauty, if you want to look as lovely on the beach as does Joan Blondell. Her next film has the challenging title *Good Girls Go to Paris*

By ANN VERNON

■ Just because your hands and feet are so useful is no reason they shouldn't be beautiful. Don't be the kind of girl who always has her fingers and toes tucked away out of sight. You can't hide them, anyway, if you're young and active. If you swim or dance, or if you're planning to wander through either of the World's Fairs, if you play games outdoors, then you might as well start grooming your toes, as well as your fingers. Beach clogs, street shoes, evening slippers are more cut out than ever. And hands aren't being mittened.

The rules for hand and foot beauty are almost identical. About the only difference is that toe nails should be filed straight across to prevent ingrown nails. Both should be scrubbed twice daily with soap and water and a brush to keep them clean, to remove bits of dead skin. Both should be decuticled at least once a week with an oily cuticle remover, worked gently around the nails with a covered orange-wood stick. Both should be tinted with the same pretty shade of polish.

The feet and legs look better for a little lubrication with hand lotion because of the cobwebby hose we wear and the open-work shoes. Don't think, just because summer is here, that you can put away your bottle of hand lotion with your fur bonnet. Use it generously and frequently to keep your extremities as soft and smooth as your face. Although the popularity of "Little Girl" fashions seems to indicate that we'll all be pink and white and fragile looking this summer, anyone who understands the American Girl's enthusiasm for outdoor sports will realize that she isn't going to forego them, just to stay lighter in skin tone. . . . The shade of your skin will largely determine what color nail polish you'll wear. You'll choose one of the new cameo-pink shades if you elect to remain on the pale side by protecting yourself with anti-suntan creams, or by sitting in the shade. And you'll choose one of the

Any beauty problems today? Our beauty editor will gladly help you solve them. Write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage) for her reply. No other charge.

warm brownish-red or russet shades if you deliberately court the sun. You'll find that a coat of base under your polish on fingernails and toenails will make it stand up better under the wear and tear of summer activity.

■ Even the most normal feet—with all fifty-two bones perfect and with nary a corn or callous—often give their owners plenty of discomfort in warm weather. And where there is discomfort, there is a strained facial expression that is fatal to beauty. You can keep your feet in the pink during hot weather by taking care in the selection of your shoes. Change them more frequently than you would in the winter. See to it that they are just loose enough and light enough to prevent pressure. If you have a plump, heavy foot, don't wear heel-less pumps. Wear a light, perforated tie-shoe that gives you enough support. If your feet are thin, beware of built-up shoes that grip the instep too tightly and stop the circulation. Wear lightweight or mesh hose for extra coolness and ventilation, and treat your feet to alternate hot and cold baths night and morning. After each one, massage a cooling powder or lotion all over the feet, between the toes. And keep your feet up whenever you can. That rests them, reduces swelling and that burning sensation.

If you have corns or callouses, yet like to spend a lot of time barefoot at the beach, here's the solution. . . . Some new pads, flesh colored and dainty looking, that cover those angry looking spots neatly and inconspicuously. There are medicated disks that can be inserted beneath the pad to help banish the blemish. The soft pads come in mighty handy without the disks for protecting irritated areas against a too-tight shoe. They're inexpensive and come in several shapes.

When I advised you to be lavish with powder on your tootsies, I had one particular all-purpose powder in mind. It's soft, silky and white and is an excellent odor corrective. Sprinkling it in your shoes and hose, as well as on your feet will keep them fresh and odorless for hours. It absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, and this makes your feet feel dry and comfy in the muggiest weather. And use it for a soothing all-over body rub after your bath, or when your skin is irritated from sunburn and windburn. It costs only a dime in spite of its super-super quality.

A nail polish house has brought out a scrumptious nail shampoo that is grand for removing dirt and stubborn stains from fingers—or toes. It's a milky white lotion that lathers wildly when you massage with the tricky pink nail scrub. A perfect method for getting your nails spotless without digging dangerously at the cuticle. While the shampoo doesn't dissolve cuticle, it removes dead pieces, and softens and lubricates the cuticle so it can be pushed back in a jiffy. The price of this wonder-worker is 35 cents. The large 60 cent size includes an applicator and the pink rubber nail polish. Want the name?

■ With dresses getting shorter by the hour, and playsuits as brief as ever, you must be extra-cautious about keeping your legs smooth and hairless. I can recommend two grand hair removers, one a wax epilator ($1) the other a depilatory cream (50 cents) that do a splendid job of deforesting. The cream is a little quicker, but the wax has longer-lasting effects. Alternating them at least once a week will keep your legs looking as glamorous as a movie star's. . . .

Write to me before June 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned here. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope (U. S. postage) with your letter and send it to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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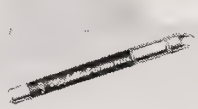
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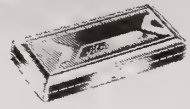
Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid liner).



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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c. Same shades.

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LOVALON
the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

Bachelor No. 1

[*Continued from page 27*]

At twenty-nine, through luck and application, he is a star and on his way to big achievement. BUT . . . he doesn't like to feel "settled," not for more than a few minutes. He always has eight or nine things on his mind.

So now when he showed up with that harried look it was because, among other things on his mind, there were three concerns of prime importance. One was the gay role in Ginger Rogers' picture, *Little Mother,* the opposite of his serious character as Merle Oberon's husband, "Edgar Lynton," in *Wuthering Heights.* Another was the attempt to wangle back from the studio part of the vacation which the Ginger Rogers picture had blocked, right after he'd bought a resplendent ski-ing outfit. Across the jacket are the letters "D. N. O.", which stand for "David Niven's Own" ski club (He's sure nobody else would want to join it!). The jacket was individualized still more by the Niven crest, which the actor himself has just devised—a ham on skis. The third thing he had on his mind was moving, that very afternoon, from an apartment in Beverly Hills to a house in Santa Monica on the ocean's edge.

That house is one reason why he doesn't look with envious glances upon men who are married. "Bachelor's hall is bad training for a husband," he admitted. "To give it up would be to give up cherished rights. I can throw my hats and shoes where I please . . ."

Two other young men have taken the house with him. With mock Scotch economy he explained: "Each of us not only saves on rent but also on transportation—we were always visiting one another, anyway.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "it's rather more expensive to be a bachelor than a married man in most countries, so I understand. That is, if you go out socially. But in Hollywood it's less expensive to be a bachelor than in any other place I've been. For one thing, orchids are much cheaper. For another, in Hollywood you are introduced to the eye-arresting girls; you meet them at the studio or at parties. You don't have to tip a waiter to slip a note to the lady in the blue hat at the third table.

"But, to even things up, there's nowhere much you can take a girl eating or dancing in Hollywood without bringing the news-cameras and gossip columnists down on your neck—and hers. If you want to take her to some place that's nice, for a truly good meal, with a first-class floor show or orchestra—well, there are just the comparatively few, regulation spots. And everybody's there, complete with flashlight bulbs.

"It's disconcerting. I defy anyone to grow romantic with the entire town looking on.

"In London, things are different. I can hunt up my own crowd and be comfortably lost in it. They treat me like dirt, and make a point of not seeing any picture I'm in, so I won't get the swollen head. They pay no attention to what I do, or to

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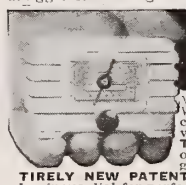
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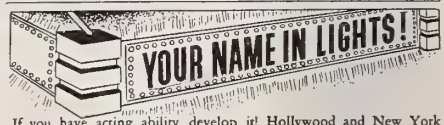
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me." He grinned again, mightily pleased. "Nobody ever heard of me, and I can walk the streets or sit in the club window—"

"Leering?" I prompted; "ogling the lady passersby?"

Niven recoiled in shock. "On my honor, never a leer," he replied, "not an ogle! What do you take me for? The nearest I ever came to it was when I was seated in a big chair in the club window, glancing idly out, and one of the older members entered the room." Niven sprang up to illustrate. He came forward, bent over, his hands clasped behind him. "He glared at me—" Niven gave a quite ferocious glare that twisted his smooth face into an astonishing grimace—"and then he went like this—" Niven stamped twice—"and he went out.

"I couldn't imagine what on earth! I began to think perhaps I'd unconsciously ogled out the window, or something equally heinous. The club fined me three pounds, approximately fifteen dollars.

"Of course it was hushed up—but I'd sat down in the chair in which Beau Brummel used to sit when he was alive! From his day to that moment, nobody else had ever sat there. No, it wasn't marked and I didn't know it was his chair; but I was *supposed* to know. I had violated a club tradition."

■ Yes, he mused, it was good, the way a chap could remain incognito in London. He meant it, too. He likes to be inconspicuous. And he felt inconspicuous the last time he dropped in at that London club, all right . . .

He hadn't been there for five years, and in the meantime he had begun to do pretty well in Hollywood.

"I sailed into the club feeling very fit," Niven said. "My bills were paid, no tailors or hatters were lying in wait for me near the club entrance; it was a lovely day, and when I spied an old gentleman playing billiards I remarked cheerily: 'How d'you do, sir! Nice afternoon!' He paused and peered at me under his brows." Niven paused and peered under his brows with a most forbidding expression. "'Oh,' he said, 'you. Every time I come in here, Niven, I see *you*.'

"For five years I'd been away. And he never missed me. And that wasn't a practical joke, either. He was serious."

■ Practical jokes! Any woman who captures David Niven will need a capacity for enjoying practical jokes of the most elaborate type. She could probably get around the lack of a routine dinner hour easily enough, but if she doesn't have a scintillant sense of humor she will be sunk.

Many and varied are the "ribs" which Niven has engineered, in Hollywood and elsewhere, as outlets for his inextinguishable high spirits. The ones he recalls most fondly are those contrived in his schooldays at Stowe, in England. These indicate what a heap of fun, as unexpected as untrammeled, there would be around any household of which Niven formed a part. Incidentally, they indicate that Niven can laugh even when the jest backfires.

"I'm the inventor of the half-brick game," he boasted; "I'm very proud of that."

To play it, you need a brick broken in half. While the pupils are at study in the schoolroom, you toss one half of the brick through the window, crouch down as if dodging something, and roll the other half across the floor. Pandemonium results. There are investigations outside in the grounds, with school authorities and police hunting the miscreant who tossed the brick into the room.



Judith Barrett will be seen next in *The Gracie Allen Murder Case*, sun-tanned from hours spent like this on top of a wall on the edge of the Pacific



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P. S. Don't write to the studio.



To celebrate the completion of *Dodge City*, Errol Flynn went hunting for wild boar with gun and arrow, and here he is with the kill, two full grown wild pigs and a mountain goat. Flynn starts work soon on three new films, *The Sea Hawk, The Knight and the Lady* and *The Adventures of Don Juan*

Young Niven played this trick three times with success. The fourth time, they caught him.

On another occasion, he decided to relieve the tedium of the study hour by having all the pupils go berserk simultaneously. At a given minute, each boy was to fling his books in the air, kick over his desk, and scream. Since the entire school would be involved in the prank, Niven figured that no one pupil would receive drastic punishment. The other boys agreed.

"The given minute arrived," Niven related the incident. "I stood up and flung my books in the air and waved my arms and yelled, 'Yay! Yo! Yaah!' Then I stopped short. I was the only one yelling. Nobody else had stood up. They all peered over their books at me with an air of innocent horror. I'd been framed!

"Naturally, the instructor thought I'd gone crazy. He hustled me downstairs to the school nurse, who decided it must be a nervous breakdown. They almost sent me to a sanitarium. I had a dreadful time talking myself out of it."

■ Some memory made him laugh abruptly. The Niven popularity, he declared, was a good bit exaggerated. No man could be half as popular as I'd tried to make him out, he said.

"Trouble with Hollywood, it has only a two-word vocabulary. I mean, for man-and-woman friendships. 'Thatway,' or 'pfft.' There's apparently no middle course in the public mind or the public prints.

"You take a girl out to dinner and a photographer crawls from under the tablecloth. Before the evening ends, the girl is so self-conscious at being heralded as 'thatway' about a casual friend that she never wants to see you again; and you never have a chance to find out whether you could become anything *but* a part of an embarrassing memory.

"A chap who prefers to remain a bachelor has a good excuse if he's in pictures," Niven pointed out. "The average man catches the 8:10 train in the morning, catches the 5:20 in the afternoon. His wife knows when he will reach home. His dinner is ready when he arrives.

"Not so the film actor. He may have to leave for the studio at five in the morning, if his make-up job is intricate. He may work all night and not be home before five the next morning. On the other hand, he may have weeks at a stretch when he doesn't work at all. Or he may be sent hundreds of miles away for a fortnight on location, or told to pack up at an hour's notice to go to Alaska or the South Seas.

"He has no regular work routine whatever. And that's hard on a wife. As I understand it, a wife likes a husband to be home when dinner's ready.

"I want to go to Sun Valley on my next holiday, but if a chap's married . . . You have a week between pictures and you hurry home and say, 'Dear, is it all right if I go to Sun Valley tomorrow?' And if your wife says 'No'—then there's nothing else for a chap to say, is there?"

And there you have it. What a chap likes most (at the present writing, anyway) is freedom.

Beau Geste Comes Back

[*Continued from page 26*]

and the plumbing is terrible.' Joe went on to say that there were more than 100 separate structures ready to house the hired help. Every tent was equipped with hot running water, drawn from a 200-foot artesian well drilled a month before by the studio.

A homey little touch—one that made you sleep comfortably nights—was added to the coziness of good old Buttercup Valley when Leslie MacPherson came poking around the tents that housed some of us extras. Leslie was an Arizona bookkeeper, so he said, and had been hired by Director Wellman to clean out the snakes and the scorpions which infested the site of the location camp. Ordinarily, Leslie informed us, there would be only the slightest danger from the sidewinders and scorps, because, at this time of the year, they hibernate several feet below the surface of the sand. But the activity of the Paramount construction crews in erecting the French Foreign Legion fort along with the hundred-odd other structures, had aroused the reptiles in advance of their usual spring coming out parties. I thought all this chatter was a new approach to the well-known Hollywood rib, but, while Leslie was poking around with his iron pitchfork he collected a rattler (and I don't mean one for the baby!), and I collected my first attack of heart trouble. (Author's Note: I slept in Yuma that night.)

Around 11 o'clock that morning, Director Wellman prepared to shoot one of the most spectacular sequences of the picture, the attack and defense of Fort Zinderneuf. Youngerman seemed to take pleasure in telling me that I was to play a dead soldier all day long, maybe longer. Which shouldn't be a tough way to earn a little jack, I says to myself. But there's where I was wrong. I didn't know my Brian Donlevy. Believe me, playing dead with that live wire around is no fun.

In no time at all the fort was being attacked by a band of fierce desert nomads. They keep up a running fire upon the defenders of the fort and one by one we got "killed." Pretty soon the only defender left was Brian Donlevy, who plays the rough, tough sergeant. A second after I got killed Brian picked me up and propped me in one of the embrasures of the ramparts, stuck a rifle in my hands, and I stayed that way, playing dead from then on, to fool the attackers. About fifty other guys were doing the same thing. Once in a while we were supposed to fall down again, so Brian could prop us up again. When he hoisted me back for the fourth time he said, "Buddy, those educated dice don't help you none now!" and laughed like he was enjoying himself. It was hot on that fort, let me tell you, and the Foreign Legion uniform didn't help make me a bit cooler, so, when I went boom for the fifth time, I took the count. Just about that time Director Wellman bellowed "Cut!" and I said "Thank Allah!" And meant it. Joe Youngerman figured out what it cost Paramount in cold cash for the 'dead men' alone, and believe it or not, it amounted to $3,000. Before the whole sequence was finished the studio paid out more than $50,000 to its 'soldiers.' "Which just goes to prove," sneered Joe, giving me another of his 1st Assistant director's dirty looks, "that some guys I know of are worth more dead than alive." It was the heat, not the Yumidity that got good old Joe.

■ After all the long range, angle, and medium shots were taken, Director Wellman called for a close-up of Brian doing his propping act and I was selected to play the corpse. They claim it was the shortest scene in the film. Brian stooped, thrust his hands beneath my shoulders, gave a heave, and the director yelled "Cut!" His face was wreathed in smiles.

"Terrific, old top! Simply terrific! Different, too!"

Donlevy's pants had split from ear to ear, so to speak!

"That's what YOU get," I says, "for accusing me of using educated dice!"

While I'm getting a second breath before describing the second day's shooting, here's an oddity you might pass on to Believe

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It Or Not Ripley. All of the film's outstanding villains who play hairy-chested, bass-voiced, leering murderers and gangsters and cutthroats have sissy middle names! Here are some of those you'll see in *Beau Geste*: J. CARROL Naish, Brian WALDO Donlevy, Arthur PERCIVAL Aylesworth, Tony MAURICE Martelli, Salvator RONALD Rondell, Harold MARMADUKE Huber, and Barry LANCELOT Woods. Can you imagine 'em all working in a place called Buttercup Valley! Doodness me!

Like I said a while back, I refused to bunk with the sidewinders and the scorpions, and got myself a room in Yuma. That night, before 'shut-eye' time, I attended a show put on by the local post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. And I'm glad I did, because I had a chance to observe the technique employed by a couple of nice girls to get themselves acquainted with Mr. Gary Cooper. First off, Miss Clara Mortenson, one of the girls, flung Miss Lila Lee smack into the film star's lap. Gary helped Miss Lila Lee to her feet. After which she introduced herself. A minute later Miss Lila Lee flung Miss Clara Mortenson smack into the film star's lap. Gary kindly assisted Miss Clara Mortenson to arise. Miss Mortenson then introduced herself. Right now I might as well warn you girls not to adopt this technique. You see, the Misses Mortenson and Lee are lady wrestlers!

■ Maybe it was something that Old Mother Nature et that night, or maybe she was just tired of having us trampling up her desert, but whatever the reason, she sure put on a dinger of a sandstorm the next day. And along with the northwester that stirred up the sand until you couldn't see ten feet in front of you, the old dame sprayed us with an icy gale that dropped the temperature right close to the freezing point. Tents were blown down in Buttercup Valley, sand got in the



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

This picture, taken just before Joan Crawford's divorce action was heard, shows the star with Charles Martin, frequently seen with her

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food and beds, and enough filtered into the cameras so that it was impossible to shoot. Gary Cooper tried to drive out to the camp but got stuck, after leaving the main highway, in the deep sand that had drifted across the temporary road. But nothing seems to upset that calm Montana cowboy. He helped hitch up four camels used in the picture and, accompanied by Carl Stoecker, the camel trainer, pulled his car back onto the highway.

Along about three in the afternoon the wind died down enough for the tractors to clear the roads. Around four Director Wellman began giving orders for action. Believe me he got it. So much so that by six o'clock Brian Donlevy, the tough sergeant, was rolling in an ambulance to a hospital!

■ In this particular scene the script called for Donlevy to be stabbed to death with a bayonet in the hands of Ray Milland, one of the three heroes of *Beau Geste*. For weeks Ray had been practicing lunges at a figure wearing a cork vest such as Donlevy donned for the dangerous scene.

Everything went along shipshape during the first few moments. Gary Cooper, himself near 'death,' lay on the ground inside Fort Zinderneuf. Over him, Donlevy and Milland faced each other. All of a sudden Donlevy raised his pistol to shoot Milland. At this point Gary revived enough to strike the villain behind both knees. Donlevy tottered, and his shot went wild as Milland lunged. All this bit of 'business' had been worked out very carefully to avoid even the slightest accident, but the element of chance was overlooked. Donlevy fell the wrong way and was unable to control his movements. And the razor-sharp, three-cornered point of the French bayonet missed the cork shield, sank two inches into Donlevy's left shoulder and missed his heart by no more than the width of a baby's hand! Boy, it was a close call, and there were plenty of guys around there, including Director Wellman that came near passing out from fright. The only one who didn't seem to mind was Donlevy who howled like a desert Arab when they rushed him hospitalward. As for me, I'll take my close shaves from the barber, thank you.

The first telegram received by Brian came from Tyrone Power. "Jesse couldn't get rid of you," Power's wire said, "so now Beau Geste will try."

Ty was referring to their mishap in the filming of *Jesse James* in which Donlevy had another narrow escape in another death scene when the wadding of a blank cartridge fired by Ty struck him just below the right eye, badly burning his face.

You may have noticed that I haven't mentioned any actresses connected with this picture so far. There is only one, and Gary Cooper opined, in that garrulous way of his, that maybe the picture ought to be retitled "1,000 Men and a Girl."

Susan Hayward is the young lady's name, and you've never heard of her. She's a complete stranger to the Hollywood studios, was working as a New York City model less than a month before. And what does this sweet young lady do? Well, all she does is to grab off the leading lady role against some of the toughest competition in the world.

I had a nice long visit with Susan before I left Buttercup Valley and rather than give you a few vital statistics about her now, I'm going to give you the 'works' about her in another story. If you don't mind. (Editor's Note: Okay, Smitty—in the July issue.)

■ Quite a few things happened the next day. Director Wellman, nervous as a cat with six kittens, wrote out a check for $1,000 and mailed it in to Andy Devine. It seems that Wild Bill entered his money in a stork derby when Andy was working with him in *Men With Wings*. Bill bet that he would become a father before Andy's second child arrived. Andy's youngster was a week old on the day Bill wrote out the check. It was stipulated in the bet that the money was to go into a trust fund for the winning baby, so Devine, Junior, has a fine start toward a college education.

Bill was still expecting the blessed event in his own family, and had devised an arrangement that would get him to Hollywood in a hurry. First he had electricians install a teletype circuit between his Brentwood home and Yuma, and established a motorcycle service between Yuma and Buttercup Valley in case he got word to come a-runnin'. Second, he hired a standby plane, piloted by Howard Blatt, famed stunt pilot who operates a private flying service from Santa Monica, and ordered Howard to 'keep it hot' day and night. Howard said he would and promised Bill he could bring Bill in under one hour and forty minutes, if necessary.

But Wild Bill was nervous, so he took a mighty funny way of working it off. He got into costume and led a wild charge of 400 horsemen across the sand dunes in one of the most thrilling sequences of the picture! When the thrilling charge had been completed—it took just one take—without mishap, Mr. Gary Cooper, who can ride like nobody's business, remarked: "Bill handles a horse like he used to handle a plane in the World War. He just doesn't ride. He flies!"

Bill seemed to settle down after that display of horsemanship and spent the rest of the time directing close-ups. The blessed event occurred a week after the company was back in Hollywood.

■ I would have said something about the story of *Beau Geste* but didn't because I'm sure you've read the book, seen the first screen version produced some years ago, and are willing to wait until you see how the story unfolds the second time on celluloid. I know you're going to agree with me that it is at least ten times better than the first edition—and not because I'm in it, either.

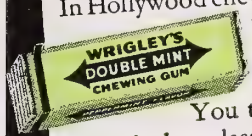
In ending, Miss Editor, please be advised that I've got myself another good extra job—five days with *The Man in the Iron Mask*, an Edward Small production. Wire if you want me to give you the lowdown on the higher-ups in it. Am as wide open as Martha Raye's mouth for assignments.

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. Happily married, have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this very fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black and green with jacket effect.



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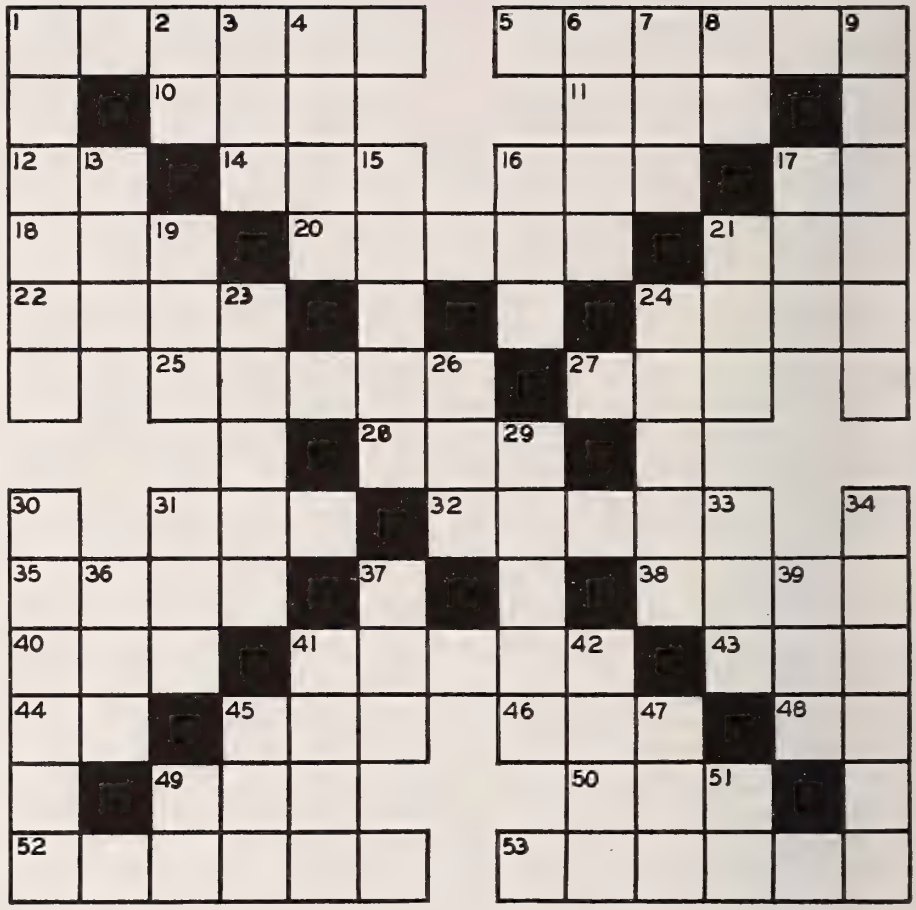
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Star of *Pygmalion.*
5. Gladys Swarthout's latest film.
10. *King of* —— *Turf.*
11. What stars do at the Brown Derby.
12. Initials of actor married to Ann Dvorak.
14. *Gangs of* —— *York.*
16. Larry Crabbe has title role in the serial —— *Barry.*
17. —— *Moto's Last Warning.*
18. Motion picture studio and its adjoining territory.
20. He had lead in *The Citadel.*
21. Color of Kay Francis' hair.
22. He played opposite Jean Parker in *Romance of the Limberlost.*
24. *The Road to* ——.
25. *Cora* in 5 Across.
27. His last name is Silvers.
28. She was *Linda* in *Girls' School.*
31. Feminine lead in *Smashing the Spy Ring.*
32. *Topper* —— *a Trip.*
35. He had principal role in *My Son Is a Criminal.*
38. Assumed part in a motion picture.
40. *Brother* ——.
41. *Slice Cavanaugh* in *Secrets of a Nurse.*
43. Miss Cahoon's first name.
44. Initials of hero of *Gambling Ship.*
45. *Torchy Gets* —— *Man.*
46. —— *Exciting Night.*
48. *You Can't Cheat* —— *Honest Man.*
49. Word often used to describe movie Marxes.
50. *The Great* —— *Votes.*
52. *Pamela* in *The Headleys at Home.*
53. Mr. Robinson, but not Edward (poss.).

DOWN

1. She plays opposite 1 Across in *Pygmalion.*
2. Walter Tetley's initials.
3. Oriental actor.
4. *Ben* in *Kentucky.*
6. —— *the Girls.*
7. *Peck's* —— *Boy with the Circus.*
8. Loretta Young's native state (abbr.).
9. *Oliver* in *Little Tough Guys in Society.*
13. *Beauty* —— *the Asking.*
15. Frieda Inescourt had title role in —— *Doctor.*
16. *Hans* in *Sweethearts.*
17. —— *with Wings.*
19. *Captain Wilson* in *Spirit of Culver.*
21. *Mr. Drew* in *Duke of West Point.*
23. *Ivar de Brett* in *St. Louis Blues.*
24. *Up the* ——.
26. *Haines* in *Comet over Broadway.*
29. Villain in *Illegal Traffic.*
30. Feminine lead in *The Saint Strikes Back.*
31. Descriptive of Oliver Hardy.
33. Mother of *Three Little Pigs.*
34. He had title role in *Burn 'em up O'Connor.*
36. Buck Jones was starred in —— *of the Texan.*
37. *Pardon* —— *Nerve.*
39. *Lucille* in *The Young in Heart.*
41. Gene Markey's bride.
42. *Next* —— *I Marry.*
45. His last name is Taliaferro and he plays in westerns.
47. Previewed a motion picture.
49. *They Made* —— *a Criminal.*
51. Star of *Let Freedom Ring* (init.).

(Solution on page 73)

ANSWERS

Name Game

[*Continued from page* 29]

Oh, so you had to look up the answers in the back of the book, hunh? Well, if you really must know, the correct screen names of the worthy citizens whom the census taker knows by the names given on pages 28 and 29, are:

1. Joan Crawford
2. John Barrymore
3. Myrna Loy
4. Leslie Howard
5. Barbara Stanwyck
6. Melvyn Douglas
7. Alice Faye
8. Boris Karloff
9. Virginia Bruce
10. Jack Benny
11. Claudette Colbert
12. Robert Taylor
13. Marlene Dietrich
14. Greta Garbo
15. Paul Muni
16. Frank Morgan
17. Carole Lombard
18. Edward G. Robinson
19. Fred Astaire
20. Shirley Ross
21. Hedy Lamarr
22. Mickey Rooney
23. John Wayne
24. Ginger Rogers
25. Cary Grant

To score yourself on this spring semester examination in biography, credit four points for every name listed correctly. If your total is between 88 and 100 you may consider yourself a well informed fan. We'll let you in the club if your score is between 72 and 88, but only on a probation, and if your score is below 72, you know without being told, you haven't been reading HOLLYWOOD Magazine regularly enough.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

stitions. Most of them she got from Paul Mantz who was technical advisor on her recent Columbia picture. Here are some of the items Miss Arthur learned from the famous pilot:

Aviators wear parachutes, but won't talk about them.

A pilot's wife will not give out a picture of her missing husband to newspapers. She feels it is an admission of disaster.

Pilots never discuss "bailing out."

Flyers speak of ill-fated companions as though they still lived.

Many pilots place a St. Christopher's medal in the cockpit of the ship. He is the patron saint of travelers.

Pilots paint insignia on the ships, usually of a derisive nature. When they buy a new plane they retain their insignia.

Veteran flyers have a penchant for wearing unorthodox clothes. They feel that if they look too much like aviators they will end like aviators.

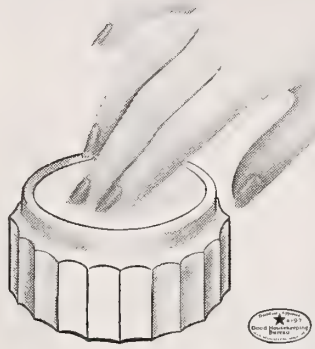
■ And here's an item a research man on *Beau Geste* gave me. As this is being written there are only 305 Frenchmen in the French Foreign Legion, compared to 1,176 Germans. The Germans, in fact, comprise 43.6 per cent of the total enrollment of the Legion, which includes men of nearly every nationality under the sun.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER



In the last year or so, women have become accustomed to loud jeers about their hats from men. But Susan Hayward has one that is safe from masculine laughter. It is a new hat that is an almost exact copy of the wimple cap which Gary Cooper wears in *Beau Geste*

■ Perhaps you read in the public prints that Jane Withers' mother was carted off to the hospital for treatment for a black widow bite. Somebody dreamed that one up. What really happened—and it put little Jane in the doghouse—was that while Jane was enacting a role, she looked over toward her mother who was sitting nearby, saw what she thought was a black widow on mama's instep, and with a whoop and a holler of fright jumped out of the scene while the cameras were rolling and landed with both feet smack on mother's ankle. And so hard that it was thought at first that several bones had been broken.

■ Not satisfied with working for one major studio Fay Bainter got busy, and to her seven-year Warner contract that calls for two films a year, she added another seven-year Paramount contract calling for three films a year. This is probably the most unusual arrangement any star has ever made, but leave it to the capable Fay to keep both studios happy and satisfied.

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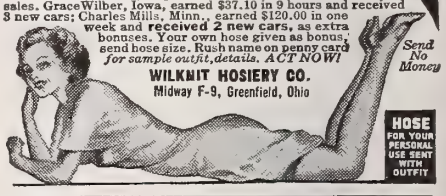
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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 21]

country with such sensational success in the last few years. The film story, in which Joan Crawford is starred, serves as very little more than a pretext to stage a brilliant ice revue in Technicolor that is fascinating from beginning to end. There is a charm about the sensational skating of Bess Ehrhardt and Roy Shipstad that is quite different from any other form of entertainment. Perhaps it is because really good skating is something between dancing and flying.

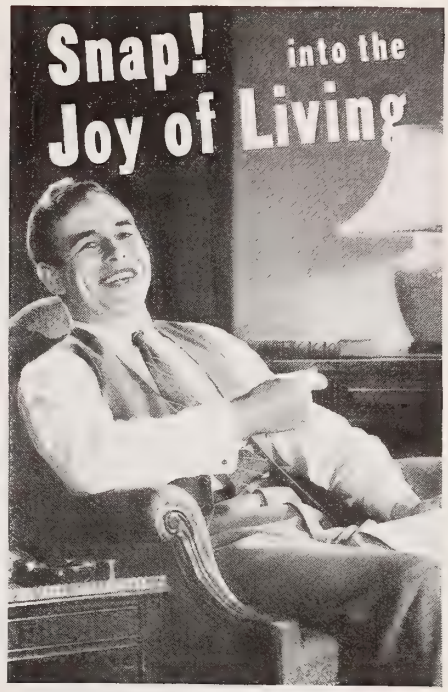
The film, itself, is a rather routine tale of two professional skaters (Joan Crawford and James Stewart) who find themselves broke in Hollywood. The girl gets a movie contract in order to keep things going. The boy gets mad because he wanted to support her. So he turns around a few times, and, just to show her, produces the swellest ice review of the year in Madison Square Garden. Then they find success Oh-so-empty because their careers keep them apart. But, guess what! He gets a movie contract, too. And that is what is known as a happy ending. You keep waiting and waiting vainly to see Miss Crawford skate, but there is a wonderful comic routine by Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson in the Ice Follies part. Better see it.

I'M FROM MISSOURI—*Paramount*

After seeing this comedy struggle, somewhat confusedly, to be a satire of American and English manners, this department suspects that Bob Burns' Uncle Slug and his Aunt Peachie, too, will not consider it one of their talented nephew's major efforts, even though they look at it with the kindly eyes of relatives.

Mr. Burns' familiar slow delivery is employed to characterize one Sweeny Bliss who made a fortune in Arkansas mules and then turned banker to satisfy the social ambitions of his wife (Gladys George). Bad times in the mule market are symbolized by Porgie Rowe (Gene Lockhart), a tractor salesman. Sweeny's efforts to promote sales of the "nightingale of the plains" take him on a plane trip with his champion mule, and eventually all the way to England, where he has various adventures . . . such as confusing a London fog with a steam bath, and a real Duke and Duchess (E. E. Clive and Doris Lloyd) with impostors. Judith Barrett, William Henry and George P. Huntley, all unusually attractive young players, have the thankless job of carrying the love interest. Typical situation: Sweeny, the American mule magnate, betraying shock and horror at the idea of a British valet drawing his bath. This department isn't from Missouri, but we like to be shown, just the same.

Would you like to know who is your astrological twin among the movie stars? The July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will show you a fascinating chart of your movie favorite's horoscopes.



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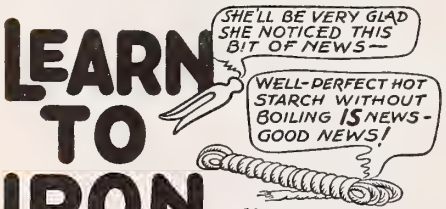
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Ida Lupino putting the last minute touches to her dinner table after work in *Mrs. Leonard Misbehaves*, soon to be released

A Bride Entertains

That first dinner party is a big problem for the bride, whether she has a large staff to help or just her own two hands

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Every bride dreads that first formal dinner party.

"And it *is* an ordeal," Ida Lupino told me. "Think of it—you are at last on your own. You have cleaned and dusted the house, and are sure it is as perfect as you can make it. But how about the dinner? Will it be a success or a flop?"

And I can sympathize with her, because so many hundreds of young brides have written me voicing just such fears and apprehensions. Miss Lupino, in private life, is the wife of Louis Hayward, who played in *The Duke of West Point*, and is now preparing to star in another Edward Small picture, *The Man in the Iron Mask*. Miss Lupino is busy, too, appearing with Fay Bainter in Columbia's *Mrs. Leonard Misbehaves*, so the first dinner had to be carefully planned in the few free hours left between work at the studio and preparation for the next day's scenes.

"I decided to make my first effort as a hostess along simple lines," said Miss Lupino. "I thought that if I had a success with four guests, then soon I might risk inviting six. And so it worked out. The other night I had my first dinner for eight. By sort of creeping up on the problem that way, I think I came through the 'ordeal' more easily."

She served dinner in the candle-lighted dining room of the picturesque English home they built for a honeymoon cottage. The dining room is quite like an old tavern, with shelves of copperwear and old hunting prints on the walls—all very mellow and restful.

Here is the menu of her dinner for eight:

Shrimp Cocktail Saltines
Salted Nuts Celery Olives Radishes

Consomme Melba Toast
Roast Lamb Browned Potatoes
Mint Glazed Peas and Carrots
Green Garden Salad (French Dressing)
Cheese Straws English Trifle
Coffee

Miss Lupino likes a curl of lemon to float on the top of the consomme for a piquant touch, and here is the recipe for:

MINT GLAZED CARROTS AND PEAS

- 4 cups diced carrots
- ½ cup butter
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tbsp. mint sauce
- 1 No. 2 can sifted peas (2 cups)
- ½ tsp. salt

Cook carrots in small amount of boiling salted water 15 minutes and drain. Put in saucepan with butter and sugar. Cook slowly until soft and glazed. Add mint sauce. Heat peas thoroughly and season with salt. Drain the liquid from the peas and turn on hot serving dish. Surround with carrots. Pour glazing liquid left from the carrots over the peas. AMOUNT: 10 servings. NOTE: For Mint Sauce add 1 tbsp. powdered sugar to ½ cup mild vinegar. Heat slightly. Pour over ¼ cup finely chopped mint leaves. Let stand about 30 minutes before using.

The Big Moment of the meal is the English Trifle for dessert. "It's such a dissipation that Louis will let me serve it no oftener than once a month. This is our own family specialty, and the Lupinos have passed it along for generations.

"First, you make a sponge cake. Here's the recipe for that:

SPONGE CAKE

- 6 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 tsp. vanilla or lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1 cup cake flour or all-purpose flour
- ½ tsp. cream of tartar
- ¼ tsp. salt

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Beat in sugar gradually. Beat in water, flavoring and lemon rind. Sift flour once before measuring. Beat in flour. Beat egg whites until frothy, add cream of tartar and salt, and beat until egg whites will hold a point. Gently fold into egg yolk mixture. Pour into dry, ungreased deep tube center pan 9 inches in diameter and bake 60 to 65 minutes in a slow moderate oven, 325° F. Remove from oven, invert pan until cake is entirely cold; then remove from pan.

"The sponge cake is soaked well in sherry, then covered with vanilla custard pudding. On top of that, spread whipped cream, and then on top of that put preserved cherries. Scatter on some sweet almonds cut in half. And that's what we call 'English Trifle!' "

Well, it's no "trifle," but it sounds like a triumphant climax to Miss Lupino's dinner.

I know many of you other brides are saying—"But Ida Lupino can afford several servants to help out when *she* entertains. What can I do who must be cook, waitress and hostess all at the same time?" Well, your problem isn't as difficult to solve as you imagine. Of course, you cannot think of attempting a formal dinner without help. But the very smart buffet service was made to order for you. I'll be very glad to send you information on the arrangement and serving of a buffet supper or lunch, and also menus for buffet meals with recipes for the basic dishes.



Louis Hayward seems to thrive on his wife's cooking. Here he is getting last minute costume touches for *The Man in the Iron Mask*

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HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway
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Hollywood Makes It Hard for Hymen

[*Continued from page* 25]

in this country. But the Hollywood wisecrack brigade kept up the ribbing and it wasn't long before the divorce papers were signed, sealed and delivered.

The same smarties mocked Joan's subsequent marriage to Franchot Tone all the way to its recent finish. Marriage, gossip, divorce; same story, same ending.

The ink on the wedding certificate was hardly dry before Hollywood started throwing bright barbs of wisecracks at Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. The village gossips have been worrying the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond marriage from the beginning with the same tenacious spirit. Jeanette and Gene are in love. They want to stay married. Hollywood doesn't seem to want to give them a chance.

It's nothing new, this unfriendly, destructive attitude of the town toward certain marriages. Whispering campaigns or flat "It will never work" statements have been undermining movieland matrimony for years and years. But why? Is it jealousy? Is it in every case a purely personal matter when the town gossips start sniping at a marriage? Or is it just a hit-or-miss affair?

In other words, why is one marriage subjected to a scathing, merciless attack while another sails blithely along, unmolested by the gossip-mongers?

I think I've figured it out. Hollywood marks certain marriages for failure, and I believe I know why. It's just a theory, of course, but it works out pretty well. So let's take a look at some of the marriages doomed to failure from the start by Hollywood wise-guys, and see whether my little theory holds up.

When Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres married, Hollywood audibly decided the marriage wouldn't work. Small amiable differences of opinion were reported as battles royal, and major disagreements were manufactured out of whole cloth. Each is individually very popular, so why did the gossips repeat, "It won't last! It won't last!" Well, it didn't. But Lew and Ginger have not yet taken their separation into divorce court, and perhaps they realize that the failure of their marriage was not entirely their own responsibility.

For no apparent reason, Hollywood decided that the marriage of Maggie Sullavan and Hank Fonda wouldn't last. "Poof!" went the marriage. But when Maggie later married Leland Hayward, the gossipers left them strictly alone. The same thing went for Hank's marriage to Frances Brokau.

X marks the spot where Hollywood placed the marriages of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton and, later, of Brent and Constance Worth; of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller; of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, in the past, and Elaine Barrie right now; of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell; of Ann Sheridan and Eddie Norris; of et cetera and et cetera and et cetera.

Those marriages were doomed, so to

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speak, right from the start. Using its own mystic system, Hollywood decided the above-named twosomes were not "made for each other" and then proceeded, by relentless gossip, speculation, conjecture, to help the prediction come true.

You'd think the town would be tired of sharp-shooting at Alice Faye and Tony Martin by this time. Ditto Errol Flynn and the capricious Lili Damita. Maybe it's just plain cussedness that makes the ill-wishers hang on like grim death. But —the divorce rumors about the Martins are coming thicker and faster, you may have noticed, and it wouldn't surprise anyone to see the Flynn union blow higher than a kite any day.

Not quite so much headway has been made with the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward marriage or with the Humphrey Bogart-Mayo Methot match. Hollywood has four rugged individualists to buck there. But it still is kidding itself that its sentence of "another six months" will stand.

As to the future of certain romances at the moment, the storm signals already have been hoisted for Dick Greene and Arleen Whelan; and for Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. And while the Stanwyck-Taylor and Gable-Lombard alliances apparently have the approval of the town, watch how fast the knives come out, once the honeymoons are over!

Meantime, look at the marriages which are thriving beautifully under Hollywood's blessing. Actually, it's more than a blessing; it's a solemn benediction. Let anyone crack wise about any of them, and the town's down on your neck with no holds barred.

Reams of publicity have been written (and truthfully) about the felicity abounding in the home of Don and Honore Ameche. Hollywood takes almost a personal pride in their happiness, shouting the news from the house tops.

The same thing holds true for Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, Fred and Phyllis Astaire, Gary and Sandra Cooper, Bob and Betty Young, Bob and Betty Montgomery, Basil and Ouida Rathbone, James and Billie Cagney, Pat and Eloise O'Brien, Paul and Bella Muni, Spencer and Louise Tracy, Fred and Lillian MacMurray, Eddie and Gladys Robinson, Joe E. and Katherine Brown, Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb, Fay Bainter and Commander Reginald Venable, Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr.

What, then, is the determining factor that says "Off with their heads" in one case, and "God bless you, my children" in another?

Read the various names in the two groups again and see if one thing strikes you as it did me:

The marriages Hollywood marks for failure are those between two players.

The marriages Hollywood smiles upon are those between a player and a non-professional, or someone in some other phase of the business besides acting.

Success of a marriage in Hollywood seems to depend upon it. It doesn't make sense but there it is.

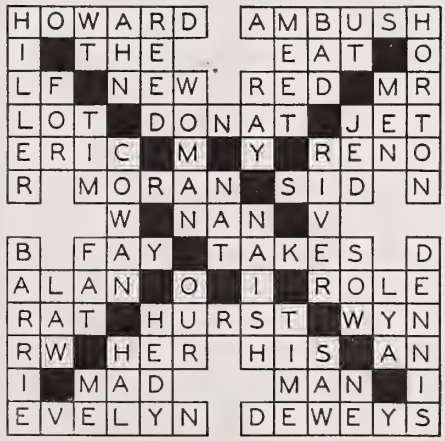
There are exceptions in both instances, of course. Anne Shirley and John Payne, employed by rival studios, are exceptionally happy and apparently suffer from no interference from anyone. The same holds true for Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan. However, there is this to consider: most of the professional wives in this group now take little or no part in the making of movies. Frances Dee plays only occasional roles, Benita Hume has announced her retirement, Florence Eldridge and Helen Gahagan confine their acting to the New York stage. Dixie Lee finds plenty to keep her busy in the rearing of the four young Crosby boys.

By the same token, some of Hollywood's outstanding marriages between professionals and non-professionals have failed. Rita Beery is divorcing Wallace. Bette Davis was divorced (she insisted Harmon get the divorce, you remember) by band leader Harmon O. Nelson. Fay Wray divorced writer husband John Monk Saunders. Both Rhea and Josephine Gable (one a socialite, the other a brilliant dramatic coach) divorced Clark. The status of the Luise Rainer-Clifford Odets marriage is so subject to sudden change that it's difficult to prophesy just what will happen in the end. After once divorcing the noted playwright, Luise patched it up with public love and kisses. The last report had them on the verge of another separation.

The majority of successful and unsuccessful marriages in Hollywood, however, confirm my theory. Marriages between players are almost invariably marked for failure by the gossips who in the past have wrecked so many of movieland's matrimonial ventures.

If you ever get to be a movie star, remember that. Don't say I didn't warn you. But if you decide to ignore the warning and marry another script-slave anyway, maybe your marriage will be one of the exceptions that prove the rule. I hope so.

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Some Like It Hot

is the name of the gay comedy, caught in production by the candid cameraman



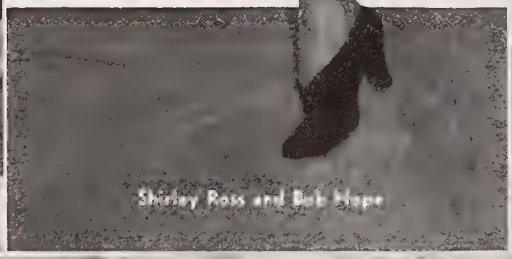
Gene Krupa and his famous drums



That dazzling wire-brush technic



Above, that all-important grip. Right, Una Merkel tries to send, disturbs Krupa's musical sensibilities



Shirley Ross and Bob Hope





"Strictly off the cob," mourns Krupa



Ah, the hep-cat technic!

I Confess!



I Confess One Size Napkin won't do for me — I found that out!

Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.



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JULY

NSC



HAS HEDY LAMARR THREE STRIKES AGAINST HER?

BIG PRIZES—ENTER DEANNA DURBIN'S CONTEST

PICK YOUR ASTROLOGICAL TWIN IN THE MOVIES! CHART, PAGE 30

Irresistible



It is easy now to be a glamour girl . . . to make up your lips in luscious harmony with new fashion colors, for Irresistible has blended a complete lipstick wardrobe for you. Dynamic FLASH RED . . . delicate BLUE PINK . . . exotic FUCHSIA PLUM . . . and fashionable ORCHID lovelier than ever. Guarantee your glamour by having *all four* new Irresistible Lipstick shades.

And for romance supreme, the haunting fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, applied to your hair, your skin, will make you unforgettable. You'll adore Irresistible Perfume. Try all of the Irresistible Preparations today. They're certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high



Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!



This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! *Poor, poor Jean.*



Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone.*



"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor —guards freshness all evening long."





And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough —underarms *always* need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come.*

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Mum is SURE . . . without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure *you* never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.



JUN 10 1939 ©C1B 420064

JULY, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 7

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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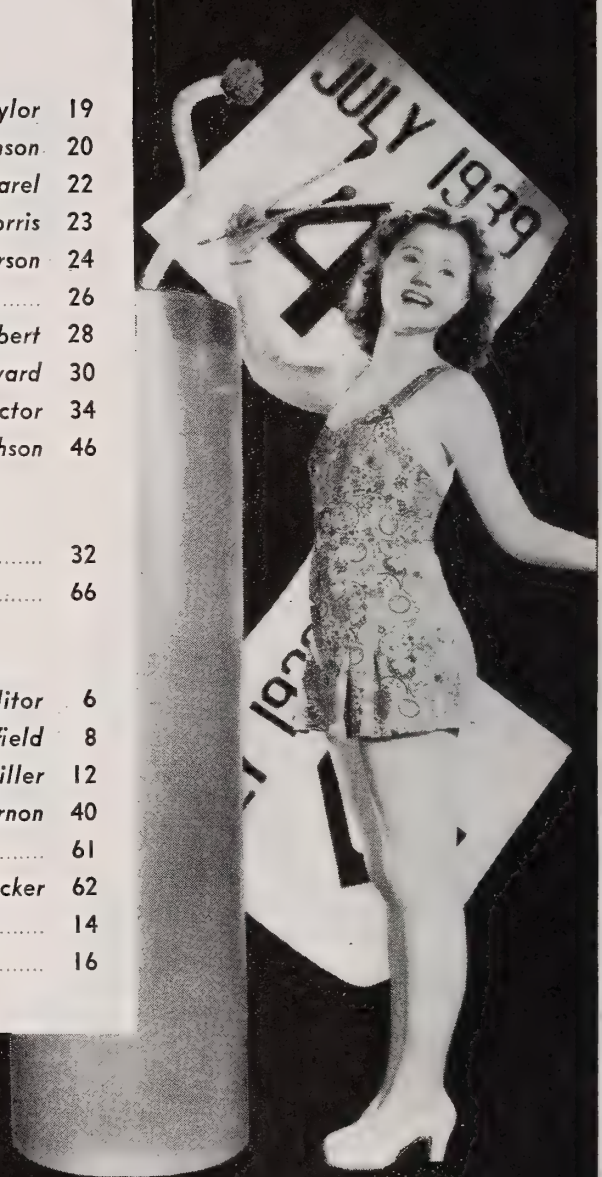
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Marcia Mae Jones, soon to appear in Monogram's *Tomboy*, enters into the spirit of the Grand and Glorious Fourth

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M



I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen . . . rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos . . . to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come . . .

I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.





ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

The famed novel at last on the screen!

with GREER GARSON



A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

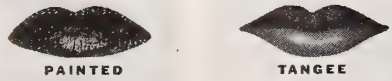


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just made for kissing... *Tangee lips!* Men hate an ugly, greasy "painted look." Tangee *isn't paint!* It's the *only* lipstick with the famous Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to *your very own* shade of tempting blush-rose, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead!

FOR MATCHED MAKE-UP use Tangee Rouge and Powder. Tangee Rouge, creme or compact, matches your lipstick *exactly* because it also contains the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder gives your skin an enchanting underglow, no matter what shade you choose!

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Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ This is going to be known as the summer of the big winds. Before the leaves fall, we shall be seeing *Gone With the Wind*. All right, all right, keep on laughing in that vulgar cynical fashion, but you really are going to see that film this year. And late next month the cyclone will sweep down and carry Dorothy off to the Land of Oz. Remember the gale that picked up Dorothy and her little dog, Toto, and carried them off into the series of adventures that lasted for some twenty odd volumes before L. Frank Baum wrote his final period? Oh, fortunate Dorothy! Oh, magic breeze! Oh, enchanted Kansas to be blessed with a fairyland just beyond the edge of the tornado. Oh, clever M-G-M to bring to the screen the dear dim-witted Scarecrow, the Woodman whose philosophical acceptance of the most frightful adversities was almost imbecile in its cheerfulness, the engaging fraud of a Wizard, that most human Cowardly Lion. . . .

At this very minute, the film is being assembled preparatory to first showings. And next month in HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Jessie Henderson will tell you what she saw on the set during the filming, and some of the difficulties experienced by the actors with the make-ups which you see at the bottom of this page. You'll be astounded at what the studio went through with the winged monkeys, the living forest, the Munchkins, the Wicked Witch. They are all coming alive in Technicolor, and I, for one, cannot wait to see Dorothy set off on the road of yellow brick to the Emerald City. It will make the waiting seem shorter if you read the story of how the film was made.

■ Did you have fun with the chart on page 30? Oh, men enjoyed it more than women did? A sad state of affairs, always, and nothing to encourage. The same thing happened to us. The perfect gentlemen of our acquaintance betrayed a certain surprisingly rude streak of humor in the jeering laughter with which they asked, "What's your birthday?" We thought that maybe they were going to whip around the corner and get some flowers. But, no! They looked us up in the chart, and read out loud to us with heavy emphasis certain things about our explosive temper. It was an uncomfortable evening, so we called up Mrs. Howard. Close to tears, we said: "Do something about this quickly. We need a little swift comeback in our lives. Without delay. Make us a chart about men stars so that we can get back at these heartless blades who are having such a wonderful time laughing at us, or we'll seek forgetfulness in our hobby of traveling, and right now."

So she did, and next month you'll be able to see whether your men friends most resemble Clark Gable or Robert Taylor, and why.



Here is one of the long awaited stills from *The Wizard of Oz* which will be shown in the late summer. Wonderful is the make-up for Bert Lahr as The Cowardly Lion. Jack Haley as The Tin Woodman and Ray Bolger as The Scarecrow seem impressed by the bravery of Judy Garland as Dorothy as she soothes the savage beast

The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

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Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement

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The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

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A STORY SO MOMENTOUS THAT IT REQUIRED SIX ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

BRIAN AHERNE
CLAUDE RAINS · JOHN GARFIELD · DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA · GALE SONDERGAARD
GILBERT ROLAND · HENRY O'NEILL
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE

*

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Based on a Play by Franz Wertel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ What title do you prefer for the Sam Goldwyn "Heifetz" picture, now in production on the United Artists lot? The film started out as *The Restless Age,* switched to *Angels Making Music* and then to *Music School.* Our preference is No. 2.

But regardless of title changes, don't miss it when it hits the screen. You're going to enjoy it, if for no other reason than to listen to a group of young musical prodigies, none of whom is over fourteen years of age. Under the direction of Peter Meremblum, the juvenile musicians, known as the California Junior Symphony Association, have been working together for two years, giving up their after-school time, Saturday afternoons, and paying a dollar a month for the privilege. According to Alfred Newman, Goldwyn's musical director, their work surpasses some adult, professional organizations.

It's just that which is worrying Goldwyn. The youngsters' exceptionally fine renditions are SO good that movie audiences may think that the difficult selections were played by an adult symphony orchestra.

■ William Lundigan, the young man who played the second male lead in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up,* is deeply interested in affairs abroad. When he had his rooms redecorated recently he hung instead of pictures, huge maps of the various troubled countries. His desk top is a map of the United States. In one corner of his den is a monster globe, so built that by pressing a button he can light up any country on it and leave the rest dark. Bill, quite a lecturer on foreign politics and diplomacy, is in demand for talks before many civic clubs.

■ When Charley Farrell was in Europe some time ago, he took a liking to a British extra named Bob Barton who was crazy about Hollywood. Charley, who saw a lot of acting promise in the Britisher, promised to finance Bob's trip to the West Coast. But the offer was turned down. And here's the payoff. Not long ago Charley received a letter from Lord George Campbell-Grant who had, so the letter read, just come into his inheritance and a title. The letter was signed "Bob Barton." A P. S. explained that he had used that name because he did not want to promote himself on his family's name. As we write this, Lord Campbell-Grant is Farrell's house guest at Palm Springs.

■ Frank Morgan is growing a brand-new moustache again—bigger, better, and more stream-lined, he says—and this ought to be good news for the autograph hounds and candid camera fiends who failed to recognize him. Frank, by the way, has purchased a Palm Springs ranch and has requested Bing Crosby to send him his cast-off race horses. Frank thinks the nags are just slow enough for his house guests. His first improvement on the property will be the planting of spineless cacti, so that in case his guests fall

[*Continued on page* 10]



Photo by Charles Rhodes

Don Ameche and Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) congratulate Tyrone Power and Annabella after the wedding which joined the two 20th Century-Fox stars







JOAN BLONDELL

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "Good Girls go to Paris"













Clever girls follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the cosmetics they wish, but they use the soap with ACTIVE lather to remove *thoroughly* stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. It's foolish to let pores become choked—cause the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

WHAT DOES *YOUR SMILE* REVEAL?



John Brahm, Director of the Columbia Picture, "LET US LIVE", calls this a "hopeful smile"...winsome because it reveals sparkling teeth.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE...



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS PUT SPARKLE IN *YOUR* SMILE

Your smile has charm only if it reveals clear, bright teeth! Dentyne's specially firm chewiness is a fine aid to healthier mouth, brighter teeth. Dentists praise firm chewing gum as a "Stimulant to all oral tissues"..."Aid to firmer gums"..."Benefit to oral hygiene."

RICH IN SPICY FLAVOR!

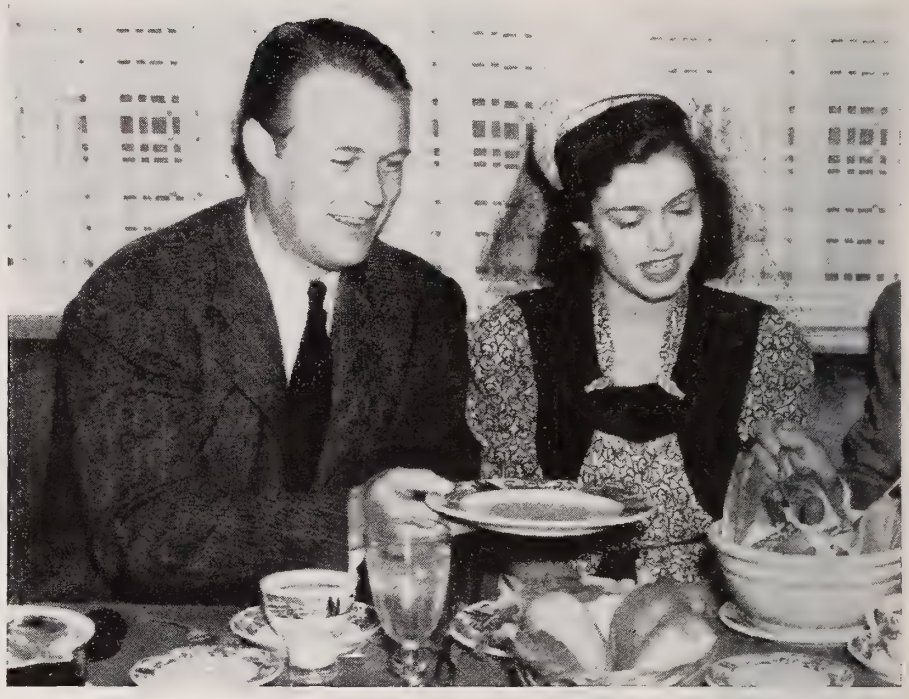
Remember the rich aroma — the spicy goodness — of old-fashioned coffee cake fresh from the oven? That fresh, cinnamony flavor is what you get in Dentyne! Its convenient, flat pack slides handily into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today!

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 8*]



Newlyweds Wayne Morris and "Bubbles" Schinasi caught at luncheon on a day when Wayne was not needed for his next big picture, *The Kid from Kokomo*

off the Crosby horses they won't get themselves jabbed to death by the desert plants. Smart idea!

■ Robert Young's election as honorary mayor of Tarzana, the little village in San Fernando Valley, was the cause of elaborate commotion among the citizens of that community. The merchants erected a thirty-foot sign of "Welcome." The newspaper oiled up its machinery and got out a special 12-page edition—mostly about Bob. The honorary mayor is taking his latest honor very seriously, having gone to quite an expense in fitting up a room in his valley home where he can handle all official business. Bob has made Virginia Bruce the honorary chief of police, and is beginning to worry about it. He says Virginia most likely will have his hoosegow filled with San Fernando folk who would like nothing better than to be "pinched" by the lovely motion picture star. And he's correct.

■ F'heavens sakes! The studios are at their old pastime of playing copycat! This time with titles. Remember how the word *"Hell"* was spotted on the marquees not so long ago? *Hell's Angels, Backdoor to Hell,* to name two. Well, the word *"Heaven"* takes its turn now. *East Side of Heaven, Back Door to Heaven, Heaven on a Shoestring, Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence, All This and Heaven Too* are listed among the current picture titles.

■ That movie star who seems to take so much delight in smacking his loving wife around in company and out, is due for a big surprise some of these here nightspot nights. More than a trifle ashamed of the slugging matches they have to attend against their will, and more than a trifle sorry for the battle-scarred wife who, for some reason, always submits to the buffeting, they've organized a society for the prevention of wife beating and have picked on Mr. Movie Star Slugger above mentioned as the first business to be taken care of. The first time he smacks her in public the S. P. W. B. is going to pin his ears back—and permanently!

■ Freakiest practical joke ever perpetrated on a film player was played on Anita Louise. She stopped by her beauty parlor late one evening to have her hair dressed for an early studio call. Half an hour later when Anita left the shop to return to her car, she noticed a tuxedoed gentleman sitting at the wheel, his shoulders slouched forward and his hat pulled over his eyes. Anita returned to the shop for strong-arm aid. She discovered a few minutes later that the "gentleman" was stuffed with sawdust, and not with liquor! Someone with a weird sense of humor had planted the dummy at Anita's wheel.

■ Victor McLaglen is the latest star personality to turn author. Vic has whipped up a synopsis during his leisure time (he's had two weeks off between pictures in eight months), which he has submitted to Universal Studios as a screen possibility. The studio is practically sold on it. It concerns the trials and tribulations of a "gentleman of the rails."

[*Continued on page 59*]

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE FRANCES LANGFORD'S

Here's how to look Your Loveliest!



Radio Star, now appearing on the "Texaco Star Theatre"

Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP... keyed to the color of your eyes!



ANN: Choose *face powder* by the color of your *eyes?* I never heard of such a thing!

RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*



ANN: With your *brown* eyes, it's *perfect,* Ruth! But what about *me,* with *gray* eyes?

RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on *eye* color, Ruth?

RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!



RUTH: You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips such lovely, *long-lasting* color!



ANN: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)



55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

FW-739

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



NONSPI CREAM Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor —from 1 to 3 days.

2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

3. May be used directly after shaving.

4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

JUAREZ—*Warners*

■ One of the most brilliant periods in all of Mexico's color-splashed history was the short reign of Maximilian. One of the great love stories was the romance of Maximilian and Carlotta. One of the inspiring tales of patriotism was the life of Juarez. And all three are interwoven in this film, with the result that no one story is told so fully as it deserves.

That the production is impressive, that great care and thought have been lavished on it, that huge audiences will be absorbed by the particular timeliness of the theme cannot be denied. But the fact that people leave the theatre asking, "What happened to Juarez?" "What happened to Carlotta?" "What happened to the little Crown Prince?" "What was Juarez before he was President?" proves that the film has gripping drama, but that even more drama was crowded out than was packed into its two hours.

The facts of this tragic chapter of history have singular appeal today, because they deal with the conflict of two theories of government, both exemplified by good men with noble intentions.

Topping all other performances is the work of Brian Aherne, who plays the honorable, aristocratic, handsome Maximilian. Maximilian was a Hapsburg, born to power. Tricked into believing that the Mexican people wanted him for an Emperor, he left Europe for the sun-baked plains of Mexico, hopeful of giving peace and prosperity to a suffering people. But, instead of welcome, he found resentment, suspicion, heavy sullenness, angry determined rebellion. Aherne does a magnificent characterization of the idealistic man, gentle, ill-advised, none too clever, whose good intentions came to an end in front of a firing squad wall in the blazing tropic sun.

Bette Davis gives a powerful performance as Carlotta, especially in those scenes when shadows of dread begin to cloud her mind. Paul Muni wears a heavy and effective make-up as Juarez, the peasant who had nothing but an idea . . . democracy . . . but who held to that idea so unwaveringly that he changed the destiny of his country. The vast cast includes many striking performances, including that of John Garfield as Diaz, Donald Crisp as head of the army, Claude Rains as Napoleon, Gale Sondergaard as Eugenie, Joseph Calleia, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Montagu Love and dozens of other well-known actors.

Just now, a wise-crack made by one young man who likes to laugh when he goes to the movies is having a certain vogue. "Sherman was right," he said after it was all over. "Juarez hell." It's an irresistibly funny wise-crack, but don't let it influence you to stay away from the film. Granted, some of the dialogue is wooden and incredibly literary, but don't forget that audiences all over the country are so moved by it that they applaud in the middle of the film. Granted that in very few portions of the film is the heat and dirt and violent contrast of the Mexican land evident. But don't forget that the theme of this film will be discussed within your hearing for many months to come. Don't forget to go.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY
—Warners

■ When the story of Nazi spy activities broke on the front pages of newspapers a few months ago, most of us said, "I can't believe it!" Then along came G-man Leon G. Turrou's book, a factual account of what he discovered when he was assigned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to cover the cases. Such evidence cannot be questioned, but most of us still feel like saying when we leave the theatre where these adventures are shown on the screen, "I still don't believe it."

However, there it is, and it would be harder to find a more absorbing dramatization of a sensational series of facts.

The film follows Turrou's book closely. There is no romance whipped up by imaginative writers, and dragged in just because films are supposed to have "love interest." A narrative, spoken by John Deering, links the separate incidents. Edward G. Robinson plays the part Torrou took in real life, and gives it the quiet, alert authority that I, who never have been fortunate enough to meet a G-man, like to think is typical of that service.



Photo by Charles Rhodes

Mary Lee Hartford, now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., smiles up at her husband after their pretty wedding ceremony



Gay for evening in summer is Paulette Goddard's striped skirt, big broad sash and dainty little white chiffon blouse

When you analyze the film (and that certainly will not be during the showing—it is too absorbing) you may find yourself doubting that any one government would assemble so many scarred faces, shifting eyes, twitching mouths and brutal expressions in its spy service. And it is a little hard to believe that a spy immediately confesses all as soon as he is arrested.

But neither of those second thoughts will injure the fascination of these pictured headlines, or the appreciation you must give to Francis Lederer for his exceptional work as the wretched, flamboyant, poverty-stricken ego-maniac who was dazzled by the prospect of being an international spy, wrote to a German newspaper to offer his services to his government, and, incredibly, was considered seriously by his government.

Put this one on the "Must" list. It is interesting.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS

—Paramount

He was big, stubborn, conceited and determined to win the heavyweight championship. She was little, stubborn, wealthy and determined to be his wife. It makes a good start for a story when the prizefighter is played by Fred MacMurray, and the spoiled daughter of millions is played by Irene Dunne.

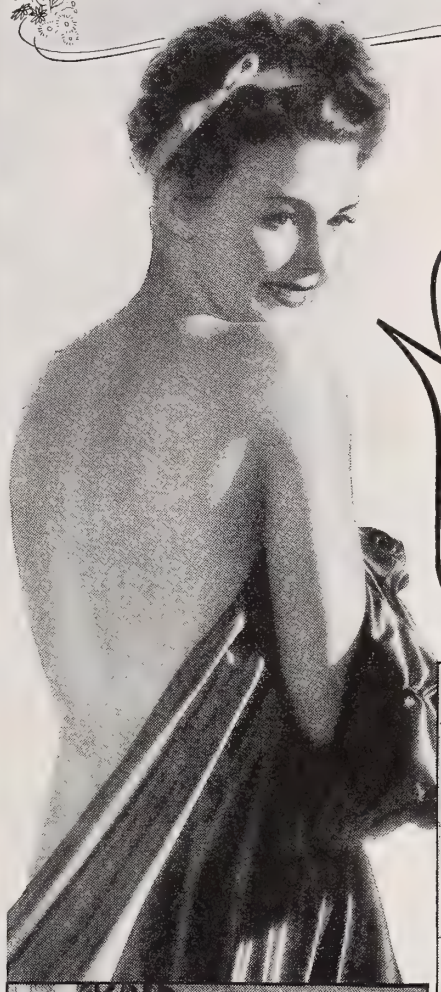
Charlie Ruggles plays the manager whose career is bound up with that of his rough, ill-educated young fighter. When he sells part of the boy's contract to an old friend (William Collier, Sr.) things begin to happen, because the old friend's daughter has her own ideas about how to train for a big fight.

No one on the screen grows older during a film with more grace and charm than Irene Dunne. Perhaps for that reason the latter part of the film has more reality

[*Continued on page* 58]

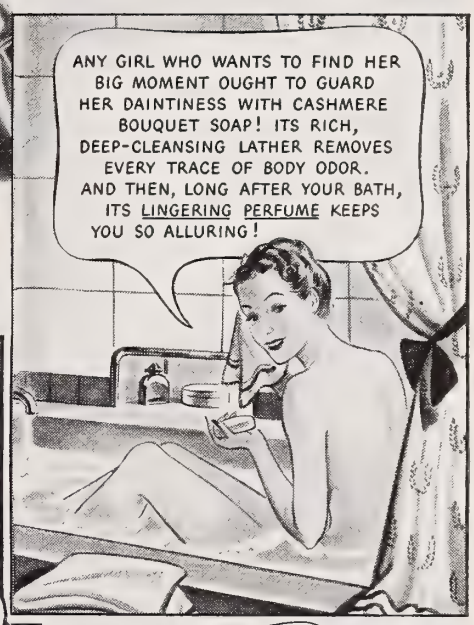
Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet



BEFORE YOU SEE HIM TONIGHT

BE SURE TO BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!







Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢

at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME



YOU need not be an athlete, however, to appreciate what a blessing Tampax is to all classes of women—housewives, travelers, students, business girls. The Tampax principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors, has already led women by the million to throw off old restrictions and adopt this new method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor; so ingeniously made that you are not even conscious of wearing it. Only *pure, long-fiber surgical cotton* is used in Tampax. Also note the sealed hygienic applicator in which Tampax comes to you. Using this, your hands do not even touch the Tampax!

No bulking, no wrinkling with Tampax, even in swim suits or sheerest formals. No disposal problems. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. At drug stores; notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of forty.

DAINTY AND NEAT
Your Hands never touch the Tampax

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-79
New Brunswick, N. J.
☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps, coins). Size checked below.
☐ Regular Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax
☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—free.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, snapped on the side lawn of their beautiful Bel-Air Stables which will be thrown open for the Movieland Tourists at a cocktail party this summer

Next Stop Hollywood

Few tourists meet stars or see the inside of studios, but here is a way for you to make your vacation include exciting glimpses behind the scenes

■ "Next stop—HOLLYWOOD!"

Imagine the tingling thrills of anticipation that will race up and down your spine as the luxurious Movieland Special —with you aboard—rolls swiftly down the California coast, bound for the glamorous land of make-believe. Think of the fun and excitement you will experience when you actually meet famous stars of cinemaland and are entertained by them in their own homes.

You wouldn't want to miss a glorious two weeks' vacation, climaxed by a three-day visit to movieland, would you? Well, there's no reason why you should miss it. HOLLYWOOD Magazine is offering you two chances to join its famous Movieland Tours this summer.

HOLLYWOOD Magazine's Movieland Tours were started several years ago in answer to letters from hundreds of readers, asking us: "How can I go to Hollywood on my vacation this summer, see everything and yet not spend very much money?" Fawcett Publications, publishers of HOLLYWOOD, enthusiastically went to work on the problem. And ever since the first Movieland Tour this unique vacation plan has been tremendously successful.

This year, the first Tour leaves Chicago on Saturday, July 15, and returns exactly two weeks later, on July 29. The second Tour starts on August 5, also a Saturday, and ends on August 19. Traveling in a special train consisting of air-conditioned dining and observation-lounge cars and luxurious sleepers, you will cross the western United States in leisurely comfort, pausing en route to enjoy the magnificent scenery and to visit points of historical interest. This is no hurried, hectic trip; it is a carefully-planned, complete vacation in which every detail has been arranged to guarantee your utmost comfort and pleasure.

Arriving in Hollywood you will be escorted through the movie capital, taken places and shown things not permitted the casual visitor. With HOLLYWOOD Magazine as your Aladdin's Lamp, you will go behind the scenes in the glamorous and fascinating capitol of motion pictures.

Host and hostess for the first Tour are

Allan Jones and his lovely young wife, Irene Hervey. They have arranged a private cocktail party at their celebrated Bel-Air Stables for our Movieland Tourists, and have invited many of their famous friends in Cinemaland to help make it a festive occasion.

Victor McLaglen has planned a grand party for members of our second Movieland Tour on August 11. At his estate at La Canada, Victor will entertain you in person and will escort you around the grounds whose famous acres house a private zoo and a breath-taking array of thoroughbred horses.

During your three days in Hollywood you will visit the sound stages, where you will see stars enacting the roles soon to become famous from coast to coast. You will eat with them in studio commissaries and mingle with them after hours in glittering Hollywood night spots.

As a special, added feature your favorite fan magazine has this year arranged a visit to the $50,000,00 Golden Gate International exposition at San Francisco. The Movieland Special will drop its passengers in Frisco and journey on to Sacramento where, two days later, the Movieland Tourists will rejoin it after a trip to the spectacular exhibition on Treasure Island.

To increase your enjoyment by doubling the scenic and historical highlights seen on the train trip, the Movieland Special will go to and return from the west coast by entirely different routes. We can safely say that no other vacation trip offers you so much variety, so many thrills and experiences.

■ A word about expenses. To bring the fascinating Movieland Tours within reach of almost everyone, we have pared expenses to the bone. The entire cost to you—including railroad ticket and berth, meals, motor transportation, side trips—is no more than the price of a round-trip ticket between Chicago and California!

There's still time to make your reservation for one of this year's two Movieland Tours. But hurry! Clip out the coupon accompanying this article and mail it today. It will not place you under any obligation whatsoever but it will bring you complete information in the form of a handsomely illustrated Movieland Tour free booklet.

Don't delay! Mail the coupon right now and start making plans for the happiest vacation you ever enjoyed!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MOVIELAND TOURS
360 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State H-2

Beauty swims at the Fair—

in the new Silhouetting Swim Suits designed by *B.V.D.!

True daughters of Neptune, the lovely young girls who star in "Billy Rose's Aquacade—New York World's Fair 1939." And every one of them wears **B. V. D. Suits exclusively!* The reasons—form-fitting glamour and figure control ...flexible, buoyant fabrics and sparkling aquatic colors. Wear them—and see for yourself!



Uplift Control—There's silhouette sorcery in the bustline control of B.V.D. suits. It's done with clever cut and exclusive elastic design that raises and slenderizes the bust.



Midriff Sculpturing—Figure magic is yours in every B.V.D. fabric—in every B.V.D. suit that holds you firmly, comfortably at the waistline, makes you look slim-as-a-stalk.



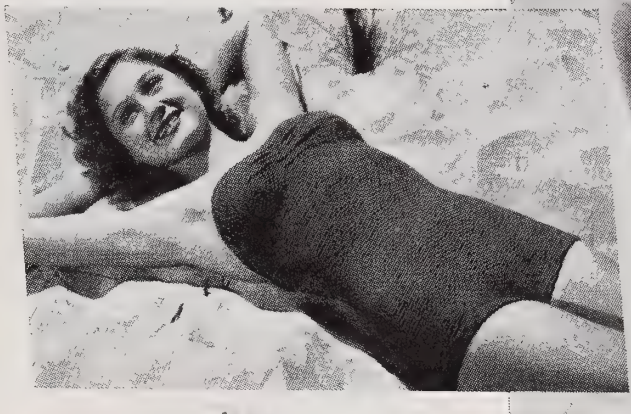
Evening Gown Brilliance—From the ballroom to the beach go the latest, loveliest evening gown lines in these stunning new B.V.D. swim suits—distinguished for their beauty and comfort.



Trunkline Triumph—B.V.D. trunks are carefully cut, smoothly tailored with a fullness that gives you ease and comfort—assures good looks—whether you are active or indolent.

Half-Skirted and "strapless," this new swim suit in lovely *B.V.D. Stitch features a high, tucked bustline for flattery, and cleverly hidden straps that tie, halter-fashion, for active wear. **$5.95.**





Eleanor Holm, lovely star of Billy Rose's N. Y. World's Fair Aquacade, wears a swim suit of lustrous *"Sea Satin" by *B.V.D. in a gay and lovely Dogwood print. **$6.95.**

*B.V.D.
SWIM SUITS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



Three Smart Girls



100 Men and a Girl



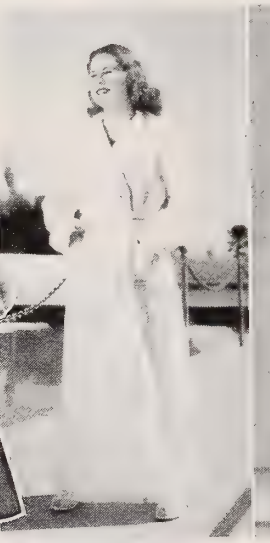
Mad About Music

Deanna Durbin's Contest

Here is your chance to win delightful prizes. Read the simple rules on this page, fill in the coupon and make your try for one of Deanna's pretty costumes



FIRST PRIZE
Manufactured by Horowitz and Duberman



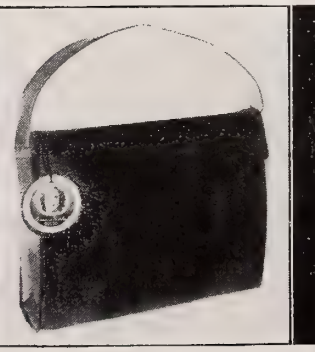
SECOND PRIZE
Designed by the Geisha Import Co.



THIRD PRIZE
Manufactured by Mello-Sheen Corp.



FOURTH and FIFTH PRIZES
Made by Ideal Novelty Co.



SEVENTH PRIZE
Made by Herz and Kory



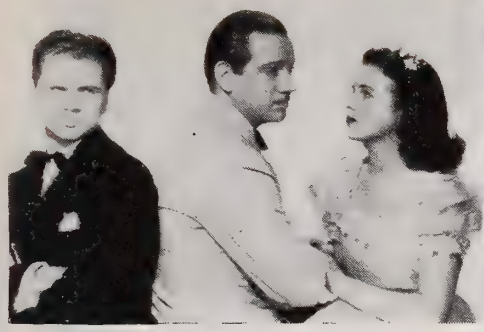
EIGHTH PRIZE
Made by Parkdale Perfume Co.

■ Deanna Durbin has made five outstanding pictures. All have delighted audiences and have won enormous popularity for the little singing star. And one reason her popularity continues is that each film is different. Which of her films did you like best, and why? Deanna would like to know, and she is offering prizes for the most interesting answers to the questions. Weigh your opinions carefully. They may influence the studio in its choice of a story to follow *After School Days* which Deanna is making now, and *First Love* in which she plays soon.

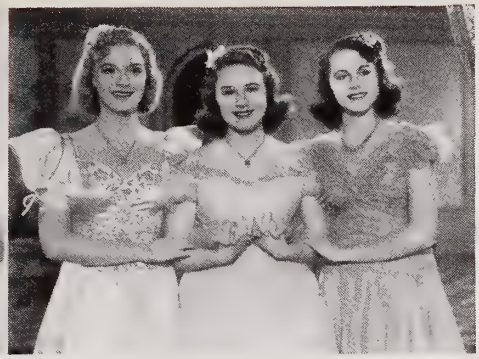
Read the rules carefully, fill out the coupon, and see if you can't win one of the handsome prizes shown on these pages.

RULES

1. Across the top of these two pages are pictures from Deanna's five films. It will be a hard choice, but decide which film gave you the most pleasure. Fill in the coupon at the top of the right-hand page, and tell in no more than twenty words *why*



That Certain Age



Three Smart Girls Grow Up

you liked one certain film the best. Don't feel that you have to use twenty words. If you can tell your reason better in fewer words, you have just as good a chance at winning a prize.

2. The contest is open to all with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their families.
3. All entries must be mailed no later than July 20, 1939.
4. Deanna Durbin and the Editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be sole judges. Entries will not be returned.
5. Originality and neatness will be considered in selecting the winning entries.
6. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE—In addition to one of the suits described on opposite page, the person submitting the very best of all answers will receive the music case which Deanna carried in her last film, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.* It is battered from use before the cameras. It shows signs of hard usage under the hot lights, but it is autographed by Deanna herself, and it is a souvenir to treasure.

FIRST PRIZE—Two clever young ladies will be able to go back to school in stunning Deanna Durbin suits like the one illustrated in the drawing. The coat, with smart boxed shoulders, is tailored of beige and brown rough [*Continued on page* 60]

Deanna Durbin Contest
HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway,
New York City.

My favorite picture in which Deanna Durbin has appeared is .....

.....

because .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

My dress size is .....

My hat size is .....

My favorite color is .....



WHAT A RELIEF! TO BE COMPLETELY RID OF DANDRUFF AT LAST!



Pityrosporum ovale, the germ that causes dandruff, magnified many times.

Listerine Antiseptic gets beneath surface symptoms . . . attacks Pityrosporum ovale . . . the germ which causes dandruff

How many times have you treated yourself for dandruff, with only momentary relief? How many times have you longed to rid yourself of its disgusting flakes?

Science has discovered a new method to replace these old fashioned methods which merely affect surface symptoms. Research men know that dandruff is a germ disease and the way to get rid of it is to kill the germ. And now clinical records prove that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for so long as a mouth wash and gargle, kills the dandruff germ . . . and by actually removing the cause of the disease usually banishes dandruff.

Try a Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. So clean. So easy. So delightfully invigorating. And you'll be amazed by its effectiveness.

Your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier. Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic. Don't put off your first delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment another day! And even after dandruff has disappeared, use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against re-infection.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

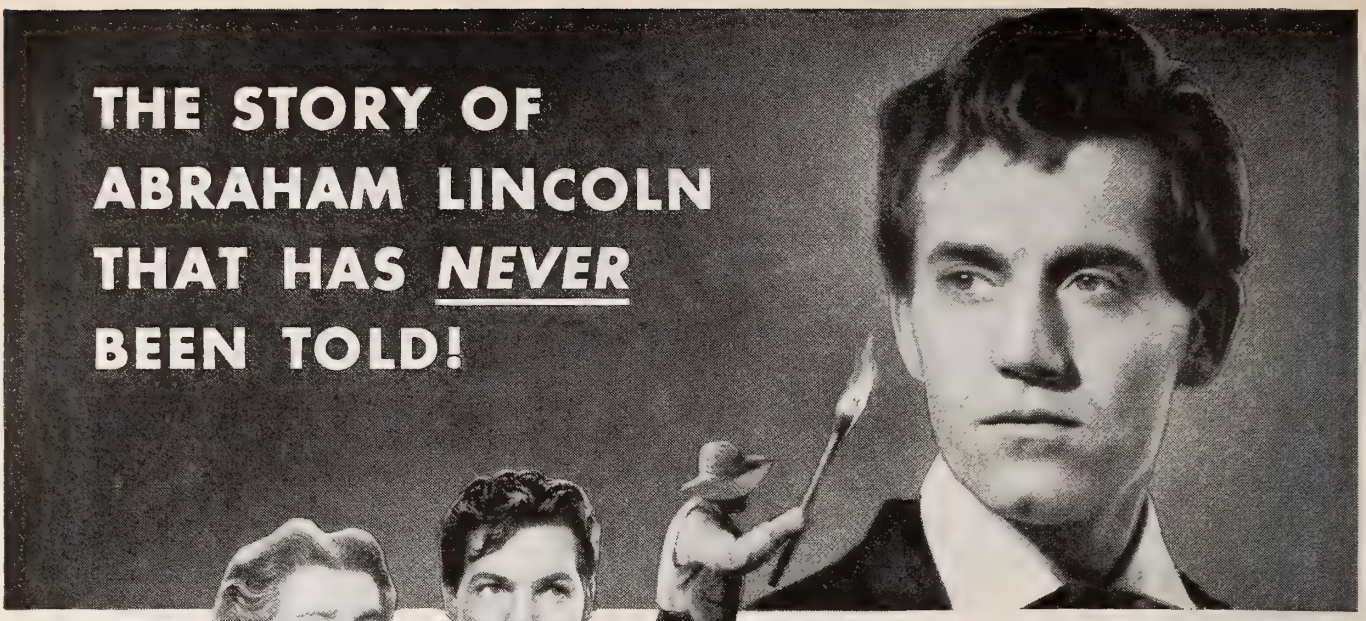
WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR **DANDRUFF**



His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth... wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Two boys charged with murder... and between them and the gallows... the youthful backwoods attorney for the defense... ABE LINCOLN!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

HENRY FONDA · ALICE BRADY · MARJORIE WEAVER · ARLEEN WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS · PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL · DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS · EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Has Hedy Lamarr 3 Strikes Against Her?

A brilliant discussion of three circumstances which have threatened a career

By CLIFF TAYLOR



"It should have been a triple!"

"A triple? You're crazy—it should have been a homer!"

"Something is wrong. Why, any other player. . . ."

■ No, folks, it isn't the boys in back of first base at the Yankee Stadium you're listening to. And it's not the bleacherites at Wrigley Field or Shibe Park, or even the Polo Grounds. It's Hollywood, and the voices are just a few of the ten thousand grandstand experts who can tell you exactly what was wrong and whose fault it was the moment a boner has been pulled.

Sometimes they're right and sometimes they're wrong, but like grandstand experts the world over, the Hollywood variety can be counted on to make plenty of noise. And maybe you think they're not raising the roof these days! It isn't Dizzy Dean or Hank Greenberg or Schoolboy Rowe they're howling about, although that's the impression you might get at first if you didn't know your Hollywood baseball. No, sir! It's a young rookie that is causing the commotion, a kid who was supposed to have things on the ball that nobody else had, a kid who was going to make Old Man Public forget all about the great ones of the past, a beautiful Viennese lassie whose name overnight represented glamour to countless millions: Hedy Lamarr.

Let's listen in on the grandstand experts:

Some say that the coaching from first base was bad, There is another group of sour-visaged experts who shrug their shoulders and say: "The kid got too big a build-up. She didn't stay in the minors long enough. She has the stuff but she just isn't ready for the big league yet!"

And then there is the group, gloomiest of all—yet wise in the ways of Hollywood—which simply mutters: "Three strikes is out." And Hedy Lamarr has three strikes on her already!"

What do they mean— "Three strikes on her?"

Let's, as they say in Washington, have a look at the record.

First, there was *Ecstasy*. This was the picture, you recall, that first made the world Lamarr-conscious. Produced in Germany, *Ecstasy* received world-wide attention when Hedy's millionaire husband—who disliked the idea of his wife swimming before millions of people without benefit of even the flimsiest kind of a bathing suit—tried to buy up all the existing prints of the picture—and failed. It was the picture that caused the American censors to gird their loins and rush forth to meet it, halfway in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, with a firm and resounding: "No!" (It was shown, eventually, but not until the censors had gotten in a healthy workout with the big snippers).

Hedy herself didn't seem very proud of her debut as an international glamour girl. When she arrived in Hollywood, reporters found her reticent about *Ecstasy*.

"I was ver-ee young," she murmured apologetically. "They did not tell me what I had to do until after the picture had started, so. . . ." And the reporters liked her. They liked the idea that she wanted to forget *Ecstasy* and make a new success in Hollywood, and they thought she was a pretty bright girl—because they knew, that while *Ecstasy* was an international sensation, it [*Continued on page* 64]

Hedy LaMarr just has been given the title role in *Lady of the Tropics* and the public is hoping for a home run

Man In the Iron Mask

Our favorite extra learns to fence, and decides that working in movies is enough torture without any help from such old-fashioned things as an iron mask

By E. J. (FALSE FACE) SMITHSON





Above, King Louis XIV of France and his twin brother meet for the first time and marvel at the likeness. Louis Hayward plays both parts. Below, weighted down by the horrible mask, the political prisoner is led by guards to his cell in the Bastille

DEAR EDITOR:

Life on the movieland extra front is certainly wonderful!

Here I am, sitting at home in one of those tumble-down shacks near the S. P. Railroad tracks and feeling—for two good reasons—almost as happy as a loving Hollywood wife who has just won a divorce (with alimony, of course) from her night-clubbing hubby. First, because I've finally succeeded in combing the last few grains of Yuma, Arizona, desert sand out of my whiskers and pulled the last of the cacti spines out of the patched seat of my patched britches. And second, because I've made up my mind (such as it is) never again to accept any extra work as violent as the "location" soldiering I had to do as a member of the French Foreign Legion in Paramount's latest screen version of *Beau Geste.*

As I say, there I was sitting as contented as a Carnation cow at ease in a field of alfalfa with plenty of legal tender in my money belt and with no worries about when and where my next square meal was coming from when—

The telephone bell rang and before I could say, "Whoosit speaking please?" into the receiver, the soft, sweet, and gentle voice of my girl friend who works at Central Casting said: "Mr. Barrymore, I presume? No, don't stop me. You scram over to the Edward Small Productions and see the casting director. He's testing for extras to do some fancy fencing in *The Man in the Iron Mask.*"

Well, you know me—or should by now. I "scrammed" as the little lady wished, and pretty soon I was talking to David Werner, the casting director, and a minute or so later I was talking to Fred Cavens, the guy who was to coach the extras in the fencing scenes. This Cavens, by the way, is one of the world's greatest fencing masters and has been since he was a kid of 18 when he was a pupil in the Military Normal Fencing School of the Belgian Army. Fred asked me if I had ever fenced and I said not since I helped my old man string barb wire around the back forty. But extra fencers were hard to get (Fred needed more than 300, I found out later) and so he said, "Okay, we'll see what you can do;" and told me to report in the afternoon for rehearsals which sounded rather silly to me because I had an idea that all you had to do in one of these sword-waving scenes was to stand in one spot and keep poking and pecking away at your opponent until the director said, "Cut!" But was I dumb! This Cavens guy rehearsed us all that afternoon and all the next day. The whole business was designed just like a ballet routine. Cavens even had marks drawn on the floor to indicate where we were to stand, how many steps to take backward, forward, and sideways while we lunged with those long, razor-edged rapiers. And it was all quite necessary, I could see, because the set on which the fight was to take place would be crowded with fighting men, and, if one of them was to become unduly confused or excited during the brawl, he'd more than likely get slithered with cold steel and I, for one at least, didn't "fency" that.



Above, the King with his minister (Joseph Schildkraut) watch the secret forging of the iron mask. Below, Joan Bennett as Maria Theresa suffers the embraces of the king in order to get key which locks the iron mask over head of the mysterious prisoner



■ Now, in order to establish the reason of this sequence I'd better pause for a moment and give you a bit of historical background.

Philippe, the twin brother of Louis XIV (both roles played by Louis Hayward and played so well that Edward Small should give the young man a double salary) has been reared in the little town of Tartas, Gascony, by D'Artagnan (played by Warren William and exceedingly well, if you ask me) and his Three Musketeers (Alan Hale as Porthos, Miles Mander as Aramis, and Bert Roach as Athos—a swell trio of swashbucklers, believe you me). Philippe knows nothing of his royal parentage. D'Artagnan has been given the little town of Tartas, tax-free, for taking care of the youngster. Now for the fireworks! Louis XIV, being a profligate, a royal no-good, in addition to being a blue-blooded soandso, sends out a company of soldiers to collect taxes in Gascony. Eventually they arrive in Tartas and bust into D'Artagnan's home just when D'Artagnan is giving a birthday dinner in honor of Philippe's 22nd birthday. The Three Musketeers are there along with a number of D'Artagnan's palsy-walsys. When the soldiers come crowding in, everybody choses up sides, selects an opponent, and starts in from scratch to do a bit of plain and fancy anatomy carving. D'Artagnan and his Three Musketeers have a field day. Philippe joins in the fun and accounts for several of the armed tax collectors. As for me, I'm NO account ON account of my getting all mixed up in my instructions and don't know whether I'm supposed to get killed or stay alive during the melee. So I just stand there and keep parrying and thrusting while the battle rages.

In no time at all the fight is raging upstairs as well as down and ever so often, when I'd look up, I'd see some soldier toss a D'Artagnan follower over the balustrade or vice versa, as the case might be. And when I say "toss" I really mean toss! Those burly guys actually flew through the air and despite the fact that large safety nets had been provided to catch 'em when they lit, four of 'em suffered fractured wrists and sprained backs and ankles.

After a while it began to look as though some of the boys were really playing for keeps. I was sure of it when Director Whale yelled "Cut!" because the guy who was pecking away at me hauled off and obeyed instructions to the letter by taking a three-inch slice of white meat off my left shoulder! If Director Whale had yelled "Cut!" the second time the chances are that my opponent would have gleefully run that elongated, over-sized knitting needle of his right through my middle! As it was the studio sawbones sewed me up and like the brave fellow I am, I stayed on the job the next five days—this being the time it took to complete the fighting sequences.

■ I forgot to tell you that beginning with the second day's shooting Director Whale decided to usher in an era of extreme formality. Up until then everybody was calling everybody else by first names, and getting very friendly indeed. But around lunch time of the second day Director [*Continued on page* 37]

Sonja—
Self-Made Siren



She looks like a lovely little blond doll, but she is one of the most brilliant business women in the world, and this writer predicts that she could be one of the greatest sirens

By PAUL KAREL

■ Sonja Henie has talked about everything, or most everything. She's talked about money, very knowingly, about Hollywood, about her prowess as a skater. She's confessed she has never been in love, really in love, that we know her past and that her future will be ice, always brilliant, sparkling ice.

But a woman so shrewd as she always has something untold about her. Something she wouldn't tell about herself, that she couldn't.

When I saw the opening of her revue in Hollywood, it took me right back to where Sonja and this whole thing started for me. While I was watching the troupe of a hundred skaters in the Rimsky-Korsakof *Snow Maiden* ballet, I took my hat off to her mentally and said, "Sonja, gal, you've done it! It's off to you!"

The feeling was similar to that sort of warm pride that fills you [*Continued on page* 54]

The big portrait at the top shows the sophisticated beauty that can be Sonja Henie's, if she wishes to accent it. Below, before stardom with her trainer at St. Moritz. Center, she is shown in the white costume which she wore in her ice revue this winter. Right, in the black costume her face shows that touch of Viking determination so important in her career. Her next picture is *Second Fiddle*



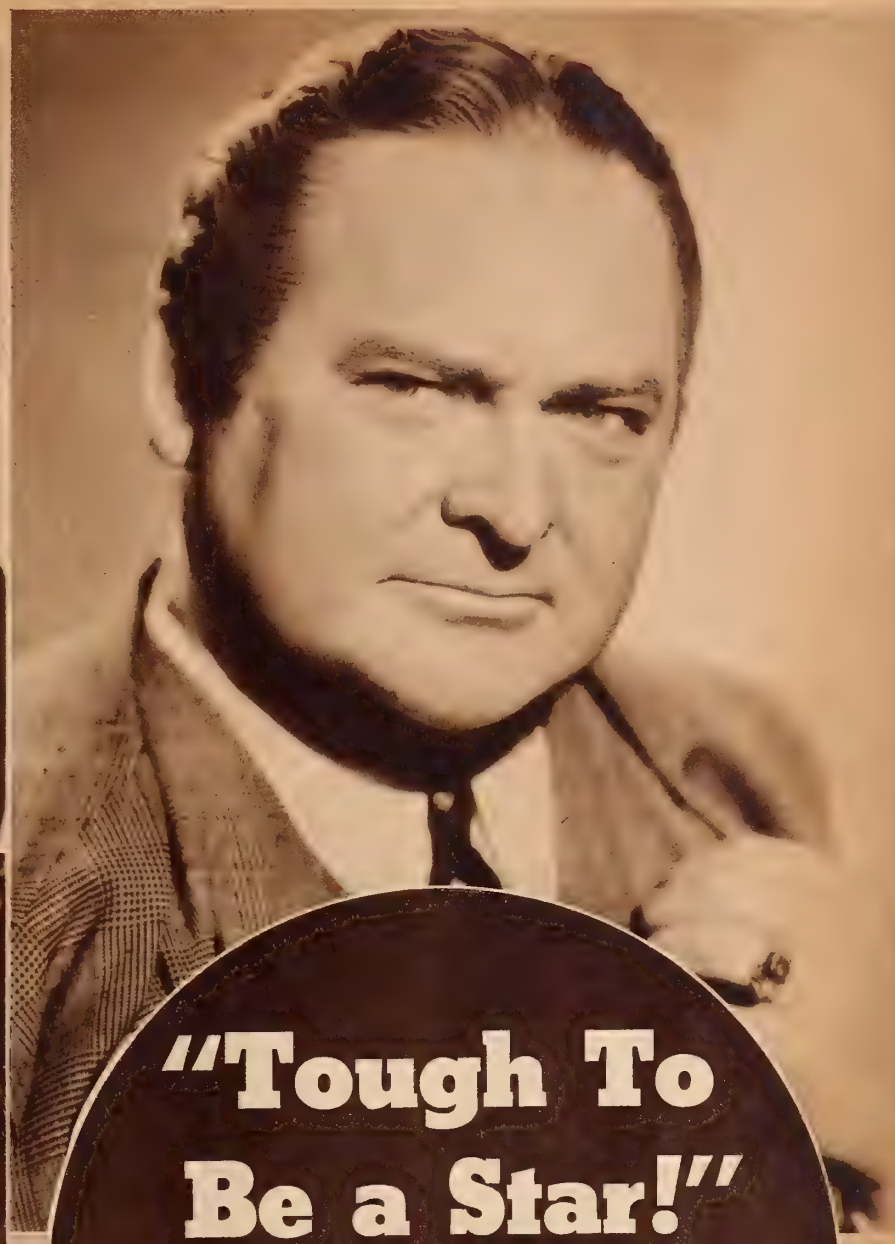




Immediately below is Jesse Lasky with the "Alice Eden" and "John Archer" discovered in his "Search For Talent" Contest. The girl is Rowena Cook of New York City. The boy is Ralph Bowman of Lincoln, Nebraska. Both have featured roles in Lasky's film, *Career*. Below, talented runners-up in the contest are Marjorie Cooley and Charles Ruppert who also will be given chances at Hollywood fame







"Tough To Be a Star!"

Says Edward Arnold

One famous star talks like a Dutch Uncle to the boy and girl whose outstanding talents have won them a chance at stardom, and gives advice that applies to any career

By EMILY NORRIS

■ Quivering excitement gripped the audience that crammed the Hollywood theatre where the broadcast neared its close. Everybody was there—not only producers and talent scouts from the studios, not only the stars and directors who acted as judges, but also, in full array, the mothers and fathers, aunts, cousins, and fiercely loyal friends . . . those who had come early enough to get seats. Three hundred late arrivals were bunched on the sidewalk at the entrance.

In pairs, the four young men and four girls—selected for the "finals" after thirteen weeks of sifting and elimination from 2,400 contestants throughout the country—had gone through their dramatic skits before the microphone, and retired off stage, knees shaking, to await the judges' decision. The audience rustled once, and then sat deathly still.

That decision! It meant the difference between going back home or staying in wonderful Hollywood, with a chance at stardom. It meant the difference between leaving that theatre as a nobody, or as the bright new screen personality who had captured a six months' contract with RKO-Radio Studios at $125 a week, plus a seven years' contract with options if you made good; plus a role immediately in the picture, *Career;* plus what the make-up department, beauticians, and wardrobe designers could do for you. The difference, in short, between minus —and unlimited plus.

Sh-hh! Jesse Lasky, the producer, was speaking. The whole thing had been his idea—"The Gateway to Hollywood" air program—in order to find new talent for the movies. You had to be an amateur to enter the contest, [*Continued on page* 49]

That Scarlett Woman

Leslie Howard discusses the famous heroine of *Gone With the Wind* and decides that she is very much like many of the girls of today!

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ "But what people seem to overlook is that Scarlett was so *modern!*" said Leslie Howard, rigged out nattily (according to the year 1861) in the habiliments of Ashley Wilkes for the opening sequences of that *Gone With the Wind* picture; "Scarlett O'Hara was a new-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned setting. She was a 1939 sub-deb. . . . in hoopskirts."

As he spoke, Scarlett herself tripped daintily across the lawn in hoopskirts of pale green silk, her dark little head tilted at a proud slant. The lawn was in Busch Gardens, Pasadena, where the Selznick company was on location for this picnic-barbecue scene at Twelve Oaks, the Wilkes estate. And Scarlett, of course, was Vivien Leigh, the bright-eyed English actress who so nimbly exchanged her London accent for the soft dialect of Georgia.

In his character of Ashley, Leslie Howard had just declined as courteously as possible Scarlett's offer of marriage; explained that he loved Melanie Hamilton (Olivia de Havilland) whom he was soon to marry. The tempestuous tete-a-tete had taken place in the library of the Wilkes mansion, a portico of which could be glimpsed among the tall trees. Howard, collapsing in a chair outside his portable trailer dressing room, loosened his high collar and stock. Refusing Scarlett anything involved quite a strain!

"Possibly my idea of Scarlett differs from that of some people," Howard conceded. His cultivated voice formed a musical undercurrent to the yells of prop boys and the harsh directions that boomed from time to time through the loud-speaker system. "But I've studied her carefully.



Leslie Howard in the tattered uniform of Ashley Wilkes, discusses nuances of a Southern accent with Miss Susan Myrick of Georgia who is keeping R's off the set



The O'Hara Family, before the war: Left to right, Thomas Mitchell, Vivien Leigh, Barbara O'Neill, Ann Rutherford and Evelyn Keyes

Olivia de Havilland, as the gentle Melanie, gets a final touch-up from Hazel Rogers



I think I'm right. She was fascinating, even more for some vital quality in her character than for her beauty. She would do what she set out to do, no matter if in doing it she went to her own destruction. You admire her determination, and her courage. When things went wrong, she didn't submit. She smashed and hammered till she rearranged them or found a way out.

"But no man could endure Scarlett for a lifetime. She would drive him mad. She was ruthless, dazzling, and hard. Even Rhett Butler leaves her, you know. There is some indication in the book that he may come back—but I don't think he did."

The blue Howard eyes strayed to the gay barbecue now in full swing. It's nice that the picture is in Technicolor. Ladies in wide, long gowns of rose and carmine, saffron and violet and peacock, sat at the picnic tables with men in dusky browns and reds and heliotropes. Negro servants ran about with great silver trays on which mounds of food were balanced. Children in quaint miniatures of the grown-up costumes rolled hoops in and out among the tables, and among the flowering shrubs that formed the graceful background.

"Of course, I don't mean that modern women are necessarily ruthless and hard," Leslie Howard explained. "When I say that Scarlett was modern, I mean that she didn't bow to fate or remain quietly at home weeping for what she wanted. She went right out and tried to get it. She had a fine confidence in her own ability, a thoroughly up-to-date self-reliance.

"In her day, it wasn't the thing for a woman to be aggressive, you know. A woman didn't go out into the world and fight for what she wanted, whether it was a livelihood or anything else. The nice girl stayed at home, very ladylike, and married well."

The thought impinged that Scarlett certainly tried persistently enough to make what she considered an advantageous marriage. She was sixteen, wasn't she, when Ashley Wilkes declined her proposal, and, in a fit of pique she married apple-cheeked Charles Hamilton, Melanie's brother. Later she married Frank Kennedy, because she needed a few hundred dollars. And after his death, she married Rhett Butler who, despite her consuming love, walked out.

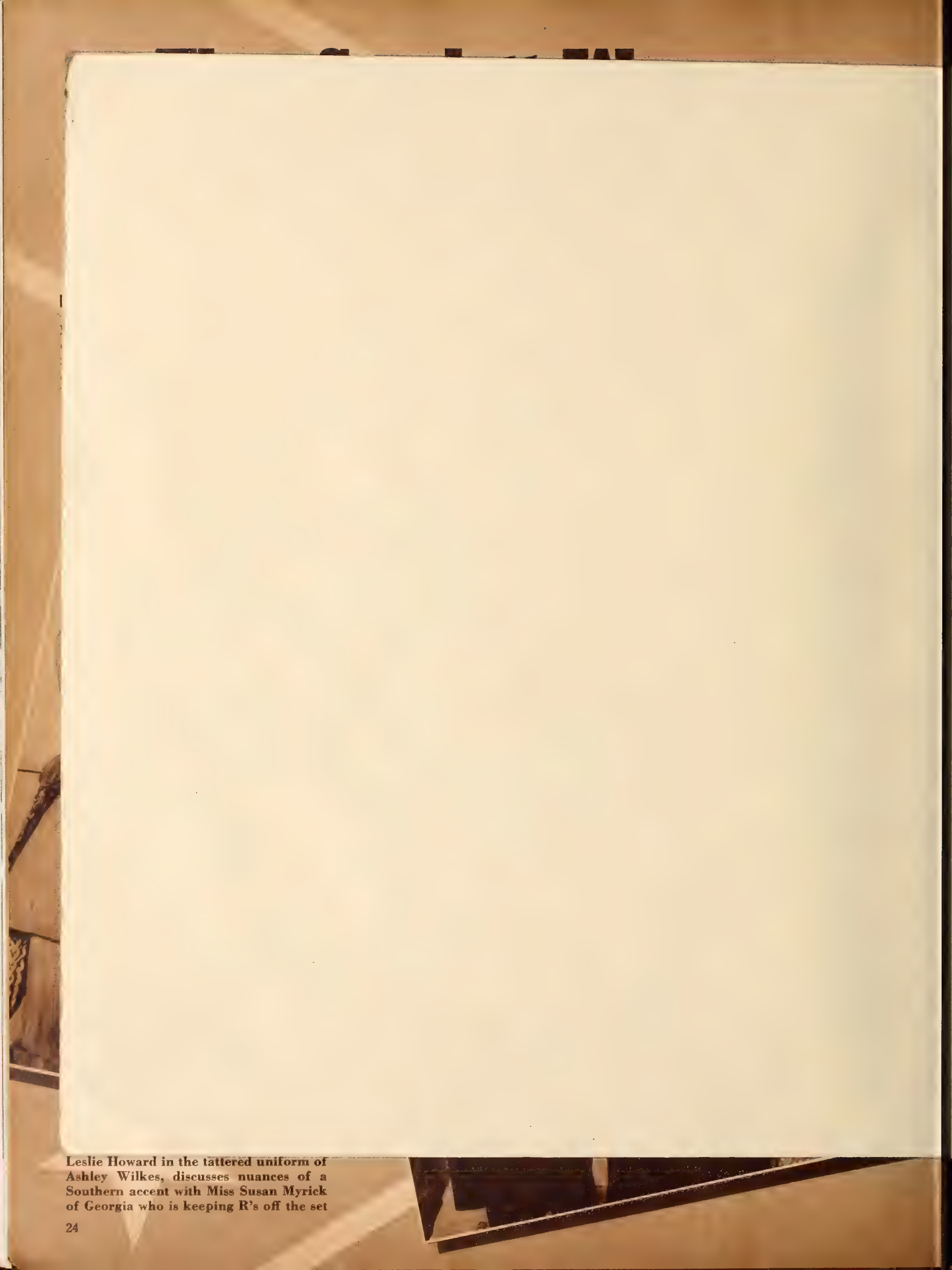
"Naturally, if the Civil War hadn't come along," Howard was saying, "Scarlett might not have developed into quite the clever business woman and the shrewd opportunist which she became. But, mind you, those characteristics were there all the time; ready to unfold under the right conditions. I've said Scarlett was ruthless. I'm wondering if all really great women—and she had elements of greatness—weren't ruthless, too. Perhaps they have to be. Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia . . .

"Nevertheless, Scarlett is a character whom women admire more than men do. Oh, yes, I believe that. Women like her because she does what she pleases, and often gets the better of

[*Continued on page 57*]



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[Continued on page 57]



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In the circle, George Brent is taking the oath of allegiance at the Bureau of Naturalization



Francis Lederer



Luise Rainer



Katherine De Mille



Claude Rains



Anthony Quinn



Olympe Bradna



Ray Milland



Marlene Dietrich



Wendy Barrie



Hollywood Salutes
Volunteer Americans

Fourth of July Greetings to the men and women who were born in other lands but who have decided to become American citizens

■ For three nights, no lights had shone in the city. The once gay, crowded boulevards of a Continental capitol were almost deserted. Here and there a tiny crack of light sliced the vast blackness of a towering apartment house, then vanished quickly as a hand within the room drew the protective blanket over the window once more.

This was Prague of September, 1938, a Prague that waited fearfully, with bated breath and pounding heart, for the great gray bombing planes to roar out of the west and destroy it in a final, dreadful holocaust. This sleepless city of darkness and silence was the once proud capital of little Czechoslovakia, deserted now by its powerful friends, abandoned to the gray-clad columns which inevitably would come lumbering through the streets in trucks and tanks and on hobnailed boots to swallow up the 20-year-old country.

Behind closed doors and blanketed windows the men and women and children of Prague waited—waited—waited for the threatening war clouds to burst, unleashing torrents of slim steel raindrops filled with deadly explosives. And 7,000 miles away another Czech—one who, but for the accident of genius, might have been with his compatriots in this city of dreadful night—also waited, waited, waited for news of the destruction of his birthplace.

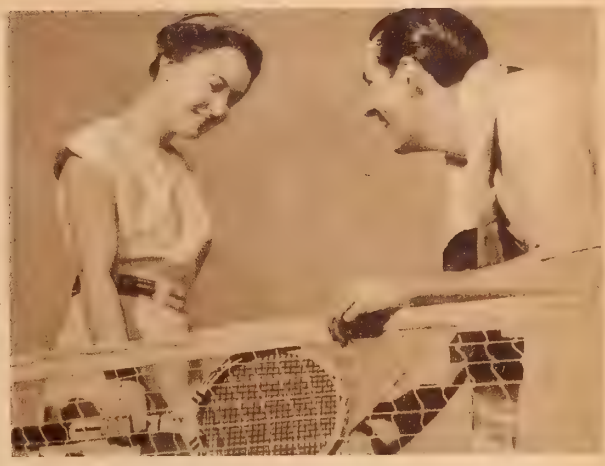
On the stage of the great Prague Academy of Dramatic Arts which, dark and empty, awaited Hitler's bombers, he had studied acting. Graduating with honors he had secured a small part in a play running at the old Deutsches Theatre, receiving the American equivalent of $1.20 a week. To keep body and soul together he had worked by day, sweeping the floors and washing the windows of a nondescript department store which this moment was tightly shuttered against the impending air raid.

And now, at 32, at the peak of his brilliantly successful [*Continued on page 42*]

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE



In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the **21st Earl of Erroll,** has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late **Lord Shaughnessy.** With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.

British and American Sportswomen

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*



In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."



Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the **Earl of Guilford,** often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.



It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle.**



In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

***Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company







In this article, Adolphe Menjou discusses marriage with some authority, for he has made three trips to the altar. Left, with his first wife, the brilliant newspaper woman, Katharine Conn Tinsley. Below, with his second wife, the lovely actress, Kathryn Carver. And in the full length picture, with the third Mrs. Menjou, (Verree Teasdale)

Men Don't Need Women TO SUCCEED

Adolphe Menjou fights back at the theory that the little woman's home-cooked dinner ever won promotion for hubby from the hard-boiled boss

By DORA ALBERT

■ All of us have heard women say. "Behind every successful man there's a woman who's responsible for his success." Frequently men themselves have said the same thing—particularly men in love. We all know of men who have been weaklings and failures all their lives, but who tell the girls with whom they're in love that everything will be different after the wedding. And miraculously enough, once in a while things *are* different.

And we have all heard of wives who are brilliant hostesses, who entertain the husband's friends with so much graciousness and charm that those friends in turn do everything they can to help the husbands. And a thousand short stories have been written to prove that the man who gets ahead is the one whose wife invites the boss for a home-cooked [*Continued on page* 52]

Tommy's life is one big Success Story!

CHAPTER 1. THE FIRST YEAR: CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"Baby specialists approve of Clapp's," says Tommy Malek's mother. "Did you know that Clapp's is the ***only*** large company that makes nothing but baby foods? Clapp's has been making them longer, too—18 years.

"They've ***always*** worked with doctors. Each Clapp's food has a texture suggested by doctors to suit babies best. They surely suited Tommy!..."



"The way that baby grew! My neighbors couldn't get over it. There was one time when he tripled his weight in 5 months. Yet he was solid, too—strong as a baby bear.

"You knew to look at him that he was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals in his Clapp's Foods. And ***appetite!***...his dish would be empty almost as soon as it was filled!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

CHAPTER 2. RUNABOUT YEARS: CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Food dislikes? Not a one! Babies often do get the stubbornest notions when the time comes for coarser foods. But Tommy slid onto his new Clapp's Chopped Foods like a charm.

"No lumps or stems, you see—these foods are evenly cut, though coarse, just as doctors advise for toddlers. And since they had the same good flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, they made the same big hit!"



"A big menu and well-planned—that's another reason why Tommy eats and grows so well on Clapp's. He has 11 kinds of Chopped Foods, including those hearty new Junior Dinners that combine meat, vegetables, and cereals.

"We're a family of Clapp's fans—now baby sister's getting Strained Foods. I tell other mothers, 'If you want your baby to have the best, it's worth while insisting on Clapp's!' "



11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Pick Your Astrological Twin

By NONA HOWARD
(ASTRO-ANALYST)

What is your birth-date?

If you want to discover which movie star you resemble most closely, find your sign of the Zodiac at the bottom of the chart, read up, and see if the description doesn't fit you quite closely.

It will not fit you exactly, any more than it describes exactly the star whose picture appears at the top, because every horoscope is made up of a combination of at least ten planetary influences. To make an exact reading, the day and hour of birth is essential information for the astro-analyst.

However, the position of the sun in every horoscope gives fundamental characteristics, so it is possible to base a general analysis of personality on the sun position. If your birthday falls very close to the dividing line, on May 19, for instance, you will find that you resemble Alice Faye in some characteristics, Jeanette MacDonald in others. Astrology is an intricate study, and very seldom does one person have the unqualified attributes of the sign. However, you will be amazed when you see how many of the qualities of their signs fit your friends. The actresses chosen for this chart were selected because they are typical in a general fashion of their signs, though individual charts would reveal many variants according to the hour and the place of birth.

Editor's Note: If you have fun, and we think you will, with this chart, don't miss the August issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. In it, Miss Howard will astro-analyze the men! So, if there is a man in your life, find out whether he should be treated like a Clark Gable or a Robert Taylor. Get an astrological insight into his emotions and his hobbies and how to make him happy.





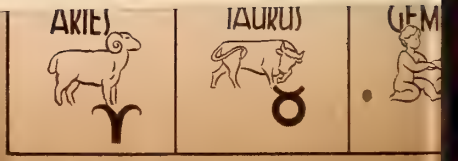
	Bette Davis	Alice Faye	Jeanet MacDon
PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS	Aggressive, energetic, enthusiastic.	Determined, tenacious, deliberate.	Restless, satile, mistic
EMOTIONAL CHARACTERISTICS	Ardent, courageous and determined to get what she wants.	Faithful, possessive and sentimental.	Adaptable, ciable but tainly sentimen
HOMEMAKING QUALIFICATIONS	The least said about it, the better. But she works fast.	Above the average, but she wants the best of everything and spends accordingly.	Keeps an tractive and enjoy tertaining long a doesn't in hard wo
HOW SHE MEETS TROUBLE	Almost impossible to defeat, and willing to tackle anything.	Her habits of mind are fixed and neither trouble nor success change them.	Will pro blame you everything upsets h and she u easily
HOW SHE SPENDS MONEY	Frequently spends more than she makes and always wants the newest thing.	Expects to get full value for every dollar she spends and pays her bills when due—not before.	Likes to more tha pays for has a goo gain se
ATTITUDE TOWARD MEN	If she wants him, she isn't coy about showing it, but her ardor is apt to cool quickly and flame for someone else.	Wants to possess the man she loves body, soul and checkbook—and this last is always important.	She en having a ers com for her fa
GIFTS TO MAKE HER HAPPY	Bring her something new every day. She likes variety and novelty more than quality.	Keep her constantly supplied with candy and flowers — preferably candy.	Give her able but fashion trinkets show much you willing spend on
HER HOBBIES	Almost any active sport in which she can take part, but she's too energetic to be content as a spectator.	Eating and keeping as comfortable as possible at all times.	Going and se things — there is a somebody who is gl buy the ti
HER TEMPER	Sputters easily, and frequently explodes without warning, but soon forgets what irritated her.	Very slow to anger, fortunately, for when she is really aroused her rage is violent and she's slow to forgive.	Tende toward te amental bursts ra than te but can some hys when ann
HOW TO HANDLE HER	Don't show that you are afraid of her—even if you are! She's easily bored with men she can dominate.	Flatter her—she likes compliments even more than candy.	Ignore the terics unt calms d then fo them. She anyhov
	March 21st to April 19th	April 20th to May 20th	May 21st June 20
	ARIES	TAURUS	GEM

								
Ginger Rogers	**Myrna Loy**	**Greta Garbo**	**Carole Lombard**	**Katharine Hepburn**	**Grace Moore**	**Kay Francis**	**Merle Oberon**	**ZaSu Pitts**
angeable, sitive, shy.	Vital, generous and dramatic.	Practical, analytical and systematic.	Harmonious, adaptable and well-balanced.	Dynamic, strong-willed and reserved.	Frank, companionable, a "good scout."	Ambitious, diplomatic and dignified.	Friendly, philosophical and impersonal.	Idealistic, spiritual and evasive.
me-loving, mestic and maternal.	Romantic, demonstrative, may be jealous.	Discriminating, faithful but undemonstrative.	Dislikes the very idea of restriction yet is unhappy unless she has companionship—usually matrimonial.	Deeply emotional, loyal and intense.	Idealistic, impulsive and fickle.	Proud, reserved and strongly "class conscious."	Sentimental, original, freedom-loving.	Romantic, imaginative and moody.
fair home- ker and a perlative ok. Has a tural flair stirring up elicious dishes.	Enjoys entertaining royally without counting the cost or effort, but is at her best for guests.	She has a place for everything and everything in its place. Usually keeps a budget and a laundry list.	May forget to order the groceries but will never neglect to order fresh flowers for the table.	Not naturally domestic but can make a home from a packing box if the need arises—and frequently does!	Better around a campfire than a cookstove, and wants a magnificent background if she has a home.	Runs her home like a well-organized business and doesn't mind hard work, either.	An experimental housekeeper who tries all the newest gadgets, especially the electrical ones.	Lacks system and frequently can't seem "to make ends meet" but is easy to get along with.
els even ght troubles ply because 's emotion- ly thin- nned. Great rrier, too.	Feels discouragement deeply. Highly emotional and shows it plainly.	Worries before, during and after trouble and passes her worries on to you with positive zest.	Dodges it if she can, as she can't bear unpleasant situations. If they must be faced, lets you do it.	Trouble to her is like a red flag to a bull—it only makes her more determined to fight to the death!	Has the luck to miss most of life's worries or a disposition which ignores them.	Takes the hard knocks of life gamely and keeps right on climbing toward her goal.	Meets trouble philosophically but tends to draw into a shell when things go wrong.	Rather enjoys it as it gives her a chance to dramatize herself as the unhappy heroine.
rewd in buy- g, hangs on things for ars, and atches the pennies.	Spends freely for luxuries—even when she has to pay on the installment plan.	Buys thriftily and with excellent taste, and seldom exceeds that well-planned budget.	Honest but may buy more than she can afford and lets the bill collector do the worrying.	Knows exactly what she wants and is willing to pay for it if she wants it enough.	Doesn't like to save anything but time and labor—and seldom does, either.	Not a spendthrift but likes to keep up with "the best people" no matter how limited her income.	Spends freely for cultural things such as lectures, concerts and books and doesn't look for bargains.	Doesn't like to face the fact that her money will not stretch as far as her imagination does.
mewhat sen- ental and tremely ma- rnal toward y man she ves. May nother him th attention.	She's affectionate, even ardent—but inclined to be suspicious and jealous.	Expects perfection and since it seldom exists, she frequently fails to marry. Virgo is the "virgin" sign.	As soon as she meets a man, she considers his possibilities as a husband, so if you are altar shy—	You are everything or nothing to her—she has few halfway attractions and is never impersonal.	The good comrade type, but falls in love often because she seldom finds the ideal man she seeks.	Transfers her own ambition for success to any man for whom she really cares, and seldom lets heart rule head.	A friend to every man but even the only one is seldom much more than a friend. Impersonal and how!	An incurable romanticist and day-dreamer who doesn't like to believe that men are only human.
emember ery anniver- ry with some- ng that has ntimental lue. The netary value secondary to her.	Gold jewelry appeals, but be sure your gift shows both devotion and effort to please her regal taste.	Books, but let her select the subject matter, as she is usually intellectual.	Bring her flowers, music, gay books or something more beautiful than useful.	Your appreciation of her means more than your gifts, but if you must bring something, make it practical.	Take her on a world cruise every year. If you can't let her go without you, for she just *must* travel.	Doesn't like to feel under obligation, and if you send gifts, make them impersonal and conventional.	Flowers, concert tickets or a diary—she likes to record her philosophical thoughts on life.	Perfumes and pets the former subtle and alluring the latter any variety—even goldfish.
e adores chil- en—her own those of her latives or ends. Must ve something "mother."	She enjoys the drama, both as a spectator and a performer, and usually has considerable talent, too.	Reading—and working out more and more systems for running her own and your affairs!	She would rather dance than eat, but doesn't care for other exercise, not even that of pushing a broom.	The occult and mysterious fascinate her, and she usually dabbles in one of the "isms" or "ologies."	Going places (distant) playing games (outdoor) and taking chances (on horses, dogs or men.)	Organizing something—a woman's club, church group or anything that calls for executive ability.	Social service work, culture clubs or anything that takes her outside the narrow confines of home.	Canoeing, swimming or dancing, and she frequently dabbles in art.
r outbreaks e like the sea a storm— olent emo- nal upheav- s that leave enty of wreckage.	Her anger is short-lived and she forgets easily and forgives generously.	Very little temper but is inclined to be sure that she is not only right but reasonable in all disputes.	Seldom loses her temper as she just walks out on any situation which she finds annoying.	She's cold fury when angry, with a fiendish gift for hurling barbs of stinging sarcasm.	She's tempestuous but soon forgets what stirred up the tempest, and expects you to do likewise.	Very seldom shows temper but her pride is easily hurt and she's slow to forgive—and never wrong!	Not much temper but may stir up a quarrel if her vanity is hurt—which happens easily.	No temper but may sulk and feel herself badly abused for reasons hard to find.
e helpless. e more you em to need r and depend her, the re she will e you and ht for you.	Just keep on assuring her of your steadfast and undivided devotion—and demonstrate it!	Agree with her quickly that she is right and you are wrong. That will end the argument at once.	Tell her she is beautiful and charming—or she'll find someone else who will!	Let her think she is having her own way—and she'll not even want it.	Let her talk. This, of course, is good for any of the twelve types!	Make yourself useful to her. She never dispenses with anything that may be of service.	Give her so much freedom that she isn't even conscious that you have a claim upon her time or affection.	Pay no attention to her moods and she'll get over having them. She likes an audience.
June 21st to July 22nd	**July 23rd to August 23rd**	**August 24th to September 22nd**	**September 23rd to October 22nd**	**October 23rd to November 21st**	**November 22nd to December 21st**	**December 22nd to January 18th**	**January 19th to February 19th**	**February 20th to March 20th**
CANCER	LEO	VIRGO	LIBRA	SCORPIO	SAGITTARIUS	CAPRICORN	AQUARIUS	PISCES

Pick Your



his hobbies and how to make him happy.



Pick Your Astrological Twin

By NONA HOWARD
(ASTRO-ANALYST)

What is your birth-date?

If you want to discover which movie star you resemble most closely, find your sign of the Zodiac at the bottom of the chart, read up, and see if the description doesn't fit you quite closely.

It will not fit you exactly, any more than it describes exactly the star whose picture appears at the top, because every horoscope is made up of a combination of at least ten planetary influences. To make an exact reading, the day and hour of birth is essential information for the astro-analyst.

However, the position of the sun in every horoscope gives fundamental characteristics, so it is possible to base a general analysis of personality on the sun position. If your birthday falls very close to the dividing line, on May 19, for instance, you will find that you resemble Alice Faye in some characteristics, Jeanette MacDonald in others. Astrology is an intricate study, and very seldom does one person have the unqualified attributes of the sign. However, you will be amazed when you see how many of the qualities of their signs fit your friends. The actresses chosen for this chart were selected because they are typical in a general fashion of their signs, though individual charts would reveal many variants according to the hour and the place of birth.

Editor's Note: If you have fun, and we think you will, with this chart, don't miss the August issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. In it, Miss Howard will astro-analyse the men! So, if there is a man in your life, find out whether he should be treated like a Clark Gable or a Robert Taylor. Get an astrological insight into his emotions and his hobbies and how to make him happy.

	Bette Davis	Alice Faye	Jeanette MacDonald	Ginger Rogers	Myrna Loy	Greta Garbo	Carole Lombard	Katharine Hepburn	Grace Moore	Kay Francis	Merle Oberon	Sonja Henie
PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS	Aggressive, energetic, enthusiastic.	Determined, tenacious, deliberate.	Restless, versatile, [illegible]	Changeable, sensitive, shy	Vital, generous and dramatic	Practical, analytical and systematic	Harmonious, adaptable and well balanced	Dynamic, strong-willed and reserved	Frank, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
EMOTIONAL CHARACTERISTICS	Ardent, courageous and determined to get what she wants.	Faithful, possessive and sentimental.	Adaptable, [illegible] but [illegible] sentimental	[illegible] loving, [illegible] and maternal	Romantic, demonstrative, may be jealous	Discriminating, faithful but unlemonstrative	Dislikes the very idea of restriction; acts unbalanced unless she has companionship (usually matrimonial)	Deeply emotional and intense	Idealistic on [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
HOMEMAKING QUALIFICATIONS	The least said about it, the better. But she works fast.	Above the average, but she wants the best of everything and spends accordingly.	Keeps an attractive home and [illegible] entertaining [illegible] long as it doesn't involve hard work.	A fair homemaker and a superlative cook. Has a natural flair for stirring up delicious dishes.	Enjoys entertaining royally without counting the cost or effort, but is at her best for guests.	She has a place for everything and everything in its place. Usually keeps a budget and a laundry list.	May forget to order the groceries but will never neglect to order fresh flowers for the table.	Not naturally domestic but can make a home [illegible] packing [illegible] the need arises and [illegible] events does.	Better [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Lacks [illegible] [illegible]	Runs her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
HOW SHE MEETS TROUBLE	Almost impossible to defeat, and willing to tackle anything.	Her habits of mind are fixed and neither trouble nor success change them.	Will [illegible] Hime you [illegible] everything that upsets her and she upsets easily.	Feels every slight trouble deeply because she's emotionally thin-skinned. Great worrier, too.	Feels discouragement deeply. Highly emotional and shows it plainly.	Worries before, during and after trouble and passes her worries on to you with positive zest.	Dodges it if she can, as she can't bear unpleasant situations. If they must be faced, lets you do it.	Trouble to her is like a red flag to a bull; it simply makes her more determined to fight it to the death.	Has the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which stores them.	Takes [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	Meets [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	Runs [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
HOW SHE SPENDS MONEY	Frequently spends more than she makes and always wants the newest thing.	Expects to get full value for every dollar she spends and pays her bills when due—not before.	Likes to go more than [illegible] pays for and has a good bargain sense.	Shrewd in buying, hangs on to things for years, and watches the pennies.	Spends freely for luxuries—even when she has to pay on the installment plan.	Buys throttuls and with excellent taste, and seldom exceeds that well planned budget.	Honest but may buy more than she can afford and lets the bill collector do the worrying.	Knows exactly what she wants and is willing to pay for it if she wants it enough.	Doesn't [illegible] save anything but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] either.	Not a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
ATTITUDE TOWARD MEN	If she wants him, she isn't coy about showing it, but her ardor is apt to cool quickly and flame for someone else.	Wants to possess the man she loves body, soul and checkbook and this last is always important.	She enjoys having admirers [illegible] for her favors.	Somewhat sensitive and extremely maternal toward any man she loves. May smother him with attention.	She's affectionate, ardent but inclined to be suspicious and jealous.	Expects perfection and since it seldom exists, she frequently fails to marry. Virgo is the "virgin" sign.	As soon as she meets a man, she considers his possibilities as a husband so if you are [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]	You are everything to him; he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

To Sea —and Be Seen



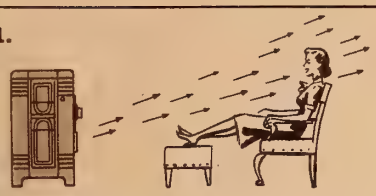




Never have bathing suits been prettier or gayer, and when you go to the shore this year, you join a fashion parade if you take hints from Hollywood. Center, Ellen Drew, Paramount starlet, wears a Gantner wool suit, distinguished by woven stripes and a pretty plaited belt and straps. Top, left is Kay Sutton, RKO-Radio player, looking very proud indeed of her BVD Sea-Satin suit in colorful dogwood print. Straps and belt are adjustable. Below her, Irene Hervey of Universal wears West Coast Manchester's red and white cotton matletex suit with a matching sand dress, bonnet and slippers. Below, right, Nancy Kelly of Twentieth Century-Fox likes the princess lines and the suave fit of a satin lastex suit from Jantzen. The robe is white toweling

Amazing new Duo-Therm heater gives you SUMMER COMFORT too!

1.

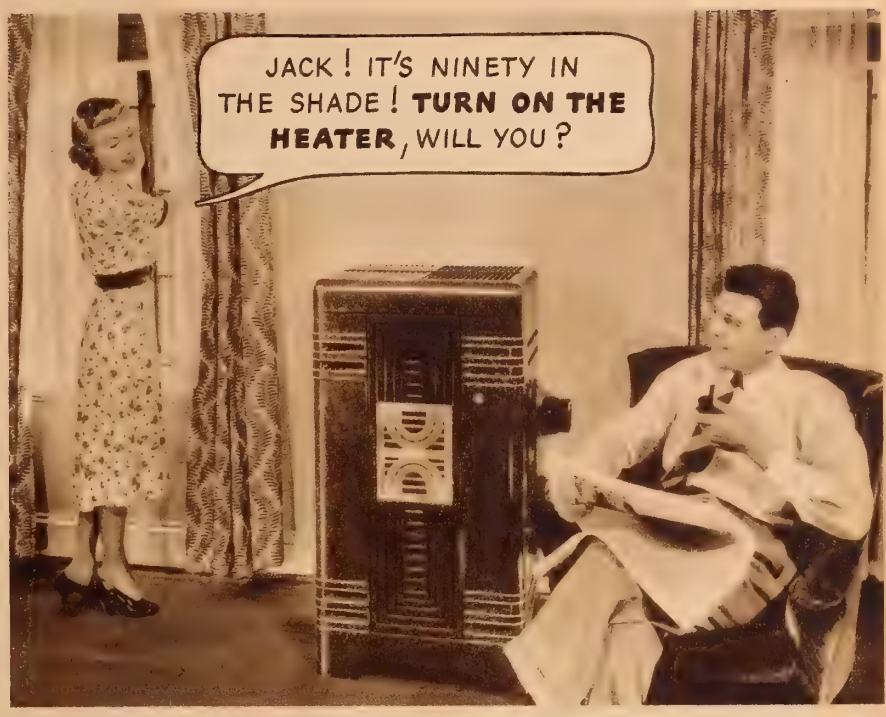


A cooling breeze in summer! Plug in your Duo-Therm *Power-Air** and enjoy the cooling effect of a brisk breeze! You can laugh at hot, sultry weather with this new heater in your home!

2.



Plenty of heat in winter! Plug in your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* and you banish hot ceilings and cold floors! Get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" heat—and *extra* heat for every room!



Buy now! Pay only 10% down.. no more until October 1st!

WHAT a difference between this modern, dual-purpose, fuel-oil Duo-Therm and messy, sooty, old-fashioned heaters!

What a difference in the work-free, trouble-free comfort it gives you—in winter *and in summer too!* For clean, silent operation and low-cost heat-giving ability, no other burner can match its patented *bias-baffle burner*. Open its *radiant door*—and get an extra flood of heat that soaks clear through you in a jiffy. The Duo-Therm does everything an ordinary heater does—*and in addition gives you the* amazing new *POWER-AIR!*

Revolutionary new invention! Concealed in its beautiful cabinet is Duo-Therm's greatest contribution to year-round comfort—*POWER-AIR!*

In sweltering weather, *Power-Air* starts a 27-mile-an-hour breeze circulating comfort through the room!

When icicles cling to your window, *Power-Air* drives heat all through your house—warms floors and chilly corners—gives you more uniform comfort than any heater ever could before!

Extra advantages! *Power-Air* pours out heat up, down, right or left—wherever you direct it! Women can dry their hair. Dries wet shoes, clothes, laundry. *Costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!*

Duo-Therm costs no more to buy! Even with the sensational new *Power-Air,* a Duo-Therm costs no more than ordinary heaters! Why not buy now? For the price of an electric fan, you can enjoy Duo-Therm's *Power-Air* all summer! Pay no more till October—and you'll be ready for a winter of the greatest heating comfort you have ever known!

Many beautiful new models—designed to heat 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—or tear out the coupon and mail it—today!

*Patent applied for

IN WINTER, DUO-THERM GIVES "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" COMFORT!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



TOO HOT HERE	95°
WARM HERE	79°
COLD HERE	62°

Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



WARM HERE	80°
WARM HERE	72°
WARM HERE	70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it *down*—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

——TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!——

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. H-97 Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Tell me more about the new "year-round" Duo-Therm!

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *County*_____

*State*_____





Above, Bobby Breen as he appeared in *Fisherman's Wharf*, just before his name was changed officially to "Bob." Left, at eight years, he had learned to smile for the cameras

More Sinned Against—.

Why a writer who found Bob Breen hard to bear changed her mind about the little singing star

By KAY PROCTOR

■ I have been taken into camp by an 11-year-old kid I didn't like and had made up my mind I never would like. I'm not ashamed to admit it now.

I had to meet the kid casually once before. At that time he was so meticulously groomed and so abominably well-behaved and polite, so much the "fine little man," I wanted to pin his ears back! He was the sensational young singing star of the movies and radio named Bobby Breen, and I ran, not walked, to the nearest exit to find a normal American boy of his age whose hair needed combing; whose tie, if he wore one, was a hap-hazard string around his neck; and who would toss an impertinent "Oh, yeah?" my way in complete disregard of my years and standing as a member of The Press. I decidedly was in need of a counter irritant to a dose of Breenitis.

I was not alone in my uncomplimentary opinion, though The Breen fans (and they add up to an astonishing number, I have discovered) took violent issue with us, of course. But we dismissed them smugly as outlanders of strange tastes or poor souls who just didn't know any better.

The same general opinion holds today. Elders dismiss him as "obnoxious" and the kids cover it all in the one damning word "Sissy!"

Bob knows it, and that's quite a chunk of heartache to carry around inside you day in and day out, especially if you're only eleven, sensitive by nature and instinctively friendly. Bob has reason to know the majority of people don't like him; it's been made brutally plain so many times. But he does not know *why*.

I believe I know now, and the pitiful part of it is that basically *it's not the boy's fault!* His crime has been in trying desperately hard to do what he had been told to do by older and wiser persons. He was given orders and he followed them. And if ever a star's screen personality was established along false lines—and Sol Lesser, his producer, now realizes it—it was Bob's. That he has plenty of fans and boxoffice appeal left is a tribute, I think, to that spark of something in him which could not be smothered by surface posings and affectations and a string of pictures in which he was so darned noble and sweet and heroic you wanted to wring his wretched little neck!

Being an intelligent kid, old beyond his years as a public life is bound to make any youngster, and as I said, a sensitive boy, Bob knew something was wrong. People just naturally don't dislike eleven-year-old boys. He fought against it, but he was fighting blindly because he didn't know exactly what he was fighting. That kind of a set-up would stop a man four times his age.

He told me all about it the other day when we had lunch together. Being Saturday he was out of school and was going to the movies (Indians, preferred) that afternoon with a pal. He neither volunteered the information nor tried to hide it, but answered my straight questions as honestly as he could. Quite by accident I stumbled on the heart of the whole thing—the word, "Sissy."

He had ordered a hamburger and the waiter asked, "With or without onions?" Bob said, "Without."

"Sissy!" I jeered.

I honestly meant nothing by the crack. It was intended only as a conversational pleasantry. I've said it dozens of times to friends over countless hamburgers. Usually it's good for a laugh or some sort of a come-back.

Bob neither laughed nor cracked back. A quick flush rose in his throat and his eyes got a hurt, panicky look. Not until then did I realize how un-funny I had been.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean that personally."

"That's all right," he said. "It's just that people and kids say it so often and they're not kidding. Just seems like I have to go 'round fighting all the time to prove it. I don't mind that so much; what hurts is that people just take it for granted I'm a sissy, whether they know me or not. Maybe I shouldn't care, but I do."

Bob admits that he usually comes off second-best in those fights because naturally it is the bigger boys who taunt him. He doesn't mind the occasional "shiners," cut lips, and bruised knuckles, however, because every one wins a new convert to the truth and a new friend.

As a matter of fact, his left eye was wearing the tag end of a beautiful "shiner" at the moment. The night he arrived home

with it in all its glory he merely reported to his curious family that he had bumped into a tree while playing baseball at Black Foxe Military Academy where he goes to school. Not until several days later did it dawn on Mickey, his older brother, that there isn't a tree within 50 yards of the school diamond!

Once the kids get to know him, everything works out all right, Bob modestly said. Everything has been hunky dory at the academy, for instance, since the afternoon he tangled with a guy some sixty pounds heavier. Bob is a sergeant at the school (every time he makes a picture, and has to be away for a few weeks, he gets demoted to a corporal and has to start in all over again to win his sergeant's stripes) and it fell to his lot to teach a pugnacious young newcomer the manual of arms. The recruit made some blatant error and Bob suggested he try it again.

"I don't think I will," the boy announced. "You're the famous movie star, aincha? Well, I think you're a sissy, and I think I'll knock your block off!"

"Go ahead and try it;" Bob answered. "Go on! I won't report you."

When the dust of battle cleared from the parade ground, Bob found his husky opponent had made good his threat; the Breen block was darned near knocked off! But "Spike" Breen had proved he could take it.

■ He was in a tougher spot a few weeks ago in St. Louis, Mo. where he was making personal appearances at a theatre. The house was packed and he was in the middle of his act when some kid in the third row gave him a loud Bronx cheer, and raucously shouted that one Bob Breen was a sissy!

Some actors would have ignored the insult and gone on with their act. Some hotheaded ones would have jumped over the footlights and punched the offender in the nose. Bob did neither. He stood quietly until he had the attention of the audience which audibly was divided in its allegiance. Then he spoke, looking directly in the heckler's eyes.

"If you think so, there is a back door of this theatre right down the alley," he said. "I'll see you there right after the show."

Bob was at the back door at the appointed time. So was a goodly number of the audience. The heckler, however, failed to put in an appearance.

"I wish he had," Bob told me. "I probably would have got my block knocked off again; he was big enough to take me easy. But a black eye doesn't hurt half as much as something down inside you can't seem to do anything about."

No, you can't put a slab of raw beefsteak on that kind of a hurt; all you can do is hope it will wear itself out. The tragedy is that it all was so unnecessary from the beginning. A tragedy of well-meant errors with one small boy footing the bill.

■ Bob was a curly headed tot of four when he made his professional debut. It was, of all places, in a night club called The Silver Slipper in Toronto, Canada,

HOW TO LAUGH AT SNOOPERS



SNOOPERS live in every neighborhood. They just love to snoop and snoop! And my, how their tongues do waggle and waggle—if they eye your wash-line and see tattle-tale gray!



WHAT TO DO? Listen to this: Tattle-tale gray means left-over dirt. It means your soap is so weak-kneed it doesn't wash clean. So run to the grocer's as fast as you can and change to the soap that gets out ALL the dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!



THEN TURN ON THE SMILES and grin all over—every time you catch a snooper peeking at your wash. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and dirt-loosening *naptha* whisk out tattle-tale gray like magic. They get clothes so dewy-fresh and white you'll be proud to have *everybody* snoop at them!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



How do they do it?

Here's the Hollywood Secret

Screen stars must be *always* active. They can't afford to have "calendar days." Production can't be held up—the show must go on. One scene, a sheer and clinging evening gown; the next, a modern swim suit!



Always active!

Obviously, their secret must be theirs alone! Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection was developed in answer to screen stars' demand for such a product. A tampon of surgical cotton used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't show—even in a swim suit. Its comfort is amazing—no chafing, no binding.



Always on the job!

And — due to its method of absorption, no odor can form! Think what peace of mind this alone will bring! Ask for Holly-Pax at drug, department and ten cent stores. A large package of ten costs only 20 cents; the package of four, 10 cents; truly an economical form of protection.



Always glamorous!

holly-Pax

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20c for package of ten



HOLLY-PAX (F79)
Palm Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

where the family had moved from Bob's birthplace, Montreal, when he was two years old.

Full credit for Bob's eventual great success on the radio and in pictures must be given his sister, Sally, now the mother of his nephew. It was her great faith in the boy, and her dogged determination to prove his talents to the world that put him where he is today. More remarkable, she was a slip of a girl of fourteen when she began the weary pilgrimage from one theatrical office to another, begging producers of various kinds to listen to the boy's sensational voice and to give him a chance. It was her hard-earned savings that financed that pilgrimage, and paid for his few professional singing lessons.

From Toronto she took him to Chicago where he gained a two week's booking that led to an extended vaudeville tour. Seeking ever greater fields, she ventured to New York, only to meet bitter disappointments and rebuffs. For weeks the girl and the small boy sat in the office of Boris Morros, producer of stage prologues for the Paramount Theatre. For weeks they were ignored.

Oddly enough, it was there that Bob was first tagged with the odious word "Sissy!" His mop of curly black hair, his delicate coloring and finely chiseled features led Morros to ask one day about "the little girl" sitting in the outer office. Bob took such violent objection to the remark that Morros was intrigued enough to give him a hearing. A two weeks' contract at the Paramount resulted.

Next came an engagement with Harry Richman in *Say When* which led, in turn, to a radio audition with Eddie Cantor. Cantor was impressed with Bob's voice, but was unable to use him at the time on his program. He did, however, recommend him to Alexander Woollcott, and Bob appeared as guest soloist on his program.

It was then 1935. Bob was going on eight. Hollywood became Sally's next objective. Taking all her savings, she brought him to the coast to study with Dr. Mario Marafioti, a noted voice coach. Producer Sol Lesser heard him sing a difficult aria from "Rigoletto" at the doctor's home one night and promptly signed him to the long term contract which is in force today. His first picture was the touching *Let's Sing Again* in which he played an orphan who finally found his lost father. It was an instantaneous and smash hit.

But—

The studio apparently decided that if one is good, two will be better. At any rate, in his next five pictures Bob played (1) an orphan who finds a lost grandmother; (2) a fatherless boy who brings romance again to his mother; (3) a newsboy orphan who runs away and is adopted by an aviator; (4) a fatherless boy who runs away to earn money to rescue his mother from a cruel uncle; and (5) an Italian orphan who brings happiness to a lonely fisherman. The pictures were *Rainbow on the River*, *Make a Wish*, *Hawaii Calls*, *Breaking The Ice*, and *Fisherman's Wharf*.

No wonder the public rebelled!

Sol Lesser himself now admits a sweeping change is necessary in the Breen pictures. Henceforth, he promises, it will be a different story. First hint of it came in *Fisherman's Wharf* in which Bob mixes it in a good fist fight with another kid. The new Breen picture, *The Boy Who Cried Wolf* will give you a radically different character. He's not an orphan, he doesn't try to save anything for anybody, he doesn't sing an Ave Maria. He's a happy go lucky South American youngster with an overgrown imagination which keeps him in hot water nine tenths of the time.

■ Sister Sally, meantime, had continued to manage Bob's affairs. That proved to be Mistake Number Two, for although she unquestionably deserved great credit for the success of his career, and unquestionably had his welfare at heart every moment of every day, she was beyond her depth in Hollywood and the highly involved motion picture business. Bob and everything he did naturally represented perfection to her. A man might have fought for more manly pictures for him, might have seen the danger of the continued sweetness and light roles; she was handicapped by her youth and woman's viewpoint.

In all his contacts with the public, Bob was dressed like a little fashion plate to the point where it made him appear ridiculous—tailored suits, padded topcoats, color harmony and kerchief in breast pocket. And it was dinned into his young ears over and over that he must be "friendly" to The Press.

A kid of eleven can't be expected to have precision-point judgment about such things. In trying to follow orders he lost much of his natural charm and appeal. I assure you he has plenty of each. There was no more reality to him than a puppet dancing on strings. His intelligence became precocity, his manners almost foppish. As for his attitude towards the press, he tried so hard to be "friendly" and to be liked, that he made the fatal error of becoming too cordial. The Press is a funny animal; it welcomes genuine friendliness, but shies away from forced cordiality like so much poison. It reserves for itself the privilege of making the first move in warmer relations. And so The Press said "Take him away!"

Mickey, his older brother, now handles Bob's personal affairs. To Sally's credit let it be said she was quick to step down when she realized she was hindering, not helping, the boy whose life was her life. His name officially has been changed from Bobby to Bob and he wears the kind of clothes natural to a boy his age. The studio is doing its part. The rest is up to Bob.

I believe he will come through. For at heart he is not a fresh punk, an obnoxious sissy, a precocious brat or an odious perfect little gentleman. He's a real boy who likes fried chicken, chocolate cake, autographed baseballs and shoot-em-up movies with plenty of Indians and cowboys. The trouble is, he has been leading with his chin—with both hands tied behind his back.

Man in the Iron Mask

[*Continued from page 21*]

Whale happened to yell, "Eddie!" and who should come running up but Edward Small, the producer of the picture, Edgar Anderson, First Assistant, Edward Montague, Second Assistant Director, a "grip" named Edgar Comport, and an electrician by the name of Edward Nelson. And yours truly, Edward Smithson. Since all of us answer to the familiar name of "Eddie" you can imagine the director's confusion when the six of us crowded around him. So, to save loss of time everyone from then on got orders to address each other as "Mr."

During another lunch period I was introduced to John DuCasse Schulze, noted art director and set designer and he told me that he had designed more than 45 different sets for *The Man in the Iron Mask*. Art treasures valued at more than $300,000 were being used as "props." Most of them had been obtained from museums and private collectors. One portrait of Cardinal Richelieu hanging on the wall of one set was valued, so he said, at $10,000. Three large vaults, normally used to store film, had been cleaned out and each night all the pieces of the high-priced art were carried in and locked and then watched over by three armed men.

That's how careful Producer Small was and you can't blame him for it because long before any of the stuff was in the studio he had to dish out heavy premiums on a $300,000 insurance policy written to protect these museum pieces against theft and so on.

■ Art Director Schulze also was kind enough to take me over to a set representing the Bastille and shoved me into a room housing a dozen and more torture instruments that were used in those days to extract information and confessions from prisoners. One sight of them and I was ready to leave! Know what an "Iron Maiden" is? Well, it's a compact, homey little thing that incased its victims in a cage of steel through which ran long, sharp spikes, the idea being that when the victim was completely inclosed one of more of those spikes would pierce a vital spot.

Know what a "Foot Crusher" is? It's merely a vise-like contraption in which the foot was placed, then slowly crushed until the bones were literally pulverized! It proved very handy to have around when prisoners got stubborn.

Ever heard of a torture instrument called the "Glove?" Well, it was built something like the Foot Crusher except it provided for a more leisurely method of cracking bones. Then there was the "Stretching Rack," a very efficient piece of machinery upon which a victim was strapped and then pulled apart unless he yelled "Poppa!" The "Head Crusher" was frequently used in those days to fracture, then crush the craniums unlucky enough to be in it. These instruments, along with many others are all used in the picture and you can bet that when John DuCasse suggested that I get myself a job as a sort

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of "demonstrating extra" when the time came for shooting the torture chamber sequences I said "No, no, a thousand times no!" And meant it!

■ Just for a thrill and a heavy chill, I'd suggest that you keep your optics on Ed Wolf, the seven-foot, ten-inch tall executioner. Ed was a bartender minus a job until he was selected to play this gruesome role. Ed appeared on a radio program which attempts to obtain jobs for the unemployed and it happened that Dave Werner, casting director, was listening just when Wolf was telling the radio audience about his struggle to earn a living. When he mentioned the fact that he was seven feet, ten inches tall, Dave grabbed a phone, called the station, and hired him.

With the duelling in the can—to use a studio expression—I thought that I was through with *The Man in the Iron Mask*, and it would have been okay by me, having put in five tough days, but I got a chance to play a lackey in a sequence depicting the elaborate birthday dinner staged in Louis XIV's palace dining room, and I grabbed at the chance thinking it would be a cinch. All I had to do, said Second Assistant Director Edward Montague, was to stand in line with the other lackeys stationed behind the king's chair. When dinner was announced and the guests entered, I was to march over and stand directly behind the chair occupied by the Spanish Ambassador (played by Montagu Love). That was all I had to do, said Mr. Montague. So I climbed into a pretty lackey suit, got myself dolled up like a plush horse on parade, and came onto the set. Now, when I think it over, in view of what immediately happened, I must have been very hungry, because, without scarcely thinking, I walked over to the table and mooched myself a handful of nuts from a huge golden bowl, and when Director Whale spotted me and yelled, "Hey you, none of that!" I tipped over a golden champagne goblet. Casey Roberts, who had charge of finding all the authentic dinner pieces, said that particular glass was worth fifty smackers and heaven help me if I had broken it.

Well, I was pretty nervous by then and when the first rehearsal began, imagine my embarrassment when I found myself behind Queen Anne's chair instead of the Spanish Ambassador's. A split second later, if Director Whale's words meant anything (and I'm sure they did), I was directly behind the eight ball! Now this Director Whale is as thin, almost, as the long cigars he's forever smoking, and while he's a mighty easy man to get along with, he's very particular about every little detail that goes into making any picture he directs. Toward the close of the day's work he's apt to be somewhat nervous, and so, when I tripped and fell flat on my face during the tenth rehearsal, he darn near up and swallowed the camera! But you know me. I was through working in *The Man in the Iron Mask* long before he got a chance to tell me so. Not only that, but I was in the dressing room and out of my lackey suit—and back on the set as a mere spectator—before the eleventh rehearsal began.

■ This birthday dinner in honor of Louis XIV's 22nd birthday is really something to listen to and look at. For one thing it brings together practically all the cast at one "sitting" so to speak. Joan Bennett (and boy, is she lovely to look at!) playing her role to perfection as Maria Theresa is seated beside the King. Marian Martin (and boy, is she lovely to look at, too!) is there in her role of Madame de la Valliere, the King's mistress. Then there's Joseph Schildkraut as Fouquet, Montague Love in the role of the Spanish Ambassador, Doris Kenyon as Queen Anne, Walter Kingsford as Colbert and, of course, Louis Hayward in his role of King Louis XIV.

Now here's a funny thing about this dinner sequence. In the script it was supposed to be in honor of Louis' 22nd birthday. The fight sequence I described a while back is the aftermath of the dinner D'Artagnan gave in honor of Philippe's 22nd birthday. Being twin brothers, the dinners occur on the same day, which isn't news, of course, but taking part in the two dinners given hundreds of miles apart goes to prove that I have been able, for once, to foil the scientists who have said that a guy can't be in two places at one and the same time! But this isn't all. It was also the 22nd birthday (in real life) of Louis Hayward, and you can bet that after the scene was okayed everybody on the set took picks on the food to help Hayward celebrate.

■ Now to finish up this opus I'm going to ask myself a question and then try to answer it.

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

Well, (if you'll promise not to go hysterical while I go historical) for nearly a century and a half, historians have battled over this question and as I write there is still no definite solution. That a man in a mask did exist, and that he was incarcerated in the dreaded Bastille, cannot, of course, be disputed. Records of the Bastille, as well as other documents, prove beyond any possibility of doubt that there was such a person. Dumas' story, seems as close to the real story as any. And that is that *The Man in the Iron Mask* was a brother, either a twin or one born out of wedlock to King Louis XIV. Louis, so the story goes, had this brother encased in a mask and locked in prison to keep his identity forever a secret thus thwarting anyone who would seek to remove him from the throne in favor of his relative.

Only one thing is definitely certain and that is that a man in a mask actually was incarcerated on order of Louis XIV and that his identity was a closely guarded secret. Records show that he died in the Bastille on November 19, 1703, and that he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul under the name of Marchiel. How long he had been a prisoner is not known. Records also show that Saint-Mars arrived from Pinerolo, Piedmond, in 1698, to become governor of the Bastille, and that he brought with him the prisoner in the mask. He was registered simply as "Marchioly, age about 45." No one, save, possibly, Governor Saint-Mars, was permitted to see him without his mask. The

prisoner was not treated like other convicts. He was given special quarters and special food. The food was always presented by the governor himself.

It was not long after the man in the mask arrived in prison that he became the subject of whispered conversation. Men and women of the royal court knew of his presence but dared not speak of it. Soon books and phamplets began to appear. The first one, in 1745, identified him as the Duke of Vermendois, who was described as the natural son of Louis XIV and Mlle. La Valliere. In 1790, in London and Paris, appeared a book titled "Memoires du Marechal Richelieu." It was authored by Abbe Soulane and touched on the theory that the man in the mask was the twin brother of Louis XIV. This was the theory that quickly won popular acceptance, and was the one subscribed to by such outstanding trench writers as Voltaire and Dumas. In all a total of 75 books have been written and published on this mysterious figure of French history.

■ The question is, of course, whether or not a man incased in an iron mask could actually live for a period of several years. Scientists claim that a man couldn't live a year with such a contraption on because constant rubbing would cause a fatal infection. But what is entirely likely, say those who have given the matter serious thought, is that he was strangled by his own whiskers since he had no way of shaving. But in any event, records make no mention of how he died. And whether he was son, brother, traitor, or political enemy—nobody knows.

In the Edward Small production, the heavy mask, built by experts, was lined with copper to smooth off the inside and so afford Louis Hayward some measure of comfort. Forced to wear the mask almost constantly for three days Hayward developed a serious attack of copper poisoning and Director Whale had to shoot around him until he recovered. Playing his dual role, Hayward has to wear the mask in many scenes in which he portrays Philippe and later in many scenes where he portrays Louis XIV. I still insist that he should draw double pay for his double "play."

As for me, I'm now back in my tumbledown shack by the S. P. Railroad tracks, waiting for my Central Casting girl friend to yell: "Hey, Barrymore, get a move on!"

P. S. Next month—All about an extra who got all wet in *The Rains Came.*

Did you have fun with the astrological chart on pages 30 and 31?

Then don't miss next month's chart which deals with men stars.



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Fair Weather Friends



Dolores Casey, Paramount starlet, accents the beauty of her eyes by applying mascara lightly, after smoothing shadow on her lids

By ANN VERNON

■ That title isn't meant in the ironic sense. For I'm going to tell you about some beauty aids that are steadfast friends during warm, sunny days. To look your best in summer you must wage a constant battle against shiny face, limp curls, wishy-washy eye make-up and increased perspiration. But your fight is lost at the start unless you have the right beauty aids and learn to use them correctly.

The secret of looking pretty in warm weather lies in keeping cool. . . . And to be cool you must be clean. Take more baths, cleanse your face oftener, and you will have covered the first lap in your journey toward beauty. The rest of the way depends on the make-up you use and how you apply it. Heat always makes the oil and sweat glands twice as active. They keep the pores busy releasing secretions to the surface of the skin, and as a result the pores are open or relaxed more than in cold weather. Your task is to keep them functioning normally and to prevent them from becoming clogged with this waste-matter and with make-up. When your powder gets gummy looking an hour after it's applied, that's a sign that your skin wasn't spick and span clean, that you didn't close the pores with a cooling astringent, apply a thin film of foundation and a thinner film of face powder.

After you've scrubbed your face well with soap and warm water, and followed with a cold water rinse plus a dash of skin tonic or mild astringent, let it rest for a few minutes, so the pores have a chance to close. Any moisture that forms can be blotted off with tissues. If you were to apply your powder now, it would go on in streaks, and certainly break no records for clinging smoothly. So pave the way for powder by smoothing on an invisible layer of powder base.

Last summer I discovered a perfectly swell non-greasy one that saw me through hours of swimming, tennis and golf without one betrayal. Besides acting as an "anchor" for face powder, it helps to conceal fine lines, discolorations such as freckles, and other small blemishes, and gives the skin a flattering *alive* look. One of

Take your skin, hair and figure problems to our beauty editor. She will be glad to advise you free. Write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope (U. S. Postage) for her reply.

A girl's best friend is good make-up when the mercury rises and the days grow long. Here are hints for your beauty and comfort under the summer sun

the nicest things about it is that it is made in handy stick form, so you can spread it lightly over your face, then blend it effortlessly with your fingertips. Its chief ingredient is one that doctors have used for years to heal pimples, so you *know* it's pure and harmless. Comes in four lovely shades and in several sizes from a dime up. Want the name?

■ Do you *grind* powder on your skin, using a puff clogged with dirt and old powder? Then no wonder you have make-up trouble. Always pat it on generously with a clean puff or fresh cotton. Use so much that you look like a clown, and *then* wipe it off after it's had time to cling to the base. A heavy layer of powder in hot weather, or layer applied on top of layers will put you at the bottom of the class.

Of course you must have a powder to begin with that has staying power without being heavy. I can recommend one that is perfect in texture. It is sifted to the finest particles so that it gives your skin that satiny look you find on movie stars' professionally made-up faces. It comes in several fashion-perfect shades, and costs a pittance. There's a dollar box and a fifty-cent box and—if you're a sampler at heart—a ten cent size. The same manufacturer makes a cream rouge (don't overlook this if you're going to be in the swim) and a ten cent lipstick that is a honey.

■ Even when they're at the beach Hollywood beauties are wearing eyeshadow. It gives the eyes a dramatic look that harmonizes with brightly tinted lips and nails and, if it's a creamy paste, it keeps the lids from becoming dry and lined. If you're going in for fishnet turbans, your eyes will look bare without some accent and, if you're basking under a spreading straw cartwheel they'll be as lost as the babes in the woods.

So make up your mind to make-up your eyes this summer . . . night and day. But write to me first for the name of a reputable mascara and shadow both of which cling to your lashes and lids in spite of the humidity. You can easily experiment with two different hues of this shadow (blue and violet, say, or green and gray) because it blends so readily. Comes in a screw top plastic container (easy on long finger nails) for one dime. The mascara is in cake and cream form. If you haven't tried either one, pick them up at the V and X—and I'll bet my new extra hair piece that you'll be a prospect for the larger sizes.

■ Curls are smart this season. Piled high, sprouting out on the forehead, tied low on the neck in peruke fashion, gathered into a snood or clustered in a

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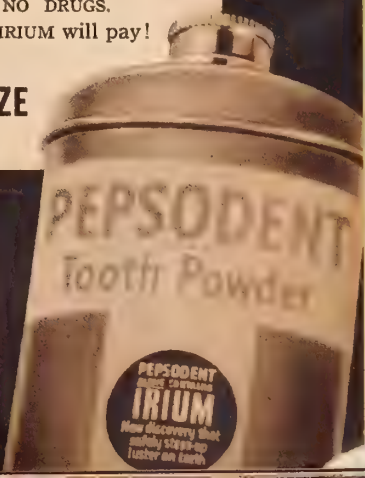
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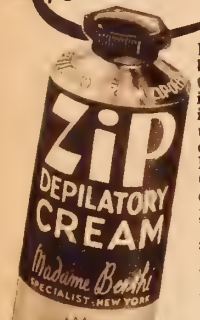
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Hollywood Salutes Volunteer Americans

[*Continued from page 26*]

professional career, Francis (born Frantisek) Lederer, star of screen and stage, waited 7,000 miles away with pounding heart while the German Fuehrer ruthlessly prepared to invade Czechoslovakia.

The expected air attacks, of course, never occurred. Hitler's legions moved in virtually unopposed. Czechoslovakia died. And with it died the hopes of millions of Czechs—and Americans as well—for an ideal of freedom established with the birth of the Mid-European republic in 1919.

■ Four months after the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, Francis Lederer became an American citizen. His reasons for doing so illustrate the close bond of ideals which existed between Czechoslovakia and the United States, and show graphically why the little country's annexation by Nazi Germany aroused such indignation in America.

"Every Czech youth wants to become an American," says Lederer. He just had lunched with Jan Masaryk, son of the first president of Czechoslovakia. He was openly enthusiastic about his recent naturalization, but the spell of his meeting with young Masaryk was still on him. There was an unmistakable sadness in his voice.

"All of Czechoslovakia," he went on, "the Czechoslovakia that was and still is in the hearts of the people, is as Americanized as any nation could be. America had always been the ideal of the Czech people. This was shown, I think, when they adopted the Constitution of the United States. That is why I am an American today and why being an American has been my goal for so long as I can remember."

Lederer undoubtedly is the most international-minded person in Hollywood. He is as well versed on the Czech situation as any man in the United States. Through deep study and observation his views on the subject are comprehensive, intelligent and authentic.

"The Czechs," he pointed out, "are a nation of individualists. For centuries the Germans have been accustomed to obedience, to an autocracy. The Czechs, on the other hand, are independent. They want to assert themselves. They cannot long bear the yoke of any country. That is why they are so akin to the United States, why they have always admired this country. History has proved the Czechs were born to be free. To think that the Czechs and the Germans can ever merge is as ridiculous as to say that oil and water can mix."

What about Hitler? Lederer leaned forward eagerly as he answered.

"Hitler, in his acts of aggrandizement," he said intently, "is like an actor who makes a tremendous hit in one play after another. Pretty soon the actor believes he is different from other people, that he does not have to abide by the principles set forth by the majority, that he is ordained by God to create.

"So with Hitler. When he sent German troops into the Saar he issued orders to retreat immediately if any opposition were raised. There was none, so he was heartened to try again and again. He believes he is ordained by God to reach out for the Fatherland."

Lederer frowned.

"But just as the actor some day will appear in a flop and go down," he said slowly and prophetically, "so will Hitler meet with defeat."

Temperamentally and idealogically Francis Lederer is the type of foreigner who will make the ideal naturalized American. A fierce advocate of peace, he had hardly landed in this country before he organized his now famous World Peace Foundation. America needs men like

Francis Lederer, intelligent, patriotic men devoted to the ideals of liberty and peace. And America is getting them—many of them from the foreign colony in Hollywood.

■ The past few years have seen a growing number of foreign film stars adopt this country as their own, and renounce all allegiance to Old World customs and dictatorships. Peter Lorre, Fay Wray, Paul Lukas, Victor McLaglen, Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer and scores of others have either taken out their first papers or actually been sworn in as full-fledged citizens of the United States. The evidence is enough to stop those rumors that Hollywood's foreign colony has Communistic leanings, that its members take American money but will not accept the duties and obligations of citizenship.

■ Probably the best known Hollywood celebrity recently to cast her lot with America is Marlene Dietrich. Born in Berlin "not too many years ago" as she smilingly told reporters who interviewed her after her examination by the naturalization board, she had considered the move for several years, ever since she decided she would make her permanent home in the United States.

"I want to rear my child in America as an American," she says. "I want her to be an American, to be able to take advantage of all that America offers, not as a foreigner but as a citizen. For myself, I want to be a part of this nation."

For all her worldly sophistication the glamorous Miss Dietrich was deeply moved when, in Los Angeles' Federal Building, the Department of Labor naturalization board recently accepted her petition of citizenship. It was evident when she left the building after passing the examination with flying colors that the ceremony was an epochal event in her life.

■ When Samuel Goldwyn brought Anna Sten to Hollywood from Russia she could scarcely speak a word of English. Today her English is flawless; she is as American as the person next door.

"In my Russia as a small child I read Russian translations of Horatio Alger books," she said, without a trace of an accent. "America, in those books, was pictured as the land of plenty, the land of opportunity where the poor always became rich, and the miserable and downtrodden happy. More than anything else on earth I yearned to go to America, to be an American and forget the misery that was Russia."

That explains why, soon after reaching these shores, Anna declared her intention of becoming an American citizen and set about preparing herself to pass the naturalization board. She has no desire whatsoever to return to the land of her birth.

"During the revolution of 1917 and the social upheaval that followed, I saw too much suffering and oppression ever to want to go back," she said. "There was much starvation. People suffered from the terrible cold; many were frozen to death.

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"I would never in my right mind return to Russia. God willing, I will be here the rest of my life. Our roots are down, my husband's and mine, and neither of us has any patience with any 'isms' but Americanism."

Dr. Eugene Frencke, Anna's husband and a native of Russian Georgia, received his final papers along with his wife last December. His American naturalization likewise was the fulfillment of a long dream, the realization of an ambition dating back to early days in Germany whither he had gone to direct motion pictures, and to learn about America from Americans he met in the studios.

■ That beautiful Wendy Barrie should finally choose to become an American citizen came as no great surprise to her friends. From the moment of her arrival in Hollywood she made it clear that she liked both America and Americans and that never before had she been so happy. After the death of her father in Hongkong, her mother joined her in the film capital. There was no further reason for her to delay the transference of her allegiance to America. So Wendy, born in London and reared in China, where her father was in the British consular service, asked permission of the United States authorities to become an American citizen.

■ Almost as soon as she arrived here glamorous Hedy Lamarr, born Hedy Kiesler in Vienna, decided to align her future with America and took out her first papers of citizenship.

"Even my introductory association with Americans led me to believe I wanted to be one of them," she declared. "After months of living among them I was sure of it."

■ Broach the subject of naturalization to Claude Rains and he positively beams. It is no small matter for an Englishman to break ties of Empire. But Rains is loyal to his new citizenship.

"After all," he says with a twinkle in in his eye, "I have some integrity and I feel that I owe this country my allegiance. In America I have fared unusually well. I have gained financial independence, and there's little danger of my losing that independence. For that reason alone I owe this country my allegiance."

But there is much more to it than that. Even a casual conversation with Rains reveals his pride in his newly acquired citizenship. He admires particularly the democratic spirit of this country.

"I took a trip to England in 1935," he explained, "and I couldn't get back to the United States fast enough. I was appalled at the class distinction there, distinctions that I had completely forgotten during my stay in America. I feel now that I have much to be thankful for and I am completely satisfied."



Columbia University students elected Joy Hodges "Yumph Girl" as a delicate little token of their esteem, and broke the news to her on her arrival at the Newark Airport with a sign and a rally. You'll see her soon in *The Family Next Door*

■ Ray Milland is another Britisher who recently indicated his intention to become an American citizen.

"I married an American, America is my home, the setting of my future, and I belong to it," said this native son of Heath, Wales, in commenting on his action in taking out first papers. "Naturally I expect to visit England occasionally for I have many friends there and I love the country. But America has come to mean my life.

"When I was in England last autumn I felt a restraint I had never known before. Perhaps it's the free and easy life we lead over here. I don't know. I do know, though, that I experienced a feeling of wanting to get home, back to California. What else could I do, feeling that way, but become an American? Yes, and I would fight for it too, if America called me!"

■ Luise Rainer's slender young body fairly quivered with excitement when she received her final papers and emerged a 100 per cent American citizen.

"I haven't been so happy since the first time I fell in love," she announced gaily. "Ever since I was a little girl in Vienna I have been oh! so anxious to come to America. Even as a child I remember I dreamed some day of sailing across the sea to the land where all was sunshine and happiness. That dream came true when I first saw the United States, and the rest of it, to be an American, when I was handed my full citizenship papers."

Luise is so proud of her new estate that she has swept from her home all reminders of Europe. She passionately believes that such organizations as the German Bund should be disbanded, forbidden to spread their propaganda.

■ An Irishman is always in love. If it isn't with love itself, it's with country. Which did not, however, prevent George Brent from renouncing the shamrock isle in favor of the United States.

"America's my nation, Hollywood's my home. I'm happy here, intend to stay here and hope to be a good American," he says. "Sure, good enough to stick by America no matter what happens and no matter what I'm asked to do."

■ Both Cecilia Parker and Katherine De Mille are Americans too, now, having renounced all ties to their native Canada. Their careers, their homes, their husbands and their interests are in Hollywood and there they expect to spend the rest of their lives. And Anthony Quinn, Katherine's Irish-Indian husband, hastened to become a citizen after a trying experience not long ago. Returning to the United States he was held at Tia Juana, Mexico, for two days before he was able to persuade the government authorities to let him cross the border and go home to Hollywood. He thought he was a citizen all the time but he wasn't.

"I tell you," he says, "it isn't until you learn that you're really not an American that you realize how all-important it is to be one. I came to this country with my parents from Mexico when I was four months old, so I always had imagined myself part of it."

■ It is no easy task to become an American citizen. Steady, persevering study is necessary. The candidate must have a comprehensive knowledge and understanding of American history and government and ideals. He must be sufficiently well versed on the concepts of the Constitution of the United States to pass an examination by the exacting naturalization board.

At least two years must elapse after the declaration of intention (first paper) is filed before the candidate can obtain his petition of citizenship (second paper). He must have resided in the United States for at least five years to be eligible for citizenship. Having met all these requirements, he must take an examination before the naturalization board and pass with better than average marks.

In ever increasing numbers, members of Hollywood's foreign colony are applying themselves to the job, not only of becoming American citizens, but of becoming good citizens. And all who have tried have given a grand performance. So here's to Hollywood's volunteer Americans. Welcome, stranger—we're glad to have you with us!





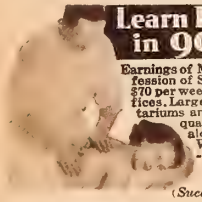
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Introducing Susan

Something about the pretty little Miss from Brooklyn who has the only feminine role in the new version of *Beau Geste*

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ We've been informed—in a roundabout way, of course—that when a man bites a dog it's news for anybody who can read, write, or listen. We're far from being reluctant in accepting this as the truth as we sit here preparing this little essay.

That is, generally speaking.

Specifically—and by that we mean Hollywood—ten men could bite off the hide and hair of ten dogs, and nobody would notice, because it is a town where the unexpected is always happening.

About the only kind of story that really "needles" our kings and queens, as well as the "bit" and featured players of the celluloid screen, is the kind of story that springs from the swift introduction of a mere slip of a girl like, say, this Susan Hayward, into the cinematic set-up.

And no wonder! No wonder!

For all this black-eyed Susan did was to walk unheralded into the Paramount



talent department one fine morning, come January, 1939, turn around, and walk right out again with no less than the leading feminine role opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in *Beau Geste.*

But that isn't all by a long shot! Susan did it without boasting of one minute's screen experience to her credit!

And right then and there, every actress, from bit player clear on up to glamour girl sent out orders for a gross of extra-size crying towels to soak up the scalding tears of grief that sprung from the knowledge that the important part had been plucked by an unknown who hailed from Brooklyn—of all places!

As for black-eyed Susan, the girl from Brooklyn, well, she's pretty much in a daze and a dither about the whole thing. But she's managed, so says Wild Bill Wellman, to do a bang-up job of acting in the picture despite complete ignorance of what to do and when to do it before the cameras. Wild Bill ought to know, if anyone does, since he happens to be the gent who directed *Beau Geste.*

Now, lest we be falsely accused by our carping critics of being a rambling (and we do mean mentally, you dope) reporter we're going to bring Susan over to the microphone.

"My being in Hollywood and in *Beau Geste,*" she begins, "can date 'way back to the day when I was assigned the seat next to the sink in the art class of the Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn. On this particular day I was preparing a design to be submitted in competition with other members of the class. Just about the time I was ready to put the finishing touches to it, one of the girls came up to the sink, and, after washing her hands, accidentally flicked water all over my drawing. And right then and there three long, hard weeks of effort were completely lost. I was ready, willing—and I hoped, able—to scratch that girl's eyes out! No doubt I would have done so save for the fact that a split second before I started to scratch, I happened to glance down at my drawing board. Instead of being sunk by the sink, so to speak, I went right to work at the design again. Those water marks had made such an intriguing pattern that I decided to embellish them—and guess what happened? I won the contest and with it a $75 cash prize!

"Then," Susan goes on, "I decided to travel. I was eighteen, I had just won a big prize, so why shouldn't I begin to earn my own living? I answered that question by going to New York City where I got a job as a textile designer. Now it so happened that the place where I worked was in the theatrical district. It also happened that I looked out the window one morning after the third payday, and saw a group of scantily-clad chorus girls on the roof of an adjoining building. What have they got that I haven't got I asked myself as I watched their gyrations, and I answered that one by deciding upon a stage career. Just like that."

But Susan got fooled. It wasn't just like that. Not by a jugful. New York producers and agents were tougher to crack than a slab of concrete.

"They said 'no' so many times," Susan says, "that finally I was convinced they meant it. I enrolled in a dramatic school, stayed there for six months, and tackled the agents again with about the same result. Get some experience, they said, and drop in again. So I went over to Long Island and landed a little work in a stock company. The show folded half way through the second week, and I found myself about where I was at the beginning, but this time without money. To remedy that I became a model."

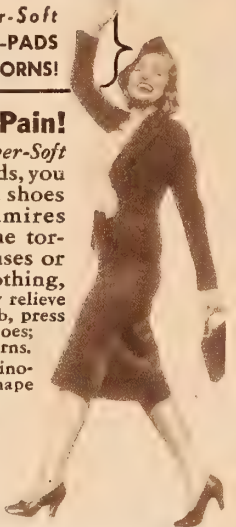
■ While we're giving Susan time to catch her breath it might be well to say here that she posed for the color illustrations of an article on "How Models Come to New York." George Cukor, who had the job of directing *Gone With the Wind* during its early filming stages, saw her picture, and thought she might make a good Scarlett O'Hara.

"They gave me a screen test in a Long Island studio," Susan continues, "and there must have been something about it that pleased them because they brought me to Hollywood where I was tested again and again. For some reason, never explained, they changed their minds, and I found myself in the ranks of the also-rans in the Scarlett race.



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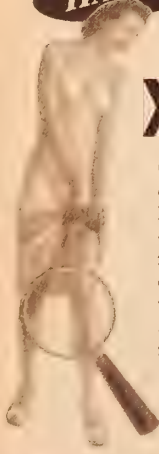
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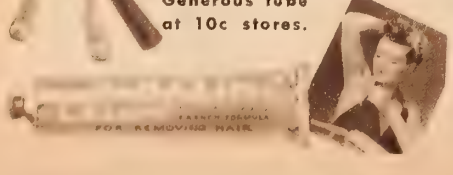
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Charlie Chaplin, Jack Warner, Carrie Jacobs Bond who wrote "The End of a Perfect Day," and little Janet Chapman were interested spectators at the cutting of May Robson's birthday cake on her 75th birthday, when Hollywood honored the grand old star

■ "I stayed in Hollywood, pen in hand to sign the first movie contract that came along. The first month lengthened into six, which was enough to convince me that the movies and Susan Hayward would never mix, and then, on the day I was to return to New York, Warner Brothers signed me to a six months' contract.

"I made a lot of pictures for this studio, hundreds of them—but they were all still pictures in bathing suits and shorts and were planted in newspapers and magazines. I never did get a chance to parade before a movie camera, and I became pretty much discouraged. The only thing Warners gave me, finally, was the gate. When I got that piece of furniture I decided that enough was enough, and began packing for a return trip to New York. And I would have left, too, only I was delayed by the unexpected arrival of a girl friend from the East who inveigled me into remaining in Hollywood for a week or two longer. And it's well that I did, in view of what's happened to me since then. During that two-weeks' loafing period I read in a trade paper that Artie Jacobson, Paramount's talent director, was looking for a girl to play opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in *Beau Geste* and so, with time on my hands, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, I went out to Paramount one fine, sunshiny morning, walked into Mr. Jacobson's office and in less than half an hour I was in the midst of all the excitement and flurry that goes with a screen test! It was a lot of fun, but it didn't mean anything. 'Just another Scarlett O'Hara routine,' I told Artie Jacobson who said something about 'you never can tell, and would I please leave my telephone number —just in case.' Two or three mornings later I got a call from Paramount and the man at the other end of the wire urged me to come a-running because Mr. Jacobson wanted to see me. Not only that, but Mr. Wellman, the producer-director of *Beau Geste,* wanted to see me. No, I wasn't to come a-running. A car would be at my door in thirty minutes and would I please hurry and get dressed?

"Well, I hurried and I got dressed, and I met Mr. Jacobson and Mr. Wellman and I got the part in the picture and better yet, I got a long-term contract. My, things always seem to happen to me in such a round-about way!"

■ Susan is still in a daze and a dither about the whole business of picture making, but it looks as though she's going to do mighty well for herself. Everything considered. Yes, indeed, for a girl from Brooklyn—

And that brings up an interesting fact of which she is not aware. Susan is the second Brooklyn girl—and a redhead, at that—to be plucked out of the ranks by Wild Bill Wellman and given a chance at stardom.

The first was Clara Bow. Wild Bill gave her first opportunity a dozen years ago in a picture called *Wings.*

And here's hoping that this five-foot, 108 pound, red-headed Susan flies as high careerward as did the famous 'It' girl!

"Tough To Be a Star"

[*Continued from page 23*]

you had to agree to take, if you won, the screen name "Alice Eden" or "John Archer," the names they'd built up over the broadcast for three months. . . . The audience held its breaths.

At a million radios over the land, people listened with sharp attention. In the auditorium, folks moved to the edge of their chairs. Boy, the theatre grew so quiet you could hear a contract drop as Lasky said:

"The winners—'Alice Eden' and 'John Archer'—are Rowena Cook of New York City and Ralph Bowman of Lincoln, Nebraska—" You couldn't catch the rest of it for the cheers and applause.

Talk about Cinderella! Talk about Aladdin! Rowena Cook, who bears a startling resemblance to Miriam Hopkins as a school girl, came out on the stage, her hand in that of Ralph Bowman. She was so tremulous with relief and delight that she had to sit down quick for fear she'd faint. Even so, her face was radiant, and the vivacious quality which helped win the award fairly crackled across the footlights. Bowman, quiet and poised, his brown hair and tanned features a contrast to her blond fairness, burst out laughing at her rapture. But he looked pretty rapturous himself.

Slap bang, on top of everything, Jean Hersholt was handing them membership cards in the Screen Guild. Slap bang, a telephone message asking them if, for $500 each, they would appear on a radio program next week. Adulation. Glamour by the pailful. World at their feet. . . .

■ And then Edward Arnold spoke. As one of the judges he had been asked "to say a word to these young people." He said it.

"From now on," he remarked, his deep voice cutting gravely across the fanfare, "you're going to have a tough time."

People gasped. So did Rowena Cook and Ralph Bowman.

Well, the entire incident epitomized Hollywood. First, the pleasant hullabaloo of congratulation over crashing the movies. Then—a warning that brought to mind things which were past but in a way still present; a warning that you can get into the movies and yet not have it "take."

For behind the glittering procession of stars there walks always—shadowy in the background—the procession of Canteloupe Queens, Tiger Men, Leopard Women, Miss Americas, who won picture contracts, perhaps on looks rather than talent; couldn't make the grade; and linger in memory—some of them still in fact—round a casting office that has "nothing today," wishing they'd never heard of fame and fortune in the guise of a six weeks' contract and all expenses paid.

A contract in the movies doesn't mean success. It means only the chance at success.

"But if you're always sincere and have confidence in yourself," Edward Arnold added, "you'll win."

He was talking, of course, to a pair of young people who had already demonstrated a considerable talent for acting. Moreover, in their case the circumstances were somewhat different, in other ways, from those of other contest winners of the more haphazard sort. These two entered pictures, as "Alice Eden" and "John Archer," with names already familiar to the radio-fan section of the public. In a modest degree, they were famous before they started, since the screen names were publicized long before it was known who would eventually bear them.

A publicized name is above rubies to anyone who wants to find a job, or hold a job, in Hollywood.

In addition, Lasky is serious about his own responsibility to the contestants. So much so, that he has obtained movie contracts for several who possessed a flair for drama, but were eliminated from the semi-finals and finals. Among these are Linda Hayes, who won the second feminine lead with Lupe Velez in *Girl from Mexico,* and John Baird, who has a role in the Ginger Rogers' film, *Little Mother.*

It Was "Love At First Sight"



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Lasky pointed out that it was chiefly "from among new kids" that Hollywood would have to gather its future stars, and said he was surprised at the "savvy" the youngsters in his contest displayed. "They know what makes Hollywood tick," he said, "they aren't the stagestruck kids of yesterday who used to bum a way out here without training or talent, expecting to become famous overnight.

"These are kids who know what it takes. Therefore, they have trained; in little theatre groups, with dramatic teachers, or in school dramatic societies. Why, some some of them could give pointers in acting to some of our stars!"

■ Still and all, Rowena Cook and Ralph Bowman were a bit disturbed by Edward Arnold's chill prediction. More disturbed, if the truth were known, than surprised.

They sat rather nervously poised for their very first interview; Rowena in pale blue linen—she's a lovely creature—and Ralph in a dark town suit, though he'd rather have been in dungarees and sneakers on the deck of somebody's sailing boat. They both, as it happens, can sail a boat.

And they both, as it happens, had made tentative stabs at Hollywood before; for these two young persons know quite definitely what career they want to follow. Bowman, as an amateur, had a course with Ben Bard in plays put on at a little theatre in Los Angeles. Rowena, also as an amateur, had a season with the Pasadena Community players.

"So we know Hollywood from the inside and the outside," she said with a happy sigh; *of course* our hardest time is before us—from now on we have to work like fury to stay here. Like the time Alice in Wonderland had to run as hard as she could, just to stay where she was! They've given me a new hair-do already—they call it the 'Alice Eden.' But I realize life is more than hair-do's, even in this town."

Bowman put in a word. Though he'd seen Hollywood before, it never looked so perfectly beautiful as it did right after the contest judges brought in their decision. "I sort of wanted to edge into pictures from the production end," he went on, "or maybe as a camera man. But I wanted to be an actor, even more. As soon as I set eyes on Hollywood—the hills and palms and roses—I hoped I'd never have to leave. But try and ease into a studio! I didn't see the inside of one till this contest ended!

"Of course I can't imagine any place more glorious right now. The scenery and the atmosphere were not bad before, but they sure have pepped up since studio executives began saying 'yes' to me instead of 'no'."

Bowman, at his rooms in Hollywood, and Rowena, staying with friends in Pasadena, have started out to be safe and sane. From their $125 a week apiece, they spend a modest sum on rent, no more than necessary on new clothes, and they're saving all they can. They expect their luck to last, for the very good reason that they intend to study and work instead of depending on luck. But they are saving their money, just in case. Never having met till the semi-finals in the contest, they were surprised to find how much they thought alike on economy and such. Lasky would tell them that's the way most young people think nowadays—at least, those who arrive in Hollywood with the intention of remaining.



Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey (Hedy Lamarr) caught by the camera leaving the Cafe Lamaze after a late dinner

■ But Edward Arnold, over on the *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* set at Columbia Studios, wagged his head when I reported that "Alice Eden" and "John Archer" had taken his remark to heart, and meant to work hard.

"It's tough to be a star," he said, "and when I told those two kids they had a tough time before them, I didn't refer merely to work, though their work has just begun. I told them to believe firmly in themselves and they would succeed, and it's true. No doubt they plan to be stars some day.

"Well, I don't mean to minimize the work, but aside from the work, it's so tough to be a star that I've decided not to be one any longer. In this picture, I play a supporting role because I prefer a good, strong supporting role to star billing. Why? In my case, it is too much responsibility, hunting for stories of star caliber. It's a situation those two kids may face some day."

There was no doubt of his sincerity. At Columbia they refer to him as one of the three (count 'em!) stars in the picture, but he insists that he isn't one, though most stars would be glad to play his "Jim

Taylor," big politician, mixed up with Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur. No, he's tired of being a star!

Arnold's advice, therefore, was doubly good. It came from a star who doesn't want to be, to a couple of youngsters who do.

"You take work for granted in this business," Arnold remarked with his wise and genial smile, "but the thing any new player has to watch out for is over confidence. It's different from plain self confidence. Players who have entered the movies by means of a contest, lifted in by a stroke of good luck, where others have failed to make so much as a dent on the door, are particularly in danger of feeling that their technique is without need of improvement, and that they themselves are beyond need of admonition or advice.

"Mind you," he added earnestly, "I don't for a moment say 'Alice Eden' and 'John Archer' are this type. They struck me as being thoroughly modest and eager to learn.

"But what I'm saying is, everything tends to make the young player lose his head. The trouble with half the young actors who failed to make good in Hollywood is that they began to believe they couldn't improve—and they didn't. The other half simply weren't cut out to be actors in the first place.

"There are several ways, though, of losing your head. If you resist the impulse to believe all the flattery heaped upon you as a new, outstanding personality—and these two certainly stood out enough to win over a couple of thousand others—then you can go haywire in various different directions."

The temptations of Hollywood? I suggested.

Arnold laughed. "Heck!" he scoffed, "Hollywood *hasn't* any temptations! No more, and no different from temptations anywhere else in the world.

"No, I mean going haywire about money. Spending it. Not every young fellow, or young girl, drops into a salary of over a hundred a week right at the start of a career. It's good money, even if experienced players draw down a lot more. It's such good money that I've seen young fellows, and young girls, too, buy cars they couldn't afford and go ki-hooting along the roads faster than anyone needs to go.

"After you have a high class car, you want a high class house to park it in front of, and then you need a ranch somewhere or a beach place so you can get away from the house. You hanker after the kind of clothes that go with all these things—and who's going to wear little old fifteen dollar slacks when you can pay ten times as much for slacks that will scare every clam off the beach?"

He wagged his head again, his mouth smiling, but his dark eyes perfectly serious.

"No use having nice clothes if you can't show 'em off, is there? So the next thing is entertaining. You throw parties, at home, and you go dancing at night clubs. Nobody expects *you* to cook a hamburger or toss a salad together, so you have a cook to cook and a butler to frighten the unsophisticated, and the studio doesn't take up your option, and right then it's too bad."

He repeated that "Alice" and "John" didn't seem to be the hare-brained type. He didn't expect them to go loco.

"But," he wound up with emphasis, "unconsciously, all kinds of pressure will be brought to bear on them to make them do that very thing. The fact that old troupers, and everyone else, will be so kind to them, possibly spoiling them a little without meaning to, may make them come to believe that acting isn't so much work after all.

"The day a player thinks: 'Well, I'm pretty good, eh? If *this* is all there is to being in the movies!'—on that day, he's lost. Again, I don't imagine 'Alice' and 'John' are this type. But one thing I do know; acting is a strange profession, and the climb up the ladder may be so swift for a few rungs that it makes the climber a trifle dizzy. So when I say there's a tough time ahead for those youngsters, I mean simply this. Good luck, real opportunity, praise, is being heaped on them. And from now on it's going to be tough, because instead of fighting the casting director they're going to have to fight *themselves.*"



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Men Don't Need Women To Succeed

[*Continued from page* 28]

dinner. Up to the time the boss tastes Mrs. Doakes' pies, he hasn't quite made up his mind whether to give Joe Doakes a raise or not, but after eating Mrs. Doakes' apple pie, he goes home completely sold on Joe Doakes and promotes him over the head of Johnny Smith, who's just as smart as Joe but whose wife is a pain in the neck.

To all of this, Adolphe Menjou says, stroking his moustache contemptuously, "Ridiculous! It's all a lot of foolishness, which never happens except in fiction, for social life has nothing to do with one's success or lack of it, nor has one's wife's ability as a hostess anything to do with it. Success consists 90 per cent of luck and 10 per cent in being prepared for opportunities. Now where do a wife's perfect apple pies fit into the picture? If a man is a valuable executive, he may have the most horrible wife in the world, but his firm is going to hang on to him just the same."

This was not at all what I expected Adolphe Menjou to say. But I'd forgotten that Adolphe is a sophisticated man, with a sophisticated man's point of view; and although his marriage to Verree Teasdale is successful, he was a great success before his marriage to her, so he does not say "I owe it all to her!"

"When I was most unhappy, I made two of my best pictures, *King on Main Street,* and *Grand Duchess and the Waiter.* Sometimes when a man is most unhappy, he does his finest work. He forgets the tragedies and tribulations of his home life in his work. Sometimes the one thing that makes a man successful is unrest."

Although Adolphe Menjou never discusses his first two wives either in or out of interviews and doesn't even mention them by name, it is common knowledge that his first wife was a very brilliant, efficient newspaperwoman, Katherine Conn Tinsley; and his second, the slender, tall, blue-eyed Kathryn Carver, had a way of gazing at a man that made an irresistible appeal to his protective instincts. Obviously Adolphe didn't find perfect companionship in either of these marriages, and he himself must have forgotten trials and tribulations in his domestic life by losing himself in a world in which he played a gay, sophisticated boulevardier, a man with a perfect understanding of women!

"I'm not denying," Adolphe told me, "that women have a tremendous influence —they can be a great help or a millstone around a man's neck, but they are not essential to his success."

We were sitting on the set where Adolphe Menjou was making his latest picture. He sat in a chair at ease while a bootblack put finishing touches to his shoes.

"Are you satisfied with both shoes, or do you think they need a little more polish?" Menjou said with a smile. Adroitly he avoided telling the bootblack that he, Adolphe Menjou, wasn't satisfied. Very clearly he implied that it was the bootblack, himself, who set up such high standards that it took a very fine job indeed to satisfy him.

When the director called him to work, he said, "I'm not in the mood," then winked at me and rushed forward. One gets the impression that he is always in the mood when called, and that if he isn't, he gets himself into it. The scene over, he sat down again, said to the bootblack, "Are you through with me, or was there still one shoe with which you weren't satisfied?"

The bootblack discovered that there was still one shoe with which he wasn't completely satisfied.

"I thought so," said Adolphe, settling down in his chair. He looked pleased with the bootblack, who had so much discrimination; he looked pleased with the world. Then he turned his attention back to the subject under discussion.

"Right here in Hollywood," he said, "I can name you a man who has been a tremendous success without the help of any woman. In spite of two miserably unhappy marriages, Charlie Chaplin has given some of the greatest performances ever screened."

"Well, what about business executives?" I asked. "Is every captain of industry a liar when he gets up before an audience and says that he would have been a failure without the help of his 'best friend and severest critic?'"

"Not necessarily," said Adolphe. "Some men do owe a great deal to the 'little woman.' While some men tell their wives everything about their businesses and feel that their wives, through superior intuition, are able to give them wonderful advice, other men don't tell their wives anything about business, and are equally successful.

"If a woman makes a man happy in his home life, she is doing a great deal for him. If, in addition, she has the ability to advise him, then she is indeed a pearl among women. If a woman is sympathetic with your ambitions, she can do a great deal to encourage you. If she is opposed to them, what a miserable life you can lead together! Remember, I said that a woman can do a great deal to help or hinder a man. But I deny that she is *essential* to his success. Certainly a wife can help her husband by saving his money; a bad manager can spend it all, so that, no matter how successful he is, he will always be broke.

"On the other hand, I know of one woman who deliberately kept her husband broke because she said it was the only way to make him achieve the success of which she felt he was capable. When he was making only eighteen dollars a week, she spent twenty-five. When he worked day and night so that he could pay the twenty-five, she spent fifty. She bought expensive fur coats, dresses his salary couldn't possibly pay for, hired a maid she couldn't afford, moved into an apartment that rented for twice what she should have paid.

"Apparently her plan succeeded, for the

man had terrific pride, and worked like the devil trying to make enough to pay for all his wife's extravagant purchases. Sometimes, pointing to some new mink coat she had bought, he would ask her why she had bought it, since her closet was full of fur coats. Then she would say, 'The only reason you have gotten as far as you have is because I've kept you broke.'

"Eventually he became head of the company for which he had once worked at a salary of eighteen dollars a week, but when he reached the top, he divorced his wife. Although he admitted that her extravagance had forced him to become a success, he hated her for the method she had used.

"Possibly he was right in divorcing her; at least, from his standpoint, he had a good reason for it. To me the tragic cases are the ones where the wife has slaved to help her husband become a success, only to be cast off for a younger, prettier girl when he becomes wealthy. There is no way of explaining why this happens so often, except that many people cannot stand success; it ruins them.

"And don't forget that, while some wives are wonderful helps to a career, other wives are a great handicap!

"I had a friend who lost thirteen million dollars in five years because of his wife. In the first place, it wasn't necessary for him to work, and he had no desire to do it, but she nagged him into starting a huge business.

"'I won't have a loafer for a husband,' she said. 'No matter how much money you have, that's no excuse for living in idleness.'

"After forcing her husband, who might otherwise have devoted his time to charitable enterprises and to travel, to put his nose to the grindstone, she decided that she also wanted him to be a great social success. Consequently, when he came home from work all tired out, she insisted on going out all night and every night. No man could keep that kind of a life up indefinitely. Since he was out all night, he couldn't give his business the attention it should have received. Consequently, he lost a huge fortune."

I mentioned the fact that many people feel that the great historical figures wouldn't have been so great if it hadn't been for their wives. Basil Rathbone once gave out an interview in which he said, "Behind the success of every man there is some woman. It's even intriguing to wonder just how great some historic figures would have been without their wives. Can you imagine Robert Browning without Elizabeth Barrett?"

Adolphe Menjou finds it easy to imagine Robert Browning without Elizabeth Barrett. "He wrote great poetry before he met her," he said.

"Look at Abraham Lincoln. He was married to a bitter, nagging wife, who later became insane. What sort of help was she to him?

"Look at Napoleon. Can anyone honestly say that he owed his success to a woman? He was mad about Josephine, and during the time he was married to her he was extremely successful. But when he cast her off—in that period before he married again—was he any the less successful?

"What about the great musicians and artists?" said Adolphe. "Did each of them have a woman behind him to whom he could turn for comfort, sympathy and encouragement? On the contrary. Nearly all the great symphonies and the great works of art sprang out of restlessness, unhappiness and discouragement. Many of the greatest musicians and artists either weren't married or were very unhappily married."

Adolphe believes that one reason so many marriages fail is that men don't know what to look for in women.

"Ninety-nine per cent of the men in the world are attracted first by beauty of face and figure, plus an agreeable voice. I know of one man who is married to a beautiful doll-baby wife. Her face is absolutely blank of any expression. And her mind is just as uninteresting. I couldn't tolerate such a woman, yet he loves her devotedly and is madly jealous, fearing always that some other man will take this precious jewel away from him. Maybe he has a reason to worry because every beautiful girl, no matter how dull, has forty guys after her.

"I have seen cheap-looking, gaudy wo-

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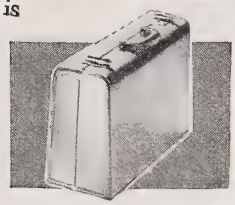


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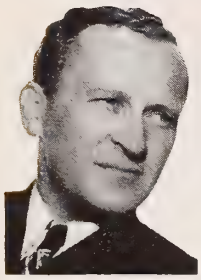
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men, painted within an inch of their lives. Though none of them would attract me, yet I know there are men who fall for them. What's the use? No woman can live forever in her powder; that kind of beauty can be bought in any drugstore, so why should any man marry a woman for it?

■ "You sometimes hear people saying that opposites should get married. In heaven's name, why? If two people are opposites, how can they possibly agree on anything? Verree and I agree on everything."

"Doesn't that make life rather dull?" I asked. "Isn't a marriage more interesting when the two people quarrel with each other, at least occasionally?"

"Not to me, it isn't," said Adolphe firmly. "And they say that two people in the same profession cannot achieve a happy marriage. Why not? If any two people should be able to achieve a happy marriage, they should be the ones, for when an actor comes home at ten at night dead tired, who will understand his feelings better than a woman who has been through the same thing and knows how exhausting acting can be?

"Actually I know of no way of telling in advance how a marriage will turn out. There probably are some people temperamentally unfitted for marriage, who cannot possibly achieve a happy marriage under any circumstances, but how are they to know it until they try? Other people can achieve a happy marriage if they are married to the right people—people with whom they are temperamentally compatible—but how can you ever be sure that the person you love is the right person for you? The man who marries happily the first time is the luckiest guy who ever lived, whether he knows it or not."

■ I told Adolphe Menjou that there are business firms which refuse to employ men unless they are happily married, believing that happily married men make the most efficient employees.

Adolphe thought the idea ludicrous.

"How," he wanted to know, "did they know which men were happily married and which were not? Do they imagine that every man wears his heart on his sleeve, proclaiming his marital unhappiness for all the world to know? Many people suffer for years through an unhappy marriage, hoping that everything will turn out all right in the end. How often friends tell a man who is unhappily married, 'Just try to make the best of it. Work yourself through it, and in the end you'll find that it works out all right.' Very often it doesn't work out, but in the meanwhile he goes through five or ten years of marital life, ostensibly a happily married man but in reality a very miserable one. What board of executives can tell what goes on behind the closed doors of a man's house? Such a method of selecting employees is preposterous.

"Besides, what evidence have they to prove that a man who is happily married does better work than one who isn't? Sometimes the very reverse of that may be true, and a man who is happily married may become so smug, so contented with himself that he gets into a rut.

"Men don't need women to succeed," he repeated. "They can be a great help to a man, but it was a weakling who exclaimed, 'Alone I am a weak man; with the right woman I could be a power, I could be strong and mighty.'"

Sonja—Self-Made Siren

[*Continued from page 22*]

when the kid brother or sister gets to be president of the student body or something. I knew that she had had deep, hard moments. I knew of her pride and her possessiveness and her shrewdness. I knew she would forever have what it takes. And I knew, too, that she still had to change to make herself really happy.

It was in Paris in the spring of 1936 that I first became conscious of Sonja. In a vague, indifferent sort of way I knew she existed, but until the night that I was grudgingly hauled off to the Palais Des Sports to see her in exhibition she meant no more than any of a dozen women tennis players, high divers, golfers and polo enthusiasts. Women champions had always rubbed me the wrong way. They still do, most of them. But I will admit that my wholehearted enthusiasm went out to that little bundle of white grace and speed. There was bedlam after she danced the "Dying Swan." People went wild. From the rafters to the edge of the rink came hysterical shouts of "Bis, bis!" The air was full of hats and programs until the ice was freckled with wearing apparel, even umbrellas. It was one of the wildest ovations I ever saw.

Then Sonja came out to acknowledge the applause. She slipped smoothly over the ice into the spotlight, bowed childishly, gracefully, as cool as a cucumber. All the while accepting flowers by the basketful. Her arms were piled with roses up to her chin. She took the din and applause and the electric excitement like a veteran. In fact, almost with more aplomb. Oldtimers almost always totter about and try to say something that's lost in a gurgle in their throats when they get such a hand. Not Sonja. She took it all as a matter of course. She looked extremely happy but not at all surprised.

My hostess looked at me with stars of excitement in her eyes, "Isn't she wonderful? And that composure . . .!"

I thought, "That kid really has got an awful lot of nerve or else she isn't old enough to know what it's all about." I made a mental note that here was another champion.

Everyone in our party was in a particular twit because we were all to go back and meet her, and everyone was talking at once. Before we got to the dressing room I heard at how many courts she had been presented, how dukes and counts

and other assorted noblemen worshipped her. I heard that if she cared to she could marry an immensely rich man in Paris, and that she really should make some money out of her skating genius by turning professional. I heard that she was Norway's ambassador to the world, that she was going to appear in Madison Square Garden in New York, and that she never for one moment was unchaperoned.

When we finally got to the dressing room and were admitted I got a number of unexpected jolts. After one look I had tc renege on my contention that women champions are very unattractive. At least in her case I took it all back. I, also, immediately cancelled the mental reservation that she probably was too much of an immature girl to know what it was all about. From what I saw and what happened there, I got the impression that she had the fierce, blinding pride of a peacock, that she was far more possessive and more shrewd than any woman I had ever met.

That was just guesswork that night. Now, after all that has happened, I know I was right. To appearances, there in her dressing room, she was all to the contrary. She was a sweet and unsullied girl with a particular knack of being most charming in a different, gauche sort of way, and who, from the looks of things, had provincial taste, and not only in clothes.

She was still in her skates and the gleaming metal sunk into the nap of the rug. There was something professional and enviable in the way she carried herself about on those slivers of brilliant steel. It made her appear taller and, of course, she is tiny. There was something old-fashioned, quaint and unsophisticated about her. It struck me as being a superb case of country confidence. I wasn't quite right, of course, because even then Sonja had a lot back of her.

She looked not quite so pretty as today. I don't think her hair was quite so honey-colored or so smooth. She had none of her present grooming. She was plumper. She had more than a suggestion of a double chin. She had a wide-eyed, fixed stare, and she wore a rather circusy-looking costume.

An ample, matronly figure of a woman hovered near . . . her mother. There were flowers everywhere. We were made conscious of the fact that they came not only from dear, family friends and admirers but from truly important people. We were shown medals, plaques and decorations. In no uncertain manner we were made conscious that Sonja Henie was the greatest skater in all the world.

The very expertness with which she captured everyone in the room while retaining the look of a pleased, pampered, happy little girl, was amazing. She charmed with her wholesome, girlish enthusiasm, yet underneath you could sense an unrelenting, grinding, almost terrifying determination.

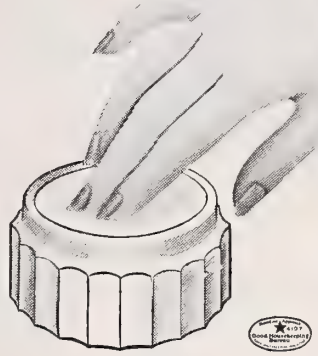
Before we left her dressing room that night in Paris I thought that now, surely, I knew Sonja Henie. I had been so suddenly and graphically exposed to the power of her charm that I knew I would

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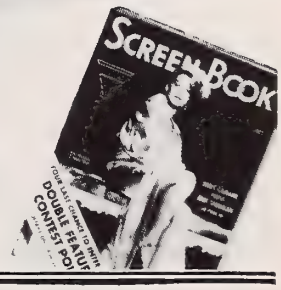
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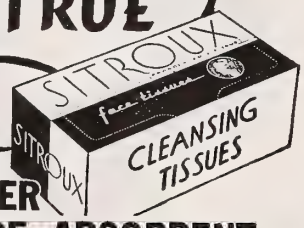
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never forget it. Everyone in the party had something to remember her by. She rushed into words in an eager, awkward manner, struggling with the impediment of her accent, but she knew what she was talking about. We spoke in English. She talked of the artistic triumphs she intended to create, of her public and her popularity. She talked of the ballets she intended to dance. And I felt, then and there, that I wanted to be there to see them. And that's why it all affected me as it did when I saw her recently in Hollywood, great star of her own ice show.

■ That night I don't think anyone foresaw her coming to Hollywood and of course it didn't occur to anyone just how she would fare here emotionally and matrimonially. But since then we've all talked about it a lot. In fact, after that night, watching Sonja in her career was sort of a game with all of us. We all knew when she was decorated by the King of Denmark, when she appeared at a command performance before Queen Mary. And there was practically an unanimous, knowing wink between us when we found out how cannily she had negotiated her Hollywood contract, and how she refused to make it only a one picture deal. It just went without saying, then, that Sonja was in pictures to stay. Things began to get really interesting.

I remember distinctly the night we all saw her first picture. The women were amazed. They thought she was completely remade. Trying to sound pitying, they said something about "losing her outdoor-girl-from-the-country look." They sounded catty instead.

■ I wonder what she thought of all of us, sometimes. I mean by "us," not Hollywood or the people she worked with, but the whole country.

Now, of course, my friends in Paris want to know whether Sonja is happy, whether she likes it here in America. They ask what her future is to be, how she has changed and how she is adapting herself to all the newness. They know that she has learned a lot about this great, new country that she is on the verge of adopting as her own.

And we, too, have learned a lot we didn't know about Sonja. I had marveled at her composure that night in Paris in the face of such electric excitement. But now I know that it is possible for her to stare trouble straight in the face and never wince. That is, never openly admit any weakness. It's a carry over of the old Viking tradition, I guess. She is as proud as she is shrewd.

■ On her tours with her ice ballet, which she says she will continue between pictures, she does not have an exactly easy time because the routine is hard and exacting, the demands on her time are many, all the misunderstandings and all the selfish grasping of an eager public are exhausting. But she has been a rollicking good sport about everything. For instance, sometimes three or four appointments and meetings were arranged, by accident, for the same hour of the day. And she tried, unsuccessfully of course, to meet them all, leaving misunderstandings and hurts. The cool opinion of my friends was that for more than $10,000 a week one could afford to be inconvenienced. That's true, but it is also true that no matter how much money you are making, your nerves can stand only so much.

Some people say that Sonja hasn't hit her stride, even yet. They predict that she is potentially Hollywood's next siren, that men will plunge headlong in love when she eventually emerges as the wonderful woman she can be from the wonderful business woman she is. Now she wants to go on and on making pictures. She says she has too much skating to do to marry, but to see Sonja and to know her there is no mistaking that she is too big a personality to be satisfied always with a career only.

■ Already she is much changed from the girl I saw in Paris less than three years ago. When I went back to see her after her Hollywood ice revue, she was dressed in something very feminine and breathtaking. Her hair held the lights and flowed about her face, smooth as honey. She glowed with an unexplainable radiance. She moved with an easy litheness. Her silver slippers (not skates this time) twinkled beneath the supple, white folds of her dress. Every eye in that crowded, excited room followed her. She was conscious and proud that everyone and everything was there because of her. She savored that fact thoroughly. You could see it in her eyes. They were soft and wide, those of a woman who could feel, exquisitely.

She's got everything, I thought, everything that it takes. But watching her, so confident in herself, brought a little heart tug, too. No one will begrudge Sonja her business head or her flare for spectacular showmanship but if Hollywood is to give her anything but a pile of cold money I'd like to see her let her exacting work and her percentages and her new routines and her contracts take less of her time. I wish for Sonja something a little more heartwarming than that brilliant, sparkling dazzle of ice on which she lives.

NEXT MONTH

If you ever have moved from one house to another, you will suffer in sympathy for the young Dick Powells who recently flitted from here to there. Kay Proctor, always eager to help, was there and tells the story.

That Scarlett Woman

[*Continued from page* 25]

men in a battle of wits." He gave his sudden smile. "This doesn't please men so much."

At that instant from one of the trailer dressing rooms stepped a figure in black and brown, with sideburns and an 1863 hair-do. He turned out to be the Rhett Butler of the piece—Clark Gable. "Hi-yo, Silver!" Gable cried with an ebullience rather refreshing amid the surrounding ante bellum formality.

"Be right with you!" Howard answered, and with his knuckles he began to evoke the sound of galloping hoofs from the seat of a chair.

But before Gable spoke further, Vivien Leigh came tripping back across the greensward with Olivia de Havilland. Director Victor Fleming shouted an order. And, presto! Before you could say, "Atlanta, Jawgyuh," the action moved to the interior of Twelve Oaks.

This house was a little more elaborate than Tara, the home of Scarlett; though Tara was, you may be sure, no shack. For one thing, Twelve Oaks had a huge dining room, of the proportions demanded by Southern hospitality, and on its carved serving tables there stood—flashing in the sun from the long windows—quantities of antique silver plate, every item a collector's piece.

Twelve Oaks, moreover, had a lightly curving and wholly magnificent double stairway; a marvel of architecture, springing from the hall in a stately flight of steps, to divide at the landing as it soared to the upper floors. Along the stair wall hung $6,000 worth of paintings, which, with the silver, were closely guarded while the film was in production. Mounting the stair, you found, off the upper corridor, a bedroom with a lofty ceiling and an enormous four-poster bed. On the bed and on sofas, twenty-four girls (shedding their five-foot hoop skirts) took an afternoon nap following the barbecue, while the gentlemen smoked, wined, and talked downstairs.

It was from this bedroom, and down this stairway, that Scarlett had stolen while the other girls slept, to propose marriage to Ashley. With the strange, higgledy-piggledy movie methods which come out all right in the end, the proposal scene had already been shot before the start of the barbecue which, in the plot, precedes it. But before they could shoot another scene in the library, they had to clean up the fireplace. It was full of broken china.

At the conclusion of the touching and tense love sequence—the love, alas, being all on Scarlett's side—Ashley had in embarrassment and pity left Scarlett in the library. When the door closed, she snatched a costly Limoges vase, and with all her strength dashed it on the hearth. To her consternation, at the sound of the crash a man rose from the big chair in which he'd been an unintentional eavesdropper. Rhett Butler! He'd heard everything! Scarlett glared as if she could have murdered him. It's a wonder, come right down to it, that she didn't.

■ With the china swept up, however, and another library interior taken—this time with ladies and gentlemen saying goodbye and what a nice time and do drop over to see us soon—the entire company scampered to another spot where stood the "bazaar" set. Yes, the Atlanta ladies were holding a bazaar to raise money for the wounded Confederate soldiers.

The scene was a perfect glory of color. It contained bright flags (Confederate, of co'se); the yellow, blue, red and green uniforms of Confederate officers who belonged to various outfits such as the Louisiana Zouaves and the (Confederate) President's Guards; the red shirts of the Atlanta Fire Department, a swanky volunteer organization of socialites; and the ladies' silk and velvet gowns. The fashionable feminine colors that year were emerald, magenta, puce, turquoise, gamboge and aquamarine. To decorate the walls and booths, the studio cornered the Hollywood supply of smilax.

In dramatic contrast with the brilliant dresses about her, Scarlett appeared in the black, enveloping widow's veil which she wore for Charles Hamilton, though she detested it. Scarlett O'Hara, according to Margaret Mitchell's book, had both French and Irish blood. Her jaw was square but her chin pointed; her eyes were green as jade, her thick, black lashes curled upward and her thick, black brows slanted up at the outer ends. Her skin was the flawless magnolia white so prized by Southern women, her hair was dark, and her waist (thanks partly to tight lacing) measured seventeen inches.

To a remarkable extent, Vivien Leigh's features answer this description. As she prettily coaxed bazaar patrons to buy this and that useless gewgaw, she was Scarlett to the life. It took Margaret Mitchell seven years to write *Gone With the Wind;* it was after a two year search that Selznick selected this English player who appeared in *Fire over England* and *A Yank at Oxford* for the leading role.

"She's in mourning," the bazaar gossips murmured as Scarlett's widow's veil floated energetically about here and there. "She can't dance."

But—when Rhett paid $150 in gold for the privilege of leading the reel, and selected Scarlett as his partner, she danced airily out on the floor. Atlanta shuddered in horror.

■ Heigh ho. Neither Scarlett nor anyone else danced in Atlanta when subsequent scenes arrived. For war came to Atlanta, to the city built on the forty acres behind the Selznick Studio. From old photographs, a dozen street of the town were reconstructed with a painstaking fidelity to detail. Even the street signs were faithfully reproduced. And, with an equally painstaking fidelity to detail, the dozen streets were promptly ravaged by shot and by fire. Among other items, the entire Atlanta railroad yards were copied. Copied to be burned down.



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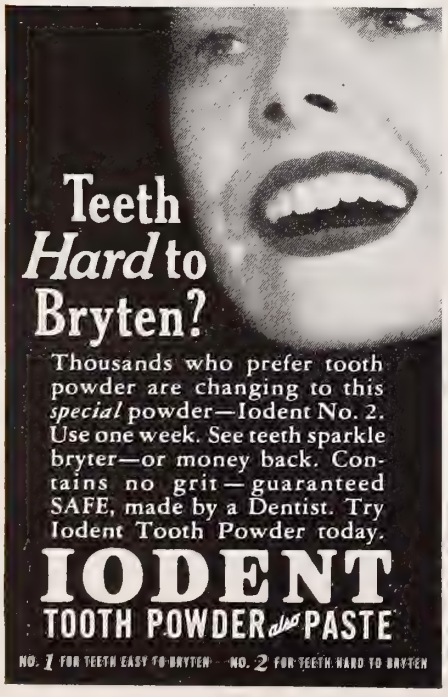
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■ To show you the thought expended on little things: In the very midst of the burning of Atlanta, a soft, quiet voice observed amid the roar and crackle: "Not 'My heart is sad,' but 'Mah haht' . . ."

In the corner sat Susan Myrick of Macon, Ga., the "Southern-Accent" coach. She was gazing with intensity at a pupil, a bit player, who wanted to say into the sound track something about his Midwestern hearrrrt. It appears that the English, who don't care for the letter "r" anyway, have caught the Southern accent more quickly than some of the American players.

■ But, laws a-massy! What are we-all doin' out yere on the back lot when we don lef' Massa Leslie Howa'd watchin' the "bazaah" set in which he tooken no part because the plot has him off yander somewhe'es a-fightin' the da— that is, the Yankees. Oh, yoo hoo, Massa Leslie! Oh, there y'all y'are—we mean, is. There y'is, suh, and we was speakin' 'bout Missy Scahlett . . .

"I was saying," Howard resumed, "that women admire Scarlett more than men do. Partly because in a business contest with men she could hold her own, she could make her way independently, scattering opposition.

"Not that a man likes a woman to be a mouse," he added hastily. "He likes her to have some spirit. Even a flare of temper now and then, within reason. This renders her more interesting. A man doesn't know exactly what to expect, his interest is held.

"And it's true that if other men are attracted to a woman, this both flatters a man's judgment and keeps him a little uncertain of her. He thinks to himself that somebody *might* take her away from him, he'd better be on his guard, he'd better be attentive.

"But he doesn't want to be completely uncertain, as a man would be of Scarlett. A man never could be sure of her. I said she'd get what she wanted, although she destroyed herself doing it. Well, she'd get it although she destroyed everybody else in the process, too, and that is an alarming prospect! She was as undisciplined as some of our modern sub-debs."

He smiled, as if nothing could be more undisciplined than certain of those.

"I've known women who were like Scarlett," he added in a serious tone, "self-centered, ambitious. Women who, like her —perhaps, in a way, she was forced to do it by circumstances—put themselves first, other people second. I know a woman who is losing her husband because of that very quality, and I don't believe she understands what has happened.

"Naturally, Scarlett had good traits—who hasn't? And doubtless she emphasized her aggressive traits because, as I said before, she was a modern girl in an old-fashioned setting, and whatever she did required more boldness — more real courage, too—than it would require today. But do you realize that today Scarlett wouldn't make much of an impression? I mean, her independence, not her looks.

"Independent? Headstrong? Self-centered? Hard? Granted. But put Scarlett among some of the girls you meet nowadays in London and Paris and New York, and she'd have so much competition . . . !"

Why, Massa Howa'd!

"I didn't say all of them," he retorted, "but I did say some!"

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 13]

than do the amusing scenes showing the somewhat skittish courtship. For, ten years after their wedding, the fighter still is after the title while his wife waits sadly by their expensive radio, and his son (Billy Cook) grows away from him.

There is real tension in the ring scenes when the fighter is battling, not only for the title, but for a chance to keep his son. Plenty of good fight and training camp scenes, quite a lot of comedy, and a story a little different from the usual ring tale.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—*Universal*

■ A modern minstrel's life is not all song, especially if he works at singing telegrams. Donny (Bing Crosby) discovers this when he sings "Happy Birthday" to a savage old gentleman (C. Aubrey Smith) who hates, not only singers and birthdays but the son (Robert Kent) who sent the singing messenger.

Donny is engaged to a fascinating but strong-willed telephone operator (Joan Blondell). She wants to marry him, but refuses to do so when he is between jobs. And, since Donny has a fixed habit of getting himself fired, the wedding has been postponed four times. She is loyal through disaster. She is even on friendly terms with Donny's slightly mad friend Nicky (Mischa Auer). But, when she hears Donny talking baby-talk behind the closed door of his apartment, she sweeps wedding plans ruthlessly away. How could she know that Donny was talking baby-talk to a baby? Single young gentlemen usually don't.

How Donny happened to be in possession of a "hot" baby, how he evaded the police, soothed his fiancee, won a radio contract is an amusing farce. Crosby sings four songs, and the baby is the most expert scene-stealer you have seen in many a day.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—*20th Century-Fox*

■ As a resigned victim of wrong numbers, I still am glad that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. As a chronic sufferer from moving pictures that do not quite ring the bell, I am glad, too, that 20th Century-Fox discovered Alexander Graham Bell. And if you think that there is no excitement in rheostats and vibrating sheets of metal and undulating currents you better not say any-

thing about it until you have seen Don Ameche discover the telephone.

Loretta Young plays the deaf daughter of the man who helped finance the young inventor's experiments. Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Spring Byington, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Georgiana Young are prominent in the big, good cast. And one of the unforgettable scenes in all of the photoplays you ever have seen is contributed by young Bobs Watson as the deaf mute child who struggles with painful intensity to get out his first word.

UNION PACIFIC—*Paramount*

As you flash across the country from one fair to another, it will be hard to realize that only a very few years ago the vast plains of the middle west were empty except for some angry Indians and some men who believed that the crazy idea of laying railroad tracks across the country was a sound business venture.

It cost millions of dollars and countless lives to lay the first ragged roadbed of the Union Pacific, and to link the Atlantic and the Pacific by rail. It cost millions to film *Union Pacific*, but from the first day of operation, both ventures were tremendous successes. The railroad because it opened new territory. The film because it recaptures the spirit of pioneer days and opens new territory for remembrance and appreciation of the determined courage of our forefathers.

Against the magnificent background of an untouched empire, a rousing story unfolds. Mollie (Barbara Stanwyck) was as Irish as potatoes and just as good and honest. Her father had been working on the railroad all of his life as an engineer, and she was proud of it. She also was proud of her job as post-mistress of the traveling box car that had a permanent address at "End of Track," wherever that might be at the end of a day's work.

They were rough giants, those men who laid the new road. They had to be. They worked in sun and snow and they had to be ready to lay down pickaxes and grab for rifles when the Indians showed a not unreasonable tendency to resent the march of progress.

When the day's work was done, they liked rough fun and lots of it. That is why the dives and dance-halls of Campeau (Brian Donlevy) flourished. Campeau played rough, too. Not satisfied with swollen profits from his crooked faro tables and questionable entertainers, he was willing and ready for the rolling of drunks or the filching of pay sacks.

In his retinue was as fine an assorted set of rascals as ever assembled by a casting office. His chief lieutenant, Allen, was different. He was a dashing young officer who had found himself without anchor after the Civil War and who was ready for any michief or adventure, even if a touch shady. Robert Preston plays this part, and watch him closely because he looks like one of the bigger stars of next year.

The familiar pattern of the drama takes shape when upright Jeff (Joel McCrea) reaches End of Track to bring law and order to the encampment, and both he and Allen discover that Mollie is the most attractive girl in the world.

From there on, law and order battles the underworld, the Indians skulk and scalp, and the whites are saved just in time by the soldiers. There is a train-wreck, of course, and the villain with heart of gold is shot in the performance of a noble deed.

Certainly the story is routine. Wouldn't you feel cheated if it weren't? But there is nothing routine about the development or the telling. The villain does not get shot when you expect him to, but keeps you worrying for quite a while about the chances of the hero. There are wonderful fights, and scrimmages and rides and raids, a good deal of well-placed humor, and the love story is really convincing.

The film runs for nearly two and a half hours, and seems shorter. Be sure to flag down *Union Pacific* when it passes your way. You'll have a fine journey into the past.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

Pay no attention to the Bette Davis-George Brent romance stuff. The two stars have been friends for years and years. Both get a big laugh out of the harvest of column items that have them headed for the preacherman. Bette, by the way, is still a married woman and unless she wants to be a bigamist, she won't altar it with George until the judge hands her the papers. Which, we hear, won't be for a long, long time.

Old-time movie addicts should welcome the news that one of their favorite stars, Ralph Graves, is making his screen come-back out at Republic as a heavy in *Three Texas Steers.*

We ran across a June, 1927, issue of one of our "fan" magazines, and, under the title of "When Will We Really Have Talking Movies?" Cecil DeMille is quoted as saying: "I have never been enough interested in the development of sound to see a talking movie," and "that the new invention isn't at all practical." Says Samuel Goldwyn: "When the large figures on the screen start to talk, the illusion of reality is decreased rather than increased." According to Clarence Brown, a director: "There is so much money invested in the present-day equipment that there is no danger of the companies throwing out everything and beginning again on a talking picture basis. Millions of dollars in investments would be worthless." Jesse Lasky has his say as follows: Talking movies would be impossible out of doors. How ridiculous a street scene would be in which the only sound would be that of the actors speaking!" The late Irving

GANTNER

*Floating Bra**



Don't be a Susy-Droopy this year!



Above, JUDY KING of Paramount's "I'm From Missouri", is beautiful in velvet knit Lastex. $5.95. *Right,* Gantner's sparkling Sea-Crepe . . $5.95.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
CREAM DEODORANT
More for your money—The best to be had
Stops Perspiration Annoyance

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.
Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.
An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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These gay, spirited perfumes are just what you need . . . glamorous, thrilling. Each enticing fragrance in smart crystal bottle with harmonizing cap . . . for purse or boudoir. Just the right size to be used as refills for your Tantalux, Personal Perfume Bar.
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3 DRAMS
AT DRUG & DEPT. STORES

Thalberg, then supervisor of the M-G-M studios, "believes the talking movie has its place just as colored photography has, but that neither will ever replace the silent black and whites that we enjoy today." "I believe the so-called talking motion picture will serve simply as one more item, or feature, upon a program which is striving for variety." This quote from Hal Roach. Douglas Fairbanks comes closer than all the others in prophesying the future of talkies. He says: "I feel certain that the present-day experiments will result in sound being combined with motion, but not for some time to come."

Ah, there! Television!

Deanna Durbin's Contest

[*Continued from page* 17]

tweed with gay flecks of bright blue, red, green and yellow. The buttons are brown bone. The skirt is brown and flared in eight gores. The sweater has a high neck, short sleeves and is a soft dark green . . . a striking costume to be worn all fall and winter.

SECOND PRIZES—Just to be different, there are TWELVE second prizes, beautiful full-length beach or bath robes expertly tailored of luxurious, plushy chenille in a smart deep stripe . . . just the thing for chilly days ahead.

THIRD PRIZES—Ten handsome Melo-Sheen raincoats will delight the ten winners in the Third Prize group. The rich silk fabric is transparent, and the smartly fashioned coat zips up the front to a flattering turned-over collar.

FOURTH PRIZE—One large (25 inches) Deanna Durbin doll, a striking likeness of the little star, dressed in an authentic Durbin dress.

FIFTH PRIZES—Five dolls, 21 inches high, wearing charming dirndl outfits of broadcloth and velvet, go to the five winners in this division.

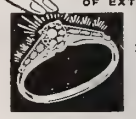
SIXTH PRIZES—Twenty-four winners will receive Deanna Durbin hats, like the one the star wears with her raincoat. The hats, manufactured by L. Lewis and Sons, are felt with shallow crowns and dashingly dipped brims. The adjustable chin strap is an individual and practical feature for windy fall days.

SEVENTH PRIZES—Twelve smart leather handbags, with plenty of room for make-up and all of the extra gadgets that Deanna likes to carry, will delight the twelve winners in this division.

EIGHTH PRIZES—Twelve two-ounce bottles of Deanna's favorite scent, "Smart Girl," in delightful bottles that carry the little star's likeness on the stopper . . . a charming gadget for any dressing table.

NINTH PRIZES—And two hundred lucky people will receive beautiful autographed portraits of Deanna Durbin.

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GIVEN WITH RING
FREE
OF EXTRA COST



Yes, Your choice of a lady's or man's smart, new, guaranteed Jeweled, accurate Wrist Watch **FREE** of extra cost with every Simulated Diamond Ring ordered now and paid for on our easy credit plan. **Send no money** with order. Simply pay for Ring on easy payments of $1.59 first month and **take a year to pay** balance of $2.00—total only $3.59. **We trust you. 10 days trial.** YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR WATCH now or later. Just send name and address—no money. Your order will come by return mail in Special Gift Box. We even pay postage.
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Frontier Asthma Co. 244-D Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Leo Carrillo, that fine Spanish gentleman, is getting mighty tired of hearing his name mispronounced. It's not "Careo," nor "Carillo," nor "Careello." It's "Ca-reel-yo." Gracias, for the correction, Senor.



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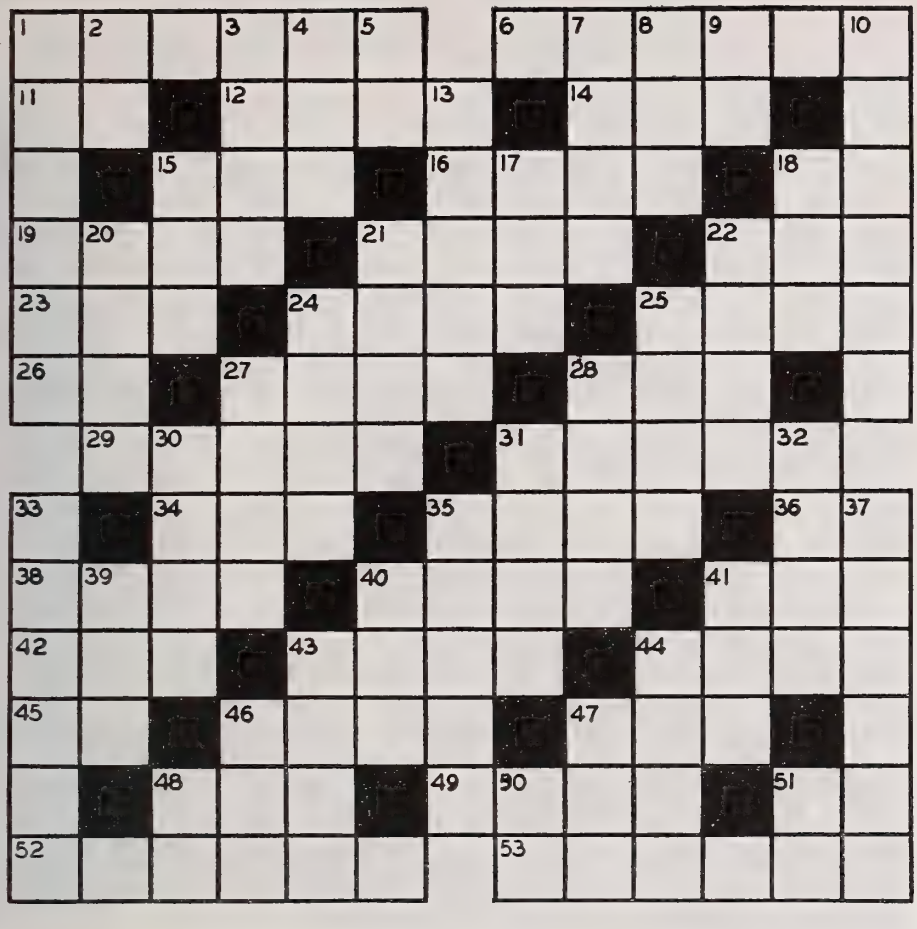
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Wife, Husband and Friend.*
6. Mrs. Tibbitt in *Zenobia.*
11. *Silver* ——— *the Sage.*
12. *Outside These* ——— (sing.).
14. Roy Rogers works at this studio (abbr.).
15. Cedric Hardwicke's title.
16. Evelyn Venable's birthplace.
18. His last name is Hill.
19. Strongonoff in *Mystery of Mr. Wong.*
21. Parts one has to perform in a screenplay.
22. *Never Say* ———.
23. Alf in *Society Lawyer.*
24. Shirley Temple's is golden and curly.
25. The clerk in *On Trial.*
26. *The Headleys* ——— *Home.*
27. *Prison Without* ———.
28. *Within the* ———.
29. Her last name is Fitzroy.
31. Descriptive of Charlie McCarthy.
34. Mary Astor's birthplace (abbr.).
35. Basil Rathbone smoked one in *Hound of the Baskervilles.*
36. Mr. Arnold's initials.
38. Hero of *Star Reporter.*
40. ——— *Affair.*
41. *The* ——— *Miss Manton.*
42. ——— *Third of a Nation.*
43. The lawyer in *Secrets of a Nurse.*
44. Peggy in *Trade Winds.*
45. Mr. Arlen's initials.
46. Star of *Arizona Wildcat.*
47. Receptacle for storing a film.
48. Color of James Cagney's hair.
49. *Mystery of the White* ———.
51. Spring Byington plays this role in Jones Family series.
52. The baby in *East Side of Heaven* (poss.).
53. Garbo's native land.

DOWN

1. She had title role in *Nancy Drew, Reporter.*
2. *You Can't Cheat* ——— *Honest Man.*
3. Either of Mauch boys.
4. You use this organ since advent of talkies.
5. Rosemary's initials.
7. Sugar in *Back Door to Heaven.*
8. First name of Director McCarey.
9. Initials of actor married to Gladys George.
10. You saw her in *Tarnished Angel.*
13. Steven Early in *The Duke of West Point.*
15. He had title role in *Gunga Din.*
17. *They Made* ——— *a Spy.*
18. *Secret Service of the* ———.
20. *The Great Man* ———*s.*
21. Cutter in *Gunga Din.*
22. *Each* ——— *I Die.*
24. Uncle Silas in *Tom Sawyer, Detective.*
25. Charlie Chaplin carries one in films.
27. Tap dancer in *Just Around the Corner.*
28. She is divorced from Johnny Weissmuller.
30. *Ride a Crooked* ———.
31. ——— *of a Kind.*
32. *Freshman* ———.
33. Popular term for two-reelers.
35. Twentieth Century-Fox star.
37. Last name of 7 Down.
39. Gertie in *Four Girls in White.*
40. First name of Mr. Chaney, Jr.
41. ——— *of Conquest.*
43. *The* ——— *Vanishes.*
44. *Flight to* ———.
46. Father in Jones Family series.
47. Mother of Ferdinand the Bull.
48. Mr. Novarro's initials.
50. Initials of Onslow Stevens.
51. *They Made* ——— *a Criminal.*

(Solution on page 65)

Men "Fall" For Glamorous Hair!



So Don't Let Dry, Dull Hair Spoil Your Natural Charm and Allure... Here's that Wonderful Oil Shampoo Which Leaves Hair Soft and Radiant

WHY LET DRY, dull, unmanageable hair keep you from being completely lovely? *For your own sake do as thousands of women do.* See your hair reveal new sparkle and brilliance . . . have it soft and manageable . . . agleam with dazzling highlights!

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Third, it cleanses thoroughly. Does more than merely wash away surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the very base of the hair shaft and gently flush away all dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes.

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Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds; rinses away completely in rinsing water. *No gummy film to dim natural lustre!* Hair is left gloriously clean, soft, and sparkling!

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SHAMPOO



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of freckles, ugly surface pimples-Enjoy new beauty



Nadinola Cream quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. That's because, unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—to fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream today!

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. 40th year. Send coupon now!

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Seagoing Suppers



Evalyn Knapp serving a sea-going supper on board her own yacht

Whether you vacation on the bounding deep or aboard a land-going yacht, you can use these menus as skipper of the galley

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Whether your yacht rolls on wheels behind the family car, or sails the waves, somebody has to do the cooking and feed hungry land or sea sailors. And, of course, half the fun of a vacation outing is satisfying the appetite you've stirred up for some good food.

Evalyn Knapp, we figured, should have some really practical ideas on how to prepare a meal under none too ideal conditions, because Evalyn always dashes off between pictures to sail the "Cielito Lindo" up and down the coast, as chief cook and mate to Dr. George Snyder, her husband.

Evalyn wanted to tell how to prepare fish—she has caught three huge marlin swordfish in the last three years—but since some of you may be "sailing" a trailer across prairies we have limited her somewhat to recipes of dishes which anyone can serve, anywhere on the open road or the bounding deep. Here they are, and they've been tested in the Betty Crocker kitchen, so you don't have to take just Evalyn's word for it that they are delicious!

MEXICAN BEANS

2 cups navy beans
½ lb. salt pork
6 sprigs parsley
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 green pepper
2 sweet red peppers
4 tbsp. chili sauce

Soak beans overnight in cold water. In the morning scald pork and remove rind. Drain beans. Put parsley, onion, garlic, green pepper and red pepper and salt pork through medium knife of food chopper. Mix these ingredients and the chili sauce through the beans. Cover with fresh water and simmer 2 hours. Put into bean pot using enough water to keep beans covered with liquids until last of baking. Bake covered for 2½ hours, remove cover and bake 1½ hours longer in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve in bean pot. SIZE OF PAN: One 2 quart bean pot. AMOUNT: 6 to 8 servings.

■ Now for the more hardy "salts" who come regularly to call on board the "Cielito Lindo"! Evalyn finds that fish in one form or another has come to be expected by most visitors to the yacht, and she has some appetizing concoctions, one of the best being Creamed Lobster, served in real scallop shells.

CREAMED LOBSTER

4 tbsp. butter
4 tbsp. all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
Few grains cayenne pepper
2 cups rich milk
2 cups lobster meat
2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. cooking sherry or lemon juice

Melt butter, add flour, salt and cayenne pepper and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add lobster meat. Just before serving, add the beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Garnish with parsley and thin strips of pimiento. Serve over hot biscuits or toast or in scallop shells. AMOUNT: 6 to 8 servings.

■ With either the Mexican Beans or the Creamed Lobster, Evalyn usually serves delicious hot biscuits made from prepared biscuit flour. She uses two cups of the flour and follows the directions on the package for making drop biscuits. These biscuits can be dropped onto a cooky sheet and baked in a portable oven, or they may be cooked on a griddle atop the stove.

Most appetizing with either beans or fish is a green salad that Evalyn prepares at home and takes down to the yacht all ready to serve:

CABBAGE AND WATERCRESS SALAD

For 6 to 8 portions, buy a small, firm head of green cabbage and cut it up as one would for cole slaw. To this, add a bunch of watercress, broken or cut into small pieces, and a slight flavoring of finely-chopped onions. Mix all with a tartly-seasoned, thin mayonnaise dressing and serve in a generous mound atop one large crisp leaf of lettuce.

■ On active days—when Evalyn trolls all day for fish and there isn't time to cook anything in the galley of the "Cielito Lindo"—she usually prepares something cold and settles herself comfortably on deck with a good salad on a wooden plate. And she eats with a wooden fork. (This is regulation "mess" equipment aboard the yacht, because if wooden dishes are dropped overboard they float and can be readily fished out of the water with a net.) With her salad, Evalyn usually eats slices of wholesome wheat bread and butter. Sometimes she has a banana with her lunch, or gingerbread that has been baked before she starts for her day of fishing. Here is her favorite recipe for Gingerbread:

GINGERBREAD

½ cup shortening
2 tbsp. sugar
1 egg
1 cup dark molasses
2¼ cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup boiling water

Cream shortening and add the sugar —1 tbsp. at a time. Add the well-beaten egg and molasses. Sift the flour once before measuring. Sift the flour, soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon together, and add alternately with the boiling water, and mix well. Pour into a deep 8-inch square pan lined with greased paper and bake for 45 minutes in a slow moderate oven, 325° F.

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FIRST LESSON FREE

Learn how this knowledge may serve you...professionally, in school and socially...because dramatic ability gives confidence, helps you gain grace and poise, lifts you above the crowd. If talented, send name, address, age and 10c to cover mailing cost for regular Lesson No. 1. Study it...try it FREE!



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LIQUID OR OINTMENT



Has Hedy Lamarr 3 Strikes Against Her?

[*Continued from page 19*]

wasn't just the right kind of a sensation to serve as a springboard for this earnest young actress. Hedy knew it, too. Her desire to forget all about *Ecstasy* showed that she considered it a strike rather than a clean hit, and she knew also that it would take a sensational performance in her first picture to make the American public forgive her for appearing in a movie which had to be advertised with the sign: "No minors admitted."

In *Algiers,* she gave the public that kind of a performance. She made the American people forget about the Lamarr of *Ecstasy* and remember nothing but the Lamarr of *Algiers.* Without discounting the magnificent acting of Charles Boyer, or the splendid supporting work of Joseph Calleia, Sigrid Gurie, and Gene Lockhart, it was Hedy who made the picture, just as surely as the picture made Hedy. Remember the plot?

It was the story of Pepe le Moko, a cynical Apache criminal living in the mysterious native quarter of Algiers, the Casbah, and knowing exactly the fate that was to be his the day he set foot outside the Casbah, which protected him. In the picture, he met a girl who had come to the Casbah with a party of tourists and fell in love with her, a love so strong that he left the Casbah to follow her. His fate was swift and sure—Death.

To make the story believable, the girl whose allure could make the hard-boiled, worldly-wise Pepe risk his life, knowing the odds against him, had to be a girl who could make the audience believe it. It was a role that called for that intangible something we label "glamour" or "sex appeal" for want of better names. Whatever it is, Hedy had it! As a result, *Algiers,* which might very easily have been a highly unbelievable picture, was a sensation. And so was Hedy.

Seldom, in the history of screendom, has one picture portrayal so impressed the public as did Hedy's in *Algiers.*

"Who do you think you are—Hedy Lamarr?" was the question girls were to expect when they displeased the boy friend. Walter Winchell called her Hedy Lamarr-velous and the nation, at least the male part, agreed. Here was a gal who had something nobody else had, at least not in any such proportions. Here was glamour with a capital "G."

There was no question about it, Hedy had made a clean hit with *Algiers,* a long, high drive that soared far out toward the flagpole in the centerfield bleachers. . . .

■ And then came *I Take This Woman,* in which Hedy was cast with Spencer Tracy and Walter Pidgeon. Hollywood's eyes were on the set. There was silence, even from the experts. "We'll see," was all they ventured to say, "We'll see when the picture is released."

But strange things were happening on the set. Directors were changed. Writers were called in. Secrecy became the watch-

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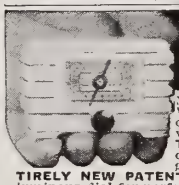
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ROMANTIC STORY

word. And then, curtly and suddenly, M-G-M announced that the picture had been shelved.

"Why?" the experts wanted to know. And being experts, they had to furnish their own answers, since the studio was giving forth no information on the subject. Direction, said one group. Script, said another. And the third, the largest group, agreed loudly. "It's Lamarr," they said. Of course they couldn't agree on just *what* was wrong with Hedy—that would be expecting too much, even from experts. Some of them said she couldn't speak dialogue; it killed her glamour. Others asserted that she didn't click with Spencer Tracy in the love scenes. And the rest of them stated bluntly that Hedy simply couldn't act. *Algiers* was a "lucky" picture, they said, and while luck could skyrocket stars skyward, it couldn't keep them there.

They are still arguing, these experts, each with his own pet theory, and the racket can be heard from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other. At any rate, *I Take This Woman* has been the second strike on Hedy, no matter whose fault lay behind its reasons for being shelved.

■ And the third strike, what would that be?

The answer, odd as it may sound to those who haven't burned plenty of midnight oil studying the pitfalls of Hollywood, is Hedy's recent marriage to Gene Markey.

How, you ask, does that affect Lamarr? The first answer is fairly obvious. It dims her glamour. There is a general feeling existent in Hollywood that a married glamour girl doesn't cause the male hearts of America to beat as they would for an unmarried one.

The other reason set forth for this marriage affecting Hedy's future isn't quite so simple. In fact, if you should ask us, it's pretty darn complex! And yet—well, Hollywood is a strange place. Here, in a community where divorces are more numerous than stocking runs, where the marriage tie is snapped as blithely as the ribbon on a box of candy, there is an unfathomable resentment against a newcomer who marries a star's "ex-"—and Gene Markey was once Joan Bennett's husband, remember?



Can it be another Tarzan? No, it's just Bob Hope, bobbing around between scenes for *The Cat and the Canary*

This feeling against a newcomer is best illustrated, perhaps, by Hollywood's treatment of Elaine Barrie when she married John Barrymore. Despite the fact that John and Dolores Costello Barrymore had come to the parting of the ways long before John was ever aware of Elaine's existence, Hollywood resented Elaine bitterly.

If Hollywood can do this to one woman, why not to another? Joan Bennett and Gene Markey were definitely parted for some time before Gene ever met Hedy, but just the same, say the experts, that makes the third strike and—Out!

Personally, we don't know. Experts, especially the Hollywood brand, aren't always right—and when they're wrong, they are *really* wrong!

One thing these self-appointed experts seem to forget as they settle Hedy's future in such absolute terms is this: Experts have never made or broken a star, and they have been trying since the day the first nickelodeon opened. Only one person can do that: Old Man Public!

He is the one who will decide Hedy's future, when he sees her in *Lady of the Tropics*. He wants to see her again and don't think he doesn't! But he isn't passing judgment until he does, and the grandstand experts can holler from now till Doomsday without making the slightest impression on the old gent.

■ So remember, Hedy, the next time you come to bat, he is the umpire and not those people out in the stands making all the noise. When he says: "Strike three!" you're out, and no foolin'! BUT, *until* he says it, you're still in there batting, waiting for that pitch you're going to send high out over the heads of those squawkers in the bleachers. . . .

And Hedy—for gosh sakes, hurry up!

Crossword Puzzle Solution

B	A	X	T	E	R		B	I	L	L	I	E
O	N	■	W	A	L	L	■	R	E	P	■	I
N	■	S	I	R	■	O	H	I	O	■	A	L
I	V	A	N	■	C	U	E	S	■	D	I	E
T	O	M	■	H	A	I	R	■	C	A	R	R
A	T	■	B	A	R	S	■	L	A	W	■	S
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S	■	I	L	L	■	P	I	P	E	■	E	A
H	U	L	L	■	L	O	V	E	■	M	A	D
O	N	E	■	L	O	W	E	■	F	A	R	R
R	A	■	J	A	N	E	■	C	A	N	■	I
T	■	R	E	D	■	R	O	O	M	■	M	A
S	A	N	D	Y	S		S	W	E	D	E	N

CRYING WON'T HELP YOU IF YOU'RE SKINNY, RUNDOWN, NERVOUS



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THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW STRENGTH THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

A DAY IN COURT

This is one of the ways Jane Bryan scores both on the tennis court and on the screen. Ah, what form in that game! She wears the tailored shorts and shirt, popular for really fast tennis in California. You'll see her in vivid performances in two important pictures soon, *Each Dawn I Die*, and, later, *Tough Angels*













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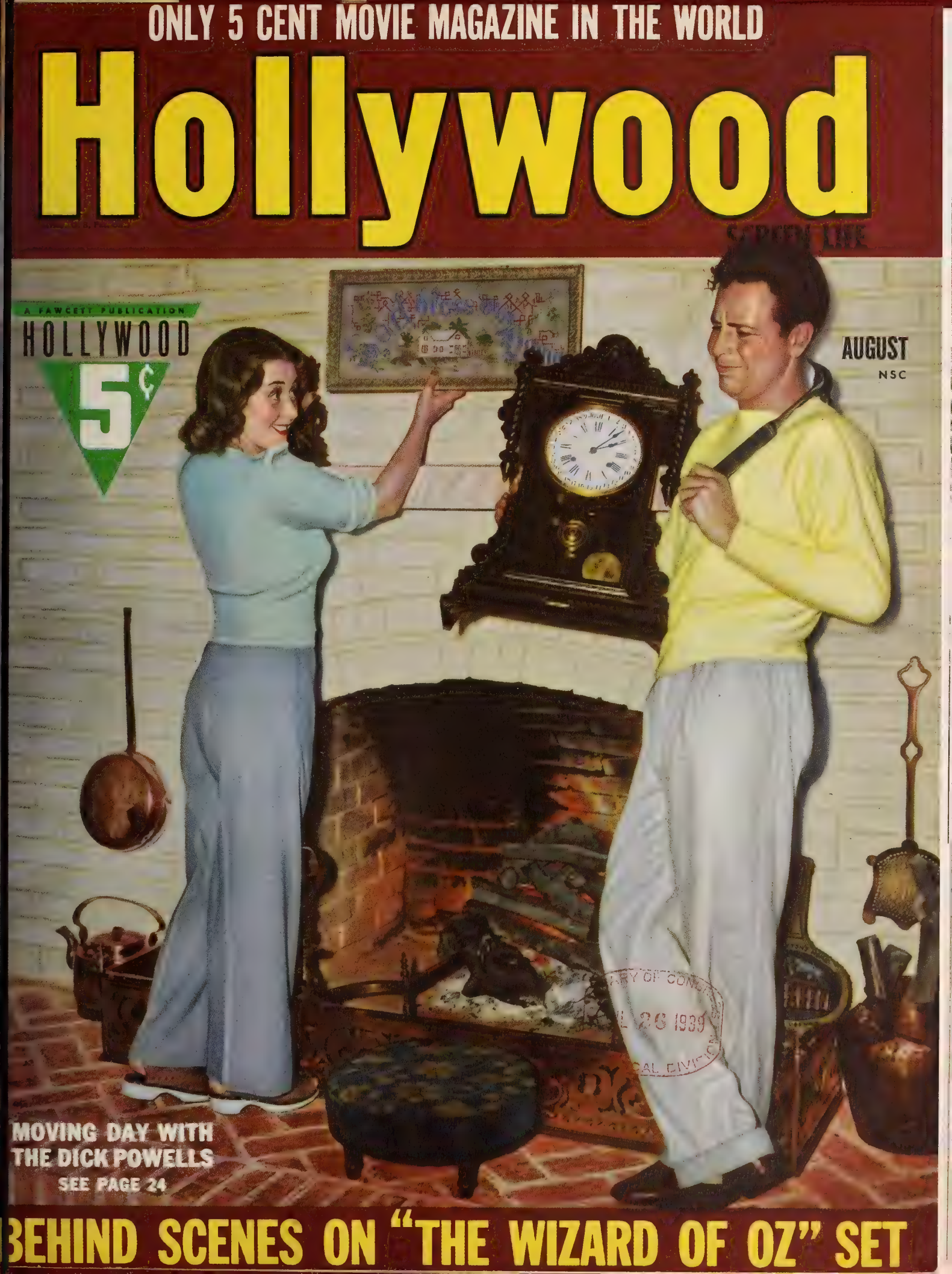
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AUGUST

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MOVING DAY WITH THE DICK POWELLS

SEE PAGE 24

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BEHIND SCENES ON "THE WIZARD OF OZ" SET



***Thrilling* JUNGLE SHADES...*Thrilling* "PERMA-COLOR" INDELIBILITY...*Thrilling New* LUSTER...*Thrilling New* SMOOTHNESS**

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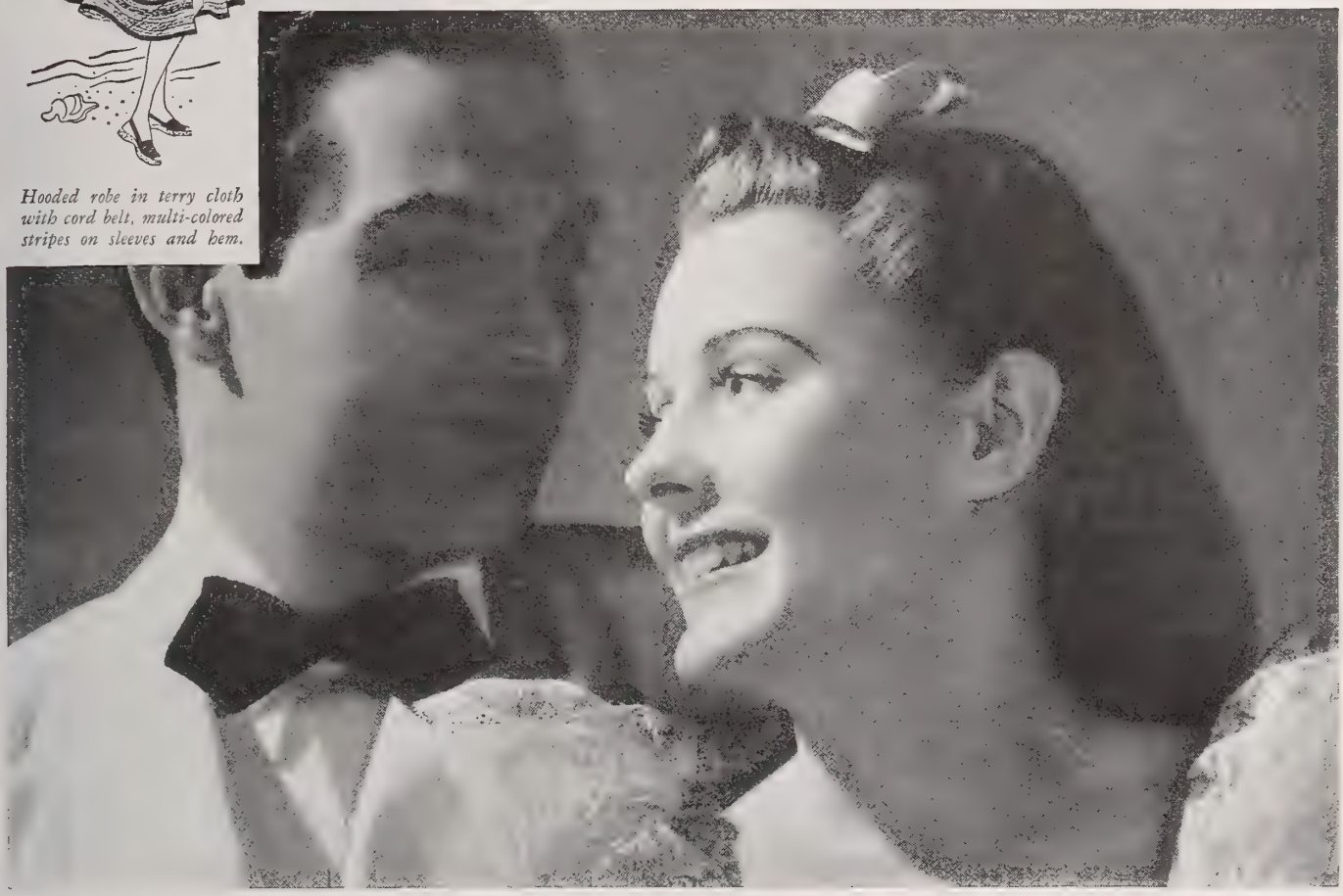
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Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—*see your dentist at once!* It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUL -8 1939

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AUGUST, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 8

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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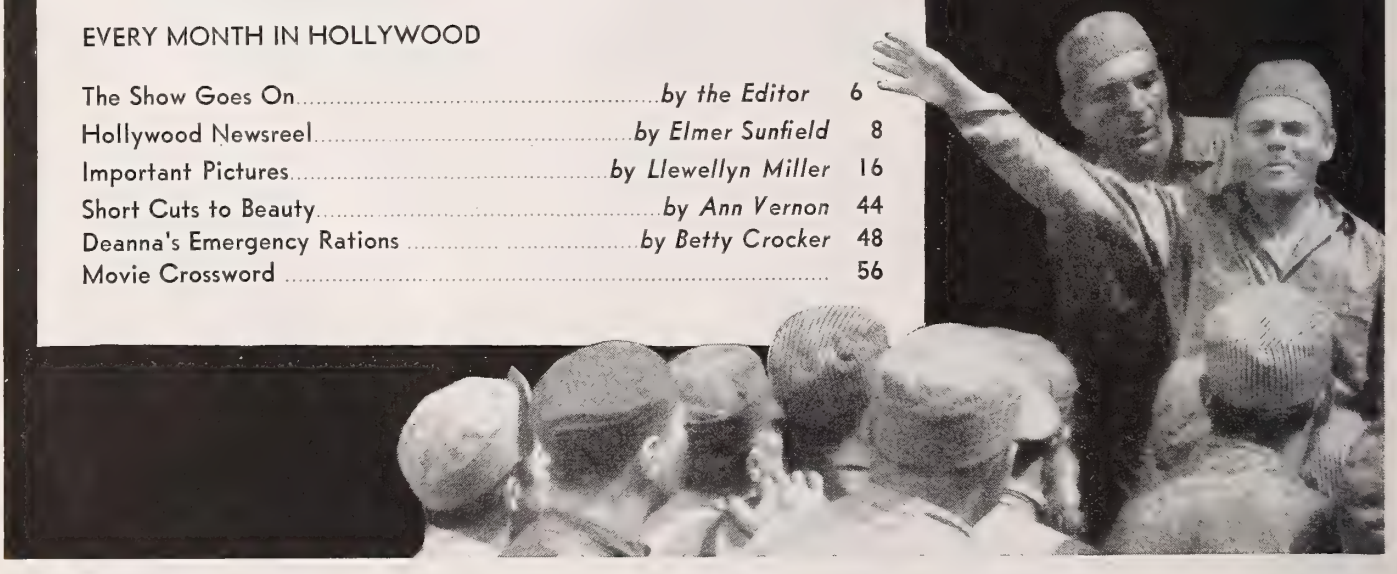
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James Cagney and "fellow inmates" in Warner Brothers' *Each Dawn I Die*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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Lady Esther asks

"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"



If *you* do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is *Lucky For You!*

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.



LADY ESTHER POWDER

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

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7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



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Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

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Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ If it isn't one problem, it's another in this business of running a magazine. As this page was being written, the office boy staggered in with another huge delivery of letters for the Deanna Durbin Contest. "Well, I get one break around here," he said. "I'm glad I'm not a judge on this contest," and he went out rubbing his sunburn happily. The judges sent feeble snarls after him, because there is no tennis, no swimming, no chance to put an edge on the suntans for them this week-end. They are working straight through the holiday sorting, comparing, checking so that the prize winners may have their awards to wear back to school or very shortly after the fall term opens. "Cheer up," we said to them. "At least you know that all you have to do is work hard, and then your troubles will be over. How would you feel if you were Jackie Cooper? He really needs help."

■ Jackie has a problem that needs a touch of inspiration to solve, and he is appealing to readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine (see page 38) for a little first aid. If you have any bright ideas about a name for his swing band, don't fail to clip the coupon on page 40 as your good deed for the day. You won't win a prize, but you will gain the thanks of one very much worried young man.

■ Now that we have done our complaining, we can settle down to a little pleased boasting about next month's issue with a free mind.

The lead story is one of the most challenging that this magazine ever has printed about Joan Crawford. Many actresses before this have discussed the conflict between marriage and career, but this star speaks with particularly telling effect at this time because she is saying, "I am through with marriage. I am through with trusting my happiness to another human being . . . My career went askew almost simultaneously with both of my marriages. . . ."

How these opinions grew out of Joan Crawford's own personal problems, she discussed with serious courage and with real frankness. Sonia Lee brings you a vivid picture of the star as she is today after one of the most unhappy experiences a woman can have.

■ Our favorite extra, E. J. Smithson, wants to be called "Senator" Smithson from now on because he got himself a job in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* over at Columbia Studios, and is now taking the problems of the nation so seriously that we are having a little trouble persuading him to go over to Catalina Island for work before the mast in *Ruler of the Seas.* He says it will ruin his frock coat. We have a suspicion that he just wants to stay far, far away from water in any quantity after his alarming experiences with the flood in *The Rains Came,* which he tells about with some bitterness on page 28. We fear that life is turning our favorite extra a little sour. We fear that he is losing a little of that fine zest for living dangerously that made him such a problem to directors during the first part of the year. He has taken to muttering about an expense account to cover his blister and abrasion hazards, pointing out that he contracted both chilblains and sunstroke on the *Gunga Din* location, that a rattlesnake almost bit him when he went out to make *Beau Geste,* and that he needed new shoes after dancing in *Wuthering Heights* for six straight days. We agreed soothingly that he suffers for his art, but pointed out that at least we did not insist on his getting a Southern accent and working in *Gone With the Wind,* and that ought to make up for a lot.

■ One of the most interesting stories planned for an early issue is called "Something For Practically Nothing," and we shall not be surprised if our readers dash madly to their attics before they are half way through in order to imitate half a dozen stars who found new uses for things that were practically useless. Do you know what to do with old empty ginger ale bottles? Have you any bright ideas about discarded snail shells? Or old barrels? Or umbrella jars? You'll be surprised at the gay gadgets some of the stars have contrived for practically nothing out of the most unlikely materials.



Furs with summer hat and shoes for Marie Wilson on a chilly California evening when she went to a preview recently with Nick Grinde, director

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This . . .



Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters."

. . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"



We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD

CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN

FAY BAINTER • DONALD CRISP

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE

ROSEMARY LANE

LOLA LANE

GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:

"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
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Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the Tampax. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the Tampax way is the civilized way for women.

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

It's revolutionary, no less! We mean the way the major studios have "about-faced" so far this year in presenting new faces on the screen to the cash customers. Maybe this welcome change is due to the "box office poison" squabble a few months back when a group of independent exhibitors listed a number of top-star names as being practically worthless so far as their "draw" was concerned.

In any event, unknowns are going to have a field day this year. Take a look at this list of Hollywood future stars who have been moved from obscurity into leading roles in the past few months:

Out in Culver City, M-G-M gave Laraine Day the femme lead in *Sergeant Madden,* Helen Gilbert in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever,* Jo Ann Sayres in *Calling Dr. Kildare,* and Tom Neil, hitherto unknown on the lot, blossoms out in a leading role in *Within the Law.*

20th Century-Fox, continually alert to the value of new faces, presents Mary Healy in a leading role in *Second Fiddle,* Linda Darnell, ditto in *Hotel for Women,* and Brenda Joyce ditto in *The Rains Came.*

Out at Universal you'll find Constance Moore stepping into stardom via the femme lead in *In Old California,* Dorothy Arnold emerging from the cinematic hinterlands to grab top femme spot in *The Phantom Creeps,* and Gloria Jean grabbing off a starring role in *The Under Pup.*

Columbia Studios takes the unknown Pasadena boy, Bill Holden, and gives him a lead role alongside Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou in *Golden Boy,* this studio's most important picture of the year.

Paramount moved Ellen Drew from its stock school into the femme lead in *Sing You Sinners.* She did so well that, before the film was finished she was working in *If I Were King.* You saw her recently opposite George Raft in *The Lady's from Kentucky.* Patricia Morison's first leading role was in *Persons in Hiding.* Susan Hayward, as unknown as they come, was given the femme lead in *Beau Geste.* Bob Preston became a star overnight following the showing of *Union Pacific.*

Out at Warners, Jean Sharon becomes a movie somebody due to her excellent performance in *Give Me a Child.* Margo Stevenson "arrives" in Hollywood and in pictures playing opposite John Garfield (also unknown to movie-goers a year ago) in *Dust Be My Destiny.* Geraldine Fitzgerald (she has two English pictures to her credit) becomes known to American



On the wide veranda of her Hollywood home, Deanna Durbin smiles a greeting to all of those who entered her contest, just closed. Thousands of letters are piled in HOLLYWOOD Magazine's offices and judges are hard at work sorting, comparing and selecting the winners. Watch next month's issue for results and for news of Deanna's new picture, *It's a Date,* to be released before fall term

FREE HIM!



"Is he my wooer, my loved one? Or is he the tyrant who bleeds my people? Is he ardent lover—or cold-blooded killer? Let me look upon his face! Let me touch him!"

EDWARD SMALL

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The Alexandre Dumas Classic

THE MAN in the IRON MASK

A James Whale Production starring

LOUIS HAYWARD and JOAN BENNETT

with Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale

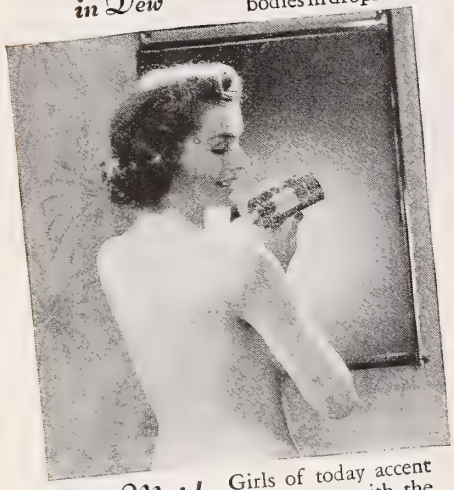
Directed by **James Whale** • Screenplay by **George Bruce**

Released thru United Artists



Greek Maidens Bathed in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids Use **DJER-KISS**

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF



Judith Barrett, known as "The Venus from Venus, Texas" on the Paramount lot where she is making *Disputed Passage*, snapped on a Santa Barbara vacation

audiences in *Dark Victory* and *Wuthering Heights*.

So it goes. New names and new faces to greet movie fans. Some of these youngsters may not climb as high as their studios expect, but they are getting a chance—a bigger, better, and quicker chance than ever before. This injection of new blood into the box office blood stream may be just what the doctor ordered. We hope so.

■ Hollywood's most rabid baseball fanette is the lovely Gail Patrick whose husband, Bob Cobb, is part owner of the Hollywood Stars, the film colony's entry in the Coast Baseball League. Let the umps miss so much as a hair-line decision on a ball or strike, and Gail becomes very angry, indeed, and yells her disapproval loud and long. . . . Kinda nice to see Mack Sennett back in the movie picture. Darryl Zanuck put him on the 20th Century-Fox payroll to help produce *Hollywood Cavalcade*. . . . Of all the recent brides in Flickerville we'll choose Mrs. Wayne Morris as being the prettiest. A swell lady and Wayne used a lot of common sense when he set out to win her for a missus. . . . Joel McCrea used to deliver papers to Cecil B. DeMille. Now Cecil B. DeMille pays Joel $150,000 to play in *Union Pacific*. . . . Did you know that Shirley Temple is the youngest person to be listed in Who's Who—or do you care? . . . . Gene Autry shares his dressing room with his horse. . . .

Surely you'll be glad to know that Bill Powell, desperately ill for so long and party of the first part to a couple of mean operations, is about the healthiest-looking actor around these parts. . . . Natalie Draper obtains her divorce from Tom Brown at 11 o'clock one morning and we find them in the Brown Derby at noon eating lunch together—and quarreling in good old family style. . . . They're calling our Hollywood yes-men "Little Sir Echoes". . . . S'funny about Jean Parker. She hasn't been in more than one picture in a year yet she gets more publicity than a good half-dozen of our top feminine stars. . . . Mary Healy, 20th Century-Fox' new songbird, stepping out regularly, now, with Allan Lane. . . . Ditto Nancy Kelly and Bert Parks.

■ Imagine our surprise when we learned just the other day that Thomas S. Lee, owner of the only telecasting station in the eleven states west of Kansas, has been on the air for several years with daily programs! Four nights a week he presents live talent and two nights, film pictures—and all very good, take our word for it. Imagine our surprise, too, when we learned that there are several hundred teleceivers in the Southland. Reception reports are received daily from enthusiastic set owners scattered within a 30-



THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're *sure* of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

mile radius of the station's transmitter.

Mr. Lee, who is also president of the Mutual Don Lee Broadcasting System, largest regional network in the United States, believes that television will supplement the film studio payrolls, and offer new avenues for the writer, actor, and technician. Since Lee's complete W6XAO channel went on the air, December 23, 1931, more than 11,000,000 feet of film have been projected!

Who said television was just around the corner!

■ Smart girl, this Laraine Day, M-G-M's new-found star. Unlike most stars who give out interviews clad in what they happen to be wearing at the moment, Laraine comes to meeting dressed up in her Sunday best. "And why not," she says. "If I'm worth a story why not dress up and show my appreciation of the honor."

■ The romance rivalry between Edgar Bergen and Ken Murray is on again full blast. Edgar showed up at the Brown Derby with pretty Alice Louise Hall, the southern queen. A few minutes later Ken joined the party. And we mean joined! When the three departed who should be escorting Miss Hall but Ken—and who should be paying the check but Edgar!

■ On the way back from their European trip this summer the Bob Hopes are planning to stop over at The Cradle and adopt a baby.



Fate brought John Carroll all the way from New Orleans, brought Movita from the South Seas and Smoky from Alaska to join in making *Wolf Call*, thrilling and adventurous tale of Northwest Indians, in the hills near Hollywood

■ Paulette Goddard is one of the most charming, but evasive, women in town. Out at Paramount where she's been making a picture, the publicity boys have been staging a friendly battle with her in their efforts to pin her down on her marriage to Charlie Chaplin. But it's no dice. Paulette smiles at her questioners and says: "I never discuss my personal life." And that's all there is, there ain't any more for the publicity boys.

■ Edward Robinson built himself a new rumpus room and decorated it in a very bizarre manner, indeed. All the walls are papered with more than 3,000 crank letters that he has received since his *Little Caesar* picture long ago. And do those letters dish it out!

■ Jack Benny's hair may be—and is—a couple of shades grayer since his smuggle trouble, and he may have lost a bit of weight, but he's a very happy man these days, due, mostly, to the knowledge that his picture, *Man About Town* is meeting such good receptions. Which proves that he hasn't lost his fan following.

■ And talking about reducing, you should see Bing Crosby since he sliced off twenty extra pounds around his middle by dieting. The crooner looks ten years younger and says he feels fifteen.



"I had only myself to blame . . . ."

"THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against."

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

So Easy—So Pleasant

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

Be Agreeable to Others

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

■ Dottie Lamour is in *Disputed Passage* without a chance to wear a sarong—which may not please a lot of her fans. To her personal wardrobe she recently added an evening gown entirely covered with tiny sea shells and she likes the dress so well that she wears it in a formal dance sequence. It weighs close to twenty-five pounds and cost $350.

■ Pauline Moore screamed so much in *Charley Chan at Treasure Island* that she was unable to speak. Examined by the doctor she was ordered home and to bed after the medico said she had the flu. The nurse who attended her came down with it a few days later and the studio had to provide a nurse for the nurse who was nursing Pauline.

■ A slight fluttering of butterflies in the region of his stomach, has taught David Niven the bitter lesson that it doesn't pay to steal "props."

Niven, while working in the Gary Cooper starring picture, *The Real Glory*, appropriated one of the many cocoanuts which floated in rafts down the man-made river and lagoon on the Goldwyn lot.

The actor kicked the cocoanut behind a native hut, dropped a rock on it, and partook liberally of the white meat. A few hours later the butterflies began their dance, and a doctor came to see him.

He said David was very sick, but in view of the offense wouldn't let him take the afternoon off.

"Well," moaned David, "how was I to know that the cocoanut was green?"

■ Credit Eddie Cantor with the funniest telegram of the month. When Parkyakarkus became the proud papa of a bouncing baby boy, Eddie wired: "Wise guy, eh?"



Sally Eilers' vacation jaunt into Mexico resulted in gay native costumes. You'll see her next in *They Made Her a Spy*

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢ *Wherever finer soaps are sold*





LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling" —the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
Foundation Lotion
This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55c.
Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

■ Jane Withers, who recently acquired a license to establish a home zoo, finally had to get rid of one of her pets—a donkey that was always getting into trouble. After walking into the Withers' home one day, and destroying a couple of expensive chairs by kicking the stuffing out of them, the donkey walked out, jumped over a fence and wandered down into Westwood Village where it filled up on apples, carrots, and lettuce at a vegetable market. The owner called the dog pound, but the men in charge of the dog wagon refused to cart the donkey away. Finally, someone discovered a tin tag around the donk's neck and learned from the inscription that the animal, while not a bow wow, was a member of the Tail-waggers Association, and as such was entitled to all the "dog-courtesies" as provided for in the by-laws. So the donk was carted away to the dog jail. Before Jane could release her pet it cost her twenty-five dollars to cover property damage.

■ Those two lovebirds, Tyrone and Annabella, leave for an extended vacation trip, but not to Tyrone's South American island as originally planned. Seems Annabella is eager to visit all of America's scenic spots. First stop will be the Grand Canyon for a week of viewing and exploring. After that comes three weeks more of sight-seeing of "nature's glorious handiwork" as the guide books have it.

■ Elsa Maxwell didn't do so well in the first scene of her *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women*. She had to talk to Linda Darnell, open up her cigarette case while talking, extract and light a cigarette. After a dozen takes Director Ratoff said: "Take it easy, Elsa. Everyone gets confused when they try to do something that's natural. Look at me. I was an actor once."

■ Between scenes Gary Cooper is undoubtedly the most restless guy in Hollywood. Between shots on his latest picture, *The Real Glory,* he learned how to ride a "bike." He did fairly well, save for pedaling right through a Philippine shack.

"I've got to do something. I can't just sit and wait for things to happen," was his excuse to the prop boys who spent two hours collecting the pieces. During the filming of *The Cowboy and the Lady,* we saw him trying to construct a steam-driven motor launch about four feet in length. The studio had supplied Gary with the lumber. He shaped the hull out of ma-



Susan Hayward gives Jockey Robert Preston final instructions before he starts in a "Sea-horse Derby," favorite summer sport among the younger Hollywood players



Louis Hayward and his wife, Ida Lupino, on arrival in New York for a belated honeymoon, postponed for weeks by his work in *The Man in the Iron Mask* and by her part in *The Lady Misbehaves*

hogany boards, constructed a boiler, and used a common blow torch to fire it. It was three months in the making—and sank at the first launching. Which may be beside the point.

Last summer, on location, we saw him utilizing his spare time trying to learn how to hurl a knife at a target. Steve Clemento, a Yaqui knife thrower, was his teacher. Gary told us then: "Some people like to collect old beer bottles and stamps. Me? I like to throw knives."

■ Apparently there are to be no romantic entanglements for Rudy Vallee, who has been playing the field since he arrived on the 20th Century-Fox lot for his role in *Second Fiddle*. Rudy has been seen squiring Barbara Brewster, Mary Healy, Marjorie Weaver, and Wendy Barrie. For a birthday gift he gave Sonja Henie a beautiful combination phonograph and radio and a complete set of his own records.

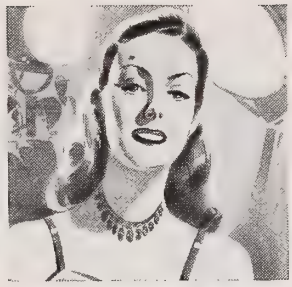
■ Walter Pidgeon receives but forty dollars a week for his acting job—and for a very good reason. Walter likes to play the stock market—with the usual result—always on the minus side of profit-taking. Since these be uncertain times, Walter's brother has taken charge of the actor's salary, and banks all of it save the forty bucks that he has allowed Walter for entertainment and small necessities.

■ Leo Carrillo, that fine Spanish gentleman, is getting mighty tired of hearing his name mispronounced. It's not "Careo," nor "Carillo," nor "Careello." It's "Ca-reel-yo." *Gracias.* for the correction, *Senor.*

More women use Mum than any other deodorant



MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.



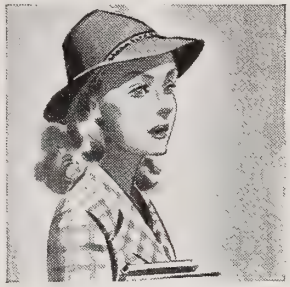
MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.



MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.



MORE NURSES—on duty or off, they want safe, sure care!



MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.



Be attractive! Be popular! Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—*every* girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through, all ready to go!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable *odor*. Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!
Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

MUM *takes the odor out of perspiration*



10 TO 25 LBS., NEW PEP GAINED QUICK WITH IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

IT used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Why so many build up quick

You see, scientists have discovered that today an untold number of people are underweight, rundown, often tired and jittery, simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. That's the secret of why with their aid thousands of men and women have put on 10 to 25 pounds of much-needed, naturally attractive flesh—gained normal health and pep, become much more popular and sought-after—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local paper for exact time and station.

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—*M-G-M*

There is a new kind of enchantment abroad in the land. It is the gentle spell of a simple story told so tenderly, so touchingly, so convincingly that fully half of those who see it plan return trips.

First and highest praise goes to Robert Donat for his playing of the title role, but no one person could be entirely responsible because it is the sensitive combination of fine cast, script, direction, music score in the telling of a good story that makes this film one of the outstanding of the year.

Chips, at the start, is an eager-eyed young school master, filled with high ideals of pedagogy and high hopes of a brilliant career in a big boys' school. How a few years make him a plodding, rather helpless, rather hopeless man; how a shy courtship brought him a wife; how his life was changed by gentle joys and quiet griefs is so absorbing that, for once, the aging of a young player by means of make-up is not an annoying distraction. So intent are you apt to become on the story of Chips that you do not stop and marvel at the truly exceptional make-up that has been devised to carry him from youth to extreme age.

Greer Garson, in her first American appearance, is one of the sensations of the picture, and little Terry Kilbourne is as effective as always. The film was made in England, but it can be shown all over the world because a character such as Chips is universal in his appeal.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS —*Columbia*

It was love at first sight for the little cafe entertainer (Jean Arthur) when she stopped off for a few hours in a small, hot South American port and saw the owner (Cary Grant) of a struggling airline. He didn't care. He thought she was attractive, certainly, but he was afraid of women. Women worried. Women cried when a flier took off in bad weather. Women begged men to stay out of the air. And one woman had refused to marry him, because he wouldn't give up flying, and then married another aviator. Women weren't dependable. Women weren't logical or trustworthy or anything but a nuisance when a man had his share of worry already.

Trouble he had, in plenty. The airline, which had gulped up every dollar he owned in the world, and more, covered dangerous mountain territory. Its chances of a subsidy and a franchise depended upon maintaining service through a week of horrible weather. Snow was whirling in blinding flurries through the narrow pass in the high Andes. Fog blanketed the landing field. One of his best fliers disobeyed orders and crashed. Another broke an arm. Neither accident would have happened if one little blonde dancer hadn't missed her boat deliberately. Certainly women were bad news.

That approach to a screen romance is not exactly new, but the atmosphere created by the adept direction and acting is convincing and absorbing.

Outstanding is the performance by Richard Barthelmess of the discredited flier who chose just exactly the wrong place to use a fictitious name. Not only had his cowardice been responsible for the death of one of the fliers, he had married the girl Grant couldn't forget. Memorable, too, are performances by Thomas Mitchell, Sig Rumann, John Carroll, Allyn Joslyn, Noah Beery, Jr., and Rita Hayworth, and you will find yourself really believing in the dangers of the flights, in the reality of the characters and their problems.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—*Paramount*

How true, how very true is the thought expressed in the title. How strange, how very strange that the producers did not keep that sentiment in mind during the filming. Beyond the frenetic



Greer Garson shares high praise with Robert Donat for work in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, gentle tale of a schoolmaster's life, which is delighting audiences

drum-beating of Gene Krupa, there is little kinship between the action and the title.

The engaging and very able comedian, Bob Hope, is a little defeated by the slow script which deals with the adventures of a penniless promoter of honky-tonk side-shows. Shirley Ross as his understanding girl, Una Merkel as a wise-cracking friend and a competent cast are given rather small chances to show their talents.

Hot band numbers are attractively photographed for the jitterbugs, but the main part of the action is for those who like it cool.

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE
—Paramount

■ Those who never get quite enough of Gracie Allen on the radio should put this film on the "Must" list, for Gracie is in nearly every scene, and her nit-wit enchantment turns a murder mystery into a frank farce.

Warren William plays Philo Vance, and you will be fascinated, if you feel about Gracie the way we do, to know that she insists upon calling him "Fido" all the way through.

THE GIRL FROM MEXICO
—RKO-Radio

■ This picture is a welcome to Lupe Velez who is back with her dazzling vivacity unimpaired by some time off the screen. In no way can it be considered a production of major importance, but it is coherent, amusing and rather more fun than the average B picture, and if you have been saying "What ever happened to Lupe?" this is your chance to find out.

She plays Carmelita, a hot-tempered Mexican singer, discovered by a radio scout (Donald Woods) and shipped to New York. In spite of the fact that he is a serious, honorable, young business-man, he finds himself spending more thought on his imported song-bird than on his fiancee (Linda Haye). He begins to spend time and temper on her when she cajols, blackmails and all but kidnaps his uncle (Leon Errol) to take her to six-day bicycle races, prize fights and night clubs when she should be resting for the all important audition. The result is that she loses her voice and the radio scout almost loses his mind. If you enjoyed the little Mexican star in earlier pictures, you'll like this one.

THE CITY—*Civic Films, Inc.*

■ This four reel film on city planning is something to watch for, because it is different and exceptionally well done.

Its early scenes show a peaceful valley. Clean air blows over the sunny fields, and there is a spirit of ease, of freedom, of peace in the hay fields, the great shady barns, the out-door smithy.

Shocking has been the change in many such peaceful valleys in a few years, and startling is the change in the film when the picturesque rural scenes give way to shots of urban uproar—the spluttering lakes of molten metal spilling from vast cauldrons in a steel plant, chimneys belching smoke and grime over the unlovely and unhealthy slums that make horrible the outskirts of every great industrial center.

There is a bitter humor in the sequence which deals with life in a great city . . . the squirming crowds pouring out of ferries, across streets, into subways; the frenetic haste of the quick-lunch gulpers; grimy children at play in gutters and traffic-cluttered streets; the fire-engines and ambulances at a howling stand-still in clogged snarls at intersections; crowds in a nightmare confusion of activity that does not cease, even on Sunday.

Sunday is the day the city dweller takes to the family car and crawls at a slug's pace from traffic jam to traffic jam along the blistering suburban roads, made hideous with billboards.

The last part of the film deals with some few model manufacturing communities which house workers in parks instead of tenements, and which provide by law sufficient sunlight, air and quiet for every member of the unit.

There is a brilliant music score, brilliant editing and directing, incisive commentary and superior camera work. But, most important of all, there is an idea, clearly stated, and for that reason you will find this film a stimulating experience.

Lovely Skin is a "Must"— **for Girls who win Romance!**



READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:

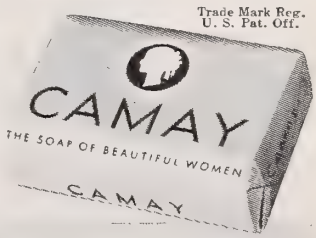
I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it . . . fresh and smooth!

Richmond, Va.
January 25, 1939

(*Signed*) FRANCES GREGORY
(*Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.*)

IN WINNING the right man the right kind of soap *can* help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care! "A *gentle* care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

· *You'll* like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the *thorough* way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion —*and* for your *bath of beauty* to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to daintiness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as *they* are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it *regularly*.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!



Sonja HENIE

. . . radiant in her greatest role!



Tyrone POWER

. . . gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY **VALLEE**

EDNA MAY **OLIVER**

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Irving Berlin's six new song hits . . . "the best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"

"Song of the Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze . .

"Back To Back"

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

•

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production



Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!

Bringing History Back Alive

She started as a tap-dancing chorus girl, but so successful has she been in her portrayals of Queen Victoria that her career seems dedicated to the playing of famous British women

By EMILY NORRIS

■ Somebody put an inquiring head in at the door of Anna Neagle's dressing room, and there sat the youthful London star, alone, in the gray uniform of Nurse Edith Cavell. Her hands were folded. Her gaze was fixed on the floor. Her eyes were full of tears.

The small, gray nurse's bonnet, set far back on the head, emphasized the sunny glints of her hair. The drab wool dress heightened a naturally fair complexion, and brought out the brilliancy of eyes that change with the light from hazel to rich blue. But Anna Neagle—first rank cinema star of England (who that has seen her *Queen Victoria* will ever forget it?)—was oblivious of her appearance.

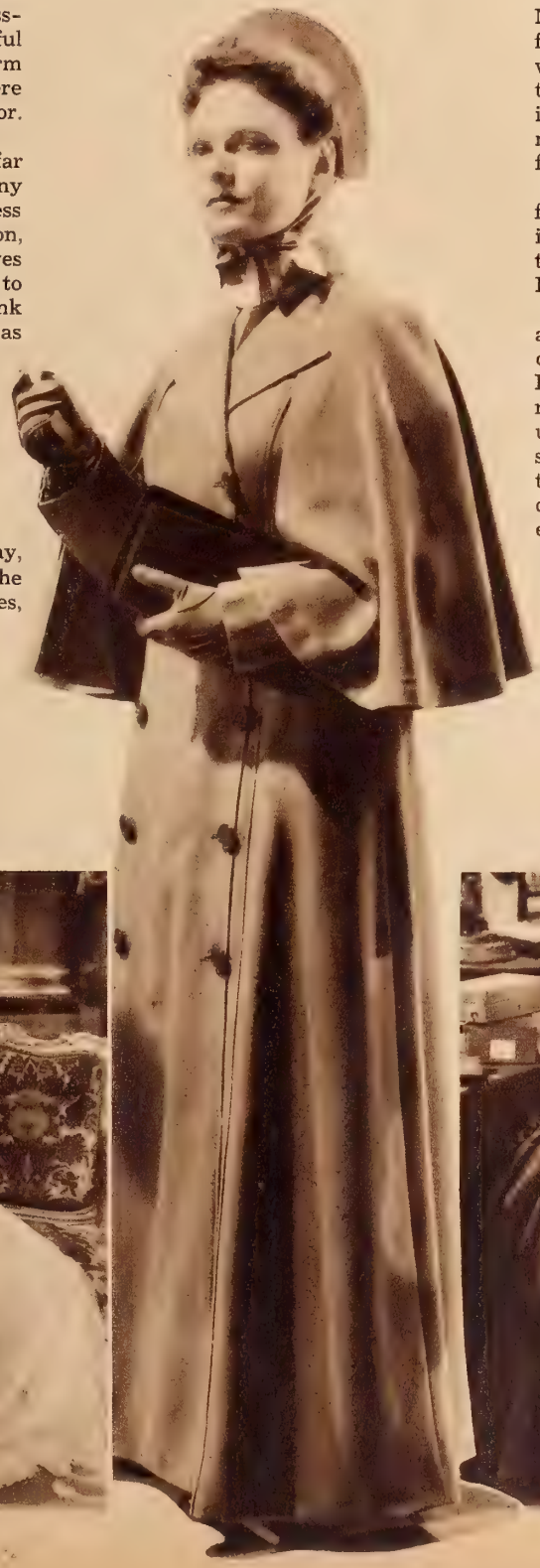
Outside the window there rose an occasional carefree whoop of greeting between players, and the quick tap of footsteps as they hurried toward the RKO Studio commissary for the noontime meal. The napkin-covered tray, however, placed for Miss Neagle on the table beside the big vase of Easter lilies, remained untouched.

"I can't eat," the star said, "not now."

It wasn't an "act" put on to make an impression. A few minutes earlier, Nurse Cavell of the film play had returned from the German court-martial to her cell with the shadow of death upon her. When the lunch call came, Anna Neagle was still in the Edith Cavell mood and was too harrowed by recreating the heroism and suffering of the English nurse to think of food.

"Have you ever thought how it would feel to be condemned to *death*?" she asked in a low tone, and put her hands to her temples. "I don't believe I could stand it. I'd go insane!"

The incident proves how seriously this actress takes those historic roles which, chiefly, it has been her fortune to portray. Here is one player who for the time being really does live her characters. Relatively unknown yet in the United States, the slim young actress chosen for the difficult task of presenting Edith Cavell as hundreds of people, still alive, knew her, enjoys a popularity in England second only to that of the royal family Like that of the royal [*Continued on page* 62]



Center, Anna Neagle in costume for her new part in *Nurse Edith Cavell*, which is being made in Hollywood

Below, Anna Neagle in *Queen of Destiny* as the young Queen Victoria at the beginning of her reign



Below, in make-up for *Queen of Destiny* close to the end of Victoria's 60 glorious years on the throne



On "The Wizard of Oz" Set

Ride a cyclone, walk on a rainbow, fight winged monkeys and wrestling trees and meet all of the weird and wonderful beings of the magic land that is coming to life now in one of the biggest films of the year

By JESSIE HENDERSON



Left, Margaret Hamilton as the Wicked Witch explores the house that the cyclone whirled to Oz from Kansas





Billie Burke as Glinda, the Good Witch, leads Dorothy (Judy Garland) through adventures in the land of the midget Munchkins in safety



Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow, doubles up his straw-filled dukes and rescues Dorothy from the fighting forest

■ In her gray, grim castle the Wicked Witch of the West was trying to set Ray Bolger on fire. "That's right," Director Victor Fleming encouraged her, "get your broom aflame and then light him as if he were a cigarette."

The Wicked Witch (Margaret Hamilton in a fearsome getup) looked with distaste at the broom, and with apprehension at Ray Bolger. As the Scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*, he was stuffed with straw, and had burlap wrapped around his head.

"Go on," he said, "what's the matter? Don't you want me to be a hot number?"

"I'm s-scared!" Margaret squeaked.

Nevertheless, she applied flame to the broom and applied the broom to Ray, who began to burn briskly. The cameras turned. Bye and bye some fellows with fire extinguishers put Ray out. "Let's try it again," Director Fleming suggested, "and, Miss Hamilton, please look as if you *enjoyed* it."

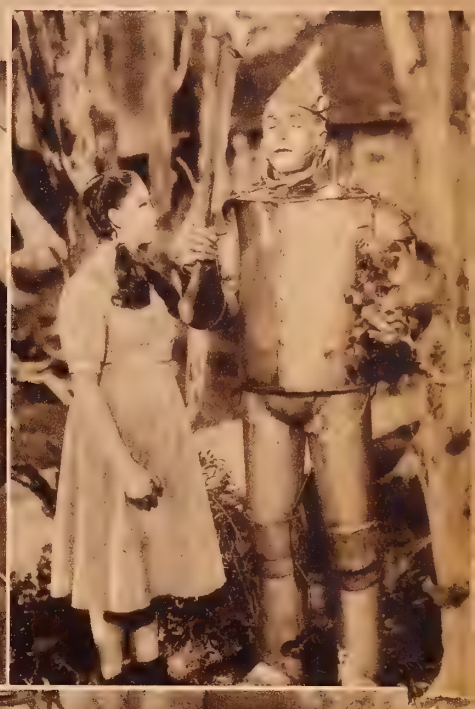
They did the fire incident five times. At the end, Ray Bolger said he felt perfectly dandy—it was Margaret Hamilton who fainted!

Making a bonfire out of "Rubber Legs" Bolger, eccentric dancer in a cast which includes Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, Judy Garland, and Jack Haley, was the most difficult and delicate stunt of the entire *Wizard of Oz* production. This is saying much, because the picture teemed with stunts that kept electricians, technicians, and even mathematicians, busy.

Below, Bert Lahr plays the engagingly human Cowardly Lion, Ray Bolger as the almost idiotically happy Scarecrow, and Jack Haley as the spirited Tin Woodman



Below, Dorothy finds the Tin Woodman in desperate plight, rusted and stiff from rain in the magical woodland of Oz



The Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, Dorothy and the Cowardly Lion help the Wizard (Frank Morgan) to escape from Oz

No wonder Margaret Hamilton swooned. The Wicked Witch had been through a lot, poor dear. She had pursued Judy Garland from the Land of the Munchkins to the Emerald City in the country of Oz, putting all kinds of supernatural obstacles in the way of the little girl and her companions: the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Cowardly Lion, and Toto, the dog. The fantastic course of this pursuit had resulted in a series of scenic backgrounds, photographed in Technicolor, costing around one million dollars and said to establish a new peak in the movies for weird beauty and unearthly "effects."

The Emerald City, for example, was built in great cubes and domes and spires of a substance like glass which gives the effect of single, gigantic emeralds. Here Frank Morgan, as the Wizard of Oz, sat on an enormous throne while the Wicked Witch battered at the gates, and demanded Judy as her prisoner.

On the emerald coach in this sequence some 200,000 "emeralds" were cemented. The coach is drawn by a pair of sky-blue steeds. Originally, these cerulean nags were two white horses named Bill and Jake which have been in the movies together for some seasons. After they were covered with a harmless, though brilliant blue coating, those horses wouldn't associate with each other. They shied and cut capers and gave [*Continued on page* 46]

It's No Joke To be Tarzan

They kid him about his long hair, they serve him raw steaks at dinner parties, they sue him if Junior breaks an arm trying to swing from tree to tree, and it's altogether a hard life, claims Johnny Weissmuller

By SERENA BRADFORD

■ "Oh, eeee-owwww, awwww, oh, eeee, owwww, awwww," muttered Johnny Weissmuller—giving his famous apeman yell very gently, because he was eating a plum and cottage cheese salad in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary—"how would *you* like to go to a party, all dressed up in your best clothes, and have people demand that you hang by your foot from the drawing room chandelier? It's no joke to be Tarzan! I'm telling you!"

His smooth, tan face furrowed into a grimace of comic protests. The mutter continued. "You put on a formal tie and slick your hair . . . and then they rush you out to swing from the trees in the patio! Or insist that you climb into a bathing suit and whoosh around the pool!"

His teeth flashed in a quick smile. "Oh, yes, I swim for my supper!"

Of course he'd rather swim than eat, really, which is one reason why Johnny (cast at present in his best Tarzan picture so far) is rated the greatest swimmer of this or any area. In case you've forgotten, he has fifty individual championship medals of major importance for swimming and diving. At Olympic games and elsewhere he captured seventy-five world speed records for swimming. No wonder the other guests at any party beg him to do his stuff.

"When I attend a party after a day in the studio on a jungle set, I want to relax," Tarzan moaned, "I don't *want* to see how long I can hold my breath under water. I don't *want* to zip through the tree-tops. In a tux, it's—it's embarrassing. Honest."

Even in Hollywood, people can't seem to distinguish Tarzan from Weissmuller and vice versa. Six feet, four inches tall in his shoes, weighing 190 pounds, with the superb build of the perfect athlete, Johnny looks so completely as Tarzan ought to look that folks subconsciously figure him as a kind of jungle man who, despite his education at the University of Chicago, is more at home with gorillas than with golf. Half the people he meets seem to think he kills his food with a bow and arrow somewhere in the Hollywood hills, plunges a flint knife into the critter's gizzard, and carves out a breakfast just like that.

Time after time at some formal evening affair the butler, following the orders of the hostess, has placed in front of Tarzan a raw steak. Naturally, the idea is only to rib Johnny—but [*Continued on page* 54]









Above, Weissmuller with three little leopard cubs sent by an admiring fan. Right, wrestling with an elephant is all in the day's work for busy Tarzan





Above, Binnie Barnes appears again with Warner Baxter in her next picture, *He Married His Wife*, and plenty of comedy is promised. Left, as she appeared with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in *The Private Life of Don Juan* which won her fame in England

Binnie Wins a Battle

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

■ English women are nothing if not persistent when it comes to fighting for a cause. Undaunted by failure after failure they come back, grinning, for more until they win their point.

Muddling through, chin up, stout fella, carry on, and all that sort of thing, you know. There was, for example Emmeline Pankhurst, that doughty disciple of woman suffrage, whose hunger strikes and prowess in the gentle art of heaving bricks finally gained the vote for the good ladies of the tight little isle, and a statue opposite the House of Parliament for Emmeline herself.

Another determined miss whose red blood was made richer by the roast beef of old England has just won a long drawn out battle for recognition of her demands. Binnie Barnes, blond, breezy and British, after more than four years of reluctantly rampaging on the screen as a brazen hussy who broke up homes, now is going to be allowed to break up audiences with humor.

Ever since she swept into Hollywood, Binnie, who lives from laugh to laugh, has noisily campaigned for the right to play comedy parts in pictures, and to characterize on celluloid something of the blithesome, boisterous person she is in real life.

In her crusade, vigorous though it was, Binnie didn't go to quite the extremes of Mrs. Pankhurst. She didn't hammer at the plate glass windows of the studio with a suffragette's sledge. But she did bang desks with a fetchingly gloved fist and stamp an argumentative and decorative foot.

Where the [*Continued on page* 52]

Moving Day

Especially posed for HOLLYWOOD



Should be easy to find a place for the sampler



It looks nice *anywhere*, but is this just right?



Dick fights on, but now he is sitting down to his work. Joan's mood is unmistakably critical



Above you see home-maker Dick Powell and his little helpmate, Joan Blondell, arriving laden with the last load of family treasures. What happened after they stepped inside the house is a tale you shouldn't miss

■ It's all mixed up, sort of, the way Joan Blondell and Dick Powell happened to move into this new house of theirs, and I got the black eye. Dick had built himself a swell bachelor's house in the swank Toluca Lake section of the valley. When he and Joan got married they traded it for a house in Beverly Hills because somehow a bride and a bachelor's house aren't quite compatible, if you know what I mean. Well, after a while they sold the Bev Hills place because there was no room for the kids, 4-year-old Normie, and Little Ellen, who is just 8 months, to play in the back yard. And the law says you can't put a fence around your front yard because it destroys the symphony of the landscape or something. Fine thing!

While they were making up their minds exactly what kind of a house they wanted, and were trying to find it (which is something else again and don't let the real estate agents tell you different) they rented a house out in Bel Air which is where some of our bigger stars live, and where you can build a 50-foot wall around your place if you have a mind to. They were there just six months when Dick saw The Bargain and bought it cash on the line.

HOLLYWOOD

With the Powells

By KAY PROCTOR

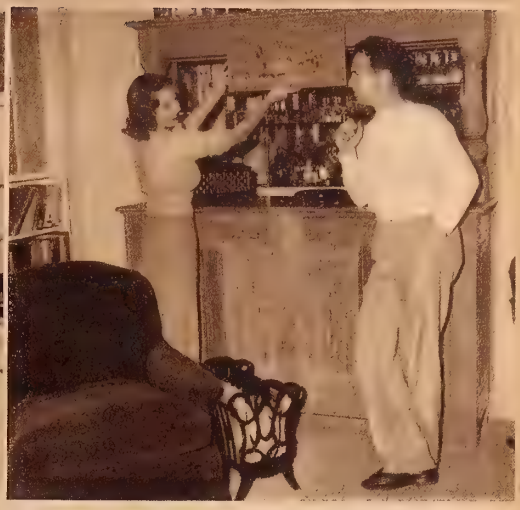
Magazine—photographed by Charles Rhodes



Dick gets whimsical and it goes over quite big



Dick is still gay, Joan is showing the strain



Joan makes a quick rally, Dick looks somewhat pained



The day wears away, but the Powells won't admit defeat



"Want to hang it on the floor?" Dick is desperate



"Let's just build a wing for it," and so far into the night

The Bargain may be a *little* smaller than Grand Central station in New York, but I wouldn't give you a dime for the difference. It nestles cosily in Coldwater Canyon and the asking price was $140,000. (If you want to take the trouble to look up the escrow records you'll find Dick did *not* pay that much for it because he is dumb like a fox when it comes to business). But they didn't move there after all. It had plenty of yard for the kids and was a gorgeous place, but, as Joan said, it would be unthinkable to come down to breakfast in anything but a court train and the regulation three feathers, and that was a bit too much trouble these days. Informal, that's Joan. Besides, they can't keep chickens. Dick is allergic to them. So they kept on looking and looking for a house that would be just right.

If Joan hadn't made a mistake, they wouldn't be where they are today. She was driving into town in her car and Dick was following in his. Somehow she made a right turn at the wrong corner and landed at the far end of a dead end street. And there was this house with a big FOR SALE sign stuck up in front. And I'll be darned if it wasn't *exactly* the house they had been looking for!

It's a nice house, not a bit movie-starish, in a good but not fashionable district. It's pure English outside and a little bit of everything inside, as you will see. The wide front lawn is a mess, at present, because the caretaker apparently trusted to God and the California high fog for water but the landscapers already were there when I was, doctoring up the lovely tall eucalyptus trees and getting things shipshape again. Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders used to own it, but due to the distinctive Powell-Blondell touches, none of them would ever know the place now, what with Penelope sitting in the entrance hall and Mabel and Joe plumped down on the fireplace. Penelope is a brass umbrella stand and Joe and Mabel are a couple of old-fashioned gaboons Dick hooked from the Waldorf-Astoria bar. Neat, but definitely not gaudy. So much for the house. It is attractive, roomy but not vast, and well endowed with the chief charm of hominess. [*Continued on page* 50]

What's Your Birthday?

By NONA HOWARD
(ASTRO-ANALYST)

■ Which movie star do you resemble most? The position of the sun in every horoscope reveals fundamental characteristics to the astro-analyst, so find your Zodiac sign at the bottom of the chart by means of the dates listed above them, read up and see if the description of the general characteristics of the star born in the same month do not fit you quite closely.

■ The description will not fit you exactly, any more than it describes exactly the star whose picture appears at the top of the column. Each person's horoscope is made up of at least ten different planetary influences, and the exact date and hour of birth, as well as the place, is necessary to an exact reading. However, the position of the sun is of such importance in each horoscope that it is possible to base a general analysis of personality on the sun position. If your birthday falls very close to the dividing line, on April 19, for instance, you will find that you resemble Leslie Howard in some things, Gary Cooper in others. Very seldom does one person have unqualified attributes of one sign, but the actors chosen for this chart were selected because they are typical, in a general fashion, of their signs though individual charts would reveal many variants for each, according to the date, the hour and the place of birth.

■ If you are a woman, check up on the man in your life, and see whether he should be treated like a Robert Taylor or a Gary Cooper. If you are a man, check up on yourself, and remember that the stars incline but do not compel!



	Leslie Howard	Gary Cooper	Don Amech
OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS	Energetic, aggressive, impatient.	Slow, steadfast and determined.	Versatile, able and genious
WHAT KIND OF A HUSBAND WOULD HE MAKE?	You can't boss him, keep him waiting, or "make a fuss" over him.	Faithful, possessive and fond of all the comforts of home—the more comfortable, the fonder.	Restless, sentimental doesn't kn meaning ousy. The mate for a who wan career
WHAT KIND OF A BOSS WOULD HE BE?	Demands speed rather than exactness. Is a grand starter, but has to force himself to finish things.	Sticks to the same routine year after year, and can't see why anyone should feel the need of change. Don't try new systems on him.	As a boss better tra salesman. like to st one place long enou become a Likes sho to succ
HOW HE MEETS TROUBLE	He's a born fighter, and even hunts up trouble if it doesn't come to meet him halfway.	He's stability itself, and it takes a major disaster to change him, even if a change would be an improvement.	Even little noyances ge all steame and big tr may bring to a ne breakdo
HIS FINANCIAL TENDENCIES	Buys quickly. Demands novelty rather than durability in his purchases.	Cautious, practical and buys only what he can afford—and then after long deliberation.	Has a char appetite— ally in even on pocketb
HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN	Usually weds in haste, because he hasn't time for a romantically long courtship.	After one gets to be a habit with him he may get around — eventually—to proposing.	An int mind is t qualificati the woma holds hi mirati
THINGS THAT ANNOY HIM	Make him wait for you. If he does, he's either blindly in love with you or nailed to the spot. He never waits willingly.	TRY to hurry him. You can't; but even the suggestion annoys him.	Talk abou self whe wants to about HIM
HIS HOBBIES	Racing cars, or any other conveyance with which he can break speed limits.	Eating; and he prefers home-cooked meals. The road to his heart is through his stomach.	Going pla really o live in parkable
HIS TEMPER	On tap at all seasons. He wouldn't be satisfied if he didn't have something to irritate him.	Very slow to anger—but when he is—well, you've heard of "a mad bull." Tauraus is the sign of the bull!	Sputters, off (verbal then for If you d get it, t be apt another
AND HOW TO HANDLE HIM	Give him plenty of variety and change. He's happiest when busiest.	Compliment him. He can stand more of them than most men—and that's plenty!	Be a T him. List pathetical HIS tr but don tion y
	March 21st to April 19th	April 20th to May 20th	May 2 June
	ARIES	TAURUS	GEM











elson Eddy	Robert Taylor	Fredric March	Paul Muni	Dick Powell	Fred Astaire	Cary Grant	Clark Gable	Edward E. Horton
geable, imtive and conscious.	Generous, proud and self-confident.	Witty, systematic and analytical.	Tactful, adaptable and well-balanced.	Forceful, dynamic and loyal.	Outspoken, honest, idealistic.	Ambitious, cautious, dignified.	Philosophical, independent, original.	Sympathetic idealistic, sensitive.
es for a of his own children, of which are ial to his ppiness.	Liberal with cash and affection, but simply must be the head of his house. His ego demands it.	Critical and nonsentimental, but can be depended on to come home on schedule, and not drop ashes on the rugs.	He's emotional and sentimental, but may spend his last dollar on flowers for you instead of on hamburger.	Indulgent but possessive. Takes good care of that which he knows is his.	Provides a luxurious home—even if he spends much of his time on the golf course.	May start at the bottom financially and socially, but can climb to the top. A hard worker, too.	Faithful but neither sentimental nor domesticated. **Not** recommended for romantic, possessive women.	His only handicap as a husband is that he just doesn't realize that it takes money to run a house.
d in his ss dealings, sympathetic, ly and fair employees.	Don't suggest improvements in his plans, or question his orders. He's an absolute monarch and what he says **GOES**—or you do!	He loves efficiency, fills the place with timeclocks, systems and statistics.	Easy-going and tolerant, but may have to borrow from you instead of paying you when payday comes.	Exacting, a tireless worker and expects you to keep up the same pace he does. Few employees do!	No penny pinching in his business, but don't count on his optimistic promises of bigger opportunities. He likes to look on the bright side.	Almost as efficient as Virgo, and expects as much work from you as Scorpio—but more thoroughly done.	A good friend to his employees, and is strong for labor-saving devices.	Extremely easy to work for, and is apt to allow you to make important decisions for him if he trusts you.
small deare deeply but he has enacity of a when it to "hangon" in the of adversity.	As a king meets a conqueror. He may be dethroned, but he is never humbled.	Trifles annoy him as much as the really big problems, but he uses his head well at all times.	Dodges it if he can. He doesn't like to face even minor conflicts, and usually evades them gracefully.	The storms of adversity only strengthen him for future fights. He's the "never say die" type.	Doesn't have to meet much of it, as he's "born lucky"	Has had an uphill climb all his life, so faces trouble with courage and fortitude, and keeps climbing.	He's an introvert and non-aggressive, so hugs his sorrows to himself, and broods over them.	Can be so intensely miserable that you suspect at times that he's enjoying his role as a martyr. But he does suffer!
-wise—but pound- sh, and rather ap- "hard-up" spend up to income.	He'll take a chance on anything. Usually lives beyond his income but never admits it.	A discriminating buyer who demands both quality and usefulness for his money. And, of course, he lives within his budget.	Buys for beauty, not service, and doesn't worry too much about the bills.	Buys carefully. Knows just what he wants, and can usually make something out of little or nothing.	He spends lavishly, and wants the best of everything. No budgets or savings accounts for him.	Demands the best and is willing to pay for it, but always saves something for a rainy day. Abhors cheapness.	A free spender with a tendency to buy anything new and different, from television sets to airplanes.	Dislikes budgets, and frequently could use some hard-headed financial advice to advantage.
r, protecnd loves to hat he's the oak to the vine st cling.	Affection is more essential to him than food, and he loves often before he finds the one woman who meets his ideals.	Demands perfection both before and after marriage—which accounts for the number of VIRGO bachelors and ex-husbands.	Gentle, sentimental and understanding — a pleasant companion socially or matrimonially.	He is deeply emotional, ardent and jealous, and must be everything in your life—or nothing! **Not** the platonic type.	He's always searching for his ideal woman—and it's up to you to convince him that he's found her. Otherwise he'll keep on looking.	Directs his affections where they can further his ambitions, usually marries both wisely and well.	His exceptional capacity for friendship extends even to the woman he loves.	He's sentimental, idealistic and romantic—qualities which make him extremely popular with women—so don't be jealous!
eize his try, his or his en—especis children!	Keep him guessing. He has more curiosity than a cat has lives, and can't bear not knowing all about you.	Among the dozens of suggestions: Be noisy, untidy, vague or lacking in system. Any of these things drive him distracted.	Suggest that he dig a ditch or spade up the garden. He usually doesn't care for dirty or hard work.	Pry into his affairs. Even if he has nothing to hide he resents being cross-questioned.	Tell him to "keep quiet" or "stay put." He likes to talk as much as he likes to travel.	Try to convince him that he is wrong about anything. Just TRY!	Tell him that he's only a mere man after all.	Insist upon exact facts rather than vague statements. He doesn't like to be cross-examined, either.
mulating —anything everything. e older the better.	Gambling—on horses, dogs or cards. If he can't take chances on these, then the stock market will serve.	Schedules, diets and details.	Sliding through life as easily and pleasantly as possible, and with as little hard work.	He's usually mechanically inclined and likes to tinker with the engine of his car, or any sort of machinery.	Golf, tennis, hunting, horseback riding—and getting to those "distant fields" that are "greenest" to him.	Getting to the top of whatever business or social heap into which fate has cast him.	Airplanes, radios, lectures (his own, and those he pays to hear), anything cultural and in advance of the times.	Fishing, boating, yachting — any water sport that doesn't require too much exertion.
easily ed, but he is, plenty of ama and noise.	If you ever teased a lion, you'll have some idea what happens when you offend his pride.	Has none. Takes his irritability out in fussing and fault-finding, and wonders why **YOU** can't be as calm as **HE** is!	Has none, and is very much upset if **YOU** have and display it before he can get out of sight.	He freezes into icy dignity when angry, annihilates you with cold sarcasm, and never forgives—or forgets.	Fiery, but not long enduring, and he expects you to forget it as quickly as he does.	Practically none, but he withdraws in hurt silence when his pride has been wounded—and it's always your fault!	Well controlled, but he's sensitive and, if hurt, may do something really drastic! Otherwise he just sulks.	Not a scrappy type and feels very much abused if you are angry with him.
the helpistful and child. brings out st in him.	Give him the adoration he demands. If you don't, there are plenty of women who will.	Meet his exacting demands—if you think he's worth it. Or marry a man who is easier to please.	Give him constant companionship. With his charm, he can always find someone else who will.	Depend upon him, and let him know how proud you are of him. He'll live up to your opinion.	Be a good audience for his big ideas.	Tell him there's nothing in the world too big for him to accomplish.	Tell him he's an angel lacking only wings! He'll not argue that matter.	Give him sympathetic understanding. Some delicate flattery will also work wonders.
21st to y 22nd	July 23rd to August 23rd	August 24th to September 22nd	September 23rd to October 22nd	October 23rd to November 21st	November 22nd to December 21st	December 22nd to January 18th	January 19th to February 19th	February 20th to March 20th
NCER	LEO	VIRGO	LIBRA	SCORPIO	SAGITTARIUS	CAPRICORN	AQUARIUS	PISCES




ARIES


TAURUS


GEM

What's Your Birthday?

By NONA HOWARD
(ASTRO-ANALYST)

■ Which movie star do you resemble most? The position of the sun in every horoscope reveals fundamental characteristics to the astro-analyst, so find your Zodiac sign at the bottom of the chart by means of the dates listed above them, read up and see if the description of the general characteristics of the star born in the same month do not fit you quite closely.

■ The description will not fit you exactly, any more than it describes exactly the star whose picture appears at the top of the column. Each person's horoscope is made up of at least ten different planetary influences, and the exact date and hour of birth, as well as the place, is necessary to an exact reading. However, the position of the sun is of such importance in each horoscope that it is possible to base a general analysis of personality on the sun position. If your birthday falls very close to the dividing line, on April 19, for instance, you will find that you resemble Leslie Howard in some things, Gary Cooper in others. Very seldom does one person have unqualified attributes of one sign, but the actors chosen for this chart were selected because they are typical, in a general fashion, of their signs though individual charts would reveal many variants for each, according to the date, the hour and the place of birth.

■ If you are a woman, check up on the man in your life, and see whether he should be treated like a Robert Taylor or a Gary Cooper. If you are a man, check up on yourself, and remember that the stars incline but do not compel!





	Leslie Howard	Gary Cooper	Don Ameche	Nelson Eddy	Robert Taylor	Fredric March	Paul Muni	Dick Powell	Fred Astaire	Cary Grant	Clark Gable	Edward E. Horton
OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS	Energetic, aggressive, impatient	Slow, steadfast and determined	Versatile, [illegible] able and [illegible] genious.	changeable, imaginative and self conscious.	Generous, proud and self-confident	Witty, systematic and analytical	Tactful, adaptable and well-balanced	Forceful, dynamic and loyal	Optimistic, [illegible] sensitive	Ambitious, [illegible] determined	[illegible]	[illegible]
WHAT KIND OF A HUSBAND WOULD HE MAKE?	You can't boss him, keep him waiting, or make a fuss over him	Faithful, possessive and fond of all the comforts of home—the more comfortable, the fonder.	Restless, sentimental [illegible] doesn't know the meaning of [illegible] ous. The perfect mate for a [illegible] who wants a career.	Marries for a love of his own [illegible] children, both of which are essential to his happiness	Liberal with cash and affection but simply must be the head of his house. His ego demands it	Critical and non-sentimental but can be depended on to come home on schedule and not drop ashes on the rugs	He's practical and [illegible] but may spend his last dollar on flowers for you instead of on hamburger	Difficult but [illegible] Takes excellent care of that which he knows is his	Prefers to [illegible] but if he spends much of his time in the [illegible]	May start out [illegible] and [illegible] but ends up [illegible]	[illegible] Not [illegible]	[illegible]
WHAT KIND OF A BOSS WOULD HE BE?	Demands speed rather than exactness. Is a grand starter, but has to force himself to finish things	Sticks to the same routine year after year, and can't see why anyone should feel the need of change. Don't try new systems on him	As a boss he's a better [illegible] salesman. Doesn't like to stay in one place [illegible] long enough to become a [illegible] Likes short cuts to success	Spread in his business dealings but sympathetic, fatherly and fair to his employees	Don't suggest improvements in his plans, or question his orders. He's an absolute monarch and what he says GOES—or you do!	He loves efficiency, fills the place with time-clocks, systems and statistics.	Easy-going and tolerant but may have to borrow from you instead of paying you when payday comes	Exacting a tireless worker and expects you to keep up the same pace he does. Few employees do!	Not [illegible] much [illegible] in his first [illegible] concern on the [illegible] months [illegible] of [illegible] sometimes. He likes to look on the bright side	Always [illegible] as a [illegible] and [illegible] work [illegible] sometimes [illegible] cushion	[illegible]	[illegible]
HOW HE MEETS TROUBLE	He's a born fighter, and even bunts up trouble if it doesn't come to meet him halfway.	He's stability itself, and it takes a major disaster to change him, even if a change would be an improvement.	Even little annoyances get him all steamed up, and big troubles may bring him to a nervous breakdown	Even small defeats are deeply felt, but he has the tenacity of a crab when it comes to "hanging on" in the face of adversity	As a king meets a conqueror. He may be dethroned, but he is never humbled.	Trifles annoy him as much as the really big problems, but he uses his head well at all times	Dodges it if he can. He doesn't like to face even minor conflicts, and usually evades them gracefully	The storms of adversity only [illegible] him for future battles. He's the never say die' type	Doesn't [illegible] to meet [illegible] in his [illegible] facts	Has had an up [illegible] and is willing to [illegible] for it. Not always successful, but [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
HIS FINANCIAL TENDENCIES	Buys quickly. Demands novelty rather than durability in his purchases	Cautious, practical and buys only what he can afford—and then after long deliberation.	Has a champagne appetite—especially in dress—even on a beer pocketbook	Penny-wise—but NOT pound-foolish and would rather appear "hard-up" than spend up to his income	He'll take a chance on anything. Usually lives beyond his income but never admits it	A discriminating buyer who demands both quality and usefulness for his money. And, of course, he lives within his budget	Buys for beauty and [illegible] and doesn't worry too much about the bills	Buys carefully. Knows just what he wants, and can usually make something out of little or nothing.	He spends [illegible] and wants the best of everything. He's [illegible] facts of [illegible] and [illegible]	Demands the best and is willing to pay for it, but always [illegible] and [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN	Usually weds in haste, because he hasn't time for a romantically long courtship	After one gets to be a habit with him he may get around — eventually—to proposing.	An intellectual mind is the first qualification for the woman who holds his attention	Tender protective and loves to feel that he's the sturdy oak to which the vine must cling	Affection is more essential to him than food and he loves often before he finds the one woman who meets his ideals	Demands perfection both before and after marriage—which accounts for the number of VIRGO bachelors and ex-husbands	Gentle sentimental and understanding — a pleasant companion socially or matrimonially	He is deeply emotional at first and [illegible] but soon he [illegible] everything in your life—or nothing! Not the glad-me type	He's always searching for his ideal woman and [illegible] to find her. He's had [illegible] affairs, but [illegible] him that [illegible] found her. Maybe she'll be [illegible] looking	Dotes on [illegible] and is willing to [illegible] but [illegible] always [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
THINGS THAT ANNOY HIM	Make him wait for you. If he does, he's either blindly in love with you or nailed to the spot. He never waits willingly.	TRY to hurry him. You can't; but even the suggestion annoys him	Talk about yourself when he wants to talk about HIMSELF.	Criticize his country, his family or his children especially his children'	Keep him guessing. He has more curiosity than a cat has lives, and can't bear not knowing all about you	Suggest that he [illegible] a ditch or spade up the garden. He usually doesn't care for dirty or hard work	Put into his affairs [illegible]. If he has nothing to hide he resents being cross-questioned	Tell him to keep quiet or you'll [illegible]. He likes to talk as much as he likes to travel	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
HIS HOBBIES	Racing cars, or any other conveyance with which he can break speed limits.	Eating; and he prefers home-cooked meals. The road to his heart is through his stomach.	Going places. He really ought to live in a comfortable [illegible]	Accumulating things, anything and everything, but the older the better	Gambling — on horses, dogs or cards. If he can't take chances on these, then the stock market will serve	Schedules, diets and details	Sliding through life as easily and pleasantly as possible and with as little hard work	He usually [illegible] contracts in official and likes to be [illegible] with the game of his [illegible] any sort of [illegible]	Golf, tennis, [illegible] long rides, and setting to the [illegible] that the [illegible] out to [illegible]	Collects [illegible] top of [illegible] business or social [illegible] adapt to fate [illegible] life	[illegible] times	[illegible]
HIS TEMPER	On tap at all seasons. He wouldn't be satisfied if he didn't have something to irritate him	Very slow to anger—but when he is—well, you've heard of "a mad bull! Taurus is the sign of the bull!	Sputters [illegible] off everhalls and then forgets it. If you [illegible] get it to [illegible] he's apt to [illegible] another [illegible]	Nervously [illegible] but when he is there's plenty of melodrama and noise	If you ever teased a lion, you'll have some idea what happens when you offend his pride.	Has none. Takes his irritability out in fussing and fault-finding and wonders why YOU can't be as calm as HE is!	Has none, and is very much upset if YOU have one display it before he can get out of sight	He [illegible] into his battles when [illegible] and [illegible] you're with him on the [illegible] of his [illegible] of any sort of [illegible]	Flies [illegible] but long enough to [illegible] and [illegible] you're [illegible] as quick as he does	Practical [illegible] but [illegible] always [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
AND HOW TO HANDLE HIM	Give him plenty of variety and change. He's happiest when busiest	Compliment him. He can stand more of them than most men—and that's plenty!	Be a PAL to him. Listen [illegible] pathetic tales [illegible] His troubles but don't [illegible] them your-	Be the helpless wistful and timid child. The brings out the best in him	Give him the situation he demands. If you don't there are plenty of women who will	Meet his exacting demand—If you think he's worth it. Or marry a man who is easier to please	Give him real [illegible] and he'll [illegible] you a [illegible] source of [illegible] He'll [illegible]	Impress [illegible] [illegible] and he'll [illegible] you [illegible]	He's [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	March 21st to April 19th	April 20th to May 20th	May 21st to June 20th	June 21st to July 22nd	July 23rd to August 23rd	August 24th to September 22nd	September 23rd to October 22nd	October 23rd to November 21st	November 22nd to December 21st	December 22nd to January 19th	January 19th to February 18th	February 19th to March 20th
	ARIES	TAURUS	GEMINI	CANCER	LEO	VIRGO	LIBRA	SCORPIO	SAGITTARIUS	CAPRICORN	AQUARIUS	PISCES

When The Rains Came

Our favorite extra takes time out to sympathize with Noah as he completes his preparations to move to the desert and to lead the life of a camel from now on

By E. J. (Umbrella Man) SMITHSON





Above, George Brent and Myrna Loy in a scene in the Indian palace before the rains swept the town away. Right, Tyrone Power as an East Indian Major, George Brent, H. B. Warner with little Madame Ouspenskaya

DEAR EDITOR,

Many's the time I've been through hell-and-high-water, got myself stuck on the horns of a dilemma, found myself hiding behind the well-known eight ball, and, in other instances too numerous to mention, found myself running counterclockwise to a safe and sane mode of living. I've always been able to accept these sudden and somewhat erratic departures from orderly and well-established routine without rancor or complaint. In fact I used to welcome and enjoy those jousts as part of the game. If Old Man Fate decided that it was about time to practice up on a mite of buffeting, and went so far as to select me as his sparring partner, I was always Big-hearted Johnnie-on-the-Spot ready, willing and able to square away and swing a couple from my heels whenever an opening presented itself. Fate could dish it out and I could take it, was my motto.

But them days are gone forever. The Old Gent put the finger on me this week, deciding, maybe, that it was time to show me who was boss. And he surely did! I'm not half as tough as I was a week ago. No foolin', going through hell-and-high-water was like a beautiful blonde walking tip-toe through the tulips compared to my going through an earthquake and a flood come Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of this week.

What deceived me was the innocent beginning of the [*Continued on page* 40]

Famous First Meetings



GRETA GARBO apologized for speaking without an introduction to Paul Muni



JON HALL was kissed by Marlene Dietrich at their first meeting in New York



ANN SOTHERN took a plane ride for an "accidental" meeting with Joan Bennett

By GRACE SIMPSON

■ Not every star in Hollywood knows every other star. Believe it or not, that's so. An erroneous impression many folks have is that all stars are on a friendly "heigh-de-ho" sort of basis with all other players in Hollywood. But, as a matter of fact, there are scores of celebrities who haven't as yet been introduced to other famous ones. Some may be neighbors, or may work at the same studio, but they've never met, formally or informally.

Yet, slowly but surely, this little matter is being taken care of by Fate and circumstances, and nearly every day some popular star meets another prominent player for the first time. Rather more often, these meetings are either amusing, exciting or dramatic. Nearly always, they are interesting—and that's why we are going to tell you about some of them. Let's begin with Jon Hall's momentous meeting with Marlene Dietrich. It didn't happen in Hollywood. It happened in New York at the La Conga night club.

The German star and the screen's husky young actor arrived in separate parties, but before the evening was very old someone was presenting them to each other. To Jon's amazement, Marlene threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"That," she breathed, "is for your divine performance in *Hurricane*." Jon, when he recovered some of his equilibrium, sighed: "Gosh, if I'd only appeared in a hundred more *Hurricanes!*" Guests giggled and goggled and the management beamed. It was an exciting occasion for everyone.

Later, when Jon told dark-eyed little Frances Langford (that was before they were married) all about it, she chuckled, too. But it turned out sort of flat—not at all one of your downright enthusiastic little chuckles! Well, YOU probably wouldn't want YOUR boy friend smacked by La Dietrich, either, would you?

For sheer excitement, give us the first meeting between Kay Francis and Ray Milland. That WAS a honey.

Kay and her fiance, Baron Barnekow, were driving slowly down from Kay's Benedict Canyon home when suddenly a man popped up in the middle of the road, a few yards ahead, waving his arms in a frenzy. The Baron slammed on the brakes of the car. Whereupon the man in the road suddenly whipped out a big revolver and commenced to blaze away!

"Good heavens!" cried Kay. "The man's crazy! Let's call the police!"

"No," disagreed [*Continued on page* 60]



RAY MILLAND was killing rattlesnakes when he met Kay Francis the first time



JOAN CRAWFORD worried about what to wear for her first meeting with Shirley Temple



HAROLD LLOYD got spanked by Jack Dempsey before their introduction was well over

How



Humphrey Bogart with Bette Davis in *Dark Victory*. This part started him on his career of Glamour Boy

Humphrey Bogart gained fame and fortune on the screen by portrayals of mugs and toughs and assorted hard cases. He sneered, he leered, he talked out of the side of his mouth better than anybody, and the world loved him for it. Then came his part of the impassioned groom in *Dark Victory*. Warner Brothers decided that they had an undiscovered Great Lover, and announced that he was to play a Heart Throb in his next film. Bogart, who takes his art seriously, went into intensive research and preparation for his first Glamour Boy part. Sober second thought and the protests of fans kept Bogey in gangster roles, but he gives the world the benefit of his study of the Glamour Boy's technic



The Glamour Boy's home must reflect his love of sports but even among his trinkets he remembers that little curl

To Be a Glamour Boy

By KATE JOHNS

■ It's really no trick at all to be a Great Glamour Boy, once you get the hang of it. Particularly if you follow the Humphrey Bogart guaranteed money-back Matter-Over-Mind system which is something like the one-over-one in correct bridge.

Of course a certain number of old sourpusses are going to mutter: A fat lot that dope knows about it, I notice *he* never gets the gal, he gets *plugged!*

Ah yes! But as Bogey points out, *that* is in the interests of a purer and fairer civilization. Besides, the Hays Office somehow doesn't think it quite nice for a gangster or villain to have a love life anymore, and says so in the censorship rules. He's lucky if he rates a moll, and, the way things have been going, even the molls are turning out to be poor misunderstood little girls who really have hearts of gold underneath all the hardness and tinsel.

Apparently Hollywood is beginning to concede Bogey might have something in his System for he has been getting a brief respite from the dirty dog, shoot 'em up type of roles he plays so brilliantly. He raised the pulse rate of plenty of femme fans in *Dark Victory* and missed the romantic lead in *The Old Maid* by the skin of his teeth. His next will be a dramatic socko in the eery *Outward Bound.*

"I want to give the world my message because I think the world sorely is in need of bigger and better Glamour Boys," Bogey said earnestly. "What the missionaries did for darkest Africa I want to do for glamour-barren America and its men," he claims.

Bogey divides his course in How To Be a Glamour Boy in two parts, general directions and specific instructions as to appearance and activities. For those who feel equal to it, he has a post graduate course on The Technique of Conquest. Careful students who master both have the world before them with no man or woman to say them no. Also a pretty good chance of marrying a chunk of dough [*Continued on page* 57]



Right, be world-weary with the Sophisticate. She's bored, too, demonstrated by Marie Wilson



Haunted wistfulness, combined with a look of hungry respect is right for the Home Girl

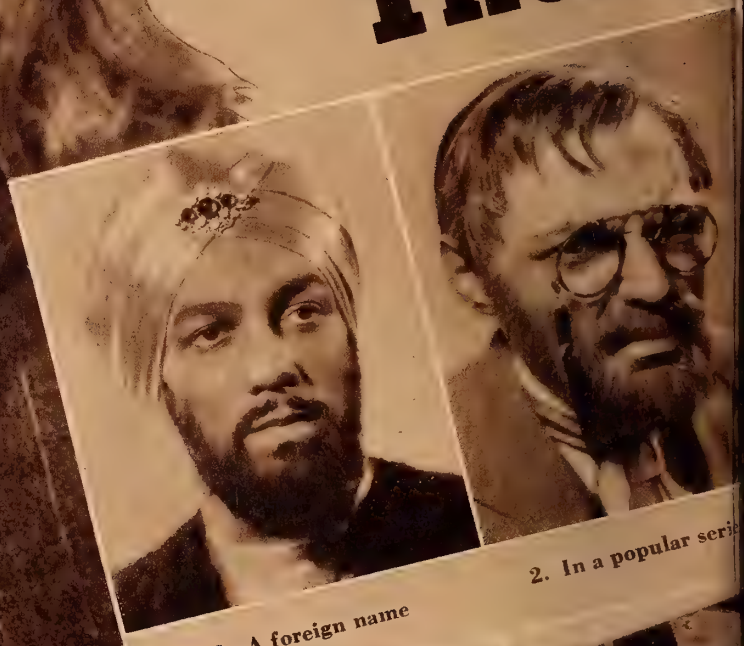


"Had I but known you 20 years ago" is effective for the Sweet Young Thing posed here by Marie Wilson



You've got to prove you love nature to impress the Outdoors Girl, a hard life, not recommended by experts

Come From Those



1. A foreign name

2. In a popular seri



7. Young and handsome

8. Leading man

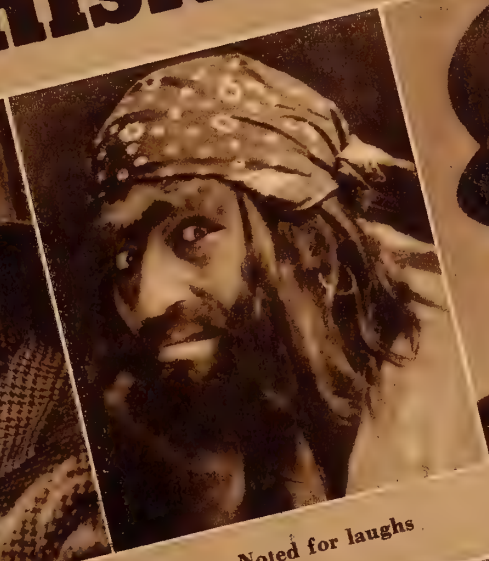
9. He doesn't si

Out Behind Whiskers

Oh, so you think you are Sherlock Holmes, just like Joan Blondell? Since you're so good, turn those eagle eyes on this collection of crepe hair. Answers on page 61



3. He is English



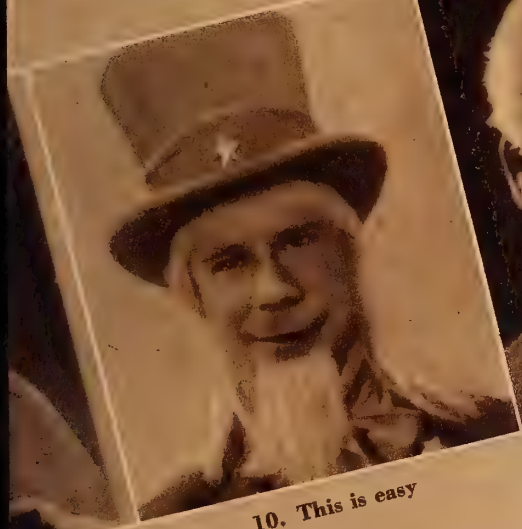
4. Noted for laughs



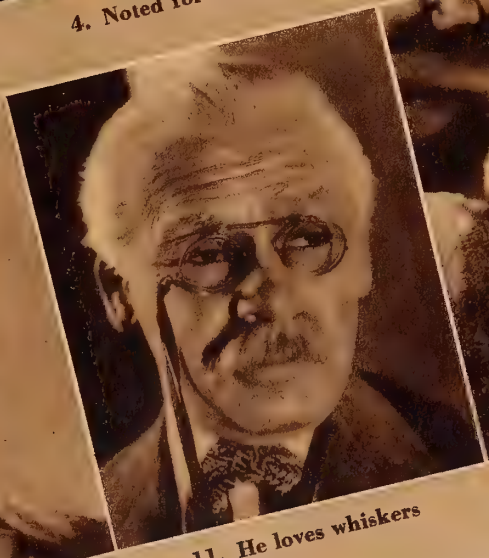
5. A good dancer



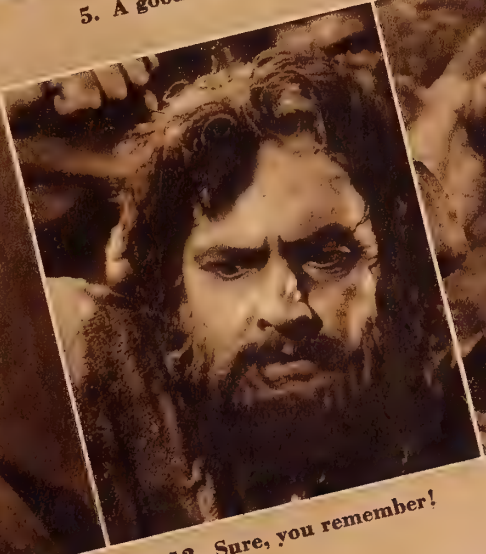
6. Likes double talk



10. This is easy



11. He loves whiskers



12. Sure, you remember!

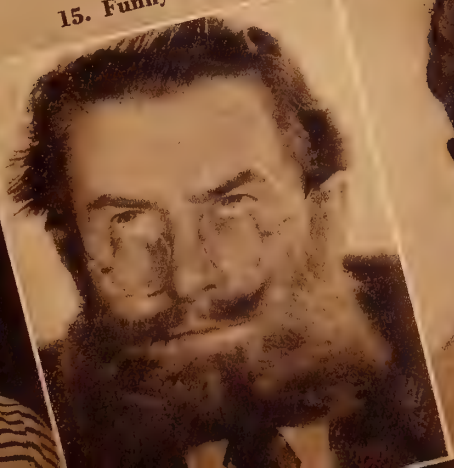


13. Great lover

14. Slender chap



15. Funny man



16. You can't miss



17. Give up? Then see page 61





7. Young and handso



Come From Those Out Behind Whiskers

Oh, so you think you are Sherlock Holmes, just like Joan Blondell? Since you're so good, turn those eagle eyes on this collection of crepe hair. Answers on page 61

1. A foreign name
2. In a popular series
3. He is English
4. Noted for laughs
5. A good dancer
6. Likes double talk
7. Young and handsome
8. Leading man
9. He doesn't sing
10. This is easy
11. He loves whiskers
12. Sure, you remember!
13. Great lover
14. Slender chap
15. Funny man
16. You can't miss
17. Give up? Then see page 61



Mitchell Takes the Town

By JANE OLIVER

■ Tommy Mitchell is not the kind of a movie star who joins you in a Scotch and soda, and then asks you to call it tea and cinnamon toast in print. It's a distinct relief.

It also is just one of a dozen ways in which this beguiling Irishman with a snub nose and an unfashionably plump waistline refuses to conform to the standard Hollywood pattern of behavior. He joyously lilts along through the town, saying exactly what he thinks and doing exactly what he pleases. As result he is injecting great splashes of the color of his own life into a Hollywood that has been getting increasingly stuffy with dignity.

On the screen, too, Tommy refuses to conform. A character actor like himself, for instance, isn't supposed to steal a picture from under the patrician nose of every important star of the production. It isn't considered cricket or something. Yet in darned near every movie in which The Mitchell has appeared he has managed to walk off with the kudos of the critics and the affection of the fans, as pretty as you please.

He did it in *Lost Horizon*, his first picture, in which he played the plumbing magnate who saw tremendous financial possibilities in peaceful Shangri La. He did it again in *Hurricane* in which he was the ragtail French doctor, and in *Stagecoach* in which he played the garrulous old doc who was forever cadging a nip from the harried little whiskey drummer. He is doing it again in Columbia's *Only Angels Have Wings* as the veteran pilot. And as that roaring old hellion, Gerald O'Hara, in *Gone With the Wind*, he stands a good chance to leave Scarlett Leigh and Rhett Gable flat at the post!

As a kid, Tommy must have had a few bad moments now and then when he looked into a mirror, for I imagine he looked then very much as he does now, some forty odd years later. A button of a nose dots a ruddy round face topped by a thatch of brownish hair which always looks like he had just wakened from a restless night. His eyes are very bright blue and alive with lights, but your attention is apt to stray from them in the fascination of trying to make something human out of the shaggy, tangled eyebrows that grow above them higgelty piggelty. He has a good full mouth that goes up on one side and down on the other when he smiles, which is most of the time. He is rather short and chunkily built, and though a Bond Street tailor turned him out, he'd still look like something put together catch-as-catch-can. Racky (Rachel Hartzell, his wife) long ago gave up trying to do anything about that, or to make him wear a tie.

Once you come within the radius of his rich charm and friendliness, you forget all about how he looks. He wraps his personality around you like a blanket, and it keeps you warm long after you have left his presence.

■ He was a grown man, he says, before it dawned upon him there was such a thing as class distinctions. He still has no use for them. He saw no reason why the struggling Irish, German, Jewish, and Hungarian immigrants who were his family's neighbors, and who paid their furniture bills to his father promptly on the first of each month, were not "acceptable" in the social sense. They were "poor" and "rough" only in lack of material possessions, he felt. To his mind, that did not constitute any barrier. He saw nothing odd in the fact that he played cops and robbers in the daytime with the dock kids, and listened enthralled at night around the family hearth while his older brother read *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar* and fine poetry aloud.

Nine Mitchells—mother, father, five sons and two daughters—lived in a big barnlike house near the docks of Elizabeth, New Jersey, where the elder Mitchells had immigrated from County Tyrone and County Roscommon in Ireland. The father ran a big furniture store which brought moderate returns. He usually was mixed up in politics and trouble of some sort as Irishmen are wont to be. His death, when Tommy was four, had no perceptible economic effect on the family. Tommy failed to go to college only because he was so stage-struck he would have no part of school, once he finished high school.

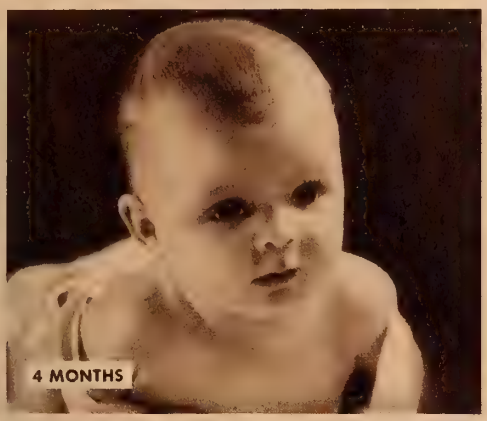
"I've never been rich but I've never been poor," he said forthrightly. "Personally I'm fed up with all this hooey most actors hand out about park benches and coffee and cakes and romantic struggle for success, and I doubt the truth of most of it. Most people have families or friends they can turn to in necessity."

■ Tommy held his first job when he was seventeen. It was, he says, something more ambitious than he's ever done since. He wrote a one-act monologue on "The Death of Chatterton," the poet, and played it on a vaudeville circuit for three weeks, at which time the public and theatre managers decided the stage could get along nicely without Mitchell or his act.

"How I ever had the nerve to do it, I'll never know," Tommy confessed. "It was an all time high in a lousy script. I put into it every good line I ever had read. Most of it was 'Manfred' by Byron. About three lines actually were original. The only similarity to Chatterton was that we were both seventeen.

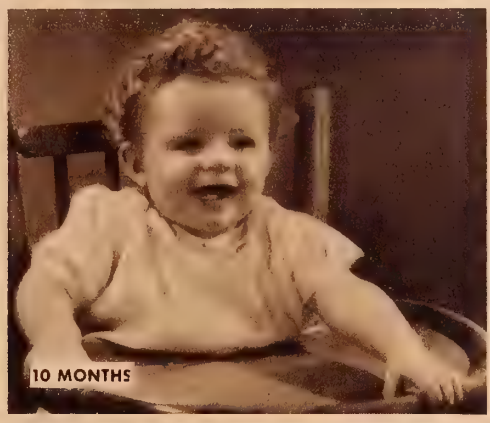
Diana's record would delight any Mother!

First Year: SPLENDID START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"With doctors approving Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says. "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first.

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"



"Diana just growed, like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, *how* she growed! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk.

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Toddler Years: PICTURE OF HEALTH...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"She never had to be coaxed to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get notional then, but not she!

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"



"There's so much variety in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself.

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

For the next three years he made a desperate effort to connect with the theatre in any capacity at all. He did fenagle $10 a week for one week with the Ben Greet Players for carrying a spear. His family, notably his older brothers who were proving successful as newspapermen, meantime decided it was high time young Thomas got a job and went to work. Toward that end one of them, John Mitchell, hired him as a reporter.

Tommy well remembers his first assignment. The Pope had issued a bull relative to the renewal of the vow of celibacy and Tommy was sent to interview various priests regarding their opinion. In the course of his rounds he encountered an old German priest.

"Young man, do you know anything about the history of the vow of celibacy?" the priest asked. Tommy admitted he did not. Whereupon the priest said: "You go down to the library and study up on it. It only took the College of Cardinals about 200 years but you are a bright young man, you ought to be able to do it in two weeks. Then come back and I'll answer your question."

Tommy reported to his editor that the priest had no comment to make.

■ If, however, he was not enjoying his enforced vacation, Tommy was learning about people. From them he absorbed some of the knowledge he later was to put to such telling use in the plays he wrote and the characterizations he played.

There was "Andy," for instance, and the guy who helped him test the clam theory. I'll tell you about him later.

No one knew very much about "Andy" or where he came from. It was known that the last few years of his life he had been a bartender in the Tenderloin joint, but considerable mystery surrounded his earlier activities. Rumors had him a gunman for Gyp the Blood, and a faro dealer in a crooked gambling house. Now he was a broken old man, penniless and dying of tuberculosis. Tommy found him late one night, hugging a stove in a cheap all night saloon, where he had dropped off for a glass of beer on his way home from the newspaper.

"Have a drink, Andy?" Tommy asked. Andy murmured his thanks and joined Tommy at the bar. For a moment he hesitated. Then he asked if his host would mind if he ordered a certain brand of whiskey, reminding him that it cost a nickel more. Tommy assented. The same thing happened on the second round, but with a remnant of tattered pride, the derelict insisted he owed Tommy the extra price of the drinks.

"Sure, old man," Tommy comforted him. "Pay me when you can."

Five or six days later a murderous looking brute strode into the newspaper office. "You Mitchell?" he demanded of Tommy's brother. John took one look at the size and appearance of the visitor and thumbed in Tommy's direction. "That's Mitchell," he said. The man lumbered over to Tommy's desk, fished in his pockets a moment and brought out a dime.

"Andy died last night," he said gruffly. "He said he owed you this and told me to give it to you."

■ Three years was all Tommy could stand of newspapering. When a stock company opened in Elizabeth he struck a bargain with the manager. If he would permit Mitchell to act in his company, he, Mitchell, would be the company's press agent free of charge!

From that day forward, Tommy's life has been devoted to the theatre.

He did not arrive on Broadway in a meteoric burst of brilliance; it was a long, slow pull to recognition but he got there by plugging along and never losing sight of his goal. What amazed his fellow actors was his versatility. He could write plays, produce them and act in them with equal ease. Not only that, but frequently he was called in to "doctor" the ailing plays of other playwrights into healthy box-office successes.

After one of his plays, *The Little Accident* had been made into a movie by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Tommy was called to Hollywood by Paramount to do the screen version of the Mitchell success, *Cloudy With Showers*. He stayed nine months and went back to New York with nothing very complimentary to say about Hollywood. That feeling was mutual, however. Hollywood had found nothing very remarkable in one Thomas Mitchell as a screen writer. It hadn't occurred to the producers to let him act. So he stayed on the New York stage until Frank Capra saw him and persuaded him to come to Hollywood for one of the leading roles in *Lost Horizon*. He has been here ever since, one of the busiest actors in town, currently playing in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *Gone With the Wind*. For a time he was under contract to Columbia and then to Goldwyn. Now he is free-lancing because, like most Irishmen, he wants to be boss of what he's going to do or not do.

■ He lives with his wife and daughter, Anne, in a charming French Provincial house a whoop and a holler from the Pacific ocean. It's a bit awkward for him living that far out because he's never learned how to drive a car. The whole Mitchell family was like that, he insists; they could argue the fine points of art and literature, but not a one of them could hit a nail with a hammer!

Tommy never has been one to coddle any phony ideas about self importance. He learned that lesson from the clam man.

He met the clam man one afternoon when he was playing hookey from the newspaper. It was a lovely sunny day, infinitely better for lounging on the beach than pounding a pavement in search of news. Sprawled on the sands, he happened to spy a clam which brought to his mind the claim that if you take a clam from wet sand and put it in dry surroundings it immediately will work itself back to water. The claim, incidentally, Tommy found to be false after a thorough and scientific test.

After watching the clam for a couple of hours, Tommy noticed a shadow before him. He glanced up but, partially blinded by the bright sun in which he had been lying for so long, noticed only that a tall man stood before him. Immediately he concentrated on the clam again.

"What are you doing?" the man said after a moment. Tommy explained. "Has he done it?" the man went on.

"No, the blankety blank so and so hasn't moved an inch!" Tommy replied in disgust. "Mind if I watch too?" the man said. "Naw," Tommy answered. "Sit down."

For another hour the pair watched the clam. Tommy would poke it and say "The #$%—&'$! thing hasn't moved a muscle." Whereupon his companion would exclaim "It's a #$%—&'#! dumb clam!" Every profane word Tommy uttered was topped in profanity by the other. The air around was blue with it.

By some chance the name of Mark Twain arose in the conversation, and Tommy spouted a 10 minute oration on the subject. The man listened attentively, then spoke. "You seem to be a pretty well read young man," he said. "Do you live around here?"

"Jeepers criminy, NO!" Tommy spat out in its profane equivalent. "Do you?"

"Jeepers criminy, NO," the man echoed. "I used to work up at Princeton, but I've got a good job now. I'm president."

The clam man was Woodrow Wilson.



Next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine will carry one of the frankest and most interesting stories ever given by Joan Crawford, shown here at the *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* premiere with Charles Martin

FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!



A star of "STARS IN YOUR EYES"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!



LOIS: It's *perfect* on *you*, Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me*, with *blue* eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



LOIS: And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



JUDY: I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! *(65¢ in Canada)*



MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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Above, Jackie Cooper seems to be doing some intensive worrying on a problem that confronts every band leader. Right, with his beloved traps

Jackie Appeals For Help

By ED JONESBOY

He solved his own problem when a public high school did not want him, but he can't find an answer to another problem. You can help!

■ About a year ago we sat down and wrote a little piece about Jackie Cooper and how we came upon him down in his playroom where, busier than two fleas in a jumping contest, he was whacking his set of elaborate trap drums.

We recall that we said something about Jackie being crazy about music, whether it be swing, jitterbug, or the old-fashioned soft-and-low stuff that used to please grandma.

We recall, too, that we said something or other about Jackie making a mild nuisance of himself in his frantic efforts to sit in with the big "name" bands that came to town, and how he DID sit in with 'em and prove that he was just about as tricky with the sticks, the steel whisk broom, and the rest of the other trap-drumming gadgets as Gene Krupa (than whom there is no whomer when it comes to the noisy art of rat-a-tat-tatting). A year later and what happens?

Well, we went out to see Jackie the other afternoon, and there he was, drumming up a little music. Not in the playroom this time, however, because it was being redecorated, but right up in the huge living room. He was not as lively as a year ago because he'd just had his tonsils removed and he was, as he said, "feeling mighty poorly, what with hemorrhages and all." But he was beating his drums anyway.

Thinking back to our first visit we got smart and said, after a quick look around, "Here's where we came in," and made as if to leave. So far as Jackie was concerned we could have, him being so intent on his drums.

"Just sit down, smoke a cigarette, and I'll be with you in a minute," he said in the usual minus-tonsil whisper, while he gave the biggest boom-boom a shove toward the piano. "Got orchestra practice tonight, and Mom said we could play up here."

Well, we sat down as directed, smoked our cigarette and so help us, it developed later, when Jackie was through getting his traps in the right places, that he really DID have an orchestra.

"We've played at the Victor Hugo," he revealed proudly. "And not only that, but we staged the show and provided the music for the Warner Studio annual party at the Biltmore Bowl. And not only that, but we're going on tour back East this summer. Maybe we'll open in New York City on the date my latest picture, *What a Life*, is released. Wouldn't that be sumpin?"

We said it sure would, Jackie, and more power to you, and does your orchestra have a name?

"The Clambake Cats," he said, after a long and very embarrassed pause during which his pale face took on a deep cerise color. "Some smart-cracking press agent wished that one on us and boy, are we sore! The Clambake Cats! It isn't dignified! It isn't appropriate! It just isn't, mister! In the first place, we're not cats. In the jitterbug jargon a 'cat' is a dancer. A rug cutter. Well, we may not be musicians like, say, Benny Goodman and his outfit, but on the other hand we're not dancers, either. We'd look swell, wouldn't we, traveling around the country under the name of 'The Clambake Cats'? Martha Raye's brother—he plays the guitar for us—says he wouldn't go as far as Pomona tagged with a name like that. And I wouldn't either. What we need is a good, dignified, descriptive tag for this eight-piece band of ours. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea if you mentioned in your story that we want a band name, and ask your HOLLYWOOD Magazine readers to think up something good and send it in."

Come to think about it, it ISN'T such a bad idea, and if any of you readers want to help Jackie out with a name better than "The Clambake Cats", shoot it in But show a burst of speed because the young band leader is worried for fear the press agent's tag is going to stick. In fact, Jackie's as worried about this as he was back in '34 when he enrolled as a student in the Beverly Hills High School, and found himself committed to about as

heart-breaking an excursion into the A, B, C's as could be wished upon a young boy eager to learn.

■ "When M-G-M failed to show enough strength to lift my option back in '34," he said, "Mom and I agreed that it would be wise if I forgot motion pictures for a while and go to school. I could have remained at M-G-M at a fairly good salary, but only if I had consented to stay under cover in the studio's dramatic school until I was twenty-one, which seemed to us to be too long a time to be out of circulation. Besides, I was too ambitious. So it was decided between Mom and me that I'd shop around for a good story as a freelancer, and go to school in the meantime. I thought it would be a swell idea, this attending public school, because it would give me a chance to mix with other kids, kids not connected with the studios, something that had been almost impossible for me to do up until now.

"So, in the fall of '34, Mom and I drove up to Beverly High, and went into the principal's office to register. And guess what happened! Nothing much except that the principal said, bluntly, that the school didn't want child actors as students. I'd cause too much disturbance, he said. The other students would resent me. I'd most likely be hazed right off the grounds. My school life would be extremely unhappy. The wisest thing for me to do, he said, was to attend regular studio classes. I said I couldn't do that because I wasn't a child actor any more. M-G-M had refused to take up my option. I wasn't planning on any studio work for a couple of years. I said I wasn't afraid of hazing. I could take it. What I wanted was an education just like any other kid. I promised I wouldn't come running to him with any complaints. I could take it, I said. Well, the principal, being a kindly man, agreed, finally, to let me enroll and I came to school the next day a full-fledged student of Bev. High; and boy, was I proud and happy! Eight months later I was still proud—but very unhappy."

■ "It turned out just as the principal had prophesied. The boys, as soon as they discovered a kid actor in school, put on the old freeze act. I was passed up like a dirty shirt, and passed by as though I were an outcast. Well, it didn't take me long to learn one thing out of class, and that was that I didn't belong. But I think I was smart. I just kept my mouth shut, went along as though everything was jake —and just took it. I was kinda cagey in another way, too. I didn't drive my car to school like the other kids, but walked there and back every day. I wasn't going to be called high-hat or snooty. Once every so often, I'd get bumped around by some big guy who was itching for a scrap. I always backed away. Which hurt because I was pretty handy with my dukes, having taken boxing lessons ever since I was six years old. I wasn't afraid, just being diplomatic, sort of. I would have had a lot of fights if I hadn't been able to hold my temper, and take it like I promised the principal. Well, that went on week after week, month after month, with me being



"It's all very queer, Mrs. Koala. I thought your baby was going to be the hardest worker in your family—hitching up trees like a house a-fire to gather bark for dinner. And now all he does is sit and whimper! What ails him?"



"H'm-m. So he's chafed and all over prickly heat . . .Yes, scuffing up and down tree trunks all day in this weather must have its seamy side. Dear—dear—we ought to fix it *some* way, so a fellow can earn his daily bark!"



"But how simple!... Johnson's Baby Powder, of course! Come out of your mother's pocket, pal, and buck up! That soft, smooth, downy powder will cool you off and take you a-sailing over all life's rough spots!"



"I knew you'd like it! Johnson's is made of extra-fine talc—and no orris-root, either. And it's such an inexpensive way to keep a baby cheered up!"

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Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.



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Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

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shunned and completely ostracized or sumpin'. I tried to go out for football but Mom put a stop to that as she pointed out I might get hurt just at a time when I might be ready for a good picture.

■ "Well, not being able to join the football squad certainly didn't help me make any friendships. Every time I'd go past a group of kids they'd whisper 'Jackie Cooper's a sissy! Jackie Cooper's a sissy! He says his mama won't let him play football! Hey, Jackie, how about a game of tiddle-de-winks?' And so on and so on. Boy, did my face get red! But I took it, mister. When track time came around I went out for the hundred and the two-twenty, and did well enough to get on the team. I was asked to join the dramatic club and take part in class plays, but I refused. Which I think was smart, because I would have been shown up, sure as shooting, one way or another. Diplomatic Jackie, that was me in those days. Except for the single time another guy and I had to slug it out in the hallway. And it was all so blamed foolish. All I was doing was just talking to a girl in one of my classes. We were standing there, talking about some chemistry problem or other, when who should come along the hall but the boy who had been squiring the girl around. He started pushing me around. I said something about this being a free country and so on. I did my best to talk myself out of trouble, but it wouldn't work. Pretty soon fists were flying, girls were screaming, the boys were yelling, and pretty soon the three of us, the girl, the guy I fought with, and myself, were in the principal's office where each, in turn, told his, and her, story of the scrap. The principal was very smart. He just let us ramble on and on, asking no questions, but looking mighty sad because we'd been so foolish—which we had been, I'll admit—and ten minutes we were all laughing and shaking hands and being friends. The other guy was convinced I wasn't after his girl, the principal was convinced it was all just kid stuff, and I was convinced that maybe, now, I wouldn't be on the outside looking in as I had been for so long. Which turned out to be true. I got along swell from that time on. The guy became one of my best pals—and still is.

A smart cookie, this Jackie, who'll get along, we feel sure, when he's grown up. He's getting as wise to himself as he is to other things. For instance:

For the past two years he's been scampering here and there in a car that has a couple of right and left-hand mirrors, radio, sirens—in fact, everything except wings. A chromium-nickel four-wheel dazzler, if there ever was one. But he sold it not long ago because "it was a show-off. I'm growing up and gotta use a little sense." He's got himself a tidy little trick, now, but without gadgets. A car he keeps throttled down to forty-five miles an hour through California's great open spaces. "It can travel at one hundred and ten," he declares proudly, "but a guy is foolish to go over forty-five. I've seen too many accidents caused by kids' reckless driving to put my foot too heavy on the accelerator. I don't want to hurt myself or be the cause of hurting others. It pays to play safe behind the steering wheel."

Jackie is still free-lancing and doing well for himself since leaving M-G-M. This year he's made *Boy of the Streets* for Monogram, *The Spirit of Culver* for Universal, and if plans go through as scheduled, you'll see him starring with Wallace Beery in *Capt. Frisco,* to be produced by the Edward Small Productions, and when that's finished he'll likely move back to Paramount for the lead in *Seventeen,* the Booth Tarkington story.

■ And now a last word about The Clambake Cats. If you can think up a "good, dignified, descriptive band name," why not use the coupon above and make Jackie a present of your suggestion?

Hey, Jackie, how about The Cinema Syncopators?

Jackie Cooper
c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway
New York City.

Hey, Jackie, how about calling your swing band

.....

Name .....

Address .....

When the Rains Came

[*Continued from page* 28]

whole affair. Last Saturday, while I was pressing a fresh crease in my second best pair of pants, The Little Lady who keeps plugging away at the Central Casting switchboard gave me a buzz and says, as impolitely as you please: "Hey, Dopey, hop out to 20th Century-Fox and get yourself an extra job in *The Rains Came.* And listen, big shot, don't think you're going to stand me up tonight like you did a week ago when you asked for a date. I want to eat at eight. 'By."

Well, I obeyed the Little Lady's instructions, and got myself set for four days' work—which I now consider the worst mistake I ever made in my long and troubled life.

How, for instance, was I to know that I was going to be shaken loose from my bridgework by an earthquake the first day when *The Rains Came*—and showered down? How was I to know that after I had recovered (but slightly) from a bad case of the shakes I was to be almost drowned in a flood? Well, believe me, I DIDN'T know! All that I knew about the picture was what I'd been able to decipher from the cast sheet. Myrna Loy, George Brent, Tyrone Power, Joseph Schildkraut, Maria Ouspenskaya, and an

18-year-old newcomer by the name of Brenda Joyce (who is going to be the big surprise of the picture, else I'm no judge of good looks coupled to better acting!) were all listed as principals, and I thought how nice it would be if, a couple of months from now, I could go around boasting that I had played in a picture with them.

Mr. Darryl Zanuck, so further reading disclosed, had paid $52,000 for the screen rights to the Bromfield novel and was laying $2,500,000 smack on the line to give the story a Triple-A production. (Mr. Zanuck paid me 42 bucks for acting in it, which may mean something but I don't know what.)

"Location" proved to be in the Chatsworth Mountains that stretch out North by Northwest not more than a good hop, skip, and a jump from Hollywood.

And what a location it was! The complete city of Ranchipur, India, as envisioned by Bromfield in his book, had been built here at a cost of more than $200,000. The sets spread over 18 acres. The palace (where I got myself the bad case of shakes) covered a city block and cost, so a technical man said, close to $75,000. Back of the city a dam had been built and back of the dam was five million gallons of water, which is a damsite more water than you may imagine until you find it coming at you at flood-time speed.

■ Well, we go to work Monday morning with Clarence Brown directing. And when I say "we" I mean about 3,000 extras, a herd of forty elephants, and the entire cast of principals. Dressed up to represent a native of India, about all I do that first day is to keep lifting 'em up and setting 'em down in the mud as I walk through the streets of Ranchipur, while I get drenched to the skin trying to duck one cloudburst after another. The rains had already came—and how! Two nurses, a studio physician, and several masseurs and masseuses kept constant vigil over all the principals and saw that they had rub-downs in portable dressing rooms after each shower.

The temperature of each star was carefully checked to guard against colds that might result in costly delays. I heard Director Brown say it was costing the studio better than $25,000 a day to shoot these location scenes. But as for me, the other 2,999 extras, and the elephant herd —well, we just let it rain. Come quitting time I was so full of raindrops inside and out that I asked Dr. C. A. Seyfarth, the studio physician, if he couldn't graft a pair of gills on me and maybe a few scales, but he was too busy worrying about the health of Mr. Power, Mr. Brent, Miss Loy and the rest of his high-salaried charges to worry about Mr. E. J. (The Old Umbrella Man) Smithson.

■ The second day was about the same as the first only the rains came harder and faster and colder, but I got along a little better because George Brent gave me one of his rubber shirts to wear.

And talking about George, I surely pitied that guy. The strong, silent Irishman who for eight years has lived through

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?



Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair— *with no scalp irritation!*

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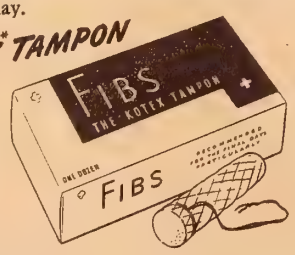
Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*



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many amazing adventures on the screen certainly can claim he topped them all for physical suffering in this picture. As Tom Ransome, everything happens to him. First a monkey socks him with a bottle. Then he is caught by a falling chandelier in an earthquake. He darn near drowns in the flood when his boat cracks up. Elephants almost trample him during the stampede. Savage hillmen try to bump him off. He worked for three weeks during the quake sequences, two weeks during the flood, and another two weeks of thorough drenching while cameramen shot the cloudburst scenes. During the worst of all this, a gal he doesn't care two hoots about, tried to ensnare him. And I suffered right along with him, don't forget that!

■ Listen, Miss Editor. I've heard you talk many a time about the quake a few years back that almost split the state of California plumb in two, but it couldn't have been much worse than the condensed, synthetic earth upheaval that the studio technicians set off right under my number eleven brogans without me having a premonition or a warning of what was coming. One minute I was doing pretty well for myself, earning my union scale wages and thankful that I was going to have enough folding money, come payday, to eat any time the Little Lady got hungry—and wham! as they say in the funnies!—there I was the next minute flat on the seat of my breeches, yelling for help. Director Brown was making strange signs to the men who had charge of the mechanical gadgets. Quicker than the wink of a flirtatious blonde, that palace set began to fall apart! I was supposed to be carrying a tray in and out of the room where the party guests were—but I forgot the tray and a lot of other pieces of business. Statues were falling and crashing, pictures on the walls began to drop off, the walls were swaying this way and that, the plaster began peeling off—and there I was still on the seat of my britches. Up on the ceiling a huge chandelier started to sway back and forth and around and around. It was an honest-to-goodness chandelier that cost $4,000 bucks. In the center of the room was George Brent, Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power and the rest of the principals trying to look cool, calm, and collected while the shaking goes on, but it's no dice. Fear grips 'em like it does me—and then the chandelier drops, barely missing George. The walls start collapsing, and everybody does the same as they try to escape. I don't know how I ever got outside, but I finally managed to look around—and there I was! No one actually got hurt. I haven't been able to figure out to this day why they weren't, because when that huge palace fell apart, what with the cloudburst bursting, and the thunder and lightning raging, it crumpled up like matchwood under the heel of Paul Bunyun.

But this destruction of the palace isn't all. Not by a long shot or close up! Outside, Director Brown had fourteen cameras and camera crews spotted at various places in the city of Ranchipur, all of 'em going like Billy-Be-Durned, and shooting scenes that show twenty other buildings falling apart, the stampeding of the elephant herd, the mad rushes of the natives seeking refuge from crashing timbers and falling walls.

■ Well, I was scared when I got home that night, scared when I went to bed, and scared when I got up the next morning. I wanted no part or parcel of what was to come—but you know me. Always sticking my neck out. So—

I was there on location Thursday morning ready for more of the same. And how I got it!

This time it was the flood sequences. Remember me telling you about the dam back of the city of Ranchipur, and the five million gallons of water back of the dam?

Well, this was the day when Director Brown touched off another quake (in the picture it's the same one that shakes down the palace and other buildings). It split open the dam and released the impounded water. As a kid I've watched the old Mississippi go on a spring rampage, and I've seen other rivers swell up and bust right in my face, almost, but I never saw anything to equal this studio-made flood. Lady, I'm here (thank the Lord!) to tell you that when those five million gallons of water started pouring through that broken dam, they really came pouring! Down into the city they came, every little gallon swooshing and swishing and hissing, engulfing everything—natives, animals, buildings rolling along like so many bats out of you-know-what. One split second the water was only up to my ankles. The next it was up to my neck. Lucky for me that a plank swirled by close enough for me to grab with my fingernails else I might be swimming out in the Pacific by now. Talk about havoc, pandemonium, and catastrophe, all cemented together in one super-colossal sequence, and you'll talk only about this flood. You'll see this scene run on the screen for about two minutes and you'll probably think it's been unreeling for an hour, it's that impressive. Somebody on the set said it would cost the studio more than $50,000 for each minute and far be it from me to disagree.

■ It was during the course of the flood scenes that Brenda Joyce, the 18-year-old newcomer, makes her screen debut as Fern. It was the first time she ever faced a camera except when she took her film test. What an introduction to the "soft" life of a movie actress!

In this particular bit of shooting, she was playing the scene where she fights her way through the flood to save Tom Ransome, played by George Brent. Since the cameramen were taking close-ups of her alone, she didn't even have George on the set to console her. Well, the film technicians turned loose an extra 18,000 gallons of water to churn up the flood waters, Director Brown signaled her to start the action, and Brenda, taking a deep breath, plunging into the raging torrent which was strewn with the wreckage of houses about which swam goats,

calves and other livestock. Brenda worked in this one scene from nine in the morning until five that night—and she didn't have any rubber underclothes on, either. Just stepped into the flood, time and time again, until the director finally okayed the scene. Brenda Joyce. Don't forget that name. You're going to see it in marquee lights before the year is over. She's that good.

It's not necessary, I think, to tell you the story of *The Rains Came,* because it's a current best-seller. I might say this, however. Where most films about India have been barred from that country because of inaccuracies, 20th Century-Fox, in its sincere endeavor to keep every detail of *The Rains Came* authentic, employed six technical advisors, two of them Hindus, to keep daily check on everything that went into the actual shooting. Husain Nasri, who spent most of his life in India, and Lal Chand Mehra, educated at the University of Punjab, are the Indian advisors. Major George Remington, who lived in India for more than 20 years, and Charles Whittaker, also a long-time resident, represent the British influence. In addition, the wardrobe department depended on two technical advisors for the turbans, dhotis (really, you ought to see Smithson clad in his dhoti, or white phanti and choati) and other native garments.

■ I can't let this little piece come to an end without a good word or two about Myrna Loy who plays the role of the worldly Lady Esketh. To my way of thinking—and hers—it's the best role she's had in a long, long time. For a while, the studio wasn't going to let her get killed off as the author killed her off in the novel, but Myrna asked that she "die," pleading that millions of readers would feel that the book's plot had been changed too drastically if she lived. As a result you'll see her in a death scene that lasts for six minutes. It's the first time since she's been a star that she's met with a "fatality."

I didn't see much of Tyrone Power—he's cast as Major Rama Safti—during the four days I was working, but from what I gathered from the prop boys clear up to Director Brown, Ty has turned in the best performance of his career.

The Rains Came—and here I am just about washed up. I'm through with earthquakes and I'm through with floods—and unless my big ears deceive me, I'm likewise through with the Little Lady down at Central Casting on account of me being now so afraid of rain in sunny California that I go up and down Hollywood Boulevard holding an open umbrella over my dumb dome! I'm Dopey, sure enough, so she says. Well, perhaps I am, but excuse it, please, because I'm sort of shell-shocked from what I've been through lately. No foolin', one little, gentle, mushy raindrop smacking me on my shiny pate and I'd be quivering like a shimmy dancer with the itch!

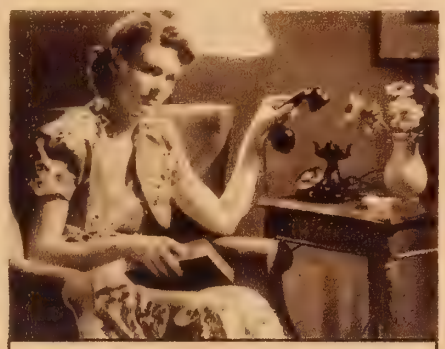
Why, it's got so I won't even use water as a chaser when some one says: "Hey, have one on me!"

His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*









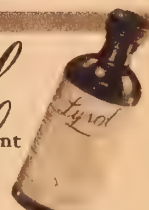
* *She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene*

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Annabella favors very short curls, brushed up back and front. You will see the new Mrs. Tyrone Power next in *Frenchie*

You need quick make-ups and short hair for the long days in the sun. Here are hints on the best ways to save time and temper when the temperature is soaring

By ANN VERNON

■ Summertime is the blooming season for romance. Fun is the order of the day. And you know as well as I do that you have to be attractive if you want your share of love and fun. But you'll lose out on both if you spend all your time at the dressing table. It's a good idea to have several short cuts to beauty you can rely on—short cuts that will see you through an evening in the moonlight, or a day on the beach.

Select a coiffure that is becoming, cool and easy to arrange early in the summer, then stick to it. That will save you hours of deciding whether this curl looks best here—or there. The baby curl cut that Annabella is wearing is one of the newer styles, and a natural for hot weather. The hair is cut about two inches long all over the head, then curled in soft ringlets, with a brushed-up feeling. This coiffure is easy to care for, and, because the hair is so short, cool as an ocean breeze. If you insist on keeping your hair long, try piling it on top of your head, and curling the ends, sausage fashion. Off-the-neck hair is mighty comfy on sultry days. If your neck is long and thin, you might curl the back hair shoulder length, but brush the side and front hair up off the face, catching it with a bow or barrette on top of your head.

Get a good permanent so you won't spend all your time doing your hair up on curlers, or tucking up stray ends. Don't indulge in a cheap wave. It's likely to be twice as expensive in the long run. Get one that's nationally advertised, and then be sure that the manufacturer's name or trade mark is on all the supplies used for the wave.

Write me for the name of a new machineless type of permanent if you want to be cool and comfortable while your hair is curled. The trick to this "perfect" wave lies in the use of the proper solution for your type of hair, and any experienced operator can tell at a glance which yours is. There's no gambling, no discomfort; you're practically assured of full, soft curls that last and last. A great many of the studios in Hollywood use this type of permanent, and you know how lovely the stars' hair is!

Do you want help in choosing a summer coiffure, in overcoming dandruff, dry or oily hair? Write Ann Vernon about your special beauty problem today. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. postage, please) for her reply. The address: Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

■ Wash your hair with a quick-acting shampoo once a week. I can recommend one that is an oil treatment and shampoo in one. It lubricates hair that summer sun and much swimming has dried out, and makes it soft to the touch, lustrous to the eye. The shampoo dissolves and loosens dirt and dandruff completely, so they will rinse out quickly in plain warm water. You'll like its softening action if your hair is dry and fly-away, and you'll need a quick-acting shampoo like this for a complete cleansing if summer heat brings out all the oil on your scalp. There's a dime size, so you can see how grand it is before buying a large bottle.

■ Take at least two cooling baths a day to preserve that fresh cool look and feeling. *Never* make the mistake of taking cold baths in the hope they'll cool you off. Quite the reverse! They just increase the circulation so that you feel hotter when you step out of the tub than you did when you jumped in. Lukewarm water is the summertime choice. Mix liberally with soapy lather to remove all accumulated perspiration and oil, then top off with a light patting with a huge bath towel. Don't rub yourself dry. That makes you hot, too. Dust lightly with bath powder to ease the girdle into place, or dash cologne all over your body to keep that cool feeling longer.

Why not take a cake of a bland white soap the movie stars swear by, into your tub? The delicate flower bouquet makes you feel fresh and dainty on the most humid days. The soap is of the milled variety. All the air and moisture has been rolled out so that a single cake will last through many cooling baths. It's an excellent hot-weather facial cleanser, too, because it removes make-up, oil and dirt so thoroughly. If you scrub your skin three or four times a day with it you can be pretty confident that you won't develop large pores and blackheads, and that any you may have already will tend to disappear. Price runs only a few pennies a cake. Want the name?

■ Perfumed cologne is a grand hot-weather friend because it does double duty. It cools you off, helps you stay that way, and its delightful fragrance makes you feel dainty and fresh. Besides it's such an inexpensive way to use perfume. Experiment with two tantalizing French scents no girl should be without. One is a delicate flower bouquet—grand when you feel fragile and feminine; the other is a flower scent, too, but spicy and tangy, to make you feel as sophisticated as a Parisian, as wicked as a gypsy. Both scents are made up in cologne, and priced as low as 50 cents for a good sized bottle. Besides slapping them on your body after the bath, you should consider using them on your hair. They make a grand, quick-drying wave set or curling lotion, and will really keep your hair in place. You'll find scented hair mighty intriguing to the men in your life, too. Interested?

Men think glowing lips pretty alluring—but they won't look twice at the girl who is always hauling out her mirror and renewing her paint job. Do the job once and for all at your dressing table. If you blot off all the excess lipstick, you'll discover that the remaining color film will last twice as long as the thick layer, especially if you use an indelible lipstick like the one I found the other day. Its special water repelling film assures color permanence, and protects your lips from sun and wind. It makes your lips look satin smooth, yet alive and sparkling with color. The manufacturer has recently added two new shades to the line. One is a delicate pink that's terribly becoming if you're staying pink and white and feminine this summer. The other is a bright, dynamic red that goes perfectly with suntan, with black, blue, yellow, green and white. Both shades come in dime sizes, and the largest size costs only a quarter.

Write me before August 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. postage, please) for my reply. Send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



On "The Wizard of Oz" Set

[*Continued from page* 21]

prop boys the dickens of a time until lumps of sugar soothed the equine temperament. At that, they had to get acquainted over again.

Then there was the matter of Jack Haley's bees. Margaret Hamilton, getting in her licks again as the Wicked Witch, magicked a swarm of bees into settling in the insides of the Tin Woodman. For this pretty thought, M-G-M imported a real beeman from outside town who gathered up real bees by the handful, and put them into his pockets or took 'em out as occasion demanded, remarking to the nervous bystanders, "See? They won't hurt anybody!"

Well, shucks. Jack Haley figured they were paying him to stand for it, anyway. And, besides, the beeman might be right. So he let them stuff bees down inside the tin shirt he wore, although, to be frank, a flicker of worriment struggled across his features. "Struggled" is the right word, because for the Tin Woodman's make-up, his features were encased in wax and covered with silver powder. You could polish him off nicely with a chamois cloth.

At the proper moment, bees began to stream from his nose and ears and his tin funnel hat and, sure enough, they didn't hurt anybody. Except Bleeding-heart Brown, the electrician, who got his nickname by frequent complaints about the things wrong with his equipment. Men with smoke-filled bee-blowers (the gadgets that beemen use when bees swarm) were herding the bees out of the sound stage door when Bleeding-heart made a swat at an errant buzzer and it sat down on his face.

The Tin Woodman came forth unscathed. But Haley said he didn't care to hire out as a beehive again: "Not for love nor honey."

But, lawks! Maybe there are some who don't know the story of *The Wizard of Oz*? Even though every child reads the book, and though Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery, as "Wizard" and "Scarecrow," respectively, played it on Broadway for four years with another year on the road?

Briefly, the history of "Oz" is this: written largely in Hollywood 38 years ago by a New York State newspaperman, Lyman Frank Baum, who died at Hollywood in 1919, the story concerns the adventures of Dorothy, a little Kansas girl, who—blown away in a farmhouse by a cyclone—is carried to a mystic land. The first book about her travels therein was called *The Wizard of Oz* and, though Baum wrote nearly two dozen sequels, it is this first book with which the picture deals.

The farmhouse, at the cyclone's end, comes down in an area inhabited by the small, friendly Munchkin people. They tell Dorothy (who still clasps her dog, Toto) that the only way to get back to Kansas is to gain the aid of the Wizard of Oz who lives in the Emerald City. But, bam! up pops the Wicked Witch of the West whose enmity, due to this 'n' that, Dorothy has incurred, and en route to the Emerald City she places danger upon danger in the little girl's path. A Poisoned Poppy field, for instance. An army of Flying Monkeys. But, aha! Dorothy eludes the snares and, picking up the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, and the Cowardly Lion on the way, learns from the Wizard that they must slay the Wicked Witch before he can help them.

When the Wicked Witch, however, captures her, Dorothy is in a bad way till her companions come to the rescue. This is the cue for the Witch to set fire to the Scarecrow. Dorothy hastily throws a pail of water that, striking the Witch (who is allergic to water) dissolves her. In the film you see a heap of clothes drop to the ground, and the Witch is gone.

Since the Wicked Witch has been slain, Dorothy and her friends return hopefully to the Wizard, only to learn that he's a fake—a circus performer who, wafted into Oz in his county-fair balloon, was mistaken for a magician. At this revelation, the Emerald People start to mob him; but with Dorothy and her comrades he hops into his balloon and is doing splendidly till a woodpecker takes a bite at it, whereupon down it comes beside the farmhouse in which Dorothy first landed among the cordial Munchkins.

So who should come along but Billie Burke—that is, Glinda, the Good Witch. She bundles Dorothy and her pals into the farmhouse and summons a kindly cyclone that blows them back to Kansas. . . . And it seems there has truly been a cyclone during which Dorothy was struck by debris, and the whole thing is a delirious dream inhabited by caricatures of people she knows in everyday life. See?



This winged monkey flew through the air with the greatest of difficulty at first, but before *The Wizard of Oz* was finished he was more than expert

■ Speaking of caricatures: when M-G-M began work on "Oz," a lot of folks said that such a fantasy could be shown adequately only by the animated cartoon method. To which Producer Mervyn LeRoy replied, "If Disney can reproduce humans with cartoons, we can reproduce cartoons with humans." Turning humans into cartoons, just the same, was a job that ran the makeup department ragged.

So far as the story goes, Dorothy—or Judy Garland—is the one human being in the cast. The rest are mythical creatures. After racking their brains to devise makeup for a Tin Woodman and a Scarecrow, the artists of paint and powder took a whack at the Munchkins. The studio collected 116 midgets for the Munchkins, every midget they could find, from the Singer troupe to one tiny individual who acted as chef in the Middle West, demonstrating sausage cooking in a cafe window. There was a midget famine everywhere but in Hollywood.

The Munchkins are bearded gnomes that hide behind cellophane hollyhocks tall as three-story buildings. A wondrous sight, those rich bright hollyhocks. A wondrous sight are the Munchkins, also; for somebody decided that no two should look alike and Jack Dawn, head of the makeup department, devised 116 separate faces for them. On the other hand, he had to make all the Winkies—the Bad Witch's six-foot guards with green countenances—look exactly alike; and with a collection of men who didn't look alike to begin with, this was no easy task.

Meanwhile, Adrian was furiously at work on costumes. Counting the quaint Munchkin habiliments in every imaginable shade, the verdant clothes of the Emerald People, the fur-mounted uniforms of the Winkies, the glittering robes of the Good Witch, the murky garments of the Wicked Witch, and changes for the choruses—he turned out 4,000 costumes for the more than 1,000 members of the cast. He likewise devised "skins" and eagle wings for the Flying Monkeys, and two skins with a zipper for Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion.

■ But the technicians and prop men were, if possible, even busier. It fell to their lot to produce magic by the carload. Some things that they expected to be difficult were easy, also vice versa. Unexpectedly, one of their hardest jobs was to make the cairn terrier, Toto, bark at the Winkies. They worked at it a whole day and finally had to hold another dog in the wings (and keep him from barking) before Toto responded.

This Toto belongs to an animal trainer who, hearing months ago that "Oz" was in prospect, taught the dog to do whatever the fictional Toto did, and brought him to the studio ready for work before

M-G-M had even begun to inquire where such a wonder-pooch might be found. Toto was perfect except that he had been *too* well taught not to bark on the sound stage! The raven, "Jim," which plays the part of the woodpecker, belongs to a cowboy who trained it as a pet, not expecting Jim to get into the movies; but a talent scout "discovered" it.

■ In addition to producing a dog-bark when needed, the prop and technical boys were required to build a rainbow generated by air refraction, and make it a solid bridge at the right instant. They invented a ball of light that turned into a Wizard, and some chemical spheres that turned to fire in the air, as well as hour glasses with red sand that turned to flame. They fixed things so the Wicked Witch could fly out of her castle window on a broomstick. They arranged real tricks of magic for the Wizard to perform.

What O. O. Ceccarini brought to the picture, though, was the darndest. He was commissioned to find out what kind of a noise you would hear in the very center of a cyclone.

Ceccarini, formerly of the University of Naples, also formerly with the General Electric laboratories, is said by Professor Albert Einstein to be one of the greatest mathematicians in America. A good thing he is, for this cyclone-noise stuff took him into the realm of pure mathematics. After a study of government weather charts and velocity and friction and dear knows what for weeks and weeks and weeks, Ceccarini found out exactly what kind of a noise the inside of a cyclone would have. Gleefully they prepared to rush this clamor into the sound track for the inside-the-cyclone scene.

"But of course," Ceccarini's report concluded, "nobody inside the cyclone could hear this noise because of the rush of air."

So what? So the "Oz" cyclone makes a swell noise, anyhow.

■ On top of all these unusual sight and sound effects, there are three scenes which, for imaginative quality, are hard to beat. One is the Poisoned Poppy field, with poor Judy trying to find her way around it. The huge red blooms, big as dishpans and taller than a man, are so balanced that they ripple and curl and writhe and follow one's movements; a sinister bunch of posies, thank you!

Another scene is an orchard where the trees pick their own apples and throw them at Judy. And the third is the scene where a "real" jitterbug bites the Cowardly Lion and in a forest of scintillating "jitter trees"—one of the largest sets in the picture. In it Judy, the Lion, the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow do the "jitterbug dance," with Judy singing the lively jitterbug song and the trees (human beings, no foolin') joining in the fun.

■ Of music there is plenty, for upon the screen *The Wizard of Oz* becomes a forthright musical comedy. None of the original score is in the picture, but they've kept the light-hearted spirit. The film musical score is by "Yip" Harburg and Harold Arlen, who, between composing songs for Broadway hits, also wrote "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?"

Catch on? *The Wizard of Oz* is a spectacle with modern music and modern patter, a child's fairy story with a touch of sophistication for Momma and Poppa. That's the avowed intention. M-G-M confidently asserts that the picture has everything, and by the time you've dodged ruby-eyed owls that swish through platinum trees, tramped miles over the sea-green thoroughfares of Emerald City, and shadow-boxed the octopus poppies that try to crawl around your neck, you begin to believe it has. *The Wizard of Oz* gone Hollywood! Boy, that's something!

Incidentally, the variety of thingumabobs in the production brought a number of new jobs to the fore. There were the jobs of seeing that the Flying Monkeys got where they were flying to, and that the Wicked Witch's broomstick didn't balk halfway out the window. But the funniest job was that of hoister-upper.

There were half a dozen hoister-uppers, each over six feet in height. Their duty was to lift the midgets from the floor to the overhead parallels among the hollyhocks!

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Deanna's Emergency Rations



In the kitchen of her gay little bungalow on the Universal lot, Deanna Durbin likes to whip out quick meals for callers when she is not too busy in *After School Days*

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Just about the time Deanna Durbin wanted to learn to bake a cake, that glorious voice of hers hustled her into stardom and hasn't given her a minute's rest since!

Singing lessons, school lessons, hours before the camera in the filming of five smash hits in two years, drama lessons—well, no wonder this lovely child hasn't had a chance to fuss around the kitchen.

But Deanna is a domestic young lady, and that's why Universal has given her a bright and glittering bungalow where she can rest, get ready for the cameras, study and entertain if she wishes. It has a complete small kitchen, and there Deanna is now snatching a few cooking lessons.

Of course, she's starting on quite simple dishes. And naturally, too, she is learning to cook what she likes best. And what do you suppose she tackled first?

"Mmmm—but I love hamburgers!" grinned Deanna. "But they must be specially cooked," she added quickly. "When Helen Parrish—she's my pal—and

I get hungry, we mix up hamburger Toastwiches like this. Here's my recipe:

TOASTWICHES

Toast 4 slices bread on 1 side. Spread untoasted side with butter and prepared mustard. Mix ½ lb. ground beef or hamburger with ½ cup milk. Season with minced onion, salt and pepper. Spread on bread on top of mustard. Dot with butter. Broil under direct heat . . . 5 minutes for rare, 7 minutes for well done Toastwiches. 4 servings. Serve with a slice of Bermuda onion on top.

"Of course, the onion depends—" Deanna said. "I don't think I'd have them, if I were doing a scene immediately after.

"And here's something else I give the kids when they come over."

MELTED CHEESE SANDWICH

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. mustard
- Dash of paprika
- 1 cup strong American cheese (cut up)

Melt butter in the top of a double boiler, blend in flour, stir in milk and seasonings. Cook directly over the heat for a few minutes, stirring until thick. Set over hot, but not boiling water. Add cheese and stir until melted. Keep hot until time to serve over 4 slices toasted buttered bread. Dust with paprika.

"Next comes a vegetable salad with French Dressing. Here's my list:"

TOSSED SALAD SERVED IN BOWL

- Crisp lettuce leaves
- ½ medium-sized cucumber (thinly sliced)
- 6 radishes (thinly sliced)
- 1 tbsp. chives (finely cut)
- 3 ripe tomatoes (cut in wedges)
- French Dressing

Prepare, chill and dry vegetables. Pluck apart crisp, cold, well dried leaves of lettuce. Place in salad bowl (previously rubbed with clove of garlic, if desired). Add crisp cucumber and radish slices and chives. Toss gently (with a fork and spoon) in a bowl, with just enough French Dressing to make the leaves of lettuce glisten and to impart an appetizing flavor. Add tomato wedges just before serving (to prevent juice from spreading).

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

- ¼ to ⅓ cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- *4 tbsp. mild vinegar (or 3 tbsp. mild vinegar and 1 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar)
- 1 cup olive oil or other vegetable salad oil
- 3 cloves of garlic

Mix dry ingredients together in a small mixing bowl. Add a small amount of the vinegar. Beat well with rotary beater. Add a small amount of oil. Beat well. Continue adding and beating in vinegar and oil alternately until both are used. When mixture is completely blended add cloves of garlic. Let stand 1 hour. Remove cloves of garlic, and serve. (Or keep in tightly covered jar in refrigerator . . . always beating well just before serving. *4 tbsp. lemon juice may be used in place of the vinegar, if desired. NOTE: For a thinner dressing, add the juice of one-half lemon at the last.

"If I can have a hamburger or a melted cheese sandwich, and a fresh vegetable salad, I'm perfectly happy," said Deanna. "I'll mix one tomorrow and we'll take some pictures—just to prove I'm really learning what to do in a kitchen. I think every girl should know how to prepare food, no matter how busy she is with other things. I'm collecting recipes and trying them out, and that way I'll learn how to cook, I think."

Here is Deanna's "Emergency Cake," so-called because it can be made so quickly and easily.

EMERGENCY CAKE

- 1¾ cups cake flour (or 1⅔ cups all-purpose flour)
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2½ tsp. baking powder
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ⅔ cup milk (not too cold)
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. flavoring

Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together. Measure softened shortening into cup and fill cup with milk. Add these with the unbeaten egg, to the flour mixture. Add flavoring, beat well for 2 to 3 minutes. Pour into well greased and floured 8-inch square cake pan. Bake 25 to 35 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

BROILED ICING

Mix together 3 tbsp. melted butter, 5 tbsp. brown sugar, 2 tbsp. cream or top milk, and ½ cup shredded coconut, and spread on cake while it is still warm. Place very low under the broiler with the heat turned low. Broil until it bubbles all over the surface and becomes brown but does not burn. AMOUNT: Topping for 8-inch square cake.

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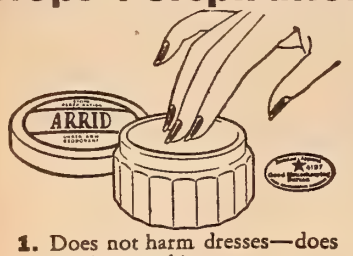


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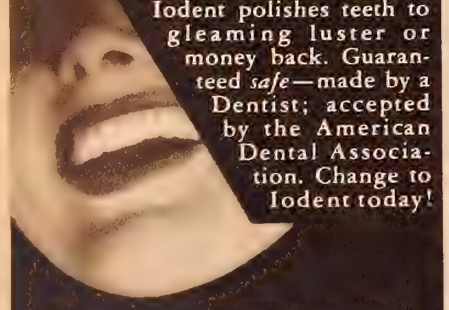
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Moving Day with the Powells

[*Continued from page 25*]

I would not have got that black eye, I'm convinced, if Joan and Dick hadn't tried to move intact in one day! I'll grant they don't have much time to throw away, what with Joan working her head off in Columbia's *Good Girls Go to Paris* and Dick with his weekly Lifebuoy Soap radio program, but still . . . It wasn't the work, you might say, it was the *confusion.*

Not that I did much back-breaking work, either. As I remember the day, I occupied myself chiefly with playing with Myrtle, finding Oscar, and experimenting with Emily-Lulu at the bar. The latter wasn't half as much fun as it might sound, for Emily-Lulu is a baffling sort of a contraption which probably was the original inspiration for the surrealist school of painting. As nearly as I can describe, it is a castiron coconut with a hole in the top into which a beak-nosed mouse, also castiron, is trying to chase its tail. Well, that's the way *I* saw it, and the bar wasn't open for business. Dick uses Emily-Lulu for a tobacco jar, I found out later. Myrtle is a pint-sized adding machine, and Oscar is an adjustable steel stretcher on which Dick's wool sox are dried.

■ Maybe I forgot to mention that everything around the place has a given name but don't ask me *why.* There's even a shaving mug labeled MOTHER. Things like that make for confusion, you must admit. They even reduced one of the professional movers to tears.

"Put Bessie on top of the oven," Joan directed him. "Horace belongs in the bathroom corner, dump Mrs. Fullerton down the back stairs, and throw The Unwanted Bride under Mr. Powell's bed."

For a moment the gent stared with that frozen kind of a look you get when someone bops you unexpectedly on the head. Then slowly he stroked his perspiring brow.

"Lady," he told her gently, "you don't want a mover, you want a doctor!"

As he explained to his boss later, how was he to know Bessie was a copper tea kettle, Horace was an electric hair dryer, Mrs. Fullerton was a straight-backed chair with a broken leg, and The Unwanted Bride a large colored photograph of Mrs. Powell in her wedding dress which never had been hung because it never matched any room?

■ Another of the workmen, an electrician this time, also had a bad moment or two with Joan.

Joan's back has a tendency to ache whenever she gets overtired, but she has found a few moments of the old knee-chest gives her quick relief. To achieve the knee-chest you get down on your knees on the floor, and place your chest as close as possible but also touching the floor. Anatomically the result is a bit startling, although a sculptor might make something of it.

Joan was tired and her back ached, so she sought some secluded spot in which to practice her gymnastics. There were, however, four telephone men, two furnace men, a plumber, a draperer, the cook, the butler, the maid, the secretary, the chauffeur and the electrician in the house at the moment, and one or more of them in every room. Finally Joan found a spot to herself—a dark cubby hole of a closet at the end of the hallway—and took her stance.

Suddenly the closet door was opened and there stood the electrician gazing down in unconcealed surprise, not untouched with alarm.

"How do you do?" Joan greeted him gravely. "Lovely weather we're having, isn't it?"

It seemed the friendly thing to say, she explained later.

■ Everyone was choosing up sides for an Easter egg hunt when I arrived at the house. I mean it! You see, last Easter Joan had colored some eggs for Normie and hidden them about the Bel Air home. Two never had been found. She knew because she remembered hiding an even dozen. She knew, too, that they *had* to be found because in the last-minute rush she had forgotten to cook them before coloring them, and you know what eggs will do, given sufficient time. She had hoped they would be revealed in the packing process but they hadn't turned up.

I got the south half of the living-room and a dour faced packer named Rudolph. Maybe it was my nose for news, but ten minutes later I found the missing egg, carefully tucked in two apertures at the top of an old-fashioned milk glass lamp. (There were 8 old-fashioned lamps in my half of the room, by the way, and 13 glass dogs in a what-not, 30 pieces of crystalware on a window shelf, 11 steins over the bar, 16 pieces of pewter, 4 dueling pistols, 2 cap guns, and 2 horn powder pouches.)

Rudolph confessed to having packed the lamp and when I chided him on not spotting the eggs he said hell lady, the lamp being what it is, I thought them eggs was part of it!

■ Lunch was a gala interlude with all eighteen of us sitting around on the living-room floor munching nutty hamburgers, which Dick brought in from a nearby hamburger stand, and drinking cokes out of paper cups. To add a homey touch, Joan put a silver candelabra in the middle of the floor and lighted its tall green tapers. Always mother's little hostess, that one! Unfortunately Dick had to make a hasty exit in the middle of the party; he choked on a piece of bun.

He and Joan were wearing slacks and sweat shirts which were pretty well dirtied up by that time, you see, so that when Dick invited a latecomer workman to draw up a chair and join us, there was little to distinguish the hosts from the guests. Grabbing himself a sandwich, the man sat down.

"Jeez, this is gonna be some dump," he said admiringly. "Who's gonna live here?"

"Joan Blondell and Dick Powell," Dick told him.

"Yeah? You mean *together?*" the man clucked in a shocked voice. "The murder them stars try to get away wit!"

■ I was minding my business as nice as you please when I got *my* shock. As I remember I had just finished unwrapping a vicious looking machete (Dick bought this particular Mexican knife at what he thought was a great bargain in Guatemala only to discover *Made in Chicago* stamped on its steel blade when he got home!) when the vision came dashing down the stars in answer to the urgent message that the insurance man was there and wanted to see him immediately on important business.

It was Dick in a pink organdy picture hat with a blue velvet crown and trailing blue streamers!

He and Joan had been unpacking a box of her hats, it seems, when they came across the little pink number which had been her wedding hat. While they wallowed in sentimental memories, Dick unthinkingly had donned the hat and forgotten all about it.

We had finished unpacking Ellen's baby shoes which had been cast in bronze; the lantern from the bar in the old Powell home in Berryville, Arkansas; a blue plush family album with no pictures in it (snoopy me, I looked!); a Tahitian spear rolled up in a home movie screen; Aunt Mamie's green and pink hooked rug; two rapiers; a walnut spinning wheel; a four-pronged hat-rack; a 10-piece "Lazy Susan" silver chafing dish set (Joan's anniversary present to Dick); a model of *Galatea,* his 68-foot yawl; a 1936 Arkansas automobile license plate No. 1; an issue of November 2, 1824, edition of the National Intelligencer of Washington with an account of General Lafayette's visit to America; a skooter with one wheel missing and a few other odds and ends like that, to say nothing of 5 trunks full of clothes and 10 rooms full of furniture.

Men, women, and children had been streaming through the house all day. If it wasn't the electrician driving us crazy with his "one, two, three, four, Harrison speaking, one, two, three, four, Harrison speaking," as he tested the house intercommunicating system, it was the furnace man trying to get the bathroom to heat up to 80 in a hurry. If it wasn't the plumber pounding on pipes upstairs, it was the carpenter saying the new kitchen shelves couldn't be built that way, and Dick proving they could. If it wasn't the woman next door complaining that the new tennis court awnings cut off the light from her garage (and incidentally her view of the private lives of two famous movie stars!), it was a 7-year-old youngster from the next block wanting an autograph.

The gas man had been there. So had a tree surgeon, the gardener, the bricklayer for the barbecue, the awning man, the insurance man, the telephone man, the drapery man, the rug man, the roof man, the floor man, and the laundryman. We were worn out with people and utilities.

The last of the men had been gone less than five minutes when the buzzer on the front gate sounded again.

"Jeepers creepers! There *can't* be anyone who hasn't been here today," Dick moaned. "We're just hearing things."

The buzzer sounded again. We were not hearing things.

"Who's there?" Dick roared into the dictaphone connected with the gate.

"Good afternoon," came the cheery answer. "It's the Fuller Brush Man!"

I didn't notice Dick had something in his hand. It felt like a cannonball but it turned out to be just one of Normie's sponge rubber toys. Anyway, I laughed. I forgot to duck.

And that's how I got a big black eye, a shiner terrific, a mouse that Joe Louis, himself, would be proud to hang on his next challenger.

Dick sent me two dozen red roses later to say he was sorry. But what I say is, the next time any one of my dear humorous friends asks me for "ringside seats," I'm going to really start moving furniture. Really!





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Binnie Wins a Battle

[*Continued from page* 23]

suffragettes gained victory by chaining themselves to the palings outside Parliament, Binnie chained to herself an ever increasing number of fans by one fine performance after another until she had reached the point where her wishes meant something at the box office.

And so, the other day, Hollywood capitulated to British Binnie Barnes, ran up a white flag of surrender to her seige, and agreed that henceforth she should have her full share of comedy roles. The "white flag" turned out to be a brand new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, a contract which elevates Binnie to stardom.

When Binnie first came to America she believed she was to continue the sort of clowning parts which had won her a film following in London. To be sure, the picture which has attracted Hollywood's attention to her was *The Private Life of Henry VIII,* in which she played a coy Catherine Howard to Charles Laughton's paunchy portrait of the much married monarch. But even in this role she introduced a dominant note of subtle humor.

And so it was with visions of tickling the risibilities of a new and larger audience that Binnie sailed for the glittering capital of the cinema world.

"I was quickly disillusioned," Binnie relates. "Maybe I was still seasick from the boat when the producers took their first squint at me. Because apparently they thought I had an evil eye.

"They made me a brassy menace in picture after picture. I was a nasty wench, a vixen, a hellcat. I kissed old duffers, patted them on their bald pates, and then rifled their pockets. I was a wicked siren who wooed hubbies away from their wifies, and came between sweet nothings and their boy friends. For four years I took noble men to the cleaners, and left fine women to weep over the damage I had done their households.

"I was a cross between a female Mephistopheles and a Lucretia Borgia. You might go so far as to say I was a sophisticated Dracula in skirts.

"Even my maid was ashamed of me!

"From the start of this sentence to hard-boiled labor, I began to plead for a parole to comedy. I started a chatty little campaign to put Binnie Barnes on the laugh list instead of the 'menace' memorandum pads of the studios.

"Whenever I bumped into a producer or director, I would buttonhole him and say: 'Look, ducky, I've got something screamingly funny to tell you.'

"Then I'd let him have a guaranteed-to-lay-you-in-the-aisle act. I told them all the jokes I'd ever heard, and went through every comic routine I'd used in England.

"I insisted that comedy was my forte but they just let me hold the forte!

"Finally I met Darryl Zanuck, the production boss of Twentieth Century-Fox, and went into my clowning act for him. He decided if I could make him laugh, I probably could promote a few chuckles from audiences as well. So he gave me my first real chance at comedy with that grand rowdy part in *Three Blind Mice,* and let me play the delightfully daffy amazon with a penchant for beer, wisecracks and muscular men."

But, for one of those strange reasons not even a garrulous yes-man could explain, that one dip into nonsense in *Three Blind Mice* was Binnie's only assignment to outright comedy. Back to the ranks of "other women" she went but with a new determination to win a promise of more light characterizations.

Then came her new contract, and the agreement that in the future Binnie can have her fling at being funny.

■ Binnie would have been content with just the promise of comedy assignments. The starring angle of the contract doesn't hold any great attraction.

"Stardom puts you on the spot," contends Binnie. "While you're dusting through a supporting role you can ad lib all you want to. You can make up bits of business and generally cavort. That may result in an occasional stolen scene, but if it's for the good of the picture, who cares?

"In supporting parts a girl does her best, and, if by some mischance something goes wrong with the picture, nobody blames her. Once she's a star, though, she can still do her best but if something goes wrong, it bounces right back on her."

The responsibilities of stardom, the pitfalls it introduces into a career, are not unduly worrying Binnie, however.

"If I were told tomorrow that I was through in pictures, I shouldn't fret too much about it. I think I could be a success selling real estate or running a dress shop. I've made a good thing out of one or two real estate deals since I came to California and in London I ran a dress shop for a while."

■ As a matter of fact, Binnie delved into quite a few fields before she attained the affluence of screen success.

When she was only 15 years old, she built up a milk route from a farm in Kent that helped support her mother and two sisters. Her father, a London policeman, died when Binnie was quite young and her four brothers were all killed in the war—at the Dardanelles where they had gone as members of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

A little later, Binnie had been an assistant in a draper's shop and then a nurse.

"One day I read about Florence Nightingale and immediately decided I had been born to nurse mankind's ills," Binnie recalls. "I sat on the steps of the Great Northern Hospital for several days until the head surgeon wearied of tipping his hat to me and enrolled me as a student nurse.

"Everything went smoothly until I reached that part of the course where I was to observe life in the raw from a seat in the surgery. I fainted during my first operation and keeled over regularly from then on. The hospital staff decided I just

didn't have the stuff it takes to be an angel of mercy.

"Blood still affects me that way. I drag in this side of my nature as further proof that I was never ordained to be the blood thirsty vampire I've had to enact for several years."

Binnie's next job was as a waitress in a little fish and chips shop next door to one of the dance halls in the West End. The hostesses of the terpsichorean emporium used to come in for supper after an afternoon of being walked on by cabmen and sailors. Binnie, ever one to lend a sympathetic ear to trouble, would slip an extra dish to whatever girls were low in funds.

Her friendship with these "shilling-a-dance" girls led to an offer of a trial as a hostess at the dance palace. It was the first step along a long and rough road to the stage with several stops in night clubs that were, as Binnie says, "just joints." Finally she managed to get a job in the Cosmos Club, a little less boisterous a *boité* than the others, and here she met Tex McLeod, one of that legion of imitators of Will Rogers. Tex spun a rope and cowboy yarns in the music halls.

McLeod created a routine for Binnie in his act. With him she toured Africa and Australia, singing and dancing and spinning a lariat with a grace that corralled the admiring attention of audiences from Johannesburg to Sydney.

"American showgirls were then the rage," recounts Binnie, "and so I was billed as 'Texas Binnie Barnes.' I acquired an outrageous Southern accent, a sombrero that sat heavily on my ears and boots that almost floored me. But I was on the stage and I loved it."

■ When she returned from the tour of Africa and Australia, Binnie signed as a dancer in an act headed by Ben Blue, and trouped the music hall circuit of England. One night in London she dropped in at the Kit Kat Club, one of the swankier night spots. Sophie Tucker was headlining there. She called on Binnie for a song.

"It was the first time I'd ever sung for a very discerning audience. I was pretty scared, but the song went over very well. I was called on for several encores. After I went back to my table, Sophie brought over Andre Charlot, who was sort of the Ziegfeld of London. He said he had liked my number and offered me a spot in his next revue.

"I had only one song number, but it brought me to the attention of Charles Cochran, who was about to produce one of Sean O'Casey's players, *Silver Tassie,* featuring Charles Laughton. I was signed for a dramatic part in the piece."

With a stage career opening out to her, Binnie felt the need of more education and enrolled in a dramatic school for a year.

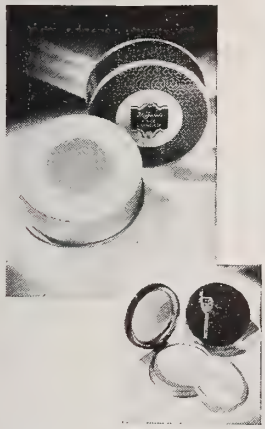
Then came the opportunity that started her on the path to Hollywood. Noel Coward, casting the original Drury Lane production of *Cavalcade,* remembered Binnie's appealingly husky voice in *Charlot's Revue,* and signed her for the role that was to lift her into the ranks of London's best known stage actresses.

It was during the year's run of *Cavalcade* that Binnie met and married Samuel Joseph, a dealer in rare books in London. The romance was ardent enough that when Binnie was signed by Fox to come to Hollywood to play her original role in the screen version of *Cavalcade,* she got only as far as New York before she turned around and sailed back to London and a husband she could not leave long enough to make a picture.

That was in 1932 and for the next two years Binnie alternated between musicals on the London stage and films in the British studios. In 1934, with the success of *The Private Life of Henry VIII* behind her, Binnie finally succumbed to the lure of Hollywood and left her Samuel. They were divorced in 1936.

The years that followed were crowded with picture assignments and Binnie's persistent campaign for recognition as a comedienne. Best remembered of her roles were those of *Diamond Jim, The Adventures of Marco Polo* and, more recently, *Wife, Husband and Friend.* It was in *Three Blind Mice,* however, that Binnie Barnes really carved a niche for herself in Hollywood, a niche that now she has attained stardom, she intends to keep crammed with comedy.

"Give me freedom to be a clown and deuce take the glamour," is the slogan that Binnie Barnes has adopted for her march into the future.



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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
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It's No Joke To Be Tarzan

[*Continued from page* 22]

everybody is always astonished when Johnny doesn't play up by eating the meat raw.

"Oh, I go for a tartar sandwich now and then at the Brown Derby," Johnny acknowledged, "as lots of other people do; it's made partly of raw hamburger. But to chew a hunk of raw beef—no, thanks." He added: "And I never swallowed a live goldfish, either."

It isn't any slam at Johnny to say that, though he was eating a delicate little salad, he looked as though he could have swallowed a sixty-pound tuna if he liked. We insist, this is a compliment. What we mean, he looked big.

From some place where they'd been taking "still" photos of him, he had hurried to the lunchroom in a great beige dressing gown of rough terrycloth which, concealing a definitely scanty costume underneath, made his wide shoulders as broad as one of those barn doors in his native rural Pennsylvania. He sat sidewise in the chair in order to have room for his long legs. His chest, with the terrycloth modestly folded across it, was like the flank of a battleship. Yet that huge frame was graceful, quick in motion, and there was no apeman clutch to the hands that moved the table silver deftly.

"That's another thing," he said defensively, "they expect me to eat with my fingers and a home-made dagger." He laughed. In spite of his protests, he takes a boyish delight in being, off the screen, the opposite of what they expect Tarzan to be.

"But of course," he admitted, "the hair is kind of a drawback . . ."

He flung that hair out of his twinkling brown eyes as he spoke. And he speaks, by the way, in a quiet voice that often has a note of amusement in it. They made him wear his hair long for the picture, and then they wanted him to keep it long for his appearances at the World's Fair in New York.

"I sneak by a pair of shears whenever I see 'em," he said, "it's all I can do not to reach out and grab them for a good haircut."

But that isn't the worst of it.

"When I'm driving down the Boulevard, people see this long hair and they whistle at me," he complained with a humorous shrug, "they call out: 'Oh, you!' " His grin deepened. "I never let them get away with it if I can help it, anyhow not when I'm on foot. I walk over to them"—he made his voice very deep and cold, he drew himself up and put his shoulders back and altogether looked thoroughly menacing—"and I ask: 'What did you say?' " He grinned happily, pleased with his little joke. You could imagine the luckless japester who, having glimpsed the long brown hair, hadn't noticed the height and powerful frame of the owner.

The reply to his question is, invariably, the same. "Who, me? I didn't say anything."

"And another thing," Tarzan resumed, "I don't—in daily life—go round wrestling grizzlies or walloping rhinoceroses or tickling lions under the chin. Animals are fine. I like them. Sure. But there are limits . . ."

There's a ranch in San Fernando Valley whither Tarzan was invited to a stately dinner. But before dinner began, his hostess took him out into the dark patio toward a bulky enclosure dimly seen in the lights from the drawing-room. She unfastened a gate, and drew back for Weissmuller to precede her. At that moment came an appalling screech almost under Tarzan's feet. At his involuntary start, the gate closed again in his face and two furious, furry bodies hurled themselves against it at the level of his throat. "What the heck—" Tarzan inquired.

They w e r e, the hostess explained brightly, two pumas from South America. Very bad tempered. But, knowing his love for animals, she thought perhaps he'd like to go into the cage . . . Wait, she would open the gate again . . . "Never mind," said Tarzan firmly, "I can see them from here. They're—beautiful. No, I don't especially want to pet them. No, I don't care for a scrimmage before dinner . . . "

The hostess pouted. "When I mix socially with pumas and such," Weissmuller argued, "I want to know who's directing the varmints!"

On another occasion, the host took Tarzan to a fence and pointed out a prize bull. An ape-man, he opined, was much like a matador, eh? If Tarzan wished, he had the host's permission to enter the field, seize the bull by the horns and throw it—if he could. Fine sport, eh? Tarzan declined; said he didn't want to throw the bull.

At still another party, Tarzan was surprised to see a large gopher snake curled on the rug. Apparently they thought Tarzan's friendship for jungle folk extended to serpents. Weissmuller was even more surprised when they carried the pet gopher snake into the dining room and hung it on the back of the chair which Weissmuller was to occupy.

Now, Weissmuller admires snakes to a certain degree, and everybody knows that gopher snakes are harmless; but even a pet gopher snake, twisted round your chair-back and peering over your shoulder to sniff at the entree—it's a-plenty, if not too much.

As a matter of fact, Weissmuller gets sufficient animal life in the course of the day's work. It isn't long since he was in Florida for some of the new Tarzan film sequences; and in the district where he happened to be, animal life absolutely abounded.

"Part of the time there was a series of swimming scenes—under water, mostly. Not right in the lake where I swam, but along the edges of the water running out from it, were alligators and water moccasins. They don't bother anyone, I guess, unless you go after them—which we didn't."

By "we," he meant himself and "Tarzan,

Jr."; young Johnny Sheffield of the New York stage who plays in this film the son of Tarzan. Little Johnny is considered a remarkable child athlete.

And even little Johnny took a whack at Tarzan. Even he couldn't resist the mesmerism of that name; the illusion that Tarzan, the movie character, and Weissmuller, the man, are one and the same.

"In jumping from the back of an elephant," said Weissmuller, as casually as though this were an everyday occurrence, "during one of the jungle scenes, I somehow turned a toenail on the elephant's tough hide and tore the nail off. It kept me in bed a couple of days, because the doctor didn't want me to use my foot any more than necessary. And when I came back to the set, my toe was still rather sore.

"That kid—that Johnny Sheffield—was supposed to hang on to my foot while I swung from tree limb to tree limb. He hung on all right; but to the sore toe! Yes, sir, he did it on purpose. And when I yelled, 'Ouch!' he laughed like crazy. 'Hi, that hurts,' I told him, 'hang on to the other foot.' He laughed all the more. 'Tarzan can't get hurt,' he said, kidding me.

"So I took a handful of little Johnny Sheffield's hair and gave it just a small yank," Weissmuller chuckled; "'Okay, kid,' I said, 'if Tarzan can't be hurt, neither can Tarzan, Jr.' The kid laughed some more, but the next time we swung from a tree branch, he held on to the other foot.

"Down in Florida, little Johnny Sheffield loved the swimming scenes," Tarzan continued, "especially the ones where I swam with him on my back while I captured a big turtle. That turtle was a strong-minded one, all right. Johnny Sheffield would grab me, and I'd grab the turtle—all under water—and the turtle would head for the bottom. I'd have to climb up the turtle's shell and catch him by the nose, so to speak, and head him up toward the surface again. We had lots of trouble, and lots of fun, with that turtle. It wasn't camera conscious, at all."

■ Sometimes, he said, he believed Johnny Sheffield still thought Weissmuller was actually Tarzan, and that the stories were written around Weissmuller, not that Weissmuller played Tarzan in the stories.

"That's the beauty of a character like Tarzan," he explained, "and that's the difficulty with it, too. You can't help feeling a lot of responsibility toward the kids who look on you as the original hero.

"They like Tarzan, but they are a tiny bit scared, too. Sometimes, just for fun, when a youngster shakes hands with me I don't release his hand right away; I can see that he thinks I'm a strange wild creature, so I play up, for him and his pals.

"'Hey, let go!' he says after a second—not that I'm squeezing his hand, I'm just holding it. He's half frightened, and thrilled, and he isn't sure whether he's being kidded or not. The youngsters like to kid me, and I like to kid back. But, as I said, it's a responsibility.

"For example, I've lately moved into a new place. I hadn't been there a week when the boy two doors down the street built himself a tree house. He wanted me to teach him how to swing into and out of it.

"And I get letters from strangers, 'Junior broke his arm, trying to do some of your Tarzan stuff. I'll sue you . . .'

"But when I go down to the beach, things get *really* busy. Because of the long hair, I'm practically always recognized. Youngsters come from far and near. They want to show me how well they can swim. They want to swim out as far as I do. It isn't that they care about *me*," Weissmuller made clear with becoming diffidence, "it's Tarzan."

■ There are times when the youngsters grow too ambitious in their attempts to emulate their hero. One of those times came some months ago. Two boys swam quite a distance out, to prove to Tarzan how well they could do it, and found to their terror that they were caught in a vicious rip tide. They couldn't get back. Notwithstanding their desperate efforts, they were being carried out to sea.

Weissmuller saw their danger. In an instant, if they'd been cool-headed enough to do any thinking whatsoever, they'd have realized that the fastest and strongest swimmer in the world was en route to their rescue. Saved by Tarzan! The boys, however, were too near drowning to appreciate the distinction about to be conferred upon them.

Tarzan got one boy, brought him back, and, as he says—"tied him to the pier" while he went after the other. "Tied" means that he looped the boy's arms between a couple of cross-pieces and bade the limp youngster hold on. When Tarzan returned with the other fellow, he couldn't make the first one let go. The boy had recovered enough to understand that while he held on he was safe; it took all of Tarzan's powers of argument to get him unfastened from the dock and back on shore.

"Some of them, after a fright like that, never go into the water again," Weissmuller added with a worried frown. To a swimmer, no inhibition could be worse.

Then there was the boy who held his breath. Tarzan told him not to do it, but he did. Weissmuller can hold his breath under water for three minutes—a terrific length of time—but he does it only perhaps twice a year, because it is such a strain on the heart. Well, this youngster was swimming under water, and he held his breath till he went unconscious, and Tarzan had to dive in and get him. That's the kind of thing which makes Tarzan worry.

Just the same, to be perfectly frank, doesn't he ever climb a tree outside the studio lot or perform any of those feats of strength and daring (for the sheer fun of it, you know) outside of working hours?

"Listen," said Tarzan, "when the day's work is over and I've dangled from the last vine, and leaped on the last tree branch, I buy the evening papers and a pint of ice cream, and go home and go to bed. And read the papers, and eat the ice cream. Yes, a whole pint—vanilla and chocolate. And no amount of ribbing is going to make me stop it, either!"



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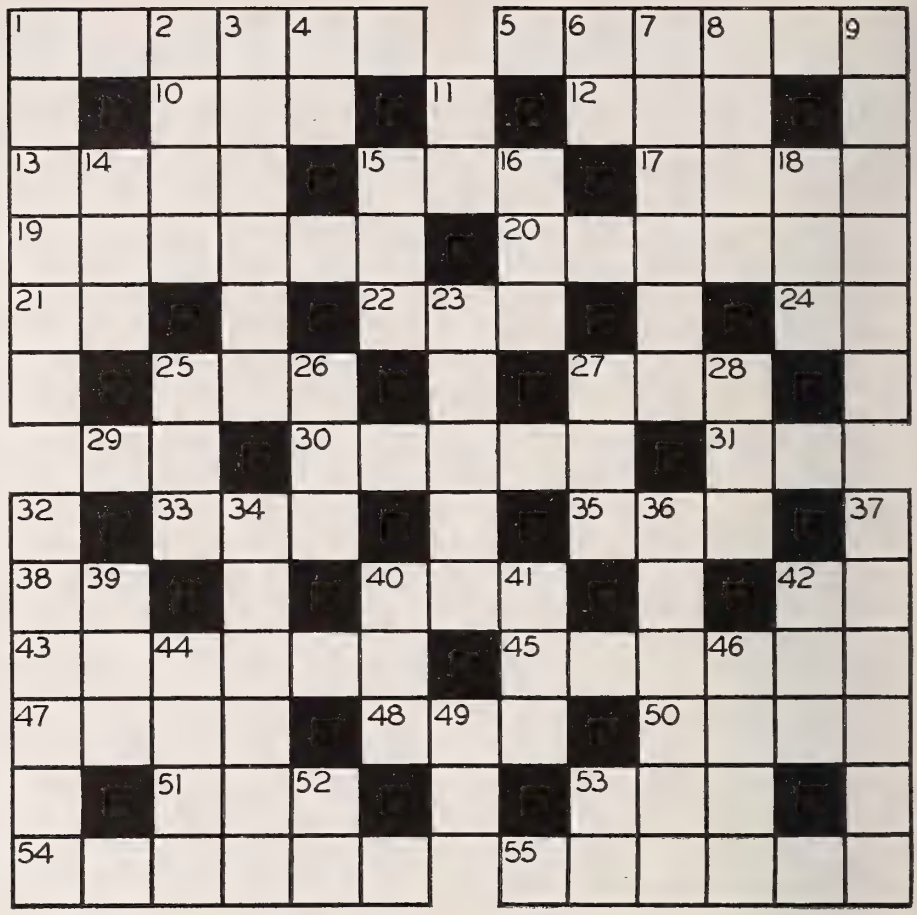
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Muni-Davis film.
5. Jack Scott in *Forged Passport.*
10. *I am* ——— *Afraid.*
12. He had title role in *Fixer Dugan.*
13. Aherne's girl friend in *Captain Fury.*
15. The German hairdresser in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*
17. *Silver on the* ———.
19. What Billy Gilbert is apt to do for a laugh.
20. Popular name for a sound film.
21. ——— *Trial.*
22. *The Girl* ——— *Young.*
24. Mr. Nolan's initials.
25. She sings in *Hotel Imperial.*
27. *They Made* ——— *a Spy.*
29. Miriam Hopkins was born in this state (abbr.).
30. Stephanie in *Midnight.*
31. *Stand* ——— *and Fight.*
33. Joan Craig in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.*
35. Date in April on which Tim McCoy celebrates birth.
38. ——— *I Were King.*
40. *Wife, Husband* ——— *Friend.*
42. Paul Cavanaugh's initials.
43. First name of Miss Evans, but not Madge.
45. Feminine lead in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
47. *The Man in the* ——— *Mask.*
48. The girl in *Lucky Night.*
50. He is teamed with Shirley Ross in *Some Like It Hot.*
51. Something used when stars autograph anything.
53. *Streets of* ——— *York.*
54. Blues singer of radio and films.
55. "Smooth" Adair in *The Headleys at Home.*

DOWN

1. Mammy singer in *Rose of Washington Square.*
2. Heroine of *Sorority House.*
3. She recently portrayed Irene Castle.
4. "And" in French films.
6. First name of 1 Down.
7. A star of *Pygmalion.*
8. Donald Duck's bill.
9. She was Lorry May in *Strange Faces* (poss.).
11. ——— *Wife's Relatives.*
14. Polly Benedict in *The Hardys Ride High.*
15. He had title role in *Calling Dr. Kildare.*
16. *Code of the* ——— (abbr.).
18. Short for first name of Mr. Roland.
23. Kit Campbell in *Women in the Wind.*
25. Larry Bryant in *Broadway Serenade.*
26. Robert "Bob" Li in *King of Chinatown.*
27. Annabella seldom wears one.
28. *Torchy* ——— *s for Mayor.*
32. Late Jiggs was one.
34. Miss Williams in *Back Door to Heaven* (poss.).
36. Ma Daley in *Big Town Czar.*
37. Stars of this puzzle appear on this.
39. Coat of Mickey Mouse.
40. *Winner Take* ———.
41. Mary Lamont in *Calling Dr. Kildare.*
42. Asta was once one.
44. What cowboys twirl so skilfully.
46. What canine actors do to register grief.
49. *East Side* ——— *Heaven.*
52. Initials of star of *Let Freedom Ring.*
53. Nils Asther's initials.

(Solution on page 62)

How To Be a Glamour Boy

[*Continued from page* 31]

or at least the town's magnate's wife's niece by her first (and unfortunate; we never speak of it!) marriage to the lumber king of the northwest, the one who shot himself.

It's an advantage if G. B. (Bogey always refers to Glamour Boy as G. B.; it has such a masculine ring to it, you know) is tall, say six foot two-ish, with football shoulders and dancers' hips. But height and breadth really isn't *essential* to glamours, Bogey concedes. What *is* important is to have one stubborn, damp little curl that just *will* fall down on your forehead, no matter how many times a day you brush it away. It's important, too, to have a tiny crescent cicatrix (scar, to you) just at the hairline, and a darned good story on tap to explain how you got it. You can see it wouldn't do much for your glamour to have to admit a kid beaned you with a peashooter when you were in the sixth grade.

Your whole attitude and personality should suggest that under your tenderness toward womankind you are a seething volcano of fire, kept in check only by exercise of great will power. There should be a wistful, faraway look in your eyes which hints you are brooding on some secret sorrow that still pains your heart. It's a good idea to have a romantic explanation for this mystery too, in case you get called on it by some woman who prefers to know the facts of life. (You might as well face it, there *are* some like that.)

"I definitely recommend a tweedy, woodsy perfume to express the inner man of the Glamour Boy who is really serious about it," Bogey said. "*Russian Leather*, I should think, would be an advisable toilet water and naturally used with *finesse*. Just the merest dab on the breast pocket handkerchief for every day use. For drastic occasions, a well-bred Glamour Boy may go so far as a suggestion of a whiff at the temples and on the back of the hand."

It is well for a Glamour Boy to cultivate a slight foreign accent which is difficult to place. It may be pure Oxford with a touch of Rue de la Paix, or Castillian with a faint twinge of the Scottish Highlands. "A clippy sort of thing, softened with a musical slur," Bogey poetically describes it. It also will be found worth while casually to sprinkle a few words like "chit" (bill), "pukkah" (fine fellow), "diggins" (apartment), "cricket" (fair) and "nitchevo" (nothing matters) through conversation. Naturally you will be able to say "I love you" in every language for variation.

■ A ranking Glamour Boy drinks nothing but whisky and soda and of course, never desecrated with common ice! Remember that. You also will be extremely careful of getting "tiddly" (otherwise known as tight, blotto, stinko, ossified or just plain drunk) in public but an occasional private session with Smythe is permissable. Smythe is your English manservant (Joe Smith to the gang in Flatbush) who has been in your family for years and years and years. You also tell very droll stories at small dinner parties about Smythe and his devotion to you. Your naughty stories must be able to pass the drawing room test of shocking in a comfortable sort of a way.

■ It is definitely *de rigeur* to smoke a pipe, preferably a sturdy short-stemmed one and frequently when you have that wistful, faraway look in your eyes, you tap your front teeth slowly with the tip of the stem. You drive a low-slung, open-top roadster in a conservative gray or cream, beautifully upholstered in matching leather. It is a right hand drive, carries unintelligible foreign license plates and identifications, and boasts every known gadget in good taste.

You like all dogs but your own is a big tawny brute which, like your horse, can be handled only by you and is fanatical in his subservience to your wishes and whims. You call him Rodin because of the beautiful flow of his muscles, never anything so banal as Duke, Major, Prince or Colonel. If you don't care for Rodin, a good second choice might be Richelieu because of his secret power.

■ "As a Glamour Boy in good standing, you must forever forsake the slow soak in the hot tub," Bogey advises. "You are the living exponent of the virtues of the needle spray shower, icy cold, followed by a rub-down with a turkish towel rough enough to take a slice of skin now and then. You belong to the best clubs and 'work out' with 'a fellow' every morning. In fact, a 'fellow' takes care of all the annoying *triviata* of life for you, leaving you completely free to devote yourself to the serious pursuit of glamour."

(You don't pay "the fellow," by the way. He's really a pal in disguise who enjoys doing things for you for the sheer joy of being in your presence now and then. Once in awhile you remember him with something personal like a first edition of Shelley, or a pair of monogrammed silk shorts tailored by the same artist who makes your own.)

When you must travel, you avoid anything so hum-drum as a train. It's a plane or nothing with you. You make a great show of traveling with scarcely any luggage, being very sure, of course, that trunks of necessary habiliment await you at your destination.

"One thing more," to quote Bogey, "under no circumstances reveal anything definite about your past. With a few conscientious practice swings at innuendo, you easily can create a fascinating aura of the soldier of fortune, the ex-attache of a foreign embassy, and the *prima causa* of a continental love scandal. If, by any chance, someone happens to mention they remember when you sold shoes in the Omaha Farm and Home Emporium, you give them an archly amused glance,

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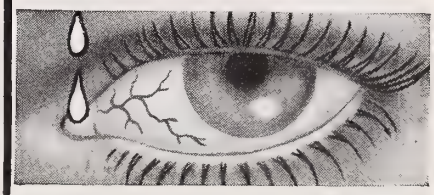
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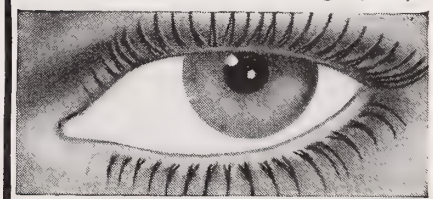
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quickly change the subject to the latest war news, giving the impression that it is *your* tact that is covering up a sulky slip."

■ So much for generalities. Getting down to cases, here's what you must wear and do if you want to be a real Glamour Boy.

Your wardrobe is extensive and casually correct, except for formal wear when it is studiously correct. It runs to open throat shirts, slacks, sweaters, sandals, handwoven Scotch socks, English shoes (also custom made at $35 a pair), and fine linens. Everything is monogrammed in tall slanting letters in matching thread. Naturally you dress for dinner every night and your shirt stud is one perfect black pearl. While that last item may seem prohibitive, it will have been given you if you have done your work well. As for a boutonniere, you wear nothing but a tight cluster of blue cornflowers or bachelor buttons as they commonly are known, both for daytime and dress wear. It is a valuable and distinctive touch and sets you apart immediately from the *pseudo* glamour boys who cling slavishly to the conventional white carnation.

If the topography permits, you will live in a big rambly house on the top of a mountain where you can breath the clean sweet air, run around nude in the interests of pore breathing and sun tan, and dig in the clean, sweet earth. If you must live a strictly urban life, then a penthouse is the answer. In either case you must provide yourself with certain essentials.

■ Etchings, of course, are *passe*. Therefore get one of those radio-phonographs which change records by themselves and stock your musical library with equal parts of opera, symphony, sentimental ballads and Dwight Fiske to prove the catholicity of your taste. The library must be pine-panelled and have three or four good English sporting prints on the wall. The hearth always is laid, summer or winter.

It is quite correct to leave your polo mallet, fishing tackle, tennis and badminton racquets in plain sight while a model of your 65-foot ketch, *Dolphin* is on the mantel and current copies of *The Sportsman, Fortune, Illustration* and a good yachting magazine are tossed idly on the smoking stand next your chair.

In the drawing room you will have your collection of carved jade and silver framed pictures, 11x14, of two famous movie actresses, a French countess, a Polish peasant girl (of whom you never speak) and your rather plain younger sister who, you say casually, is now at Bryn Mawr. Or at M. I. T. studying, of all things, electrical engineering. All the photographs are autographed with provocative implications except the sister's, which says simply, "Love from The Pest" in scrawly handwriting.

"The place of course reeks of masculinity," Bogey says. "A good tobacco-pipey fragrance now can be bought at most good stores for a nominal price with a choice of English, Turkish or Virginian scents. Used with discretion they give comph to a room. The powder and dressing room for the ladies, however, is virginal in its simplicity and is well supplied with fine cosmetics for every type of woman."

As for your activities as a Glamour Boy, you will keep check on the New York Curb and New York Exchange closing prices, indicating that you dabble in stocks and bonds. You also will dabble in debs at teatime and escort famous glamour girls to first nights, always making sure of two on the aisle. Otherwise it's no one's business whom you take where. You will make it a point to cultivate older women so that they are flattered by your gallantry and call you "Naughty Boy." You associate a great deal with men, but never with men whose glamour equals or exceeds your own. It doesn't matter how competent you are in various sports, providing you talk glibly about them, but it helps to indicate you are a great enthusiast of golf, polo, tennis and yachting.

■ "You dabble in composing gay little love songs, quite proper all of them, and sing them after considerable polite urging, playing your own accompaniment rather carelessly," Bogey recommends. "You have distinctive pet names for all your women friends, like *Dark Night* or *Kitten* or *Blithe*, creating each name to suit the personality of its wearer. You know women's clothes and can spot a Lanvin from a Schiaparelli or an Agnes from a Dache and are subtle in your praise of how well it becomes milady. You also blend your own liqueur from a secret recipe you got in Indo-China when you were with the diplomatic service on a special mission. You make a show of judging exactly how much of this potent potion it is 'safe' for your guest to imbibe."

■ Once you have mastered the above simple directions you are now a Glamour Boy and ready for Conquest.

The first important step in winning a maid's heart and hand (Bogey, naturally, is keeping this strictly on the pure side) is to decide into what classification the wooed one falls. It would be a *faux pas* of the first water, for instance, to use the Outdoors Girl technique on the Sophisticate, to say nothing of a ridiculous waste of time.

Basically there are four types of girls with whom you, the Glamour Boy, are concerned, namely The Outdoors Girl, The Sweet Shy Thing, The Little Home Woman, and The Sophisticated Darling. There is, of course, The Heavy Intellectual, but she and Glamour Boy never have anything in common, Bogey says, so why bother about details?

You are up with the sun with The Outdoors Girl, standing under her window shouting: "Get up! Get up, you Sleepyhead, God's in His heaven, all's well with the world, and it's a beautiful day!". Then you wear yourselves to a frazzled exhaustion putting your horses over hedges, swimming miles against the tide, climbing the highest peak (with only a bar of chocolate in your pocket for sus-

tenance), and whizzing through six fast sets of tennis.

In *any* competitive sport you *never* are beaten, but you may permit yourself to be given a good run for your money. This is extremely important.

For a gift you give The Outdoors Girl a high-spirited English jumper or the latest type reel for landing a 1,000-pound tuna. Your caress must be the muscled type, for remember she's nothing but a band of steel, too.

The approach itself is the brotherly attitude, direct and loaded with sincerity. You take your troubles to her and depend upon her great fairness. "You know me for what I am" is a good line. "Thank God for a washed face and clean soul" isn't bad either. It definitely is bad form to sit down while proposing to her.

■ You make good friends with the parents of The Sweet Shy Thing, going so far as to become quite pally with her pa. You take her to luncheon in conservatively correct places, ordering her meal for her with firm command. You never take her to anything but a nice play, something like *The Great Waltz* perhaps, and afterwards a decorous dance or two. You take her home early, which allows a little time for some fun later with The Sophisticate. Once in a while you take her to watch you play polo. It makes no difference if you make a fool of yourself on the field; she still will think you are wonderful.

You give this girl a chaste piece of jewelry which could not possibly excite her nor offend her parents. The approach is the tender, protective one. "I am not worthy of you" is a good start. So is "You are the finest thing in my life."

■ You woo The Little Home Woman in her home, naturally. You arrive with $15 worth of theatre tickets in your pocket and make a fine show of tearing them up because just sitting and talking to her is eminently more satisfying. You let her putter around your apartment, making minor suggestions and changes, but you always bring her mother along for propriety. (And change the furniture back after she has gone). To show your devotion you give her a two-year subscription to something like *House and Garden,* or bring her a cuddly little puppy in your coat pocket. You discuss insect and pest control with her and let her make your Japanese gardener quit.

The approach is the Frank and Fair About Everything technique. You tell her everything about yourself except the Polish interlude, and go so far as promise to go back to work at something worthwhile in the interests of humanity. A good line is "I'm laying my cards on the table, dear one," or "It's asking a lot, I know, but could you put up with me?" She will, never fear; there's nothing a woman enjoys so much as making over a man like you.

■ The Sophisticated Darling will give you the toughest battle for you are meeting on common ground and she already knows and practices all your

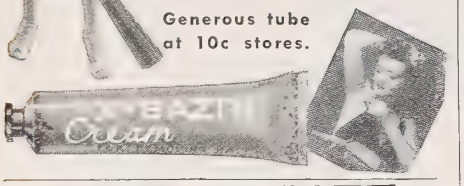


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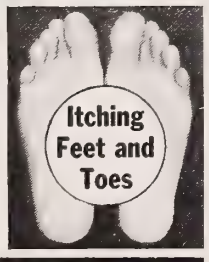
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Careless is the watchword for the approach here. You ask nothing and you promise nothing, usually about 4 a. m. when her resistance is below par. Toss off a casual "Let's do Europe, shall we?" and follow it with "With a Ring and Book and all that, you know" and she may be yours. It must be careless, half as if you were kidding, so you are not left at the post if she laughs you down. A Glamour Boy can stand anything but ridicule. He also never loses A Battle.

"On that properly firm note, I close my course in How To Be a Glamour Boy," Bogey concludes. "Every item has been kitchen tested and bears the seal of approval. Since I shall not be demonstrating the result of these exhaustive researches on the screen, I gladly give my knowledge to the public with heartiest wishes for Good Luck . . . they'll need it!"

Famous First Meetings

[*Continued from page 29*]

her companion, "he's not crazy. He's shooting at something in the road."

They drove slowly ahead—and saw a seven-foot rattlesnake pierced by three bullets! "Oh!" gasped Kay as the young man with the gun approached the car. "I know you! You're Raymond Milland and you live right near me!"

"Correct!" smiled Milland, "And I know you, too. You're Kay Francis and you live right near me!" Sure enough, Kay and Ray had been close neighbors for months but that was their first meeting, face to face, and who can say that it could have been more dramatic?

■ Paul Muni and Greta Garbo lived years in Hollywood and never met. They probably would be unacquainted yet, but for one thing. They both took European vacations last year, and both happened to be in Stockholm, Sweden, at the same time. One night at the opera, Paul and Mrs. Muni came face to face with Garbo and her brother. The two celebrated stars naturally recognized each other immediately, but Muni hesitated about showing any sign of recognition because of Garbo's reputed aloofness. But imagine his surprise when she came over to them and introduced herself and her brother.

"I hope you won't think I'm forward, Mr. Muni," she laughed nervously. "But the fact is, I've long been wanting to meet you and tell you how I marveled over your fine performance in *The Life of Zola*. Henceforth," she smiled, "I am an ardent Muni fan!"

"And I," gallantly spoke up Paul, "always have been an ardent Garbo fan, am now, always will be!"

Speaking of Garbo, reminds us of Freddie Bartholomew's first meeting with her. As a director introduced them, Garbo thrust out her hand and warmly pressed Freddie's. Then, suddenly, she bent her head and implanted a kiss upon his cheek. Freddie blushed like a house afire, but he went right home that night and wrote all about it in his diary.

"I hope," concluded Freddie's flowing pen, "that people don't write any more bad notices or think anything bad about Miss Garbo or do anything, because she is very sweet—as sweet as a bunch of newly plucked violets! And she seems so friendly to those she likes."

■ A certain lovely day was a very big day in Shirley Temple's meteoric life. For, in a single "take," lasting five minutes, she accomplished the most difficult and elaborate song-and-dance routine of her career, with one of her chief screen idols, Joan Crawford, as a spectator to it all. While Joan watched breathlessly, Shirley executed the complicated taps and music of the picture's grand finale.

It was Joan's first meeting with the Number One Star of the world, and she brought Shirley a five-pound box of candy, surmounted by a beautiful china doll.

Afterwards, Joan explained: "It was an eventful moment of my life—meeting Shirley. For days I pondered over what I should wear, and when I finally made up my mind there came more worriment —I worried over what I should say to my favorite screen star! I decided on a pretty little speech but when I actually met Shirley—well, that nice little speech completely left me. I couldn't, to save my life, remember a word of it! All I could do was grab Shirley and hug her—and whisper in one ear, 'O, you darling little monkey! I just love you!' "

■ Ann Sothern cleverly engineered a meeting with one of her favorite stars, Joan Bennett, and it took place way up in the clouds, in an airplane! For years, Ann had wanted to meet Joan. But Joan never seemed to be where Ann was at the right moment. She began to get discouraged.

One day, quite by accident, Ann overheard a fellow player telling someone that Joan Bennett was leaving by airplane the next day for the East. Ann was elated. She quickly verified the statement and found out just when Joan was leaving the Burbank airport. She booked reservations on the same plane. Once in the close confines of the transcontinental airplane, Ann took a seat beside Joan and casually introduced herself. The two girls found they had many friends and many things in common. Their friendship grew by leaps and bounds and today they are friends.

One celebrity is the same as another

to small Virginia Weidler. When John Barrymore made a special trip to her studio set, and asked her if she remembered him, her answer was "Not exactly. You see, I meet so many people!" John turned red, then suddenly laughed. "Well, Virginia," he mused, "we both played in the same picture when you were three. I remember you wouldn't remove your little white dress and your mother scolded you until you commenced to cry!"

"I must have been silly in those days," giggled Virginia. "Or else I liked that dress terribly well!"

"No, it wasn't that," grinned Barrymore, "if I remember correctly, you said something about not wanting to show your little lace panties!"

It was Virginia's turn to blush—and she did!

■ Talking of Barrymore brings to mind his first meeting with Garbo. It happened on the set of *Grand Hotel*. A director introduced them and Garbo smiled, "It seems to me I've heard your name somewhere before, Mr. Barrymore!" Not a bit abashed, John came back with: "Strangely enough, Miss Garbo, your face seems hauntingly familiar to me, somehow!" The lights and cameras were ready for their first scene. They had taken their places, when Garbo suddenly called a halt and asked to have the positions changed. The director wanted to know why.

"Because," laughed Greta, "Mr. Barrymore's profile is not to the camera! Why have such a famous profile handy and not use it?"

To this day, John doesn't know whether he was being kidded or not!

Barrymore also once met the great George Bernard Shaw—and thereby hangs another tale. Upon meeting the famous author, John politely asked him to sign the autograph book of his baby daughter. Shaw refused! "Can't do it," he said. "Now, if it were for your dying, 90-year-old grandmother, I might consent!" John said afterwards that it was one of the few times in his life that he was really embarrassed.

On the following day, however, Shaw must have had a change of heart, for Barrymore received one of his books with the inscription: "To John Barrymore's little baby, whose first articulate cry was for the autograph of George Bernard Shaw."

■ Harold Lloyd met a world celebrity—and got a sound spanking! The man who gave it was Jack Dempsey!

"You look a little pale. Are you sure you're in good physical condition?" asked Lloyd of Dempsey, when the former world's heavyweight champion was presented to him on the studio set. Whereupon, Dempsey grinned, grabbed up Lloyd, walked over to a chair, sat down and demonstrated his fitness with a thorough spanking to the comedian, who was utterly helpless in the hands of the powerfully built Jack. Of course, it was all in fun—and everyone on that set enjoyed the occasion thoroughly—except possibly Harold!

Claudette Colbert and Constance Bennett met for the first time in a Hollywood doctor's small reception room. They sat facing each other across the room, each looking at a magazine. Of course, they recognized each other, but each hesitated to be the first to speak. The tension grew and grew. At last Claudette could stand it no longer. She tossed aside her book and exclaimed: "Listen, my name's Colbert and I work in the movies!" Connie grinned back at her, "Well, mine's Bennett and my father used to be on the stage!" At that they both laughed heartily, shook hands, and made a date to have luncheon together the next day.

■ The drop of a pin would have sounded like a blast in the quiet that descended over Gloria Swanson's cocktail party when Mary Pickford and Sylvia Fairbanks (the former Lady Ashley) met for the first time. Hollywood hostesses had avoided inviting the former and the present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., to the same social affairs. But when those two charming ladies came face to face, they smiled, shook hands, and each told the other how sweet she looked! If there was any noticeable tension in the room, both utterly ignored it. It was one big meeting that failed to come off dramatically.

Then there's Douglas Fairbanks' first meeting with a king, the King of Spain. It occurred a number of years back. Doug studied court etiquette for days and wrote and memorized a flowery, formal speech which he never made. When the king spied him, he ran across the room, grabbed Doug by both hands and pumped his arms enthusiastically, saying in perfect English: "Hello, Doug, old kid, how's tricks? Tell me something I've been waiting to ask you! Whatever became of Fatty Arbuckle?"

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6. Charlie McCarthy's pal, Edgar Bergen
7. Behind that plaster nose lurks Tyrone Power
8. Robert Montgomery. Aren't the movies wonderful?
9. Warner Baxter in *Wife, Husband and Friend*
10. Joe E. Brown, but you guessed it fast.
11. Paul Muni
12. Fredric March. Remember *Les Miserables?*
13. Ah, ha! It really is John Barrymore
14. "Thin Man" William Powell
15. Reginald Owen
16. Gene Raymond
17. Don Ameche in *The Three Musketeers*

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Bringing History Back Alive

[*Continued from page* 19]

family, her popularity has been well earned. She portrayed the character of Queen Victoria with such fidelity and charm that the British, very touchy about their idols, would trust her with anything.

In the two pictures dealing with the life of Queen Victoria (one released two years ago, the other—in color, titled *Queen of Destiny*—to be released in this country within a few months), she sank her own identity so thoroughly in the part that there were moments when she actually seems to be the personage she created. She doesn't like that word, "created"; it has a rather boastful sound to one who, rising like a meteor from the chorus of *Charlot's Revue,* can't grow used to considering herself an artist.

"I don't create," she told me the other day, "I re-create. The historical character is already there. I simply play it."

Simply playing it, though, is not so simple as it sounds. They report of Anna Neagle (you rhyme her name with eagle) that when Producer-Director Herbert Wilcox, who brought her here under the recent British film tie-up with RKO, tells her to do something before the camera, she knows, without stopping to ponder, just how the character would do it. And why.

That sort of thing takes study. For her "Edith Cavell"—and this name rhymes with gavel—as for her "Victoria," she did a truly imposing amount of research. Assured that Director Wilcox would not distort history by a hair's breadth, the British and Belgian governments put at his service a quantity of official documents, among them an authentic German military proclamation, from the British War Museum, on the execution of Nurse Cavell. In addition, the actress pored over books and diaries, notably the writings of Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Brussels, who made such valiant efforts to have the

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Military Governor, General von Sauberzweig, commute the penalty to imprisonment.

■ As soon as the picture was announced a flood of letters began to pour in from friends and nurses who knew Edith Cavell. Some people even contributed letters they had received from Nurse Cavell herself. One of these, donated outright, has become Anna Neagle's choicest possession. When the actress arrived from England, she brought a trunkful of papers and photographs dealing with the career of the martyred nurse whose body lies now in Norwich Cathedral in what is called "Peace Corner" and whose monument, with her last statement engraved upon it, stands trim and square-shouldered in a busy London street.

"For she *was* martyred," Anne Neagle said, "the fact is not generally known, even today, that Edith Cavell died for a military crime which she did not commit. Witnesses, the very records of the trial itself, establish her complete innocence of the charge for which she was executed."

Curled in a corner of the dressing room couch—it had been a hard day—Anna Neagle quietly and earnestly reconstructed those grim times at Brussels. She has a talent for sincerity, and through that sincerity you heard the march of German invaders; you saw Edith Cavell—for seven years before the War she had been matron of the first modern nurses' training school in Belgium, founded through her efforts—caring for the wounded, Allies and enemies alike, with conscientious skill.

You saw her, as the War progressed, helping Allied soldiers to escape from Belgium across the border to Holland. . . .

"After the battle of Mons," Anna Neagle was saying in her quiet voice, "hundreds of British and French soldiers were separated from their regiments. They wandered, lost in the Belgian farmland sections. Scores of those men when captured by the Germans were shot out of hand. They had no assurance that if they surrendered they would not be killed.

"What Edith Cavell did—and the only thing she did—was to help some of these men to escape across the frontier into neutral Holland where, normally, they would be interned. True, some of them may later have made their way into France and rejoined their regiments, but the point is that Nurse Cavell did not aid them to do this. She merely, as a humanitarian, aided them to escape death by getting across the border. She saved 220 men.

"At her trial, conducted in German, a language she did not know, they accused her of helping men to reach the 'Front'. What she did, and she freely admitted it, was help them to reach the Frontier. The distinction was never brought out at the court martial. To add weight to the accusation, they charged her with being a spy also. This was not true. She neither sought nor gave out military information."

■ The more Anna Neagle talked about the woman whom she represents on the screen, the more her eyes glowed with admiration. Suddenly she leaned forward, a time-worn Cavell letter held gently in her fingers, and spoke with still deeper earnestness.

"Remember, this is in no sense an anti-German film. It is an anti-war and anti-hatred film, a pro-humanity film. It is not produced with the intention of stirring up old enmities, but with the intention of showing the world, full of enmity as it is today, how the human heart can rise above hatred with forgiveness.

"I believe Edith Cavell was one of the truest humanitarians that ever lived. I believe that if the positions had been reversed, she would just as readily have aided German soldiers to escape death. Nurse Cavell wasn't aiding *soldiers*, she was aiding human beings. As a nurse, saving life was her profession."

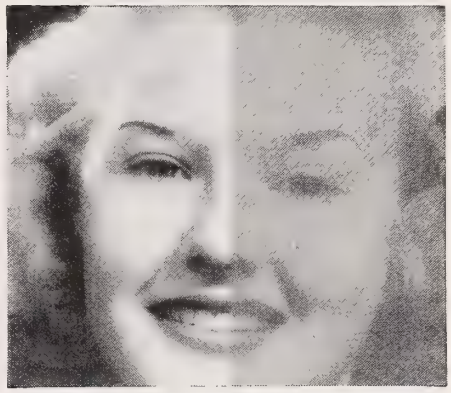
Miss Neagle looked down at the letter in her hand. It was as if she drew some present message from the clear, firm writing that flowed so evenly along the page. She put it down and took up the copy of another message, written from St. Gilles prison to "My dear Nurses" at the Brussels Surgical Institute, of which Nurse Cavell was the head. "I am happy to know . . . that you are devoted to your patients. . . . In everything one can learn new lessons of life, and if you were in my place you would realize how precious liberty is, and would certainly undertake never to abuse it."

From a sheaf of papers, the actress selected two others. One was a copy of Nurse Cavell's last letter, also written to her fellow workers at the hospital: "It is a very sad moment for me when I write to make my adieus to you. . . . I hope that you will not forget our evening chats. I told you that devotion would give you real happiness—and the thought that before God and yourselves you have done your entire duty with a good heart will be your greatest comfort in the hard



Mrs. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Bill Gargan, seldom seen in news pictures, caught as they greeted their husbands who had made a flying trip of four days to New York for a visit to the World's Fair

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moments of life and in the face of death. . . . . If there is one among you whom I have wronged, I beg you to forgive me . . . I have loved you all much more than you thought. . . ."

Anna Neagle put the papers away with a sigh. "Remember, too," she said, "that many Germans were shocked when the sentence against Nurse Cavell was carried out. One brave young German soldier in the firing squad refused to aim his gun at her. Perhaps she had nursed some friend of his. They killed the young German before her eyes, a few moments before they took her life. It was one of the last sights she saw on earth. We have a photograph taken of him as he lay there dead. A dreadful thing."

■ But the sponsors of the film do not need to rely only on photographs. By an extraordinary circumstance, they found in Southern California, quite by accident, the man who occupied the cell next but one to Edith Cavell's. Gui Ignon, a landscape painter, a former French soldier, had been associated with Nurse Cavell at the hospital, and he was arrested on suspicion when, through somebody's stupidity or treachery, she was betrayed. The German military authorities gave him a brutal third degree, and confronted him with Edith Cavell.

"You recognize this man," they stated.

Nurse Cavell shook her head—Ignon, with a melancholy smile, recalled the moment when he stood on the St. Gilles movie set one recent afternoon. Clearly, he did not accept the job of technical advisor for the money they paid him. Nothing could pay a man for watching the play-acting of scenes through which he actually had lived in agony. "I do this," he explained, "that all shall be correct, as a tribute to Miss Cavell. But my thoughts are too painful, I did not want to be here. . . ."

They left a vacant cell, back in Brussels, between Miss Cavell's and the one he occupied. For some time he could not be sure that the prisoner down the row was the nurse. But one noon the trusty who, guarded by a German soldier, brought soup around, gave a signal. Rolling his eyes to the left, he whispered faintly: "Cavell!"

"After the guard went," Ignon added, "I tapped on the steam pipe in my cell. From the direction of Miss Cavell's cell I heard two little taps in return. It was she, I think. I never heard from her again." His own execution had been set for the fourth day after Miss Cavell's. But the universal outcry over her death accomplished what pleas for mercy had failed to do. With other prisoners he was released.

The technical advisor drew a sharp breath when Director Wilcox called for silence and Anna Neagle in Nurse Cavell's gray uniform came into the cell. George Sanders, as a German officer, clicked his heels as she stood lost in reverie over the doom that came ever nearer.

The joyous days were over, the days glad with work and service, the early days of private nursing that led to the establishment of the beloved hospital-

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school. In the film, those earlier times are full of sprightly humor—for Anna Neagle is an adept at quietly humorous scenes—with Edna May Oliver as the recalcitrant Countess, May Robson as sturdy Mme. Rappard, ZaSu Pitts as Mme. Moulin and H. B. Warner as secretary to the American Minister. The initial sequences glow with tense drama, human foibles, quick-witted strategems.

But now Nurse Cavell was to die—at seven in the morning, they told her. In her prayer book (Anna Neagle has a copy of the page) she wrote in that clear, firm hand the dates of her arrest and trial and sentence; and the final entry, "Died at 7 A. M. on October 12th., 1915.—E. Cavell with love to E. D. Cavell." Among many notes in her prayer book they found this: "Man considereth the deeds, but God weigheth the intentions."

They had told her seven o'clock. But it was before two o'clock on that chill October morning when two of the nurses from the training school went to St. Gilles prison for a final interview with their devoted Matron. They were just in time to watch her ride past on her way to the firing squad.

The death sequence in the picture, however, had only just begun at the moment when the slender, gray clad figure stood so patiently and so quietly in her cell. The story of Edith Cavell was moving with poignancy and inspiration toward its climax.

Under the sure touch of Anna Neagle, the lesson of the Nurse's life grew crystal clear. The hope of the race is always this: that a brave compassion such as Edith Cavell's can rise sometimes above the ferocity of mankind, and against that blackness shine with splendor.

Into the whitewashed cell on the sound stage came a clergyman. He found a woman who, deeply religious, needed no human solace. Softly, clearly, Anna Neagle spoke the words of Edith Cavell's final statement:

"I have no fear and no shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me—but this I will say, standing as I do before God and eternity—" The tones grew stronger.

"—I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness against any one."

Anna Neagle was born in Forest Gate, London, England, October 20 . . . Comes from a seafaring family — most of her forefathers were either in the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine . . . As Marjorie Robertson, her first job was as games and dancing instructress . . . Danced her way to a world's championship and to the chorus of Andre Charlot's revue . . . For the next three years, Anna Neagle's career as a chorine seemed to be set . . . She appeared solely in C. B. Cochran's cabaret shows and stage revues . . . Came to America with *Wake Up and Dream* . . . Studied tap dancing and returned to England an expert . . . Herbert Wilcox discovered her for the screen when she was appearing in *Stand Up and Sing* on the stage with Jack Buchanan . . . Best known for her roles in *Bittersweet, Nell Gwynn, Peg of Old Drury,* and *Victoria the Great* . . . While the latter was completed in five and one-half weeks, Herbert Wilcox ran out of money, and she lent him $15,000 to complete the picture . . . Played in a season of open-air Shakespeare in Regents Park in London . . . Expert fencer, swimmer, and takes interest in almost every form of sport . . . She will play Queen Victoria for the fourth time in Herbert Wilcox' next British production, *Kitchener of Khartoum.*



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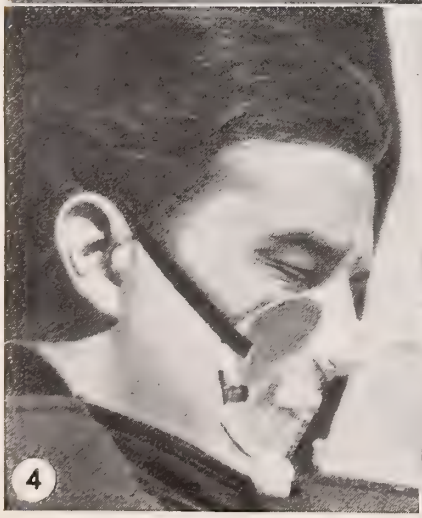
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2



3



4



5



6



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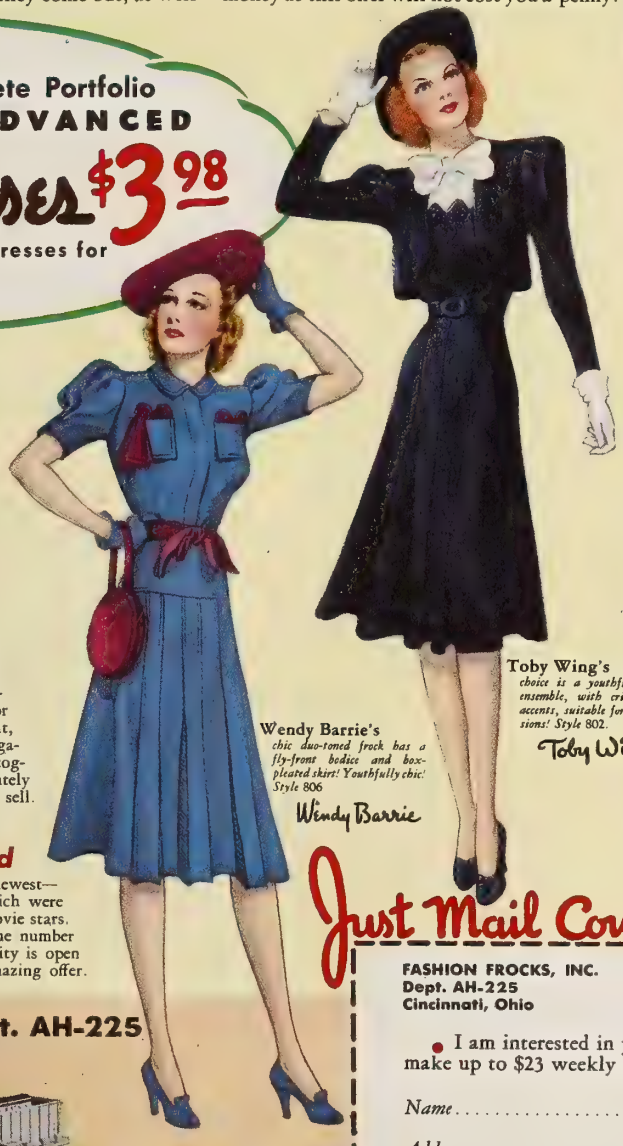




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SCREEN LIFE

SEPTEMBER

A DAVID E. PUBLICATION

HOLLYWOOD 5¢



ANN SHERIDAN
Read What the
"OOMPH" GIRL THINKS
OF HER TITLE!

JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSES
"HOLLYWOOD WRECKED MY
MARRIAGES"
Sensationally Frank!


Irresistible
Here's a thrilling new make-up idea brought to you by Irresistible—colors to match your lips to your every costume! — Four beautiful new Irresistible lipstick shades that will put you at the head of any fashion parade. Flash Red—Blue Pink—Fuchsia Plum and Orchid . . . each the very last word. — They add such chic—such flattery—such untold allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. Buy all four and be prepared to match any costume in your wardrobe—just as the smartest women of Park Avenue and Paris do. — And remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible rouge and face powder to match each shade of lipstick, all scented with exotic Irresistible Perfume. — Irresistible preparations are laboratory tested—certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.
Irresistible
TALC
Irresistible

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day! You'll* like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Vol. 28 No. 9

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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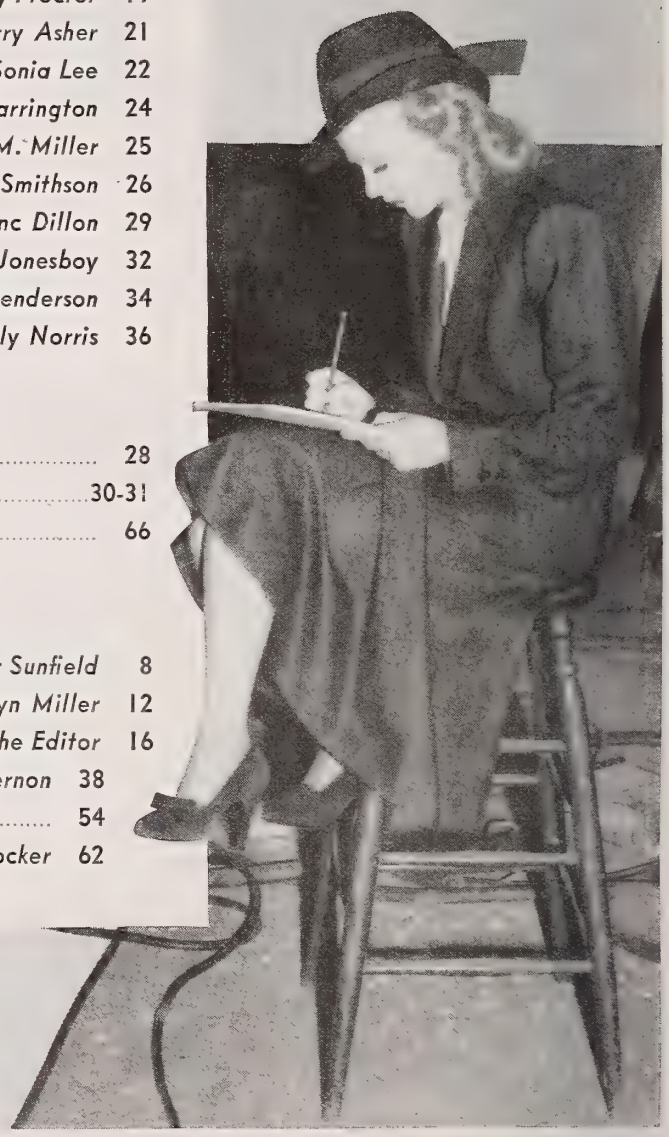
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Ginger Rogers dashes off a letter between scenes of her new RKO-Radio picture, *My Fifth Avenue Girl*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"



Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is *Lucky For You!*

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older*. Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—*that makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.



Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you.* Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade.* Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46) (You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

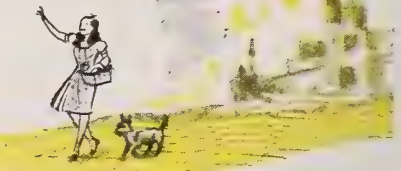
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City _____ State _____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

Gaiety . . Glory . .

IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



The WIZ





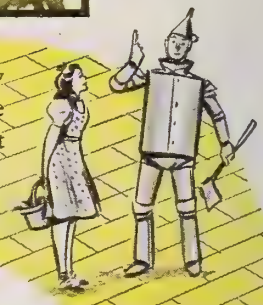
Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whirl from the Everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog —first exciting stop... Munchkinland!







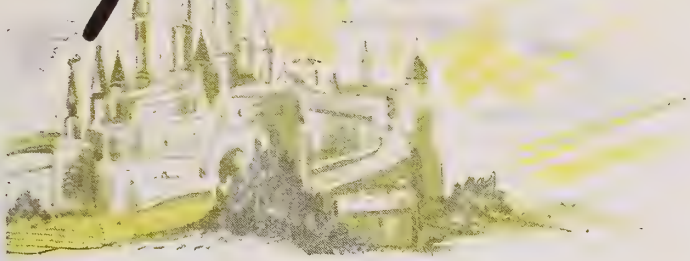
Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow —in his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—



Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he's minus a heart —and doesn't know where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (*as Dorothy*), FRANK MORGAN (*as the Wizard*), RAY BOLGER (*as the Scarecrow*), BERT LAHR (*as the Cowardly Lion*), JACK HALEY (*as the Tin Woodman*), BILLIE BURKE (*as the Good Witch*), MARGARET HAMILTON (*as the Bad Witch*), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (*as Uncle Henry*) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Glamour



Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
"If I Only Had a Brain"
"We're Off to See the Wizard"
"The Merry Old Land of Oz"
"Ding Dong"
"If I Were King of the Forest"







Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Gary Cooper has a new toy and for the time being is neglecting his collection of 42 guns and revolvers to peer into the private life of a family of amoebas. As an army doctor in *The Real Glory,* Gary played a scene with a microscope, and became so fascinated by it that he bought himself an instrument that magnifies 700 diameters, and makes an amoeba look like an elephant. Cooper, one of the ace thinkers of Hollywood, plans on rigging the microscope to a 16 mm. movie machine.

"I've seen a lot of animals in my days," he says, "but nothing like the thing I've discovered in my drinking water."

Robert Donat, certainly has a complete disregard for money. Having scored a tremendous success in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* what does he do in place of remaining under the M-G-M banner to star in another picture at a huge salary? Well, you'd be surprised. He goes to work in the fall at the famous Old Vic Theatre at a nominal salary of $50 a week. Invitation to appear at this venerable London Repertory Playhouse is a high honor, and the pay doesn't matter. Under the terms of his M-G-M contract Donat has the privilege of working six months on the stage, following each two pictures, if he wishes. So, for the next half year he's going to appear before the footlights instead of the camera lights.

A machine gun sergeant who used to instruct David Niven in firing accuracy and technique when the latter was in the British army, recently wrote him a letter on official army paper. It read like this:

To Lt. David Niven,
From Sgt. J. Delehanty
RE: INEXPERT HANDLING OF MACHINE GUN

I beg to report that you mishandled your machine gun in the film, "Dawn Patrol," which I have just viewed at Surrey. Otherwise I think you are a capable actor, but the mistake you made was unpardonable in view of the many hours spent teaching you the proper manner in which to manipulate this arm.

J. Delehanty.

P.S. You will observe that I have made no attempt to soft-soap you, but speak the things that are in my mind.

Niven, whose most recent role is that of an American army lieutenant in Sam Goldwyn's *The Real Glory,* wrote Sergeant Delehanty an official note reproving him for taking liberties with one of the King's officers!

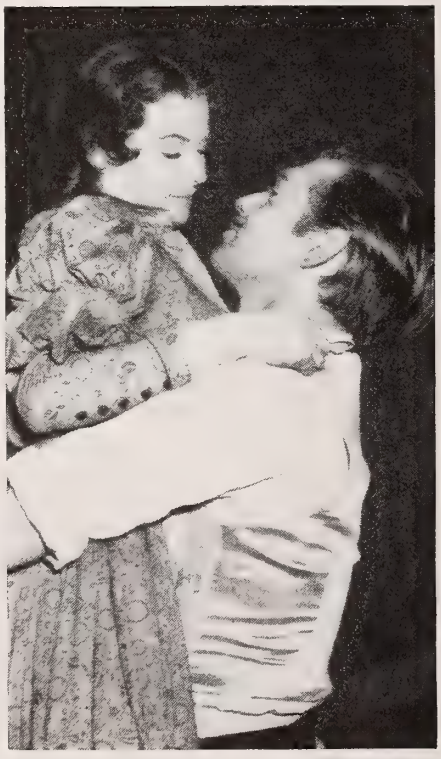
Believe it or not, but Archie Mayo, who has been directing pictures in Hollywood for the past seventeen years, started out in life as a spieler with a medicine show selling beaver oil. (He can still hand it to you when the occasion demands—the spiel, not the oil.) His next job, after the medicine show went bust, was to act as a living target for a professional knife thrower without getting so much as a tiny scratch. "But I've been stabbed in the back plenty of times by Hollywood non-professional knifers since then," he says. "Come up some time and I'll show you my scars!"

Edward Everett Horton says he's just about through giving "little" parties out at his ranch because, says he, "I get taken advantage of. The 'littlest' party I ever gave turned out to be one of the big ones!"

His decision most likely springs from the little trick his two pretty little nieces, Judith and Amanda Horton, played on him not long ago.

Deciding to give them a dancing party, he called them up at their home in Pasadena and told them he'd like to have them chose ten or twelve of their closest friends and bring them along. Which was certainly okay with the two girls. It turned out later that it was definitely more than okay because when they started selecting their ten or twelve closest friends they found themselves in a quandary. Figuring up they discovered that they had at least thirty-five "close" friends, and rather than hurt their feelings they invited them all!

After that had been arranged satisfactorily to all concerned, there bobbed up the question of transportation. Horton's ranch in the San Fernando Valley is thirty miles from Pasadena, too far for the young guests to travel alone either by foot, horseback, or car, so the parents naturally drove them over, and once there, naturally they were urged to stay by the delighted host who refused to worry about having ordered ice cream and cake for only twenty. He put in a call for a couple of Hollywood caterers, and a good time was had by all, he says. "But the next time I give a 'little' party, I'll know that the meaning of the word has changed!"



Rhett tells Scarlett "Goodbye" on the flight from burning Atlanta. Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable in one of the vivid scenes from *Gone With the Wind*

Every time Dolores Del Rio walks into a room, one feels a pang that there are so few like her. A glamour headliner, if there ever was one, Dolores still spreads star-dust wherever she goes. Though retired for a year, living simply as Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, she maintains her beauty and position in the Hollywood sun through frequent public appearances as securely as any one of today's biggest stars. Recently, when she walked into a popular night spot, seven cameramen left their set-ups to line up a shot of Del Rio.

We got to chinning with Wayne Morris at a cocktail party the other evening and nothing would do but Wayne had to send me his recipe for making a rum omelette. Here's what he sent me in this morning's mail. Read it carefully and see what you can make of it:

"Take two jiggers of Jamaica rum, or Bacardi rum, I don't care; you're eating the omelette, not me, and you can take any old rum you want. Take four eggs. Drink one jigger of rum. Break the eggs into a bowl. Drink the other jigger of rum. Beat stuffin' outta eggs. Pour out two more jiggers of the rum. Put in shum bussher an' salt, shilly stuff, an' three shablespoonsful cream in eggs. Drink jigger of rum. Mix up eggs an' cream. Drink up other jigger of rum. Beat eggs shum more. Sling eggs into alley. Why worry? Who wanted an omelette anyhow? Whass about a rye whiskey punch? I know how to mix one that'll make walk this a you like for week. No pal.
foolin,

Signed
Wayne Morris

The knitting fad among filmdom girls has taken on the importance of a marathon. Anita Louise proved herself a champion recently when a group that included Wendy Barrie, Patricia Ellis and Rosemary Lane, and Lana Turner got together for a knitting contest and clocked themselves. Anita won top honors, clicking off one hundred and twenty stitches a minute, or two per second.

CAGNEY



MEETS A RAFT OF TROUBLE!



For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by *WILLIAM KEIGHLEY* • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odlum • A First National Picture



My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



This picture is something of a scoop, since the interested spectators, Judge and Mrs. Cooper, are seldom seen around studio lots. Gary entertains his mother and father between scenes on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's *The Real Glory*, now shooting

■ There seems to be no end to the talents of Ida Lupino. As we write this, she's in New York conferring with the Big Town's music publishers regarding the publication of a volume of more than thirty musical compositions she has authored. The volume will include a group of waltzes and impressionistic tone poems.

■ Seems like we've been writing a lot about directors this month, but it can't be helped because the boys who okay the prints have been having a field day for themselves. Take Director Bernard Vorhaus, for instance. Before he finished the shooting of Bobby Breen's latest picture, *Way Down South*, he gave his producer, actors and crew some exceedingly bad moments.

Mr. Vorhaus, it turns out, gets extremely absent-minded at times. He also has a mania for traveling crane shots, and since he likewise likes to ride on the crane, he gets himself into a heap of trouble because he forgets he's on it. Twice we saw him jump excitedly from his seat and step right off the crane. The first time he landed atop a banquet table, fortunately with little damage either to himself or to the table. The second time he was at an elevation of about fifteen feet, and landed kerplunk on the shoulders of his assistant, Lee Sholem. After the second landing the crew took matters in their own hands. Obtaining a wide leather belt, they bolted it to the camera crane and refused to raise the apparatus until their boss was securely strapped in. The picture was completed without further mishaps.

■ A check-up on the Warner Bros., *Elizabeth and Essex* set revealed a rather interesting fact concerning nationalities. Men and women, representing nine different countries, other than American, are all working harmoniously together—which ought to prove something or other.

Directing the picture is Michael Curtiz, Hungarian. The art director, Anton Grot, is also a native of Hungary.

Sol Polito, the boss cameraman, and his brother, Sam, who turns the crank, are natives of Italy.

The assistant director, Oren Haglund, is from Sweden.

John Moore, property man, is a Scot. Ditto for Donald Crisp, who portrays Sir Francis Drake.

Herbert Plews, another property man engaged on the set, is English. Errol Flynn, top-star of the film, is Irish.

The two set service men are Negroes.

Ray Lopez, on the make-up staff, is Spanish.

The technical advisor, Will Hubert, is French.

Bette Davis heads the list of many Americans working in the picture.

■ Clark Gable, close to getting crushed to death not so long ago when a tractor he was operating on his ranch sort of backed up and bucked, is now forbidden by M-G-M to indulge in the pleasant pastime of gentleman-farming.

■ Helen Parrish, during her supporting role in Wanger's *Winter Carnival*, pulled a nifty when she saw a big, shiny automobile drive onto the lot. Out of it hopped an actor wearing bright green trousers, bright blue shirt and lavender beach coat.

"Wow," said Helen, "that's the first time I ever saw a sunset walking!"

impassioned defense of the white man's intentions to the tribe.

This is a fine film in the great Temple tradition, and last one in is a cynical realist.

FOUR FEATHERS
—Korda-United Artists

■ John Durrance was cast as a coward almost from the cradle. He was a sensitive child, and his father's fear that he would not grow up to be a sturdy intrepid soldier, as generations of his family had been, made him doubt himself before he was well out of school. Gory tales, told by old campaigners over their port, did nothing to reassure him. But he went into the army, and concealed his torment of spirit until his regiment was ordered to join Kitchener in the Sudan. He was not so much afraid of death or of frightful wounds in war, but he tortured himself with the conviction that he would disgrace himself and his family by some craven action in battle. Rather than risk it, he resigned on the eve of his regiment's departure.

He had hoped to withdraw quietly, without too much explanation, marry his sweetheart, settle down to a mild life in the English countryside. But his fellow officers were shocked. So was his sweetheart. So was her father. Three of his friends sent him their cards with no comment but a white feather thrust through the slips of pasteboard. His sweetheart, troubled and shocked, allowed him to pull another white feather from her fan without protest when he bitterly realized that all of his world was against him.

Ostracized, despising himself, John finds a drastic way of proving to himself that he need not be a coward.

Alone, he sets off for the Sudan, where things are going badly for the British. In order to get near the lines, he disguises himself as a native and, to make the deception complete, endures the pain of a brand over his brows. Then, ragged, under-fed, maintaining himself as best he can on the pitiful fare of the outcast native, he saves first one, then another, then another of his former comrades.

Great strides have been made in the use of Technicolor in this film, and you will not soon forget the sunstroke scene when one of the officers, stumbling down the blistering rocks of the dessert, falls to the burnt sand and lies staring at the blazing white sky that throbs and beats and wheels in a slow vertigo as consciousness leaves him. Immense armies of natives and British troops were marshalled for this really extraordinary film . . . one of the most impressive in production you will see this year. The fine cast is headed by Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez.

By all means, see this one, because it is one of the really rousing tales of adventure and romance, brilliantly produced and acted.

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN
—20th Century-Fox

■ This is an absorbing study of a young man, and though the hand of history rests with some restraint on the plot, you

Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?



Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

Success in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* **25¢** *Wherever finer soaps are sold*

Cashmere Bouquet
SOAP
The Fragrance Men Love

Dress with SOPHISTICATED SMARTNESS!



...yet SAVE HALF!

NOW *you* can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our MAGAZINE OF FASHION offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—far more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it, and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have *custom-cut* frocks that fit you perfectly.

CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

■ Many thousands of fashionable women have learned that only *custom-cut* clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to *your exact measurements.* Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. *You* have only a few simple seams to finish—*and it's so easy!*

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■ To give you the final degree of *chic*, we also offer in our MAGAZINE OF FASHION a lovely array of *completely-made* wardrobe accessories, representing the finest styles of the Fall season, and priced far below their exclusive Paris and Fifth Avenue originals.

■ In addition, we include the newest creations of BETTY WALES, the famous designer, and head of our Personal Fashion Service. If you want to become the best dressed woman in your set, send today for our MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL . . . it's **FREE!**



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71 Fifth Ave., Dept. 64, New York

Send me, FREE, *your Fall* "MAGAZINE OF FASHION"



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City ---------- State ----------

will find the rather formless screen drama fascinating from episode to episode. The film is just what the title implies . . . a series of scenes, showing the circumstances in the life of young Mr. Lincoln, which indicate very clearly what the older man was to be. But, though authentic, they are far from the average school-book picture of the Great Emancipator, much more human than most of the familiar tales of Our Martyred President.

A brilliant make-up and carefully built-up shoes lend Henry Fonda a startling likeness to the familiar, rugged, gangly look of Lincoln. His delivery of the telling lines is in an intelligent, languid drawl that makes rather touchingly real the struggles of the young self-taught lawyer. But, splendid as is the work of Fonda, and excellent as is the work of the big cast, Alice Brady contributes the part that will stand out as one of the memorable pieces of acting on the screen in this or any year.

She plays the ignorant pioneer woman whose sons are falsely accused of murder as the aftermath of a frontier party. Young Mr. Lincoln, alert for his first case, saves them from a drunken rabble of lynchers by observing mildly from the jail steps:

"Don't do me out of my first clients, boys. Looks like they'll get hung sure, with me handling the case. But let's hang them fair and square in court."

It is the court scene, when the inarticulate, anguished, terrified mother is called upon to send one of her boys to death to save the others that you will remember as one of the standards of fine acting. You will remember young Mr. Lincoln, faintly absurd in his stove-pipe hat meeting his first and dearest love. You will remember him, not at all funny in his proper clothes at her grave, seeking for help and guidance in his loneliness. You will remember the tall figure striding at the close of the picture into the sunset toward a great destiny. Better catch this one.

TARZAN FINDS A SON—*M-G-M*

■ Somehow, it is a painful thing to admit. But even the most staunch Tarzan admirers will have to come to it: in his new film, Tarzan is just a touch henpecked. And it doesn't seem right, after all he has represented of freedom and resourcefulness, of bravery and elemental hardihood. Hen-pecked! Oh, shocking set-back! Oh, defeat! Oh, how are the mighty fallen!

In the first part of the film, some people are flying over the African jungles and the plane is wrecked and they all get killed except a baby boy. Cheeta (you remember that dear wonderful chimpanzee? Of course you do!) hears the baby crying, and drags him rather unceremoniously through the trees to Mrs. Tarzan (Maureen O'Sullivan, and very pretty in a leather jerkin, too), who puts him to sleep in a cradle of wicker and ostrich plumes. Tarzan is pretty doubtful about the whole thing at first. When the baby refuses his generous offer of a roasted haunch of venison, he feels snubbed. And when Mrs. Tarzan orders him out into the jungle to search for milk, he feels definitely misunderstood. "Baby eat first?" he inquires incredulously. Maureen is firm. Without argument, he goes. Is this the Tarzan we know?

As Boy grows older, Tarzan has more fun. There is a truly spectacular swimming sequence in which Tarzan and Boy (played by a really wonderful child athlete, John Sheffield) perform under water and in diving and racing scenes, but this fascinating idyll is interrupted by the arrival of an expedition from England. There is the good old uncle (Henry Stephenson) who gets killed by the bad relatives (Ian Hunter and Frieda Inescourt) with the assistance of the venal guide (Henry Wilcoxon). They are after the inheritance of Boy's parents, and you can see how Maureen is torn when she has to choose between a nice life for Boy in the jungle and a career for him at Eton and Oxford.

She leaves Tarzan marooned at the bottom of a jungle dungeon, in order to effect Boy's getaway to civilization, and the strain is terrible when the natives close in. Tarzan and the elephants and Cheeta come to the rescue, of course, but we can't help feeling that Maureen, splendid helpmate for Tarzan that she is, was just a trifle too high-handed with the lord of the jungle. We are the ones who believe that Tarzan can do no wrong, and we don't care about having him wear the brand of Milquetoast.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS —*Warners*

■ This film isn't really confusing, if you haven't seen *Four Daughters.* If you have seen that film, you are apt to be a little bewildered at first, because some of the Lane Sisters have the same sweethearts that they had in the earlier film, but the parents have changed and so has the plot.

Frank McHugh still is the stodgy work-and-win suitor of Lola. Dick Foran, instead of concentrating on Gale Page, can't make up his mind about her because Rosemary Lane has abandoned her musical ambitions and is available for romance. Both Jeffrey Lynn and John Garfield are still after Priscilla, and you guess who gets her. Confusingly, instead of being the reliable, widowed father, Claude Rains contributes a dazzling characterization as the worthless, irresponsible, charming wanderer who deserted the family and returns years later to find his former wife (Fay Bainter) preparing to wed a substantial banker (Donald Crisp). Garfield plays an erratic, quite unappetizing problem-boy of a provincial California town. The Lane Sisters perform with a verve and bounce in the first part of the film that is just too sisterly to be credible, but, as the plot takes shape, you are apt to find yourself becoming quite partisan in the hope that everything will come out all right for everyone concerned.

THE SUN NEVER SETS—*Universal*

■ For generations, all of the men in the Randolph family had gone into the Colonial Civil Service and made brilliant names for themselves. If the family had taken young John (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) seriously, they might have been much

alarmed when he declared that he would have none of "the service." But they didn't take him seriously. Each one of them, at some time or other, had cursed out "the service," but each one of them loved it in his own way, and each one exerts a little gentle pressure on fiery young John. His grandfather (C. Aubrey Smith) shows him a map, posted with flags which denote various members of the large family at their far-flung posts. His elder brother (Basil Rathbone) taunts him with the suspicion that he could not pass required tests. His mother (Mary Forbes) quietly asks him to hand her the knitting in the middle of his most impassioned tirade. Before young John quite knows how it happened, he finds himself representing the Empire on the Gold Coast.

Somewhat unfortunately, this interesting study of believable people is confused by some fantastic enterprises which might fit a Flash Gordon serial better. You are asked to believe that a munitions king has imported supplies and equipment for a radio station high-powered enough to blanket the world, and all without anyone noticing. You are also asked to believe that technicians are unable to discover from what part of the world his programs originate. Then you are expected to believe that his broadcasts are of such inflammatory nature that the whole world is on the verge of Armageddon. This is too much, even when the munitions baron is played by Lionel Atwill.

Some of the film is so interesting that it is with reluctance that you find yourself thinking the rest of it is kind of silly.

MAISIE—*M-G-M*

■ Maisie had learned to look out for herself during her career as actress in jerk-water theatrical troupes. So, when she arrived in the heart of the cow country with fifteen cents in her pocket, and discovered that the troupe had disbanded, it did not take her too long to find a job in a shooting gallery with a small time carnival. That is how she happened to meet our embittered hero (Robert Young) who hated women and trusted only his boss (Ian Hunter) for whom he ran a vast ranch. How Maisie turned up at the ranch as a stowaway on a truck, how she won the sympathy of one of the cowboys (Cliff Edwards! He sings, too, and sounds just like a swingtime coyote). How she discovered the boss' wife (Ruth Hussey) secretly meeting a sweetheart and how our hero became snarled up in a murder charge makes a fine story. You'll particularly like Ann Sothern's performance as the good-hearted little tough girl with the temper of a flash-cracker and a heart as honest as Thanksgiving dinner.

MAN ABOUT TOWN—*Paramount*

■ Far and away the best Jack Benny picture to date is *Man About Town*, and dazzling is the screen debut of Rochester. Even if you are quite cold to Rochester's adventures on the radio, you will have to admit that his snake dance is lovely comedy, and that his impersonation of a coy but impressionable sweetheart for Benny is something to cherish.

That scene occurs close to the beginning of the picture. Benny, as a theatrical producer, cherishes a hidden yearning for his leading lady (Dorothy Lamour). The unconcealed smugness of Phil Harris as he sweeps her off for the first evening in London makes Benny's carefully planned dinner for two quite unappetizing. He turns it over to Rochester as he moons glumly over a plan to go out into the night, find a beautiful, dashing and unaccompanied girl, and somehow get to know her. Rochester's responses, between mouthfuls of expensive food, as Benny tries out a conversation, are so encouraging that Benny rushes happily forth.

The evening was not all he hoped for, but the idea still is with him the next day when he manages to buy luncheon for a stunning stranger (Binnie Barnes).

How Benny achieves the reputation of international heart-breaker, how he evades the consequences of his ambition to be a man about town is a fine, funny film. The famous Petty girls are rather lost in the magnificence of the big theatre scene, but they are just as pretty as the drawings, and you'll like the whole show on one of these hot evenings when your own sunburn is the only problem you want to consider seriously.

Fresh charm, new beauty — **can come with a Lovelier Skin!**



READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J. (*Signed*) MARGARET CONNORS
April 28, 1939 (*Mrs. Vincent J. Connors*)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely . . . yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle care! *For your beauty bath, too,* you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!



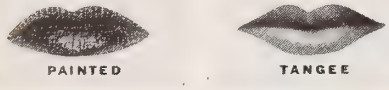
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Make Your Lips Magnetic!

Use the *only* lipstick with the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle. Tangee gives you what every man dreams about... smooth, soft, rosy, "natural" lips! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose... ranging from delicate pink to glamorous red... and its special cream base helps keep your lips smooth and young-looking.

FOR "PEACHES AND CREAM" COMPLEXION use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to match your "magic" Tangee Lipstick... and Tangee Powder to give your skin the fascinating *underglow* that is an exclusive Tangee secret!



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ Overwhelmed with honors is the Lane family. Priscilla has been chosen "Typical American Daughter" by members of The American Gold Star Mothers, and her mother, Mrs. Cora Lane, has been voted America's "Most Intelligent Mother" by The American Women's Congress. We think this is very fine, though we never have thought being a highly successful movie star was very typical of American daughters. But why quibble? Why not turn a hopeful eye to the future? Surely Warner Brothers will take the hint and follow *Four Daughters, Yes, My Darling Daughter* and *Daughters Courageous* with new films named *Daughters Typical* and *Daughters Distinguished.* If only something about angels could be worked in, the confusion would be complete. Like "Only Intelligent Mothers Have Angels with Daughters' Faces." Or "Only Intelligent Daughters Have Faces That Typical Angels Won't Wash"... You go on from there. It's Hollywood's newest hot weather game.

***

■ As we were writing the above whimsy, who should walk in the door but a man in an iron mask. It was a fine golden mask that leered horribly at us, and moved its jaw in a threatening manner. We detected a fine California tan around the edges however, and put down the chair which we had grabbed up impulsively, and said, "Come out, come out, whoever you are." Out came Mr. Murphy McHenry with quite a flourish, and our eye lighted up with pleasure because we knew that Mr. McHenry could tell us, if living man could, what the original man in the iron mask did about his whiskers during all of those years, a thing that has caused us many a sleepless night of worry during the shooting of the film about that mysterious, fascinating, tragic figure. For Mr. McHenry is a thorough man. Mr. McHenry is public relations counsel for Mr. Edward Small who produced *The Man in the Iron Mask.* We have known Mr. McHenry ever since he was city editor of the Los Angeles Record and did not care for movie stars. In fact, so little did he care for movie stars that he popped one on the jaw on his first visit to Hollywood, just to make his feelings clear. Things are different now. When Mr. McHenry got to know Hollywood better, he grew quite fond of it, and Hollywood grew to admire him greatly, too, during his editorship of Fawcett's SCREEN PLAY Magazine. So we felt sure that he



CONTEST NEWS! Between scenes Deanna Durbin has been practicing typing so that now she can write "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" without making an error. When we told her how many thousands of fans had sent in their entries to her contest, she sat right down to her typewriter and pounded out a little note of appreciation for us to pass on to her friends, and to which we add HOLLYWOOD Magazine's note of appreciation. Their desks piled high with letters, the judges are busily at work, sorting and selecting the best entries that will win 279 prizes. Watch for the winners' names in the October issue

would know the answer to the question that has been bothering the more thoughtful people of the country for months.

"Have you seen the picture?" parried Mr. McHenry.

We said that we were going next week with 80,000,000 other people. Mr. McHenry gave us an Irish grin, "And how long have you been worrying about this?" he said. "Only six months? Then another week won't hurt you." And with that he put on his mask and went away.

The life of an editor is not an easy one.

***

■ An editor's life contains some few bright moments, however. We had one this morning when we read the lead story for next month. It is called "Tyrone Power's Most Daring Role" and it was written by Ed Churchill who is back with us again after almost a year devoted to studio duties. Mr. Churchill lives a rather quiet life in Hollywood, curled up with a good book that he is writing or at ease among his dogs and airplanes. So he found a certain release of his restless spirit in writing about how jumping through glass, enduring sandstorms, falling off horses and exchanging fisticuffs with Don Ameche was as nothing compared with what Tyrone Power suffered in the making of *The Rains Came.*

***

■ There is no doubt that young Mr. Power enjoys his active life, for he sternly refused the services of a double for the flood and earthquake scenes. This interest in daring pursuits is nothing new, and probably dates back to his early youth when he nursed an ambition to become a detective, according to his charming mother, Mrs. Patia Power, who was in New York last month for a look at the World's Fair. Then he wanted to be a civil engineer. "We did not urge him toward any profession, but," and her eyes twinkled, "with three generations of Tyrone Powers behind him, it was not surprising when he decided against college and for the stage when he was seventeen."

The senior Mrs. Power spends a certain amount of her time in Hollywood saying "No," gently but firmly to offers of screen parts. Singularly beautiful, poised, gay, she would be easy to cast in many delightful roles. "One member of the family on the screen is enough," she says positively, and gives her talents away instead. Twice a week she journeys down to the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles for an afternoon with the children who are enduring the long, trying months in the casts and under the pulleys and weights of corrective surgery. Lessons in correct speech and in elocution give the youngsters something to entertain themselves with during days when she is not with them, and under her guidance they put on plays and group readings that will give them happy memories of the long time in the hospital.

■ She is little impressed with the dazzling popularity that her son won in such a short time. Why should she be? Having a famous man in the family seems the natural thing to her, and she knows what to do about it. One of her wedding presents to young Tyrone and Annabella was the sending over of her own treasured cook and house man, a colored couple who have made her very comfortable in Hollywood. "A good cook is a great help in any career . . . domestic or professional," she said, "so that was one of the best things I could think of giving."

***

■ We are just back from a vacation, part of which was spent at the New York World's Fair looking at a remarkable film, *The Land of Liberty.* It is fourteen reels long, and it is shown without charge. We found it so absorbing that we are collecting pictures and will tell you about it in next month's magazine.

***

■ And don't miss the story about Wallace Beery's best girl, and what he plans for her future. Carol Ann, adopted when she was a baby, has been her father's constant companion ever since. Recently, when there was a possibility that Carol Ann would be with him only six months of the year, the big fellow flew to Reno to put in an especial plea for entire custody of the child. What happened makes one of the good stories of the year. Helen Hover wrote it for you.

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE *Garden of Love* . . . "



"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic*. . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."



*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In the Social Whirl —IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.





Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 6-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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OOOOMPH

(Pronounced "Ouch!")

Her title has caused the Oomph Girl plenty of headaches as well as laughs

By KAY PROCTOR

Ann Sheridan slammed on the brakes of her low-slung coupe and broke into tears. Afterwards she was not sure whether it was because she was dog-tired, mad as hops, or because it struck her so all-fired funny. A little of all three, probably. She was en route home from the Walter Wanger studio where she had been working in *Winter Carnival* on loan-out from Warner Brothers. It has been one of those evil days when a lot of naggy little things had gone wrong. In addition, she had endured a merciless ribbing from all sides. A real estate sign brought her up short. It was posted conspicuously in a vacant lot on the heavily traveled boulevard near her valley home. In glaring black letters on a red background it advised:

BUY IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD, THE HOME OF THE OOMPH GIRL!

Ann hasn't yet caught the culprit who pulled that gag on her but suspicion has narrowed the field to Cesar Romero or the angelic-faced Dead End Kid, Gabriel Dell. Neither of those gentlemen will be quoted at this time.

Some wag once made the safe observation that all is not gold that glitters. Ann now is ready to add to that. All is not beer and skittles when you publicly are tagged with a label like "The Oomph Girl," however flattering the implication. Being "The Oomph Girl" is becoming a nightmare of embarrassment if the truth were told. Aside from the good-natured kidding of her friends, which she knew she would have to expect, there have been unexpected and barbed kick-backs from the avalanche of "oomph" publicity. Those have not been quite so easy to take, particularly since she had nothing to do with the Oomph Girl idea in the first place. And more particularly because she is an extremely sensitive girl under the hail-fellow-well-met veneer.

Ann became The Oomph Girl, you remember, as the result of a brainstorm of the press agent of a swank Los Angeles apartment hotel, Daisy Parsons. Miss Parsons thought it might be a good idea to have 17 young men-about-town, including socialites, writers, actors and business men, make their selection of The Oomph Girl from among the number mentioned in a college poll of girls with "oomph." Ann happened to be among those girls and became the choice of the jury.

In case you are a bit foggy at this late date as to just what "oomph" is, the above-mentioned men included their definitions of the word when making their choice. Among those definitions were:

"Oomph is the quality that drives girls to stardom and men to distraction." (Busby Berkely, director.)

"Oomph is It—with a supercharger." (Gene Towne, scenarist.)

"Oomph is a feminine desirability which can be observed with pleasure but cannot be discussed with respectability." (The Earl of Warwick.)

"A perfect feminine body with the eyes of the devil, the atmosphere of a tropical moon, sprinkled well with dynamite and given life with flame from a Bessemer, that's [*Continued on page* 50]



Ann Sheridan will be seen next in *Winter Carnival* and in *The Angels Wash Their Faces* with the Dead End Kids



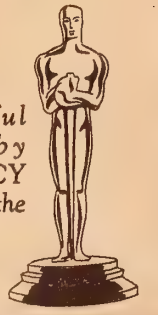
Twentieth Century-Fox
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Darryl F. Zanuck's Production
of

STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast ever assembled!



Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY *... twice winner of the Academy Award!*



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SPENCER TRACY · NANCY KELLY · RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!

Does Disaster Haunt Milland?

By JERRY ASHER



It was a gypsy fortune teller who warned Ray Milland against water and speed. Now he begins to suspect that she had second sight

Ray Milland insists that he is not superstitious. But sometimes he wonders if somewhere in the world there still lives a strange, unkempt old gypsy woman who knows what the future holds for him. He met that woman just once in his life. It was years ago, in France, long before the handsome Britisher ever thought of Hollywood or dreamed of motion picture fame. Yet, fantastic as it may seem, that gypsy woman predicted with uncanny accuracy all the disturbing events which later took place in his life.

No, Ray Milland isn't superstitious. But recently, years after he had forgotten about the strange old woman and her weird prophecies, he had occasion to recall the bizarre episode of their meeting. And whenever he thinks about her, his fingers tighten about an ancient iron coin, sole memento of a fantastic incident he will probably never forget. He carries that coin with him always. Because if he ever loses it . . .

When he was a cavalryman in the King's Life Guards, oldest and most aristocratic military regiment in Great Britain, Ray and a group of fellow officers were granted a short and unexpected holiday. Paris seemed the logical place to forget temporarily all the strictness and confinement of military life. Carefree and adventurous, they crossed the English Channel and threw themselves merrily into the gay night life of the French capital. But even Paris has its limitations. Eventually they reached the stage of wanting to do something new and different and exciting. Someone suggested a visit to a gypsy camp just outside the city, and they set off gaily to have their fortunes told. Not for a moment did any of the gay young officers take the lark seriously. But eventually it was Ray's turn to have his future charted and, smiling skeptically, he walked into a dismal, dirty tent, prepared to listen to the usual vague predictions and phony prophecies of fortune and happiness.

Seated on what seemed to be a bed of rags was a sinister looking gypsy woman. Her face, in the half light, was shadowy, ageless. Her eyes, burning with intense brightness, followed him as he bent down to enter the stifling, nauseating little tent. He noticed that the skin on her hands barely seemed to cover her withered bones.

Involuntarily Ray experienced a tingling, creepy sensation up and down his spine. His forehead grew damp. His lips felt parched. Gone was the gay mood of jesting skepticism. In its place was a sense of fear, and an urgent desire to get out of this place. Rooted to the spot he stood there, waiting for the woman to speak. When she finally did speak, the words seemed to come from a distance.

"Things move fast around you," she mumbled almost inaudibly. "Keep away from moving things—fast things."

She repeated [*Continued on page* 46]

Ray Milland defies the gypsy jinx for his favorite sport, sailing

"I'll Never Marry Again, and Yet—"

JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSES

■ Twice Joan Crawford has watched fame begin to slip away from her.

Immediately after her two marriages, the dips in her career have come. Twice, no other star has been comparable to her—in glamour, in the affection in which she was held by the public, in the widespread influence she held over the modes of the younger generation. Now, for the third time, she is again beginning to achieve magnificent proportions.

Joan would be less the brilliant woman she is if she did not see the relationship between her marriages and the temporary suspension of her accomplishments. . . . Between her successes and her divorces.

She has begun to ask herself: "Is it impossible for a career woman—for me, to be successful in marriage and successful in a career at one and the same time?" Currently she believes that. Therefore, her current vow is: "No more marriage!"

Tan legs, compact body, white shorts, bombastically striped peasant blouse, a new short bob, with little curls fringing her forehead and outlining her head. This was Joan Crawford on the afternoon she talked of her career. Of herself. Of her modified attitudes toward love. Of career women and their pathetic need for love, and how that need again and again betrays them into ill-advised marriages. Of the effect that a film career has on marriage.

She talked of her future. Of what she was planning. For what she was hoping.

In all the years I have known Joan Crawford, I have never seen this side of her before . . . this almost frightening ability to face and force the problems which confronted her.

Today we were dealing in truth. Ruthlessly dissecting the Crawford heart, and the Crawford personality.

"There is no denying," Joan said. "that love has brought me happiness, but it has brought me great unhappiness, too. Not the sort of unhappiness you experience when you are disappointed in work, but something that goes deeper. That permeates to your very bones and makes you feel as empty as a blown-up paper bag. Hollow inside.

"Today, I am confident I'm through with marriage. I'm through with trusting my happiness to another human being. This, I say even in the light of the fact that I have been married to two wonderful men—with charming qualities and great talent as actors. Unfortunately, the happiness of a woman is not determined by the virtues or talents possessed by the man to whom she is married, but on something almost intangible.

"The difficulty today, of course, is that women are two things. They are career women, and yet, fundamentally, they are so vitally feminine that inevitably there is a conflict between the two.

"I am, to put it bluntly, afraid to love, to marry again. At the moment, contrary to gossip, contrary to speculation, there is no emotional interest in my life. I have friends. To them I am grateful, because recently I've been in need of friends.

"Let's see exactly what's happened to me. My career went askew almost simultaneously with my marriages. Curious, isn't it, that after each marriage, I have to pick up the pieces again—to rebuild again. Perhaps I should be grateful for the thing in me which has been so consistently discussed and [*Continued on page* 52]





Left, Joan Crawford with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gay and happy shortly after their marriage. Right, not long before divorce

Joan Crawford turns her brilliant mind to analysis of the condition that has wrecked two marriages and that almost ruined her acting career twice

By SONIA LEE



Below, Joan Crawford with Franchot Tone returning from their honeymoon in 1935. Below and left, not long before their recent divorce

"I'll Never Marry Again,



"I'll Never Marry Again, and Yet—"

JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSES

Joan Crawford turns her brilliant mind to analysis of the condition that has wrecked two marriages and that almost ruined her acting career twice

By SONIA LEE

■ Twice Joan Crawford has watched fame begin to slip away from her.

Immediately after her two marriages, the dips in her career have come. Twice, no other star has been comparable to her—in glamour, in the affection in which she was held by the public, in the widespread influence she held over the modes of the younger generation. Now, for the third time, she is again beginning to achieve magnificent proportions.

Joan would be less the brilliant woman she is if she did not see the relationship between her marriages and the temporary suspension of her accomplishments. . . . Between her successes and her divorces.

She has begun to ask herself: "Is it impossible for a career woman—for me, to be successful in marriage and successful in a career at one and the same time?" Currently she believes that. Therefore, her current vow is: "No more marriage!"

Tan legs, compact body, white shorts, bombastically striped peasant blouse, a new short bob, with little curls fringing her forehead and outlining her head. This was Joan Crawford on the afternoon she talked of her career. Of herself. Of her modified attitudes toward love. Of career women and their pathetic need for love, and how that need again and again betrays them into ill-advised marriages. Of the effect that a film career has on marriage.

She talked of her future. Of what she was planning. For what she was hoping.

In all the years I have known Joan Crawford, I have never seen this side of her before . . . this almost frightening ability to face and force the problems which confronted her.

Today we were dealing in truth. Ruthlessly dissecting the Crawford heart, and the Crawford personality.

"There is no denying," Joan said. "that love has brought me happiness, but it has brought me great unhappiness, too. Not the sort of unhappiness you experience when you are disappointed in work, but something that goes deeper. That permeates to your very bones and makes you feel as empty as a blown-up paper bag. Hollow inside.

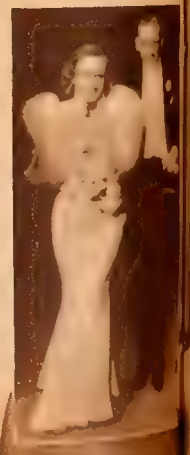
"Today, I am confident I'm through with marriage. I'm through with trusting my happiness to another human being. This, I say even in the light of the fact that I have been married to two wonderful men—with charming qualities and great talent as actors. Unfortunately, the happiness of a woman is not determined by the virtues or talents possessed by the man to whom she is married, but on something almost intangible.

"The difficulty today, of course, is that women are two things. They are career women, and yet, fundamentally, they are so vitally feminine that inevitably there is a conflict between the two.

"I am, to put it bluntly, afraid to love, to marry again. At the moment, contrary to gossip, contrary to speculation, there is no emotional interest in my life. I have friends. To them I am grateful, because recently I've been in need of friends.

"Let's see exactly what's happened to me. My career went askew almost simultaneously with my marriages. Curious, isn't it, that after each marriage, I have to pick up the pieces again—to rebuild again. Perhaps I should be grateful for the thing in me which has been so consistently discussed and [*Continued on page* 52]





Left, Joan Crawford with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gay and happy shortly after their marriage. Right, not long before divorce



Below, Joan Crawford with Franchot Tone returning from their honeymoon in 1935. Below and left, not long before their recent divorce

Hollywood Won't Eat Its Oatmeal



By
GORDON BARRINGTON

Every normal person has at least one abnormal trait, and Hollywood stars are just as normal as you are!

■ Do you remember the kid next door who wouldn't eat his cereal? He'd wave his spoon around in the air, letting the oatmeal fly all over the place, pound away on his high-chair, and squawk his lungs out letting you know there was something about oatmeal he didn't like, and that he couldn't stand the stuff? I mean the kid who got away with it. Well, he's probably in Hollywood now. And he's probably a star.

There's also the little girl who lived down the street who was scared of chickens, and rabbits; who'd yell "Fire" when she saw a little steam coming out of the kitchen; who'd run and hide behind the piano when visitors came, and who shrieked and shuddered when anybody popped a toy balloon. She was terribly shy, but usually pretty, and winsome when you got to know her. Well, she's in Hollywood now, too. And she's doing all right by herself.

One of those kids who threw his oatmeal at the wall was Clark Gable. He wouldn't eat his spinach, either, or raw carrots. In fact, he still won't. He always wore his knee breeches above his knees, instead of below. He'd be shot before he'd go to a party, and he wouldn't, for love nor money, stick his ears under his cap. There was a girl who sat behind him in school. She frequently came to school in curl-papers, and she always teased him about his ears. Gable still won't go to a party, if he can help it. And if you want to get yourself on his "black-list" once and for all, girls, just come out of a beauty shop with your hair plastered down, or in curlers, and parade in front of his ranch in the Valley. He'll love you for it. He'll love you like a cobra, or a corsage of poison-oak.

Gable, in a word, is a mild case of anthropophobiac. But don't get excited over it. It's part of the making of him. Jimmy Cagney's also one, and Robert Taylor, George Brent, Garbo, Paul Muni, Ronald Colman, Carole Lombard, Warner Baxter and Luise Rainer. Yours truly is an anthropophobiac (I hate to meet people), a pyrophobiac (I'm scared of fire), and an astraphobiac (thunder and lightning horrifies me). The lady across the hall is a claustrophobiac (she can't bear to be in a small room). But we're all nice people to meet. Who was it who said all the world's a circus? In any case, he was pretty well on the right track. The only difference between the world and [*Continued on page* 48]



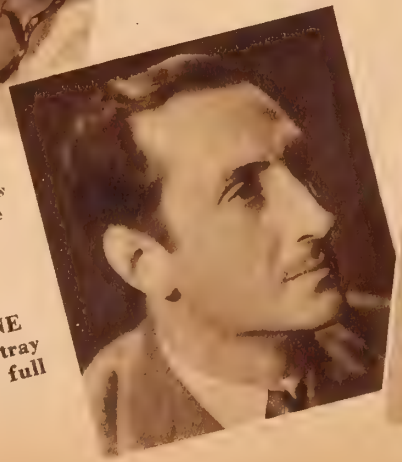
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
She's an anthropophobiac but maybe you are, also



GEORGE BRENT
He's a mysophobiac and very nice, too!



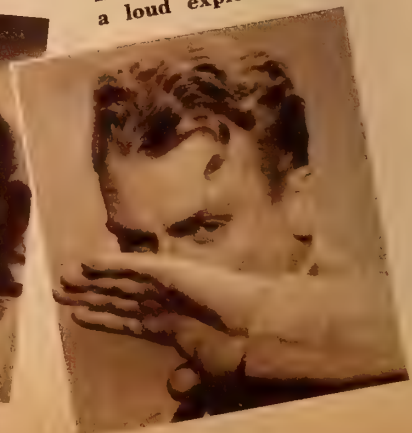
PRISCILLA LANE
Her toothbrush goes with her everywhere



BASIL RATHBONE
Can't leave an ash tray alone if it is full



HEDY LAMARR
She can't stand a change in hair-do



JAMES CAGNEY
He can't tolerate a loud explosion

First Cousin To Cinderella

By MAUDE M. MILLER

A brilliant British writer took time out during a short visit to Hollywood for her London papers to do this vivid story on the girl who plays "Scarlett"



■ A pair of green eyes gazed steadily but with a suggestion of good-natured defiance at the huge man with the lazy smile and the green shirt, otherwise known as the Assistant Director.

"So you want to be an actress? And you'd like some dialogue? And you think it is as simple as all that . . . ?" The smile seemed to become lazier and the green shirt greener.

Maybe it was a reflected glare from the green eyes of the first speaker. We shall never know. Not that it matters now. If, however, glances *could* wither the green-shirt-owner would have had a faded garment as a souvenir of the occasion.

"I *am* an actress. And I *shall* have some dialogue."

Green-eyes was not boasting. She had no idea of being bombastic or difficult. Assurance was hers by the Divine Right of Youth. By the unquestioning faith that her word would be believed, and that her wishes fulfilled because both were worthy of fulfillment.

The girl with the green eyes will be 26 in November, 1939. Skimming back through my old diaries I found the entry I was looking for . . . in September, 1934.

"Met a girl called Vivien Leigh, one eyebrow higher than the other, on location at Chobham, Kent. . . ." Further down the page is a scribble that says, "She got the laugh of the assistant director, by getting herself a three-line part,

[*Continued on page* 58]

Mr. Smith Goes To Washington



Senator Smith (James Stewart) in the clutches of a wing collar and a fatal lady (Astrid Allwyn) on arrival in Washington

Head of all of the Boy Scouts at home, the senator quickly learns to fear good deeds from his new secretary (Jean Arthur)

By E. J. SMITHSON

Our favorite extra, after complaining for months about his hard life, gets a chance to do nothing at a handsome salary

Dear Editor:

You know how it is these days. Or do you?

No sooner does Director Frank Capra make up his mind that *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* on Wednesday, than the Little Lady who operates Central Casting's telephone board makes up her mind that *Mr. Smithson Goes to Work* on Thursday.

"Beat it down to Columbia Studios," says she in usual carefree, but bossy manner, "where Director Capra is shooting some senate sequences. He's put in a call for 600 extras who'll have nothing to do but sit in the set that represents the senate gallery. You won't even hafta twiddle your thumbs. Just sit there and don't let me hear any more about how hard you have to work. Now scat!"

Well, you know me. I scatted and go down to Columbia Studios and, without any trouble worth mentioning here, I get myself an extra job. Sure enough, it was just as she said—I sit and sit and sit and sit for four days, and go home each night come quitting time with eight-fifty jingling in my jeans!

Now, I'm fully aware that, according to accomplished chair warmers, a guy should be sitting pretty when he can drag down

easy dough for doing practically nothing at all. And it *was* a change from all of the agony I had running around in the crowds in *The Rains Came*. But doing nothing but sit isn't easy.

First, there's the wear and tear on the seat of your pantz as well as your nerves. Four days of sitting and squirming in a "snug-fit" chair wrecked my trousers as well as my genial disposition.

Second, the heat. Not less than four hundred white-hot arc lights spotted at regular intervals around the top of the four walls of the Senate Chamber and not ten feet above our heads, kept us extras feeling like Sunday dinners. Four days of sitting and squirming and sweating and I was out one pair of pantz, two-thirds of my usual good nature, and ten pounds of weight.

Third, the doves. On the third day of my sitting, a crate of these cooing little birds of peace somehow broke loose and put on an aerial circus that had Director Capra doing nip-ups. It took the hired help fully two hours to capture them, and believe me, everybody breathed a deep sigh of relief when they were back in the crate. And for good reason, because, while doves in general are accepted as messengers of peace, these feathered friends in particular were very ill-mannered or, as you might say, had you been there, poorly house-broken.

Fourth, the monkey. Where this agitated simian came from, or what role he was expected to play in the picture, is a problem that only a Charley Chan could solve. But the fact remains that Mr. Monk *was* there following the day we got the "bird," and if his actions meant anything—which they surely did—he was as full of vim, vigor, and vitality as he was of fleas. His acrobatic monkeyshines set the gallery of extras into an uproar.

The pretty blonde extra sitting next to me fainted dead away when monk jumped in her lap and set up his gosh-awful chattering. I made a grab for him, hoping to play the big he-man hero for the blonde cutie, but I missed him by the length of his tail. When I saw him again he was squatting in the lap of a dozing, gray-bearded old pappy, and pulling at the sleeping gent's whiskers. All of a sudden the old pappy awoke to find himself staring into the eyes of the strangest lap guest he probably ever had. "Lemme outta here!" he screamed a split-second later, and made a rush for the exit. "Smart guy, eh?" the old man barked at Capra as he whizzed past the director. "Well, lemme tell you something, young feller. Nobody in this danged picture business can make me double for an orang-outang! T'hell with it! And with you!" And with that for a goodbye parting shot, he walked off the set and out of a good job.

The monk was finally captured by a prop boy, but it took a full hour before everybody felt tidied up enough mentally to go on [*Continued on page* 55]

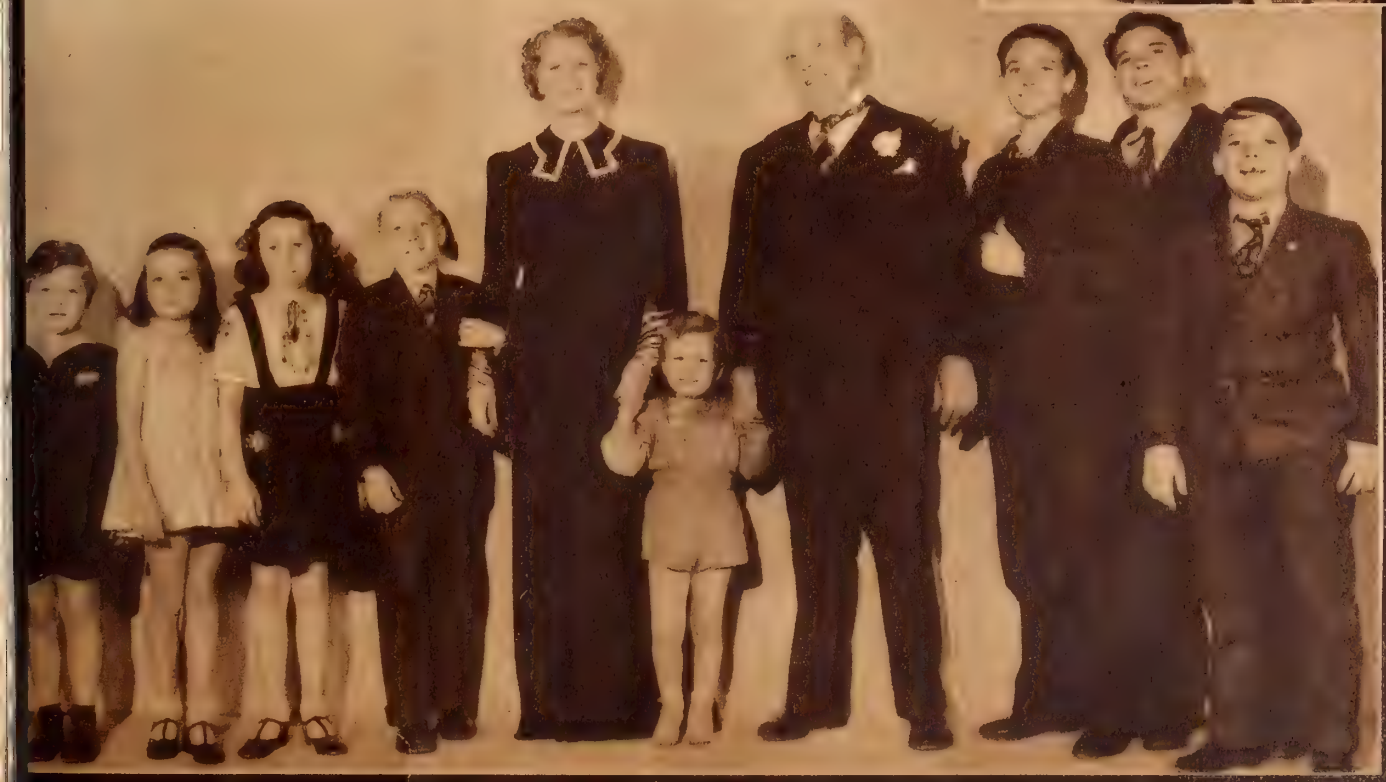
Right, Beulah Bondi plays an important role in the drama of Washington intrigue and love

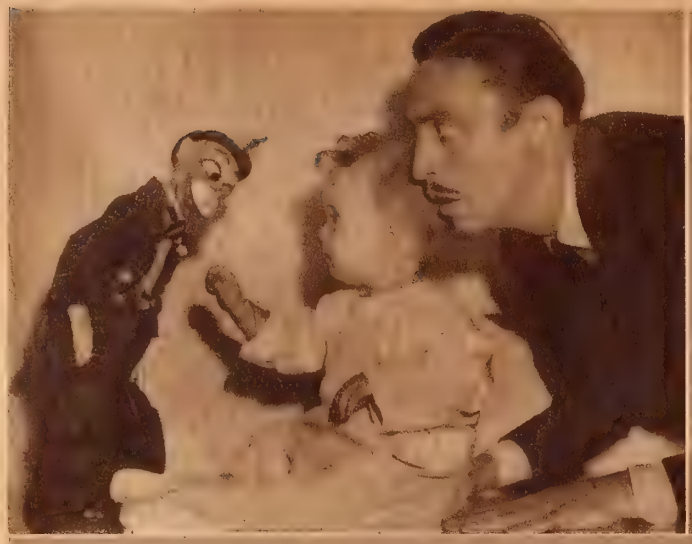




Right, Linda Winters and Frances Gifford show the senator that the voters have confidence in him

Below, Ruth Donnelly and Guy Kibbee descend on Washington society with a film family of eight





Mischa Auer looks alarmed for the puppet



Mischa Auer looks alarmed for the puppet

Menace!

Number One Scene Stealer is Sandy Henville, shown here demonstrating her tireless talents between scenes for *Unexpected Father*. Remember her performance in *East Side of Heaven*?



He was right! He has lost an eye, and the feather is going

Sambo appeals for mercy, but Sandy continues to steal scenes in the clinches

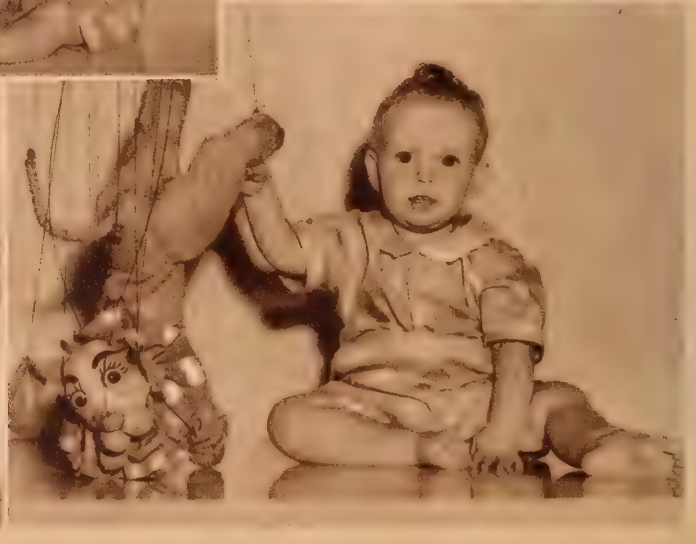




Sambo looks scared to death, like all actors cast with Sandy

The lion gives up from the start





The baby menace, as winnah!



Cagney Changes His Mind

At first he did not want little sister Jeanne in pictures. Now he doesn't mind

By FRANC DILLON

■ "I certainly didn't want Jeanne to be an actress," James Cagney admitted seriously, "but I've changed my mind."

His expression underwent one of those lightning-like changes that are so characteristic. He grinned. Consistency may be a virtue, but it can never be said to be one of Jimmy's. He's as changeable as the weather, a quality that makes association with him one continual surprise, but he is consistent in his inconsistencies, and the thing you may be sure of is that he'll never bore you.

Time, and Jeanne's unshaken determination to become an actress, brought about his change of heart. And now that he has given his approval, it is wholehearted and enthusiastic. Talking with him about it leaves you with the impression that it was his idea in the first place for his baby sister to take up his profession.

In the interests of truth, it must be admitted that he was never wholly antagonistic to the idea. He was merely following his habit of looking after the baby, a habit formed when she was born shortly after the death [*Continued on page* 40]

So You'd Know Them Anywhere!





1. She was a hit in a western

You're going to Hollywood, and you're sure that you'll be able to spot favorite stars in a crowd? Then you better practice with these pictures. Answers, page 45



2. Young and handsome

3. Can this be Jolson?









4. Serious actress

5. You can't miss!

6. Menace!

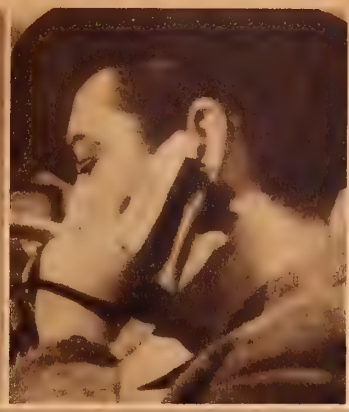
7. Foreign name



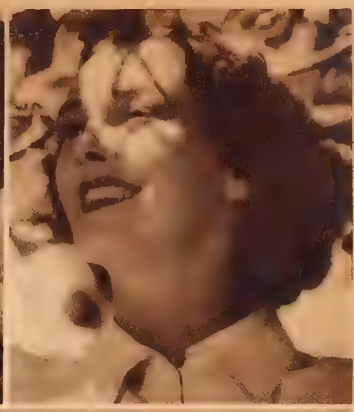
8. This is easy



9. Lovely voice



10. Newly wed



11. Maureen O'Sullivan?



12. Is it Garbo?



13. Is it Lombard?



14. English accent



15. Very, very pretty



16. Another English accent



17. Big star

18. Give up? See page 45



Hollywood Picks



a Prize Winner

Mary Healy had her trunks all packed and her tickets bought for a return to her home when the big break came

By ED JONESBOY

■ Everything is quiet along the Potomac and, thanks to the kind and propitious movie gods, along the alleys of 20th Century-Fox Studio.

We mean by that that everything is absolutely hunky-dory so far as Mary Healy, the black-eyed and vivacious little beauty from the Deep South is concerned.

Just the other day, Mary got herself divorced from what she describes as a "twenty-four-hour ecstatic nightmare." She's free, now, from the pins and needles upon which she's been sitting; she refuses to be at sixes and sevens with herself; she believes that at last she's got her dainty little feet firmly planted on the long road that leads to motion picture success; she accepts as the truth the "encouraging word" that her studio bigwigs have been offering her in the hope that it would cool off the high fever of excitement that has been making her heart beat faster than Gene Krupa's drums. For more than thirty days Mary's been pinching herself to see whether or not she was awake or living in a dream, and she says those self-inflicted bruises made her look like the tattooed woman in a side-show. But there's to be no more of that. She has finally realized that the incredible good movie fortune that's befallen her bears no relationship to the well-staged and managed Hollywood gag which she believed it to be at first.

Mary's so confident of herself, now, that she feels free to go to the studio without taking along the tools of her former trade —a secretary's writing pad and pencils. No more practicing her shorthand in her spare time, just in case! She'll never have to go back to her old job and listen to her boss say, "Take a letter, please, Miss Healy," because she's playing her first big role IN *Second Fiddle*, an important picture starring Rudy Vallee, Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power. And take Mary's word for it, there's a whale of a difference between playing second fiddle and playing IN *Second Fiddle!*

Mary got wised up to all this just a day or so ago.

But a month ago! A month ago she had her trunk packed and ticket bought for a trip back to her old home town—New Orleans—and her old job—a secretaryship in a film exchange.

And she would be there now, sitting in front of her machine, tapping out letters and drawing her thirty-five bucks a week but for the harsh words her roommate spoke when she learned that Mary was about to pick up and git.

"She called me a coward and a quitter, just to list a couple of meanies. She said I should wait for the break that was sure to come. I should be patient, she said. She even dug out the old copybook maxim about perseverance always winning. I told her that I had been here in Hollywood a year, waiting and persevering, without success. Why, there weren't five people on the lot that knew me! Oh, sure, I'd been given one or two extra jobs and a bit part consisting of three words. Maybe next year I'd do better. A bit part in a B picture with four words to read! And as for the break—I had my answer for that one. You wait a year for a break, then you go broke, and finally end up heartbroken! Hollywood could decline the verb that way, but not Mary Healy, I said. But—"

But Mary finally consented to stay another week.

■ This was a month ago.

A year ago she signed a 20th Century-Fox contract.

Two years ago she was working in a film exchange with no thoughts of a movie career buzzing in her pretty head.

Four years ago she had been declared the winner of a state-wide beauty contest. She was Louisiana's "Magnolia Girl" and right proud of it. A year before that she'd won the hometown beauty title of "Miss New Orleans." The winnah, sho' 'nuf!

Six years ago she was singing in a band. And mighty good, too. When some liked it hot, she'd sing it hot, and when some liked it sweet, she'd sing sweet.

[*Continued on page* 60]

My "fair" friend told me . . .





"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sightseeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.



My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins —*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.



"And Modess is safer, too . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."



Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)



Not a theatrical boarding house, but just the Watson family gathered for a meal around the enormous dinner table



"Bobs" gets a lesson in riding on a home-made bucking broncho assisted vigorously by his "Pa," who has fun, too



No outside help for the Watsons when they need a new house. They just call out the family and build it themselves

Nine of a Kind

Something about the famous Watsons who are working their ways through kindergarten and having a fine time

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"Hi, feller! Pull up your socks!"—That's Garry, aged 10.

"Give 'em the good ole double-look!"—That's Delmar, aged 12.

"Do b e t t e r than yesterday!"—Harry, the 17-year old.

"Go 'way! He did fine yesterday, Pa said so."—Louise, 19.

"Quit pestering him!"—Gloria, 22.

"Clean handkerchief?" — That's Moms.

"Come on! Jump up! Getting late!"—That's Pa.

"He *did*—stop kidding!"—Vivian, 24.

"Hey, come back and fold your napkins!"—Coy, Jr., 26.

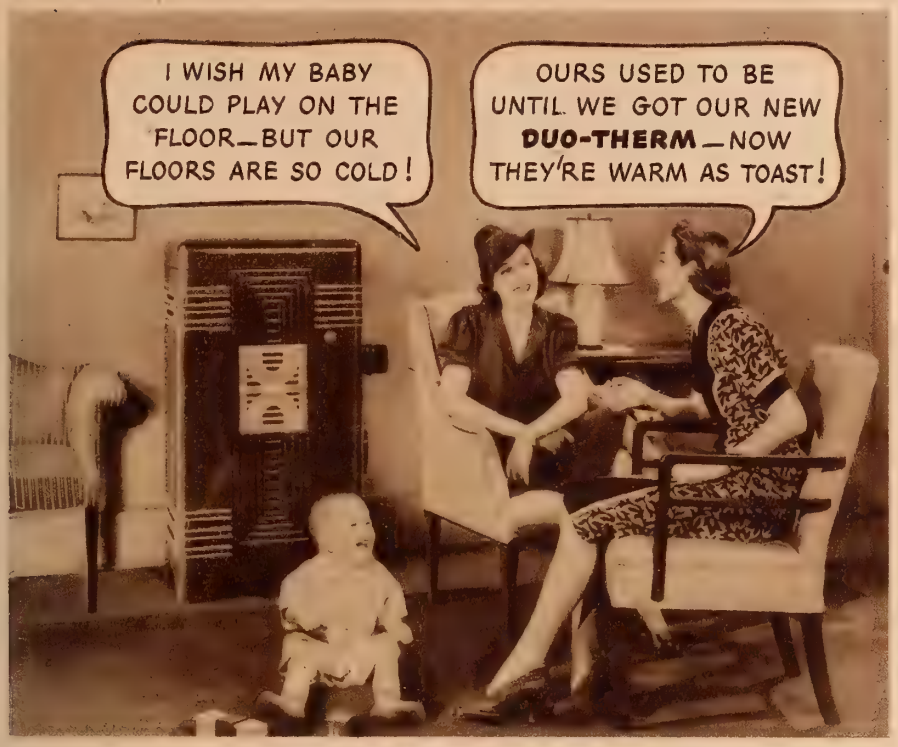
"Watch the closeups!"—Billy, 15.

It's the Watson family (as they appear, left to right, in the picture at the top of the page) seeing "Bobs" (he's 8) off to the studio in the morning. Eleven Watsons, including Pa and Moms, and every one of the nine children in the movies!

As a matter of fact, the morning scene is repeated with variations again and again ere the forenoon ends, for the Watson family is decidedly popular with casting officers,

[*Continued on page 42*]

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater keeps your ankles as warm as your ears!



GIVES EVEN, "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" WARMTH!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

TOO HOT HERE	95°
WARM HERE	79°
COLD HERE	62°

Look at this! Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE	80°
WARM HERE	72°
WARM HERE	70°

And look at this! Duo-Therm's new *Power-Air** forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it *down*—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Greater comfort winter and summer too!

1.



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner. You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, start your Duo-Therm *Power-Air*—and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

THERE'S *year-round* comfort in this clean, silent, trouble-free Duo-Therm heater!

When you turn the handy dial on the front panel—you get just the heat you want in any weather! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and get an extra flood of warmth that will soon make you hitch your chair back!

Feature for feature, no other heater made can match Duo-Therm—*and in addition Duo-Therm gives you POWER-AIR!*

A heating sensation! *Power-Air forces* heat all through your home—makes heat do *more* work—gives you uniform, *floor-to-ceiling* temperatures and actually cuts fuel costs!

But that's only half the *Power-Air* story!

Summer comfort, too! On scorching days, turn on your *Power-Air*—and start a 27-mile-an-hour breeze circulating comfort! And you can direct *Power-Air* anywhere—up, down, right, left! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. *Power-Air* costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

Don't confuse Duo-Therm's new Power-Air heater with heaters that simply have a fan!

It costs no more to own a Duo-Therm! You can get a new Duo-Therm with *Power-Air* for no more than you'd pay for an ordinary heater! Why not go to your dealer today—and see the handsome new models? They come in the beautiful Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments!

Or tear out the coupon and mail it—now!

*Patent Applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

——TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!——

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. H-99, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

I want to know *more* about the kind of heating this new Duo-Therm gives!

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *County*_____

*State*_____

Formula For Contentment



Anne Shirley, appearing soon in *Career*, knows a secret for a serene career in private life

By EMILY NORRIS

■ Anne Shirley cupped a glass of milk in her slim little hands, and let her gaze rove out the R-K-O commissary window to where the roses bloomed and birds and bees bounced around in the California sunshine. They seemed carefree. They had nothing on Anne.

"Well, there it is," she said; "possibly I'm crazy, but I simply made up my mind to be happy. And I am. I'm the happiest girl in Hollywood, and the luckiest. I'm *perfectly* happy. And I absolutely will not worry about anything—ever. I won't."

As if this calm statement were not surprising enough in a town, and an era, when everybody worries about everything, she added in her gentle accents another astonisher.

"I've got everything I want. And I've never caught myself yearning for anything I didn't possess."

A-ha! Maybe that's the secret. She not only doesn't want what she hasn't, but she's sold on being pleased with what she has . . .

"Being happy is practical," Anne was continuing, "and, besides, it makes you feel good. You can go in for happiness the same as some people go in for making money. You can set it up as your goal, and take care of such items of it as come your way."

Not that she's Pollyanna about it, you understand. In the movies at the age of three, a star at 16 when most girls are in high school, Anne has experienced enough hard knocks to develop plenty of character, and to ripen a naturally lively sense of humor. There were many years when Anne and her devoted mother had a tough time meeting the rent. Often they ate sparingly, and often they didn't eat. They used to scratch along on ten dollars a week for both of them.

All this is Hollywood history now. But what has never been written into Hollywood history is the fact that the time when Anne's budget was five dollars a week was the time when she made up her mind to be happy, no matter what.

"It suddenly occurred to me," she said, "that worry spoiled every mood and occasion. Even people with lots of money worried. So, since I didn't have any money, I evened things up by putting worry in the trash basket. I honestly don't think I've worried about anything at all from that day to this."

Her hazel eyes, level and shining, began to crinkle with laughter. "And from the time I decided never to worry at all, I began to have the finest luck! There was the day my nose got broken." Tenderly she felt the bridge of that attractive feature which, if it ever had been broken, certainly got over it. "I was climbing a steep hillside, and the boy ahead of me slipped. His foot came bang in my face. Of course, it might have disfigured me. But it was done, and what was the use of worrying until we found out? So I didn't worry about it, and it didn't show, after all!

"Then one night I was hurrying home along a pretty dark road when I fell over something. I picked myself up and went on. The minute I reached the house, I found that my leg was really badly hurt—the doctor had to take five stitches in it. But luckily I'd hit a nerve or something, so it didn't pain any until I got home. I say luckily, for if I'd worried and stopped, and seen all that bleeding, I'd have flopped right there on the road and would have lost a lot of blood before someone found me."

Suppose it wasn't so much luck as grit and determination?

Anne waved the suggestion aside as unworthy of consideration. "I'm *lucky*, I tell you," she insisted. "Why, look at the times the grocer's wife used to drop by the apartment to bring mother and me a box of things 'leftover' at the end of the day. Left over! You know they weren't. It was just that the grocer's wife and other people were perfectly wonderful friends."

Uh-huh. But how about it being the Shirley sweetness and courage which attracted the notice of the grocer's wife in the first place? The grocer's wife didn't drag "leftover" vegetables around to everybody, did she? Again the glass of milk waved the objection away.

"I'm not sweet or courageous," Anne disclaimed, "I never had to be. Good luck has always come before I had time to wish for it. Take what happened in pictures.

"At first I used to play, quite often, the roles of noted stars in their childhood. I played the child self, or whatever you'd call it, of Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Dvorak, Fay Wray—oh, lots of famous actresses. It was wonderful training, though the parts were all small. Then all of a sudden I had the lead in *Anne of Green Gables*. And next thing I knew, they gave me star billing. I hadn't worked for it. I hadn't worried about it." She looked challenging and triumphant. "It was *luck*."

Oh, sure. The kind of luck that happens to a good actress who works hard

[*Continued on page 64*]

A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!











Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene . . . with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

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Anita Louise, playing in *Hero for a Day*, knows that a beauty routine is essential to the girl who must look like a heroine every day

By ANN VERNON

■ Right now you are probably running around in blue denim slacks—and worrying more about your tennis game than your face. But before you realize it, you'll be shopping for fall clothes. And do you know that you'll most likely buy a dress with a bustle, and a hat with a pink ostrich plume?

Now a smattering of freckles and a rich tan look all right with casual summer clothes but they'd be pretty silly with a bustle. So start right now to get your face into the fall fashion picture. Don't continue to broil in the sun and roughen up in the wind until the leaves turn. Start on the road back to femininity and prettiness now. Gradually do it. You can't expect to undo the effects of weeks outdoors in a day or two. Just *ease* into your new role.

A good program to follow? Well, a mask used regularly will help refine your skin, banish roughness and large pores. An extra scrubbing with soap and water each day will carry on this good work, and extra applications of lubricating cream will soften the skin and correct dryness caused by an overdose of sun and wind.

If you have been a smart girl you have taken pains, all summer long, to keep yourself as lovely looking as possible. But I know that most of you yield now and then to laziness—a temptation that is especially strong in warm weather. Because you go in swimming a lot you neglect your soap and water baths. Because you are rushing off to play golf, you forget to apply a protective cream or lotion to protect your skin from the sun. At night you are so healthily tired that you skip that application of tissue cream. And all the while you think, oh it won't matter, just this once! But it does matter. That's why you have to acquire the habit of beauty care once more—to correct the results of laziness.

Do you know what make-up to wear with the new fall shades? How to fix your hair so it will look best with the new fall hats? Write Ann Vernon today for advice. The service is free; simply send a stamped self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage, please) for your reply. Address Ann Vernon, c/o HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

■ There are many good masks for reconditioning the skin, of course, but one that I find does the trick every time is a vegetable product. It is very beneficial because it can be mixed with various ingredients for the different types of skins. If yours is inclined to be dry, you just add a tablespoon of cold cream and a little milk to the snowy white mask base. If your skin is frankly oily, then add the white of an egg and a little milk to the mask base, and you have the answer to *your* problem. So you tanned too enthusiastically and now want to get rid of your gypsy look? Just add buttermilk to this mask base—and you're on your way to recovery. . . Be sure that your skin is thoroughly cleansed before you apply the mixture (which you can make thick or thin in consistency, as you prefer). Otherwise, it can't do its work. While the mask is drying, lie down and be lazy (I deplore the kind of laziness that makes you skip cleaning your face, but I'm very much in favor of the kind you indulge in while a mask is drying!) and when it is thoroughly dry, remove it with clear cold water. Pat your skin dry, and admire its fresh, pink color, its refined texture. If you want the name of this mask that is all things to all women, I'll be glad to oblige. It's a luxury to use, but not to buy—because the price is only a few cents for a supply that lasts some time.

■ Because we were all brought up on soap and water as children, I think we sometimes get the idea that it's purely a hygienic measure, and not a beauty aid. But we're wrong there. Soap and water spells beautiful skin in any language. The sooner you begin to use it regularly and frequently, the sooner your skin becomes smooth, fresh and firm looking. If you don't include it in your fall reconditioning campaign, you're being very shortsighted. I want to stress the point that the scrubbing accompanying a soap and water cleansing helps it to achieve results. A half-hearted swipe with a soapy cloth isn't going to work any wonders. It's the elbow grease plus the soap and water that does the trick. Use warm water, plenty of the kind of soap that lathers freely, a complexion brush or a rough wash cloth, and follow with a couple of clear water rinses. Bear down firmly on the skin, work into crevices, and don't skip a single spot. That's what a real soap and water scrubbing means, that's what pays dividends in skin beauty.

■ If you want the name of a soap that fits into this program, drop me a line. I'll give you the name of one that I saw being made—a delicately scented white soap that is so mild it can't harm sensitive skins. And how those glistening soap bubbles cleanse and beautify your skin! If there weren't a perfectly sensible reason for it, I'd say it smacked of magic! This soap is hard-milled, so that it doesn't get mushy in water, a distinct asset if you're budget-minded. I advise you to use it twice a day in the tub, and use it at least three times a day from the neck up for a new fall face.

If your skin is very dry, follow your soap and water cleansing with an application of cold cream. Reverse the procedure if your skin is oily. And to hasten the reconditioning of your summer-abused face, massage cream on it at bedtime or while you are in your tub. The warmth of the bathroom will make the cream lubricate your skin more quickly. In addition to the use of a lubricating preparation at night, you should use a good protective foundation cream under your make-up. It will keep your skin looking smoother during the day and will also act as a protective film. This smooth white vanishing cream can also be used as an overnight skin softener, if you do not like to go to bed with evidences of your search for beauty quite visible. Both creams are inexpensive, and they come in several sizes under a dollar.

■ While you are re-doing your skin for fall, you might give your bicuspids a new treat. There's a perfectly swell new liquid dentifrice that has my vote of confidence. I started using it before it was put on the market, and was a fan from the start. It's ruby-red, and does a grand job of getting between the crevices of the teeth, and polishing the surfaces. It foams faster than champagne and leaves your mouth feeling refreshed and clean and sweet. There are several sizes—at 10 cents, 25 cents and 50 cents. Want the name?

Write me before September 15th if you want the names of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope (U.S. postage) for my reply. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., flew across the country and sailed for Europe for a three weeks' vacation before the actress starts her next *Thin Man* film with William Powell

"My neighbors used to razz me—*behind my back!*



"It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

"Now they say nice things —*to my face!*



"I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing."

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



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Favorites of Napoleon's court made natural loveliness more entrancing with baths in crushed strawberries.



Glamour Girls Use **DJER-KISS**

The intoxicating scent of Djer-Kiss Talc makes the modern girl enchanting, weaves for her a spell of glamour.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*



The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF



Basil Rathbone, Madeleine Carroll and Ronald Colman during the broadcast in honor of King George and Queen Elizabeth, in which British notables of Hollywood joined

Cagney Changes His Mind

[*Continued from page 29*]

of their father. A baby girl in a family of four sons, she was, naturally, the object of their devoted attention. "My four fathers," she calls them. Any objection he may have had to an acting career for Jeanne was just a brotherly attempt to protect her from disappointments and heartaches.

Jimmy is not old-fashioned. He fully agrees with the right of any woman to follow whatever career she chooses, but he is a sentimentalist, and he has a protective feeling toward any girl for whom he has an affectionate regard. It will be remembered that, although he married an actress, his wife retired to private life as soon as the Cagney finances allowed. The memory of his own early failures and disillusionments made him reluctant to see his sister experience the same ordeals.

Ordinarily a conversation with this actor is a triumph of withheld information. That is, if you are talking about Cagney. He will talk at length and charmingly on any other subject. He'll go on and on about politics or world affairs and especially likes an opportunity to praise a fine bit of work done by another actor. But veer around to Cagney (if you can) and you'll discover he has a passion for long, drawn-out dissertations consisting mostly of "yes" and "no."

■ Today his face lit up when we spoke of his sister. Now, there's a subject he "admires to talk on, stranger." She is the apple of his eye. He dotes on her. Probably, at this point, there is nothing in the world he wants more than for her ambition to develop into reality.

The Cagney clan didn't take it seriously when Jeanne announced, at the age of twelve, that she intended to be a doctor, an attorney, and an archeologist, all in quick succession. But when during her college years, Jeanne developed an inclination to act, they thought she might mean it.

"We'll see," said Mamma Cagney with a wise smile. "She has all she can do with her school work now. Maybe, later."

Although there was no dramatic course at Hunter College where Jeanne was a student, she became interested in the efforts of her classmates to produce plays, and during her Junior and Senior years she took an active part. Not to the detriment of her studies, however, for she earned high marks in everything, made Phi Beta Kappa, graduated "cum laude" at the age of eighteen and for that rated her picture in *Time* magazine.

Her interest in acting had been stimulated, no doubt, by summer vacations in Hollywood. Everywhere that Jimmy went, Jeanne was sure to be. She visited him at the studio, spending hours on the set watching him work, absorbing every detail. She never grew weary of watching, and while she was learning everything she could about motion pictures, Jimmy was studying her.

"She has the most amazing determination of anyone I know," he says. "She is untiring in anything she undertakes. In school she took one language—she majored in languages—that she didn't care for, but she got A's in that subject all the way through. Nothing discourages her, and opposition only stimulates her, two characteristics that are a big help in the theatrical profession.

"Don't misunderstand me," he warned, "I'm not knocking my profession. It's the

finest in the world. There's nothing I would rather do than this. It offers more personal satisfaction and greater rewards than almost any other business but, at the same time, it makes greater demands and requires greater sacrifices than many other fields of endeavor."

■ Jimmy has learned that success brings responsibilities. He has learned that money and success don't mean Utopia. His own futile attempts to find relaxation and quiet would be amusing if they weren't a little sad.

His beautiful yacht, for instance, that so many people envy him, is seldom visited by its owner. Occasionally he spends a few days and nights on it to get away from a telephone. His farm in Massachusetts, where he can really relax, is across the continent from his work in Hollywood.

He remembers the real sacrifices he made to become an actor. He remembers the time he was due to sail next day for England to play the lead in *Broadway*, and he was fired at the last moment. That hurt.

He remembers, too, the opposition he met at home when he first ventured onto the stage, for his mother considered it neither a respectable nor a promising field of activity for an intelligent young man. His argument at that time was, "But Mother, I'm to get $25 a week and that's better than $15." When layoffs came, as they were bound to, and a few weeks went by without any check at all, he had to agree with his mother that $15 every week was better than $25 now and then. Jimmy will never forget those days. He would love to protect Jeanne from such anxieties and doubts.

When she arrived in Hollywood following her graduation from college, his first advice to her was, "Get yourself in trim." He may have been trying her out but if he had any doubt about her serious intentions he had forgotten her tenacity. She went through a course of reducing, exercising, studying and Jimmy was very pleased.

"Take up dancing," he told her later, and before he remembered it again she had finished her first term of lessons under the guidance of Johnny Boyle. Anything he suggests, she follows through. Recently he remarked that many motion picture stars have been "discovered" at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. So Jeanne promptly went over and won a part in *Brother Rat*.

"When Jeanne makes up her mind, nothing can stop her," he said, with a prideful smile. "And, after all, it wouldn't be fair for me to try and stop her. It's her life. It's up to her to do what she wants to do—and can do. I'm glad that she decided to get her start out here, rather than in the East. Not that I think her chances any better here, but she's with me and I can keep an eye on her and my brother, Bill, can look after her."

To the suggestion that there might not be room enough for the names of two Cagneys in lights, he was unworried.

"Well, if there isn't, I'll move over," he said with a grin.

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"



A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child



1. But, Mary . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .



2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



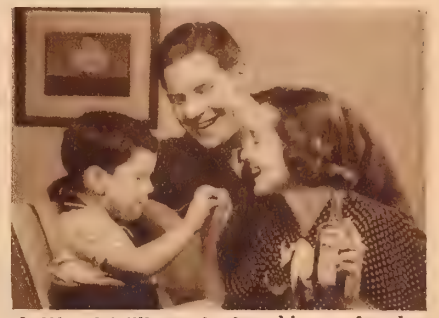
3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.



4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.



5. He said to give him a *modern* laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's *safe*, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.



6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

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CREAM
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stops perspiration | also deodorizes

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a pure, scientific cream that does both. Tested and approved by American Institute of Laundering as *harmless to fabrics.* You will be ever so fresh and safe with DRI-DEW.

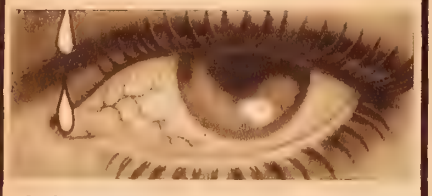
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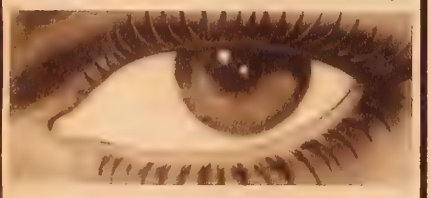
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Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.



USE
Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau
EYE-GENE

Nine of a Kind

[*Continued from page 34*]

and five or six of the youngsters are sure to be tearing off to some studio any day you choose to pick.

Four of the boys appear in Director Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* They're cast as Guy Kibbee's family, and Pa says one of the scenes is "like when they corral me at home." Delmar has been in 120 films, and from one of them acquired seven stitches in his knee. Among them, the Watsons, from the oldest to the youngest—a difference, incidentally, of 18 years—have had bit parts and speaking parts and featured parts in around five hundred pictures.

But it just happens, what with this and that and the current popularity of little-boy roles, that "Bobs," the dark-eyed, dark-haired youngest of the brood has had the most important parts of all. Lately he has played in 24 productions, and these include important characters in *In Old Chicago, Kentucky, Boys' Town, Dodge City, Alexander Graham Bell,* and—his most recent job—little grandson "Pud," with Lionel Barrymore, in *On Borrowed Time.*

■ Right now, two studios want to sign Bobs up to a long contract; not as a featured player, but as a star. Pa Watson has given the matter prolonged and earnest thought. He hasn't been sure he *wants* a star in the family!

"It's a mighty happy family, just the way it is," he confided, rocking in a chair on the veranda of "Gramps' " house in the *On Borrowed Time* set at M-G-M studios. Over beyond the garden path, Lionel Barrymore was talking with Bobs, both of them laughing excitedly at some joke, the little boy's eyes sparkling with fun.

To the left of the porch stood a high fence, which enclosed the famous apple-tree that looms with such importance in the plot; the tree in which Gramps, according to the beautiful, symbolic story, manages to trap Death, who must stay there till Gramps gives him permission to come down. Bobs took a keen boyish interest in that tree, a golden russet apple tree bolted and wired and braced to keep it from hopping about the set when the man-made earthquake started at its roots.

Death, you see, shakes the tree violently



Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer take a stroll on the Universal lot between shots of their new film, *A Modern Cinderella.* Boyer sails for France on a vacation immediately after completion of the picture. His wife, Pat Paterson, goes with him

in his efforts to free himself from the limbs. The shaking was done by a pile driver beneath the tree roots, while Death (in the person of the English actor, Cedric Hardwicke) held on for dear life. A tree that would shake at will was *something!* Bobs hung around it, fascinated, and trotted over to it from wherever he happened to be at such times as the prop man changed the apples. Oh, yes, the apples had to be changed; they grew much too ripe under the hot lights, and every day or so a complete, new set burgeoned from the branches, each fastened on with a wire and a black button.

"I'm all of a tremble for fear Bobs is going to ask for a tree like that, come Christmas," Pa remarked. "He gave me an order for a baby elephant two years ago at Christmas time. I had to have a friend call up and explain that Santa was all out of elephants.

"But about this star contract idea. As I say, our family is happy now and I don't know whether we'd be as contented with a star in the house. We're all for one and one for all in our family. There isn't any jealousy, and nobody's any better nor any better actor than anybody else, and if the other fellow gets more work or more important work—why, that's fine. It's a family affair. Everyone's pleased.

"Take a star contract, though, and right away as soon as a child is under contract the law says you have to establish a trust fund for him. That's all right, only in our case it would mean one child having more money than his brothers and sisters. Money isn't everything, and a truer word never was said. We've got about all the things we need. After twenty years, we're moving into another little new house, down near where the Mack Sennett studios originally were, and it's fine and just about right for us. Big enough. Not too big.

"Another thing. A young boy with a trust fund, when he grows up—how can he ever marry the girl he loves? Maybe he can't help being influenced by the money; maybe she can't help being influenced by it. How does he know she really loves him and not his income? I tell you, there's plenty of angles to figure. Enough money, but not too much—"

■ One reason why enough money, but not too much, is a thing the Watson family keep in mind, is because Pa Watson's father was a chaplain. He knew spiritual values, and in this respect his son and grandchildren are a very level-headed clan. Meanwhile, Bobs and others of his young brothers are—so to speak—working their way through kindergarten, as their older brothers and sisters did before them. Without trying to corner all the coin in Hollywood, they still are (like other screen children) providing educations for themselves that their parents could not hope to furnish. This is fine. Pa Watson thoroughly approves of education, the more the better. It's luxury and extravagance that he regards with a suspicious eye as dangerous.

So Bobs, one of the cutest and most popular kids on the screen, lives in a modest home—and loves it. His two

Realize Your Dream of Thrilling Hair!

An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with *no scalp irritation!*



GLANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

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sisters have jobs in downtown stores. They are remarkably good actresses, but Pa Watson says they ought to train themselves to be good sensible wives. After they marry, if they and their husbands agree that the careers should continue—okay. "But," Pa observes, "I've seen too many movie marriages ruined by too many careers in the same family."

■ When the sisters come home from work, and when Bobs and his brothers return from the studios, the whole crowd —and it *is* a crowd, eleven of 'em—sit down to the most extraordinary meal in the Hollywood area. It's extraordinarily good, for one thing—but what makes it different from meals in most movie families is the fact that Moms Watson, herself, has cooked it. Yes, money in the bank and children in the movies, Moms—a truly devoted wife and mother—cooks the meals for the household, and won't allow anybody except one of the girls to help her. It's a really old-fashioned family, one to warm the heart, in the fastest-paced, most modern and modernistic town in the whole world.

■ Come right down to it, Moms Watson runs a theatrical boarding house; right in her own family. Plump, youthful looking, with a delightful, almost roguish smile (it's easy to see where Bobs gets that smile of his) she presides over the table calmly and efficiently. And no matter how hungry they are, the children don't forget their manners.

That's another old-fashioned note; the courtesy, the low-pitched voices, the absence of shove and shouldering-aside which comes from unselfishness. The youngsters from their earliest years have been taught to "give out and give joy." It has worked beautifully. To be brash or impudent is, in that house, a cardinal sin. Bobs, who prayed for "Uncle Lionel" every night during the *On Borrowed Time* production, invariably adds to his petitions the sincere and simple appeal: "And please, Lord, help me not to get fresh on the set or anywhere."

■ For their home-grown theatrical boarding house, Pa and Moms Watson select the food with common-sense and thrift. Scotch oatmeal and milk usually provide the first part of the breakfast, and they all eat it. "You can't be temperamental," Pa says, "when you're part of a big family." There are hotcakes, too, eggs "when they're not too high," orange juice. The other meals include "lots of carrots and peas, biscuits, a shoulder of lamb for Sunday; occasionally, roast beef. When we can afford it—and we've never missed many—we have turkey at Thanksgiving and Christmas."

On Sundays, the whole crew is likely to pack up and go on a picnic. "What Sunday school picnic is this?" people sometimes ask when they see the Watson offsprings strewn all over the beach or mountainside. The nearest the Watsons ever come to vanity is at such moments, and when—to take the family to some preview—a studio sends two cars.

■ There's one dramatic break in the meal routine at the Watson house. This is when one of the youngsters has been assigned a role that needs plenty of study. For example, when Billy had a part in *The Little Minister,* the family decided to help him by going Scotch in a big way. They ate mush, they talked with a Scotch accent, for weeks. In the Fred Astaire film, *Damsel in Distress,* Harry was a London cockney, and the Watsons submerged their own personalities in fish-and-chips and cockney accents. Pa has taught his children to lose themselves in the character—most of their histrionic training has been received at home.

While his father talked, Bobs had run excitedly to the porch of Gramps' house on the set, and was impatiently waiting a chance to put in a word. Impatiently, but silently and courteously. He didn't break in. He stood there till his father looked around at him.

"See!" he cried, in a veritable explosion of enthusiasm, his dark brown eyes snapping, "see what Mr. Barrymore gave me!" Incandescent with joy, he held up a handsome wrist watch on a leather strap. "What time is it, Dad? Will you set it for me? Can I wear it right now? Wasn't it *good* of him to give it to me? Oh—"

Pa Watson smiled, setting the watch by his own and preparing to fasten it around the chubby little wrist. "And what did you give him?" he said.

Bobs stood perfectly still a moment, looking sidewise at his father with that shy yet keen and shining glance. "Nothing," he answered slowly, "—yet." And, incredible as it may seem for a young boy with his first watch, he rushed away to give Lionel Barrymore a big kiss of thanks before he took time out to have the watch fastened on his wrist as his very own. They've been well brought up, these Watsons.

■ "We don't give things at our house," Pa explained, "unless we earn 'em—and we give them at unexpected times. All that the children have, they've worked for and earned. It seems the best way.

"Maybe that's how it comes about that his brothers and sisters are Bobs' toughest audience. They razz him if he's been bad in a picture sequence that day, and give him the Scout cheer if he's done well. They're all Boy Scouts. Then the youngest ones go out in the yard with him and play football or baseball or cowboys or Indians. Bobs is in bed by 8:30, and at breakfast anyway by 8. We don't aim to spoil him."

■ Somebody over on the opposite side of the set called, "Quiet!" Bobs was about to do his big scene; the sequence where Death lures the little boy to the tree, and arranges the fall that kills him.

"Cowardy calf, cowardy calf," came the alluring voice of Cedric Hardwicke from the tree, "you don't dare climb the fence . . ."

"I am not a cowardy calf!" cried little Pud valiantly. He stood on the garden path, brown head thrown back, direct eyes looking into the apple tree branches. Sturdily he began to climb the fence, with

such young determination, such unsuspecting trust in the alluring voice, that somehow tears came to one's eyes. Bobs has a certain quality, of acting and of personality, that creeps into the spectator's heart.

■ He comes naturally by his ability to act. The scene over, Pa Watson began to tell of his own career in pictures. "Right at the beginning, in the silents," he said, rocking gently to and fro in the wide porch chair, "I worked as carpenter and actor with the early Sennett studio. In the morning, we'd all ride out to location, climb into Indian costumes and attack the village or the covered wagons, up till noontime. After lunch, we'd climb into cowboy costumes and chase ourselves all over the hills all afternoon.

"When they put the film together, there we were. Wicked Indians pursued by dauntless troopers or whatever. Practically no pay, those days, but lots of fun.

"My girl Gloria was named for Gloria Swanson because she was born while I was working in a Swanson picture. Louise was named for Louise Fazenda, another Mack Sennett player. Delmar, my boy, was named for Director Del Lord; he drove the patrol wagon for the Keystone Cops, of which I was one.

A Hollywood oldtimer, this Pa Watson, though he is still far from elderly. A man who grew up with the industry, and wants his youngsters to do their best by it. Not necessarily for gobs of money, but more (believe it or not) for the pride of accomplishment.

"First thing I tried to teach 'em," he said, "was to forget themselves completely. Think only of the character. *Feel* the situation. And I'm kind of proud of how they took to it." He smiled at Bobs, bounding up on the porch, hypnotized by the golden seconds ticked out by that most wonderful watch in the world. "Because —you know what? All of those youngsters—" He paused to make it more impressive. And it was impressive, all right. —"Every one of those youngsters can *cry real tears* whenever the director tells 'em."

ANSWERS . . . SO YOU'D KNOW THEM ANYWHERE

1. Claire Trevor
2. Henry Fonda
3. Spencer Tracy
4. Bette Davis
5. Edward Everett Horton
6. Basil Rathbone
7. Danielle Darrieux
8. Fred MacMurray
9. Irene Dunne
10. Robert Taylor
11. Rosalind Russell
12. Ann Sothern
13. You were right the first time: Carole Lombard
14. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
15. Ann Sheridan
16. Charles Laughton
17. Alice Faye
18. The Lane Sisters and Gale Page



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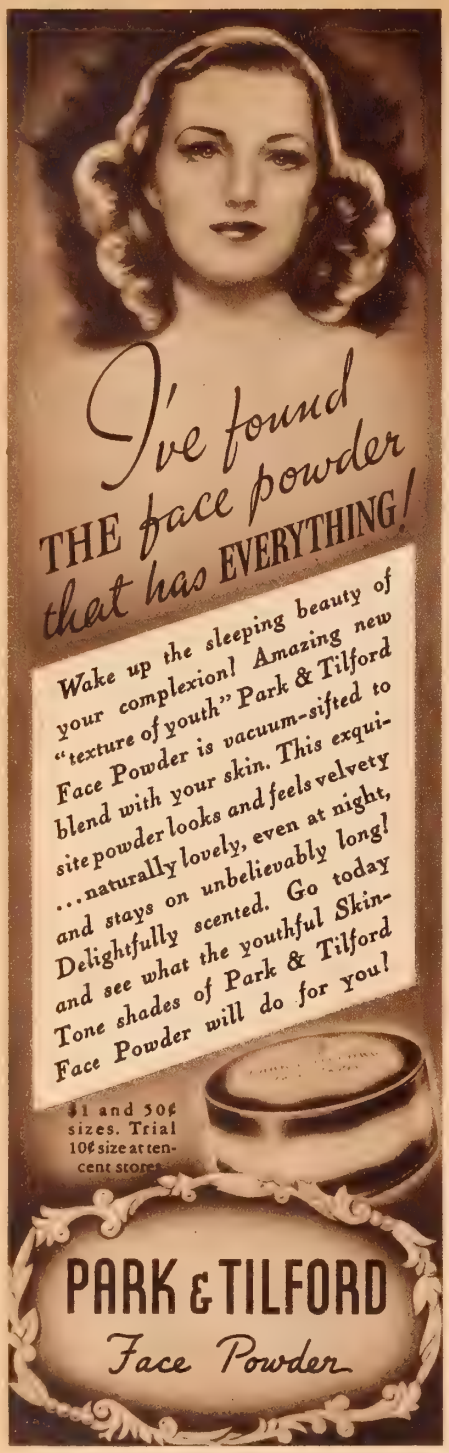


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David Niven having a very good time at "Prince" Mike Romanoff's party with Jacqueline Dyer, to whom he is reported to be engaged. His next film is *The Real Glory*

Does Disaster Haunt Milland?

[*Continued from page* 21]

the words over and over again. Then, "Water—water. I see water around you. Black water and white water. Beware—beware of too much water."

Ray stood there, almost hypnotized by the droning fascination of the crone's mumbling voice. Then, reaching in his pocket, he handed the woman a coin. She shrank back against the far wall of the grimy tent, refusing to take the money.

Shrugging, he turned to go. As he did so she fumbled with clawing fingers in her tattered rags, and tossed something at his feet. He bent over and picked it up. It was an iron coin of a design he had never seen before.

"Keep it and no harm will come to you," she whispered. Then she covered her eyes with her bony hands as if to shut him out from her sight. Ray thrust the coin in his pocket and hurried out of the tent. A few weeks later and he had completely forgotten the disturbing incident.

The years slipped by. He left England and came to America to try his luck in films. Fortune favored him. The day he signed his first Hollywood contract he decided to celebrate by buying a new car. To try it out he drove to the top of Hollywood's highest hill.

Parking close to the edge of a cliff, Ray sat thrilled with the glorious view of the city. Suddenly he felt the urge to get out of the car. A moment later the earth beneath the car gave way, and the machine went crashing down into the ravine, tumbling end over end.

"Keep away from moving things—fast things." He should have remembered those prophetic words. But he didn't. It was, to his practical mind, a mere fortunate coincidence that he had happened to step out of the car a moment before it crashed down the ravine. And it was even more of a coincidence when, looking for the car later, he found it had landed in someone's backyard—someone who, it turned out, was an old friend he hadn't seen since he left England.

■ During those beginning days in Hollywood, Ray traveled back and forth across the Atlantic seven times. On one of the voyages he narrowly escaped serious injury when a drunk lurched against him and sent him sprawling on the deck. Ray was unconscious when they picked him up. He still bears a scar from that accident.

"Water—water. Beware—beware of too much water."

But that, too, was just an unfortunate accident. Surely there was nothing prophetic or alarming about it.

When he decided to build his first Hollywood home, Ray searched for months to find the right spot. Finally he found a lot in a canyon that satisfied every requirement. The day before the contractors broke ground to build, California had one of her "unusual" downpours. Ray's lot was swept away in the flood.

"Water—water. Beware—"

■ A few months ago Ray was in England, enjoying a much-needed vacation, when he received a cable calling him back to Hollywood to start work on *Beau Geste*. He came back and when he had finished the picture the studio granted him another vacation. So Ray took his wife and her mother up to San Francisco to

board ship for Honolulu. On the day they were scheduled to sail, a maritime strike paralyzed all ocean traffic. There was nothing to do but return to Hollywood.

For years Ray had wanted a workshop. Now, with this vacation time on his hands, he decided to install one in his home. While working on a chair leg, the guard on the electric bandsaw came loose. The saw tore into his hand, almost severing his thumb. Doctors wanted to amputate the thumb immediately, fearing that if infection set in he would lose his entire arm. But Ray's personal doctor still held out hope they could save the finger. For four days and nights, nurses and doctors never left his bedside. The amputation was unnecessary, although it will be months before the thumb is completely healed.

The day he left the hospital the maritime strike ended. Once again he made plans to leave for Honolulu. And then, on the eve of departure, the studio called and told him to rush to England to play in *French Without Tears.*

■ When he got the news he drove into Hollywood to buy an extra trunk. Driving down Sunset Boulevard he passed the apartment building where he had lived during the years he was struggling for success in pictures. Something long buried in his memory suddenly came back to him. He pulled over to the curb, parked the car and walked into the apartment house. Nothing had changed. The rugs on the floor, the cracks in the wall, the color of the wallpaper—everything looked exactly as it had looked when he had left the building for the last time. He rang the manager's bell.

"I'm Ray Milland," he said. "I lived here several years ago. When I moved I left my trunk in the basement. I wonder if it's still here?"

Actually Ray had left the trunk because he didn't have money to pay an expressman to move it. Now he found himself forcing open the lock, forcing back the ghosts of yesterday. The moment the trunk lid sprang open, Ray knew he didn't want any part of it—it reminded him too clearly of his early painful battles for recognition in Hollywood. But the building attendant was watching him curiously, so he made a pretense of searching through the drawers.

Down in the bottom of the trunk, tucked away in a corner, he found the curious old iron coin the gypsy woman had given him so many years before. And in that moment all the memories of narrow escapes from death or serious injury since the woman had given it to him, came back with startling clarity.

"I never remembered that experience with the fortune teller until I saw that coin," Ray said afterward. "I'm anything but superstitious. But it's strange how some of those things she told me parallel things that have happened to me in later years."

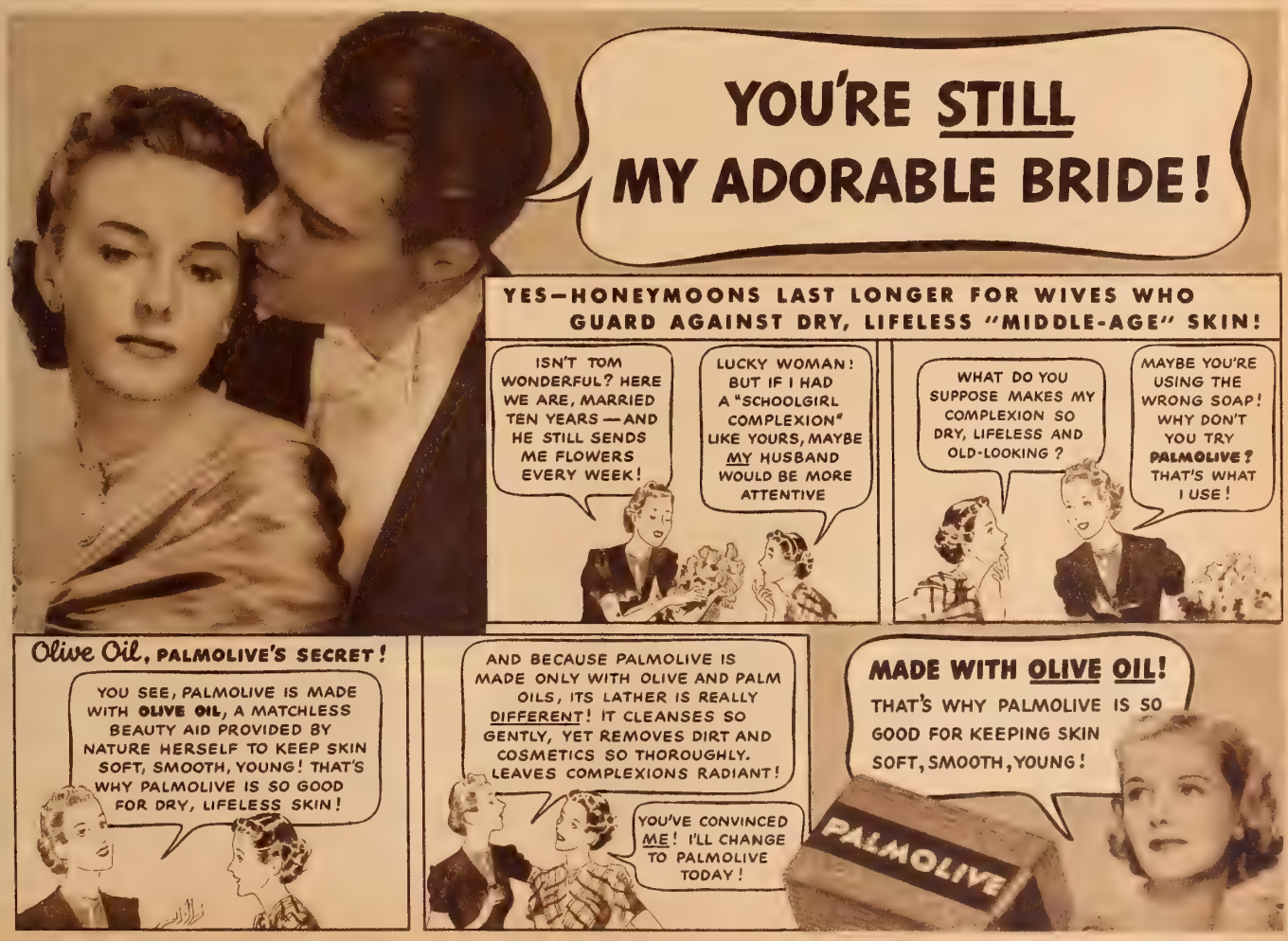
■ There was a time, for instance, when he felt a sudden urge to go to New York. He went, stayed for a few days and decided to go home again, as quickly as possible. He booked passage on an airliner. Miscalculating the time, he arrived at the airport just after the plane took off. The owner of a private plane hangared at the field recognized him and offered to fly him to California. Ray accepted the invitation and climbed in the plane. Waiting for the take-off, he changed his mind and got out. The next day he read that the plane had crashed.

"Keep away from moving things—fast things."

Somehow, all the unfortunate incidents, the near-disasters in Ray's life have centered about the gypsy's "water" and "fast moving things" prophecy. When he arrived in London to make *French Without Tears* his hand was still bandaged from his encounter with the bandsaw. On his preceding visit to England he had arrived with his head and one hand swathed in gauze, the result of falling from a horse when the girth gave way.

If a week goes by and nothing happens to him, Ray's friends rib him unmercifully and accuse him of "slipping." Ray himself still claims he's not superstitious. But now he carries that curious old iron coin with him wherever he goes. And chances are he always will. For he still remembers that gypsy's words as she threw it at his feet:

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Hollywood Won't Eat Its Oatmeal

[*Continued from page* 24]

Hollywood is that Hollywood has a superabundance of normally abnormal people, if you see what I mean!

The timid little girl down the street grew up to be Olivia de Havilland. When she was tiny it wasn't only mice, toads, snakes and bats that bothered her. Olivia would scamper for shelter at the sight of a harmless dog, a cat, a horse, or even a docile cow, munching in the meadow. When company came she'd beat it up to her room, close the door, and play with her dolls—or else slip out the back door and ride her bicycle for hours, to make sure the visitors were gone when she got back.

"I'm an anthropophobiac, and how!" Olivia told me as we talked in her dressing room the other day. (We had found the term in an encyclopedia and it didn't faze her.) "I'm scared stiff of anything that walks, or talks. Just ask the publicity department, if you don't believe me. Ask one of the boys who've tried to get me to talk about my love-life. Or one of the photographers who've tried to get pictures of me in a bathing-suit. I just slip into my shell like a turtle—oh, that nasty word—and get away as quickly as I can. I think I'd probably live in a cabin out in the hills and spend the rest of my life knitting if I didn't realize things like that aren't good for you."

The people who watched the stampede scene in the making of *Dodge City* can tell you about Olivia and animals. Do you remember the scene? Olivia's screen brother whips the herd of steers into a frenzy, and the excited beasts threaten to make match sticks of the entire camp. As the cattle bear down on Olivia, hero Errol Flynn snaps her up in his protecting arms and plants her in the safety of her covered wagon. Says Errol: "Olivia was trembling like a leaf. Of course, I don't blame her in a way. Those long-horns were really mad. When they charged down on the camp they weren't fooling, by any means. But I found out afterwards what really made Olivia quake. It wasn't the fear of being ground under those beating hooves so much as it was her natural fear of all animals. She explained it to me, after the dust had settled, just so I wouldn't think she didn't have courage."

■ Somebody dropped a 200-watt arc-light bulb on a set where Jimmy Cagney was working a few weeks ago, and Jimmy nearly hit the catwalks. I don't know what kind of a phobia it is, but the little giant himself will tell you he'd rather swim in ice-water than be around when something goes off.

"When I was a kid," he told me, "I couldn't even stand a pop-gun. On the Fourth of July, when all the other kids were out blasting up the town with five-inch salutes, I was home reading a book, or huddled up in the back row of a movie-theatre. I've never owned a rifle or a pistol in my life. If somebody so much as slams a door, I almost lose my mind."

I recall a party Cagney attended not so long ago. Jimmy arrived, shook hands with everybody present, then made for a corner where the sister of the hostess happened to be. He sat her politely down in a chair, and began chatting. "I hate crowds," he told her, "and I can't stand loud voices. You and your sister are the only people here who speak under a shout, and I'm afraid you'll just have to give the rest of your evening over to me."

"My conversation with Cagney that evening was one of the most interesting sessions I've ever had," she told me, a few days after the party. "Though Jimmy always has something enlightening or interesting to say," she went on, "it's not so much what he says as the way he says it. When it was time for him to go, I *whispered*, 'Good night,' and we've been pals ever since."



Roland Young gives his own idea of a proper salute on arriving at "Prince" Mike Romanoff's party. Young is bringing his own drinks, an action specified in the otherwise formal invitations from the phoney nobleman who makes his own rules

■ All they had to do to uncover Hollywood's acraphobiacs was to make the picture *Tailspin*. Joan Davis had been exposed already in the earlier picture *Sing and Be Happy*. In that opus Joan played the role of a girl who turns window-washer. Since an acraphobiac is a person who's afraid of high places, Joan, need we mention, was on the verge of collapse throughout the window-washing sequences. *Tailspin* came along, and again Joan found herself as much above the earth as on it.

"What I have to do to make a living!" Joan exploded to the director of *Tailspin* when he told her what the story was about. "You know I can't even sit on a piano-box without getting woozy; and now you put me in a plane!"

After her final flying sequence, though, Joan had another talk with the director. This time she sang a different tune.

"By golly," she remarked, with a broad grin on her face, "I think I'm cured! After flitting all over the sky, like a pigeon, I think I could eat my lunch on top of the Washington Monument without batting an eye-lash."

■ The encyclopedia also gave forth with "mysophobia," the fear of pollution, which has also come to be associated with an aversion to dirt. The champ mysophobiac in Hollywood at the moment is Joan Crawford, who washes her hands dozens and dozens of times a day, and insists that every one of her movie costumes be cleaned thoroughly every day.

Rosemary Lane comes in second, and her special department is the shower. Rosemary takes a shower before going to work in the morning, another before going to bed, and one every time you turn around, at the studio.

Priscilla Lane carries on *her* battle against germs with her toothbrush. She carries it wherever she goes, and cleans her teeth as religiously and as often as Rosemary takes her showers.

George Brent specializes on his fingernails. Whenever he finds himself alone, out comes the nail-file and George goes to work, carrying on in *his* small way, the warfare of man against bugs.

■ In still another division are Constance Bennett and Basil Rathbone. Their particular mission in life seems to be the elimination of discarded cigarettes and cigars from ash trays. Constance restrains herself when she's away from home, but Basil seems to have appointed himself ash tray sweeper for all of Hollywood. Whether he's visiting at someone's home, someone's office, attending a night spot, or dining at a restaurant, it's all the same to Basil. Every ash tray in sight is promptly relieved of its contents. "It all began when I went to Military school," says Basil.

Other champions in their own particular fields are these: Maureen O'Sullivan won't wear green. It reminds her of Ireland, and makes her home-sick. Jeanette MacDonald despises the idea that red-heads can't wear pink. A carrot-top herself, Jeanette goes out of her way to have an assortment of pinks in her wardrobe. Hedy Lamarr wouldn't change her hair style if J. Edgar Hoover demanded it with a federal warrant in his hand. The subject has been the cause of minor squabbles with her studio, but Hedy has thus far come out on top. A more careless hair-do was almost demanded of her for *Lady of the Tropics*, but when the picture comes to your theatre you'll see Hedy's tresses groomed a la Lamarr just as they've always been. Freddie Bartholemew hates kids with long hair. The aversion harks back, of course, to the days when Freddie was made to grow long hair for the screen. Geraldine Fitzgerald jumps a mile when she sees a large dog. Working in sequences with two colossal mastiffs in *Wuthering Heights*, thus, reflected, to her mind, a case of bad casting.

■ So, Hollywood goes right along, not eating its oatmeal, or its spinach; refusing to bathe in ice-water, and to button up its overcoat; Hollywood won't eat an apple a day, and throws its castor oil out the window, with gestures; Hollywood ducks at the first clap of thunder and the first flash of lightning; she's afraid of cap-pistols, rubber bands, woolen socks and squirrels. But, for all that, she's a pretty healthy baby, and just as normal as you and you and you!





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Oooomph (Pronounced "Ouch!")

[*Continued from page* 19]

Oomph." (Bob Groves, Town House managing director.)

"Oomph—that which attracts and fires the imagination—an emotional consciousness in another whose attractiveness is magnetic and alluring." (George Hurrell, photographer.)

Or, as Bob Hope put it, you cannot explain Oomph. It just happens. It just happens, I think, that Ann Sheridan is well nigh fed up with Oomph about this time, and well she might be. She has been a good sport about it but I suspect the frequent embarrassments are getting under her lovely skin, and the humor of the constant ribbing is wearing paper-thin.

The ink was scarcely dry on the Oomoh Girl deal, presented her by the well-meaning Miss Parsons and her vote-casting cohorts, when the first reverberations hit the headlines. Ann received a telegram from a New York show girl who intimated she did not think much of the judges' decision and challenged Ann for the right to the title.

Close on the heels of that came the brody, engineered (it is believed by many suspicious souls) by the Paramount publicity department. Miss Audrey DuVal, currently known on the radio as Joan Castle, filed suit against Ann, claiming she had originated the title Oomph Girl. Ann she said, was infringing on her rights to the tune of $5,000.

"An insulting amount in itself," Ann laughed. "If she had made it $500,000 it would have been worth while."

Ann's was not the only face reddened by the incident. The suit was withdrawn, without benefit of publicity, when it was discovered that contrary to newspaper stories which claimed Miss DuVal was a Paramount stock player, the so-called original Oomph Girl no longer was under contract to the studio and had not been for some months!

■ The latest press blasts at Ann and Oomph were contained in a picture of Joy Hodges being made "Miss Yumph," and a biting article from the pen of the erudite George Jean Nathan, who laced her up and down with such pleasant little phrases as "the orange grove sexual magnet" and the "irresistible pigeon." He wound up by saying something to the effect that the Hollywood load of anatomical dynamite was talking through her bonnet.

The pot-shots come from every direction.

■ She was playing badminton in her own back yard the other afternoon when a couple of freckle-faced kids draped themselves over the fence. Apparently engrossed, they watched the game's progress for ten minutes or so. Then one of them spoke up.

"Whatcha doing?" he asked Ann.

"Playing badminton," she told him.

"What for?" he wanted to know.

"Exercise," Ann answered.

The kid pondered that a moment, then picked up the conversation.

"Is that how you get oomph?" he blandly demanded.

■ A cop on the studio police force stopped her the other day.

"Sure, and what's this Oomph Girl stuff I've been hearing about a sweet girl like you?" he said. Ann tried to explain. The cop listened for a moment, then shook his head.

"Well, personally, I don't know whether you've got oomph or not," he decided. "But I guess you'll get over it all right." Ann did not stop to ask him what he thought oomph might be.

She drove in a drive-in sandwich stand the other day and ordered a steak sandwich. The car-hop just stood and stared.

"That's all," Ann said.

"Oomph is free," he cracked. "Just like the sun, and are we having unusual weather!"

■ As often as possible Ann goes to a local ice rink early in the morning. Now Ann won't constitute a threat to Sonja Henie for many a moon unless it would be in doing comedy falls. She's down as much of the time as she is up. The other morning she was essaying a solo turn around the rink which was deserted except for a grizzled old gent in his seventies who cleans up around the place and scrapes the ice. After a frantic balancing act, Ann went down with a thud.

"Ouch!" the old fellow commiserated. "I'll bet that one hurt your oomph!"

■ At the *Juarez* preview she was approached by a young matron who wanted an autograph. Tagging along with the mother was her youngster of six or seven years. Graciously Ann was inscribing the woman's autograph book when she froze in her tracks.

"Mama," said the child in a voice that could be heard in every corner of the crowded lobby, "I don't see any oomph. What does it look like?"

■ As was to be expected, enterprising merchants and manufacturers have seized on the trick word to ask Ann to wear, use, or endorse just about everything under the sun. There is an Oomph Dress, an Oomph Hat, an Oomph Garter, an Oomph Girdle, an Oomph cocktail, an Oomph hamburger, an Oomph Sundae, an Oomph haircut, Oomph gasoline, an Oomph reducing salts and an Oomph pillow now on the market.

The all-time high, however, came the other day in a letter from the manufacturer of the Oomph Tub asking Ann to pose in his newest creation, a bathtub made of mirrors!

■ Nowhere, apparently, is Ann safe from the ribbing of her friends. If it isn't Humphrey Bogart yelling, "Hi ya,

Oomph!" across the crowded dining room of the exclusive Lakeside Country Club (with non-movie members turning to stare at her in amazement and faint disapproval), it's Cesar Romero doing a burlesqued imitation of The Oomph Girl at one of her parties. If it isn't Cesar sending her a pile of his scrapbooks tied up in white ribbon and titled "The Story of the Oomph Man," it's the Dead End Kids splitting the air with a Rah! Rah! Rah! OOMPH! on the set of *The Angels Wash Their Faces* with 250 extras grinning at her discomfiture.

■ The most concerted ribbing came on the set of her new picture, *Winter Carnival*, in which she plays her first starring role. The story concerns her adventures as an American-born duchess who is trying to leave the country to avoid further notoriety. By mistake she gets on a train bound for the winter sports carnival at Dartmouth (Wanger's alma mater, by the way), where she meets an ex-boy friend (played by Richard Carlson), who is a professor at the school.

From the first day's shooting, Director Chuck Reisner started each day's work by announcing: "All right, boys and girls. Come get your daily dose of Oomph!" Solemnly the cast and crew would file by Ann, touching her lightly on the shoulder to magnetize themselves to super-human efforts with a charge of "oomph."

If she "blew" a line, Reisner would shake his head and say, "That's what oomph does to a girl." If she did a scene particularly well, he would shout "Atta old oomph!"



Bette Davis and George Brent at the Cissie Loftus recital are as unconcerned about the specs they wear to read the program as they are about romantic rumors

One day Ann muffed a line in a long and difficult scene. The whole set became deathly quiet as a room full of people sometimes will do for no particular reason. As the quiet continued, the tension increased. It broke with a bang, when Bob Lander, head prop man, said in a loud worried voice, "Do you think Oomph ever will replace the horse and buggy?"

Even Wanger joined in the ribbing. Every visitor he brought to the set, including Sam Goldwyn, he formally introduced to Ann as "the people's choice, The Oomph Girl."

The most unforgettable moment, Ann said, came on that afternoon when they shot the ballroom sequence. The script called for her to be standing on the dance floor. Four men in the stag line start toward her when she suddenly leaves the room. They stand and stare after her as the scene closes.

The scene was shot, as scheduled, and finished with the four men staring. Without bothering to say "Cut!" Reisner turned on the men.

"All together now, boy. Say OOMPH!" he directed.

"O-oo-mph," they managed to chorus in puny, flat voices.

20,000 Years in Sing Sing is scheduled as Ann's next picture for Warners. Twenty thousand years won't be any too long, Ann said, if they never have heard of The Oomph Girl up there.

Take it from her, "oomph" spells "ouch."

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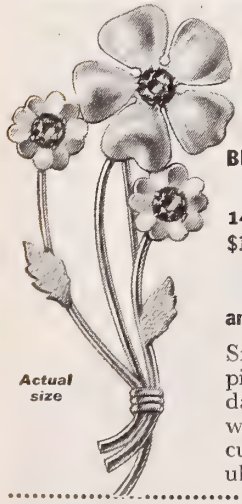
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"I'll Never Marry Again, and Yet—"

[*Continued from page 22*]

so frequently criticized—my refusal to take defeat, my insistence that there is no defeat unless *you yourself,* make it.

"Recently, one of the nicest things said to me was: 'Well, Joan, you may go down, but you certainly bounce.' After all, no one is out until they've taken the count of ten. That's the law of the ring, and that is the law of Hollywood.

"I say to you I shall never marry again, and yet, knowing myself, knowing Hollywood, I'm hesitant about that word 'never.' Unfortunately, with each disappointment, with each frustration, I find myself as soft, as impressionable, as lacking in bitterness and shell as before that experience.

"Other women build a wall between themselves and the world—between their heart and other hearts, if they are once hurt. But I must be a glutton for punishment. I can't seem to do that.

"And so 'never' can become an elastic word. Who knows? Some one might come around a corner, and there I would stand, and we would look at each other, and we would know almost instantly that we two were suddenly bound together by some mystic, strange, undefinable power. That, I think, is the thing we call 'love.' It may happen to me. How can I tell? I only know that I would fight terribly against another marriage.

"I can say with certainty that never again will I marry an actor. Against such a love, such a marriage, I would fight with every bit of strength of purpose I can command. And that is no reflection on actors as husbands, but rather that circumstances in the profession are against a marriage between an actress and an actor. Marriage between two people in different divisions of the industry has a far better chance of success. The probabilities of disaster are then not too great to venture.

"A woman must turn to a man for that easement from problems which beset her. It's all poppycock—this talk that a woman can stand alone. That her modern independence has released her from her need of man's strength.

"I have yet to see a career woman who, underneath, was not more of a clinging vine than those who make a profession of marriage. Who else needs the devotion and comfort and strength of a man more than a woman who has special battles to win—than a woman who has to fight to gain or hold fame?

"Personally, I hope that civilization will never reach a point where a woman can really stand alone. Basically, the nature of woman is such that no matter what she is, or to whatever heights she climbs, she will always need marriage and its protection and security. By security I do not mean financial security, but a security of spirit. To be able to stand alone would be a violation of herself.

"The career woman—the actress in particular—finds herself in the anomalous position of having created a Frankenstein. She is loved because she is famous—because the very qualities which make her an actress are the qualities which men find enchanting. But these very qualities are a hindrance to happiness in marriage. Yet, let her give her career up—let her cease to be an actress—then she no longer is the person the man loves. And love disappears.

■ "In trying to keep love, by the sacrifice of her career, a woman can count on losing it eventually. I can say that no such thing exists as a successful marriage if a woman has given up her career for marriage.

"Perhaps an actress asks too much of marriage. She asks that romance last—that the high ecstasy of the first year continue as high ecstasy into the second and the third year. She refuses to be cast into a mould of satisfaction rather than of happiness.

"The two, of course, are not interchangeable to the actress. For you see, she always has a pattern of love, according to which she measures her personal life, and her relationship to her husband.

"Other wives pass the first period of high romance. They accept marriage year after year contentedly—with its good and its bad, with its satisfaction and its disappointments, its romance and its placidity.

"But the actress is always playing the scenes of love. She reads the dramatic stories of people in love. She knows the words, the phrases—she knows the nuances of every little emotion between a man and a woman.

"Then she comes home. No matter how much of a realist she is, no matter how much she continues to say: 'This morning I was play-acting. This is real,' there is still in her mind that incongruous comparison.

"So if her own marriage does not favorably measure up to the standard of love as it can be, it does not measure up at all. She *can* take second best. She *can* make the best of marriage. She *can* compromise with the things she wants. She *can!* But why should she?

■ "Many people have tried to explain the cause of divorce in Hollywood. To me, this is the cause: That marriage must continually stand comparison with a type of glamorous marriage which writers conceive and which they put on paper in glowing words. These words an actress speaks and believes!

"Why, then, should an actress dare marry? Even though we say of a marriage, 'this is for always'—in our secret heart, our only hope is that it will last at least two years!

"But we still marry. Why? Because we are women. We want the moon. We reach for the impossible. Hope against hope! Because we want the thing which other women have, and which we, as career women, have sacrificed.

"Who is to deny us the right which all

women have—to possess love, to seek security? To have even isolated moments when we can be feminine, clinging, dependent? We try to deny the truth to ourselves. We blind ourselves to facts. We say: 'This may be it! This may work! This will last forever!' We are afraid—but we hope.

■ "Paradoxical, isn't it? That career woman, who needs marriage so much, finds it so frequently denied her.

"How successful I will be in evading marriage, I don't know. Sometimes a woman is blinded into marriage. By gossip. By the discussions of her supposed plans by others. A drop of water wears away a stone. So, constantly when a woman's name is coupled with that of a man, she becomes inured to it. And comes to believe public definition of her emotions. Frankly I don't know what the future holds for me because I know Hollywood's habit of linking a woman's name with the first man with whom she is seen. I delayed my divorce for months just to give myself a breathing spell.

■ "I hope I shall never again be disenchanted. I hope that I shall never love and then cease to love. I don't think I could stand another disappointment.

"Curiously, there is my career again. I'm playing, in terms of length, a relatively small part in *The Women.* But it is a vitally important role. It's a role which is far different from any I've done before.



"Ah, I have you in my power," says the heroine Martha Raye, to the villainous-mustachioed Jerry Colona at Victor Hugo

I went to Hunt Stromberg, the producer, and asked for it. After the first day's rushes, those who used to twist the knife in my heart by saying, 'You sure need a good picture,' came around in droves, saying, 'See, I told you this would be the perfect part for you. Aren't you glad I thought of it for you?' No one thought of it except Joan Crawford, who asked for the role. To Mr. Mayer and Hunt Stromberg I am grateful for the confidence they had in my judgment and for assigning the role to me.

"The future is brightening for me again. The song recordings I have made are selling well. For the first time in months, I am happy with a role I am playing. If my life continues according to formula—that is, renewed success in my career after a failure in my personal life—then the future holds happiness for me."

■ To me, Joan Crawford has never been fundamentally and first an actress. She has been a symbol. The standard-bearer for youth, especially for the discouraged youth, who in the light of today's events, say, "What is there for us? What can we do?" And then they read of Joan Crawford—of the girl who came from nothing—of the girl who began with nothing—who became a personality of importance, who, at the point of Fame when others rest on laurels, struck out in the world of music to weave new laurels for herself.

And then they say, "This girl had no opportunity, as I have no opportunity, but she made them for herself. She found them. She constructed them."

Discount the fact that Joan Crawford has given countless thousands hours of happiness in the theatre, discount her leadership in fashion. Rather think of this girl who has given a gift of courage and ambition to youth. For of this, Joan Crawford is an ever-bright symbol!





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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check right above and here* ☐
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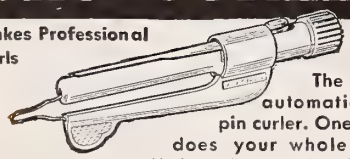
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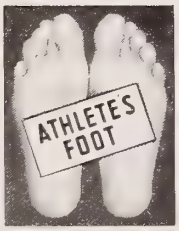
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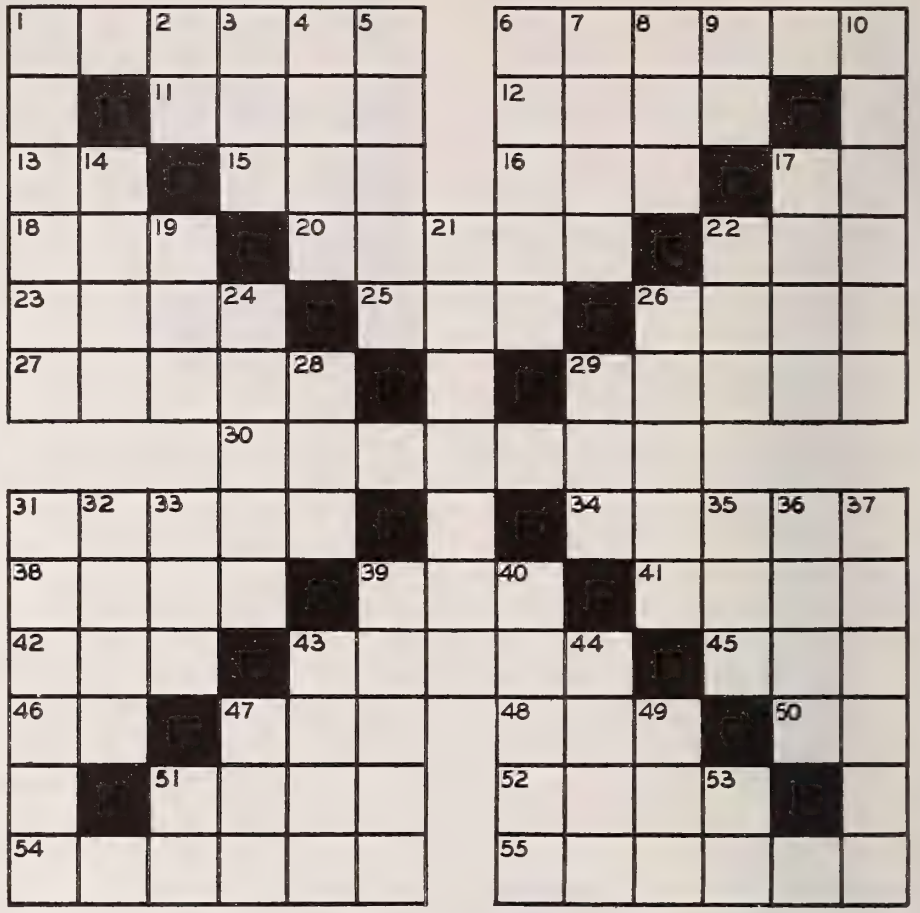
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Ann Sothern had title role in this.
6. What Master MacFarland is called.
11. Beth in *The Zero Hour.*
12. Principal male character in a screenplay.
13. Louise Hovick's initials.
15. Descriptive of characters portrayed by Humphrey Bogart.
16. Date in January on which Ida Lupino celebrates birth.
17. Guy Usher's initials.
18. Actor wed to Frances Langford.
20. Petite French star.
22. What stork lately left at home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns.
23. Commissioner Madero in *Mr. Moto in Danger Island.*
25. What stars do at the Cocoanut Grove.
26. *Let Freedom* ———.
27. *The Sun* ——— *Sets.*
29. Boxes or stalls in a theatre.
30. C. ——— Smith (poss.).
31. What heroine registers when villain proposes.
34. Emile Aubel in *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle.*
38. Descriptive of Henry Fonda.
39. *They Made* ——— *a Spy.*
41. Her last name is Cecil.
42. The "finis" of film.
43. *Sudden* ———.
45. "Socks" Martin in *6,000 Enemies.*
46. Measure of film (abbr.)
47. Small part in a motion picture.
48. What late Will Rogers liked to chew.
50. Boyd Irwin's initials.
51. *Some* ——— *It Hot.*
52. Joseph Morten in *The House of Fear.*
54. Mrs. Richards in *Hard to Get.*
55. He is often co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald.

DOWN

1. Mariano Escobedo in *Juarez.*
2. ——— *Could Happen to You.*
3. To register grief in sound films.
4. You saw her in *The Lady and the Mob* (poss.).
5. Efe in *Young Mr. Lincoln.*
6. Cowboy stars do this with deadly aim.
7. Arthur in *Almost a Gentleman.*
8. *The Marines* ——— *Here.*
9. *Tell* ——— *Tales.*
10. Whose role is that of "Slim" Martin in 1 Across?
14. ——— *on the Prairie.*
17. ——— *With the Wind.*
19. The Rex Bells have a ranch in this state (abbr.).
21. Feminine lead in *Tarzan Finds a Son.*
22. Dutchman in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
24. He portrays mean little boys.
26. Director of *Ex-Champ.*
28. *Romance on the* ———.
29. German hairdresser in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*
31. Dolores in *The Girl and the Gambler.*
32. *You* ——— *Get Away With Murder.*
33. *In* ——— *Mexico.*
35. He had title role in *Story of Alexander Graham Bell.*
36. Valentino portrayed one in *The Son of the Sheik.*
37. *One Third of a* ———.
39. ——— *Imperial.*
40. Actor who was once a singing cop.
43. Nickname of Michael Whalen.
44. Mickey Rooney's real name.
47. Something worn by Sandy at mealtime.
49. Short for first name of Director St. Clair.
51. Dorothy Lamour's birthplace (abbr.).
53. Miss Shearer's initials.

(Solution on page 59)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

[*Continued from page 27*]

with the shooting. I heard Capra say later to Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur, the two stars of the picture, that this particular monkeyshine would cost the studio $5,000 in salaries alone. The wear and tear on high-tensioned nerves was undoubtedly valued at double that amount.

Just sitting pretty a sinecure? Listen, lady. You'll never live to see the day when I'll get paid again for just doing nothing. Not in Hollywood, leastways!

■ One of the most curious features of this full-sized reproduction of the United States Senate Chamber was that it just fitted inside one of the studio's largest sound stages. The stage was 150x107x35. Into this space the chamber, which included hallways and cloakrooms under four balconies, fitted like the proverbial glove. There wasn't room enough left over to walk around the set. The only way a visitor could see what was going on during the shooting was to climb up a long flight of stairs and observe the senate proceedings from the roof.

Before he started to build this expensive senate set Capra, being a stickler for perfection, visited Washington last fall and obtained blueprints of all buildings he intended to duplicate. In addition to that he shot more than 5,500 feet of documentary motion picture film and more than 2,500 still photos. Congress was not in session at the time, so he was able to photograph every foot of the upper house chamber. Microscopic close-ups were made of the furniture, fixtures, doors, mouldings, friezes, panel ornamentations and every other architectural detail that met his expert eyes. All this data was turned over to the highly skilled men in the studio's construction departments when the actual building of the immense set began.

Around the four walls of the balcony of this senate chamber are twenty niches. In them are busts of the first twenty Vice Presidents. One of our favorite indoor sports between "takes" was trying to guess the names of the V. P.'s and it proved mighty tough to name even two. If you want to gamble, one will get you ten if you can name the first five correctly.

Another interesting feature of this set—to me, at least—are the desks at which the 96 lawmakers sit. The originals have been in use in the senate ever since 1859. They are of mahogany, carry the senator's name on a brass plate, and still are equipped with shakers of sand, dating from the time when there was no blotting paper.

■ Before shooting the senate chamber sequences for which he had hired us 600 extras, Director Capra pulled a nifty so far as directorial efforts go. He sent us all to school! Led by Jean Arthur and Jimmy Stewart, the co-stars, we filed into a vacant sound stage. The lights went off and views of Washington, D. C., came on the screen. The director had taken the

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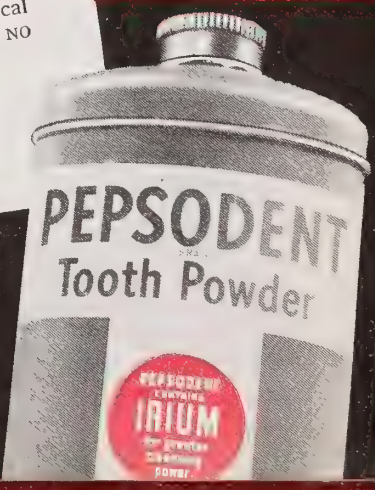
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pictures, himself, and the universally admired "Capra touch" was discernible even in prosaic street scenes. The film was silent. But, as the views of the capitol, Mount Vernon and the Lincoln memorial flashed on the screen, a voice deep in the gloom of the projection room supplied a "sound track."

The voice, it turned out later, belonged to Jim D. Preston known as the "Dean of the Senate Press Gallery" to 1,670 men and 65 women who have been Washington correspondents in the past forty years. Capra, a stickler for authentic detail, had conscripted Jim for technical director on the Senate sequences.

Give Jim Preston an umbrella and he'd give you a remarkable impersonation of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. They are as alike as Ike and Mike! With firm courtesy he is holding Columbia's technicians strictly to the line on what's what in Washington, from the correct placing of all props to the time-honored phraseology of Senate procedure. "It has to be right," he told us in his kindly voice. "I can't have any of the boys back in Washington pointing a finger at some detail and saying, 'I thought they had Jim Preston to keep them straight!'"

Jim began his Washington career when he was twenty as assistant to the correspondent for the Boston Journal and Chicago Interocean. (His father for twenty-one years headed the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald.) As press superintendent from 1898 to 1931, he became closely acquainted with a long procession of correspondents and with many succeeding waves of senators. Then for four years he was Senate librarian. Now he is Assistant Administrator of the Archives of the United States. To me, Jim is the most interesting personality I've met since I've been in Hollywood, and Capra pulled a smart one out of his directorial bag of tricks when he hired him as technical advisor.

Capra pulled another nifty when he started the picture with a group of technicians that might well be called the "Capra Crew." From chief cameraman to prop boys it is the same group that aided him so effectively in the filming of *It Happened One Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, You Can't Take It With You,* and other of his screen successes. Capra not only knows his own business like nobody's business, but he insists on being surrounded by men who know theirs, too.

I'm not getting myself out on a limb when I come right out in meeting and say that *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* is going to prove the finest picture this famous director ever produced. Take a squint or two at the high-class talent round-up for instance. Headed by Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur, the cast includes Edward Arnold, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette, Ruth Donnelly, Beulah Bondi, Harry Carey, Astrid Allwyn, five of the Watson boys—and E. J. Smithson.

Just to show you how well I liked what was going on after I'd received my final check, I went on the set merely as a visitor—and did it for three days in a row. Sort of imitating the postman who is supposed to have taken a long walk on his vacation.

But it was worth it, if for no other reason than I got a chance to watch Jimmy Stewart go through his filibustering act in the Senate. As the script goes, Jimmy, in order to show up those who are all too willing to kick him out of politics, stages a one-man filibuster that is supposed to last two full days. When Capra starts this scene, Jimmy comes on into the Senate, walks to his desk and prepares for his wordy battle. He unstraps a sack of apples that's slung around one shoulder, unfastens a bottle of hot coffee that's strapped around the other, and unloads from his various pockets enough provender to last him a week.

The first scenes show him speaking loudly, gesturing like a soapbox agitator, but later, tiring under the strain, his voice grows weaker and weaker until he can scarcely speak above a hoarse whisper. Now all this doesn't sound exciting, but let me tell you something. Parts of those



Kay Francis engages fashion designer Adrian in conversation at the Cissie Loftus recital, while Basil Rathbone and his wife talk over the show with Janet Gaynor

speeches of his were given so well that every time Capra said: "Cut!" the entire cast, along with the hundreds of extras would whistle, yell, clap their hands, and stamp their feet in honest, unashamed approval. It not only happened once, but many many times during the course of Jimmy's filibuster—and any time you can get a bunch of blase, cynical extras to act like maniacs over something an actor has done before the camera you can bet your last buffalo nickel that he's deserved it. I never saw a demonstration like it before, and it will be a long while before I see another. Believe me, I did a lot of stomping myself.

■ I'm glad I went down as a visitor for another reason. When he was casting for 65 Boy Rangers—the lads who have a great deal to do with helping Jeff Smith become a national hero—Capra decided he'd do the selecting himself. He wanted kids who had never worked in a movie, and he got 'em quicker than a couple of winks by a single telephone call. Calling up the McKinley Home, he asked the superintendent if 65 of the orphans, ages from ten to fifteen, would like to have jobs for three weeks at regular extra salaries. The only provision he made was that the money earned by the boys was to go for sports equipment for their playground and gym. He might (and he did) he said, add $500 out of his own pocket so the boys could have a little reserve.

Well, the boys were on the sound stage the next morning—everyone of them grinning from ear to ear, and everyone of them with a huge autograph album tucked under his arm. They got autographs from everybody connected with the picture—from producer down to prop boy. They even included as many visitors as they could. One of them, a freckled-faced kid, walked up to Capra and knocked the director for a row of cameras when he asked: "Mr. Capra, is this the first picture you ever made?"

Another 65-group that the director included in his casting was the one made up of 65 members of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion. You see these ex-service men in every picture that has battle scenes. But this time you'll see them as foreign diplomats, observing the Senate goings-on from a vantage point in the gallery. It's the first time they've been able to sit down during a picture since 'way back in 1920. And are they tickled!

■ Being a stickler for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I am listing some little items that Jim Preston gave me:

Washington, he says, never threw a silver dollar across the Potomac. It just can't be done.

Abigail Adams, wife of the second President, used to hang her wash inside the White House!

Birds crash every night into the 555-foot-high Washington Monument. With expected results.

The original capitol dome was made of wood.

The present dome cost an even million dollars. It's made of cast iron and weighs eight million pounds. It has a diameter of 135 feet, rises 285 feet, and is twins, having an inner shell only slightly smaller.

United States Senators run to size. A composite of the 96 members of the 76th Congress gives you a man fifty-two years old, five feet eleven in height, weight, 174 pounds, and with hair slightly gray. Claude Rains, a solon in *Mr. Smith* came so close to these specifications that in selecting men for his own senate Capra used Rains as a sort of yard-stick.

On the Senate floor Mr. Smith—Jimmy Stewart—sits at a desk first occupied January 4, 1859, when the chamber was completed. Stewart sits near Jeff Davis' historic desk. The latter still bears evidence of a hole in its side, said to have been made by a Union soldier with his bayonet when Davis went over to the Confederacy.

■ Yes'm, take it from me, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* is very interesting. And when Mr. Smithson Goes to Work—that's better. Have to stop now, because I've got myself another job, this time in Paramount's salt water epic, entitled *Ruler of the Seas.*

Boy, hand me my hawse!

Or is it hawser?

Anyways, five days before the mast and I'll be able to show the Little Lady at Central Casting how I can haul up the mainsail and spanker!

I hope.



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First Cousin to Cinderella

[Continued from page 25]

despite his objections. Looks like she'll get somewhere, some day. . . ."

That was right. She has!

A man in Hollywood with a passion for statistics told me that over two thousand girls had been considered for the part of Scarlett O'Hara . . . that nearly two hundred had been tested, and that the tests had been reduced to about ten "possibles" when Vivien hove in sight on the Selznick horizon, and something like Cinderella, found herself famous overnight.

The Cinderellas we loved in our childhood's fairy tales were literal people, with poverty, hardship, cruelty as their daily companions; but even Cinderella had that "extra" quality that made her stand out from the crowd when Prince Charming came along.

I like to think of Vivien as first cousin to Cinderella.

Where Cinders used a broom, Vivien applied determination. Her own talents and her own personal charm can be visualized as her passport to the Prince's Ball. Hard work was her fairy godmother.

■ Our friendship dates from that day in 1934 that I mentioned earlier in this story. I remember how I followed my friend, the assistant director, into his tent and asked about the girl with the green eyes.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Just another extra . . ." he said, turning over some schedules and other papers on his desk. Then a certain doubt appeared in his eyes. "Maybe she isn't, either, now that I come to think of it. I believe she is one of those "special" girls we got down from London . . . oh, I don't know . . . I never heard of her before . . . run away and play, go and talk to the girl, do anything you like, but leave me in peace with these . . . " indicating the muddle on his desk.

My friend, the assistant director, being obviously in no mood for pleasant small-talk, I duly "ran away" and introduced myself.

"Working for your living . . . or just playing at the game of making films, Miss Leigh?" A bit brutal, perhaps, but just at that particular period British studios were suffering from an overdose of society women who thought it was "marvellous fun" to drive to the studios in their Rolls Royces, and "perfectly stunning" to tell tales of studio life over the Mayfair dinner tables.

There was all the dignity of a dowager duchess inspecting the poultry at the local agricultural show in Vivien's attitude as she replied to my question.

"I happen to be an actress—and I am *not* 'playing at the game' as you put it!"

That put me in my place!

"Okay, lady," I said. "You win!" And then we both laughed.

■ The real warm-hearted Vivien showed in that laugh. I knew that I was about to embark on a new and worthwhile friendship when she said "Let's go and have a cup of tea."

America can laugh all it will about our British custom of tea-drinking at odd hours of day and night, but tea is still a wonderful institution and breaker-down of barriers. The strong brew, made by the seventh property-boy in a brown enamel teapot big enough for a battalion, and served in a stuffy tent when the rain obliterated part of Kent that afternoon, was no exception.

Vivien was in the middle of telling me about herself when she paused. "Excuse me," she said, "but I would like to telephone home and see how my small daughter is. She was having tooth trouble all night . . ."

■ The shock of most American journalists when they discover that Vivien Leigh is the mother of a five-year-old daughter is nothing to my own feelings when the news was broken to me! Vivien looked such a child herself. I still have difficulty in taking the fact seriously, although I recently helped to select sunsuits to be sent to her from Hollywood.

Vivien is a strange mixture of child and sophisticate, of actress and mother, with a suspicion now and then, of the siren that was Cleopatra . . . All very much like Scarlett. By this time the whole world knows that Vivien is Irish and French—just like Scarlett, and it has been said, times without number, that Vivien *looks* like Scarlett. And by such authorities, too, as Margaret Mitchell and Selznick. Much more important is the fact that Vivien has the acting qualifications for bringing to the screen the much-discussed role of Scarlett, the ability to express Scarlett and her complexities through the medium of a script necessarily one-tenth the length of the book, "Gone With the Wind."

"It is not the lines that are *in* the script," she moaned to me over lunch one day at the studio, running her hands through her hair till it stood on end, and flipping the pages over in a kind of exasperation. "It is what is *left out* that we've got to tell by in-between acting. Every scene is a highlight—the thing is to convey the missing links . . . I sometimes wonder if anyone on earth could ever have understood Scarlett. That's why she is such a fascinating person . . ."

■ All of Vivien's background, all of her acting career seems to have served as a kind of apprenticeship for Scarlett. Those childhood days when she traveled about the world with her mother and father, after her birth in India. Later, when she went to school in London, the same school as Maureen O'Sullivan.

Vivien Leigh's parents were unusually broadminded about their only daughter's education . . . the kind of education every intelligent mother would like to be able to give her daughter. Leaving the school at Roehampton, London, when she was fourteen, Vivien went to Italy, France, Germany to have her various corners rounded off. That she is a good cook in

her own home she puts down to the fact that she learned where housewifery is a "career" . . . in Bavaria. Her discrimination in wines is a legacy from France. Naturally musical and artistic, she soaked herself in art and opera while in Italy. And so to Connemara, Ireland, to her mother's country, where she might have settled down to a "huntin', shootin' and fishin'" existence. Her parents, however, believed that a girl should be equipped to earn her own living, and when Vivien said "the stage," they agreed to let her try. She joined the famous Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London. There she fell in love. Neither happening jarred on the other. In this you might almost say she took the American viewpoint, where marriage and career frequently are combined.

It may be difficult for America to realize, but there are still husbands around Britain who object to their wives doing anything else but be married . . .

■ One day a fellow student at the Academy said the magic word, "films." They toiled up and down agents' offices in the Charing Cross Road, and their unusual beauty won them extra roles in *Things Are Looking Up.*

The Leigh personality began to assert itself when Vivien persuaded the Transport Department that she was a "special" girl, not just an extra, and therefore rated "special" transport in a car, instead of in a more ordinary motor-coach!

Still at the R. A. D. A. she got herself small parts in one or two other films, among them *Look up and Laugh* with Gracie Fields. By now she had acquired an agent, who persuaded the producer of this film to put an "option" clause at the end of the usual contract.

Before this expired, however, her agent had secured her a stage play, *The Green Sash,* which brought her to the attention of the London critics, so that when she finally hit the West End in *The Mask of Virtue* there was a shouting and a clamoring for her name on contracts. It was just too sad that the producer of the Fields film had not seen fit to take up the Leigh option, and so Alexander Korda stepped in with a fatter contract.

It is all the more sad to remember that at this particular era, Korda was so busy in the building of his new studios at Denham that no film was forthcoming for Vivien for nearly eighteen months. Vivien, with her calm sense of balance, however, continued her stage work without grousing, gaining in acting experience when she lacked in film publicity.

Then *Fire Over England.* Then *Storm in a Teacup* and *A Yank at Oxford* and *London After Dark*—which has a real virago scene in it that would not disgrace Scarlett in one of her tantrums! In between stage plays, notably in Shakespeare.

She had agreed to appear again in Shakespeare at the Old Vic Theatre just before her trip to America. During that trip, as everybody knows, she met Dave Selznick, who looked twice and knew his search for Scarlett was over. And Vivien pinched herself and said "Can this be me?" . . . Just as Cinderella probably did when the Prince put the Glass Slipper on her foot and they found it fitted. In the fairy tale, we're told, they lived happily ever after, and that was the end, but with Vivien this is only the beginning. All that has gone before is preparation. If she never did anything else in her life Vivien would still be famous.

But it wouldn't be enough . . . no real actor or actress is ever satisfied with only one good portrayal.

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Hollywood Picks a Prize Winner

[*Continued from page* 32]

■ Mary Healy was born in February, 1918, in New Orleans.

Now then, since we can't go back any farther than that, let's start in at the beginning again, and delve a bit into the "how come" that has tagged her as Hollywood's latest Cinderella Girl.

"In 1935 some one," she says, "entered my name in a city-wide beauty contest sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. The judges declared me the winner, and for a reward gave me a two weeks' trip to California to visit the fair then being held at San Diego. Before I boarded the train they added a three-day side trip to Hollywood."

Mary stayed in Flickerville for three days, visited several studios—including 20th Century-Fox—and lunched with Gail Patrick, one of the film colony's most charming charmers.

"No one," Mary admits, "offered me a movie contract, and I sought none. My curiosity about Hollywood had been satisfied. The film capital was interesting, but I hadn't been impressed. I had a good job in New Orleans. My friends and my folks were there. I was going to singing school. Once in a while I sang over the air for a local radio station. I already had appeared as a vocalist with the Gordon Kirst orchestra. More than that, I had been offered $25 a week to appear with the orchestra for a couple of hours each evening at the Roosevelt Hotel. What with typing to beat the band during the day, and singing with the band during the evening, I was earning fifty big, sound dollars a week. And let me tell you my family needed that money. The two jobs were too good to lose and so—"

And so practical-minded, level-headed Mary beat it back to good, old New Orleans. Back to her occasional radio appearances, her singing school, and her vocalizing with the Kirst orchestra.

But not back to her old job. Instead, she plumped her little self into a secretarial chair in the office of the Gaumont-British Agency and learned the ins and outs of the sales and of motion pictures.

In 1938 she switched over to the 20th Century-Fox film exchange, but before the manager put her on the pay roll he took her aside and laid down the law. Knowing that Mary was a two-time beauty contest winner, that she made radio appearances, and that she sang "torches" and "blues" with the Kirst orchestra, he made her promise that she would shun and foreswear the sly machinations of all talent scouts, turn a couple of deaf ears to those who said "she ought to be in pictures," and refuse to enter any more beauty contests. A smart and cagey manager, this one. He knew that whenever a stray talent scout came to town about the first call he made was at the Film Exchange. He also knew that once one of these talent searchers got his eagle eyes on Mary he'd be offering her a test and a trip to Hollywood in less time than

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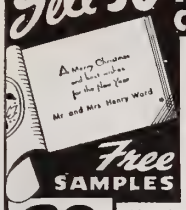
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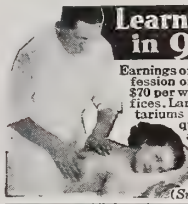
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Name..... Town.....

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it would take him—the manager—to sell an exhibitor a super-colossal. Mary was glad to promise. She liked the work and the people in the office. She got a little nip-up in salary and that helped, too.

■ As the manager had prophesied, three or four months later a talent scout made his appearance. But Mary was too busy to notice him, he was too much in a hurry to notice her, and the manager almost died of heart trouble while he prayed that his visitor would get the heck outta there before he got a peep at the girl pecking away at her typewriter.

"We didn't so much as exchange a polite 'hello'," Mary says. "I didn't know he was a talent scout and wouldn't have cared if I had."

That's what Mary says. But listen.

It was different that night. One of Mary's young and very admiring swains took her to a dance at the Roosevelt Hotel and who should be there to give the southern beaus and belles the once-over but Mr. Talent Scout who spotted Mary, sought—and got—an introduction, and finally won her consent to another trip to Hollywood. And he almost died of mortification when he learned he had completely passed up Mary at his own film exchange!

■ "So," says Mary, "I came to Hollywood for the second time, went through my test, and was put under contract at 20th Century-Fox. After that came training in the studio's stock school, elocution lessons, vocal coaching, instruction in screen deportment, tutoring in sports, and an occasional extra or bit part. Remember *Up the River?* Well, I got so good that they gave me a speaking part in it. I said: 'Thank you, Warden. It was a pleasure.' That didn't match up with my idea of a film career, so I wrote back asking for my old job at the film exchange."

Well, about the time Mary was down in the dumps about her screen career, 20th Century-Fox was riding high on a new production, a $1,500,000 picture starring Rudy Vallee, Sonja Henie, and Tyrone Power. Irving Berlin, dean of America's composers, had just finished six songs for the picture. Six songs, but with no actress yet selected to sing them. The singing role required a young actress of undoubted beauty, histrionic and vocal ability to put over the Berlin songs as they should be put over. Alice Faye? Nope. Not this time. Boss-man Zanuck had other plans for Alice. Someone suggested Mary.

Just to be sure, Bossman Zanuck called for all the Healy tests, and examined them carefully. He sat in a projection room and saw her perform in her extra and bit parts. He and Composer Berlin had her sing the *Second Fiddle* songs. Over and over. And when she had finished Bossman Zanuck gave an order to drop from consideration the famous feminine players who one by one had been named. And right then and there, Mary Healy, the girl who had her trunk packed for a return trip home because she thought she had been entirely forgotten, found herself lifted from obscurity to stardom!



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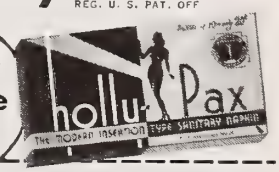
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Cosmopolitan Dinners

Photo by Charles Rhodes

Dolores Del Rio likes to combine dishes from many lands to please her dinner guests in Hollywood

By BETTY CROCKER



■ What a pleasure it is to discuss menus with Dolores Del Rio. Her ideas are so stimulating that we immediately go into a perfect burst of energy, and try them out. Her Cosmopolitan Dinner, for instance, which she was planning when we arrived. But let her speak about it herself:

"A most cosmopolitan group is coming for dinner," she said, "and so I thought it would be fun to plan a menu of dishes from their various homelands.

"For table decorations," continued Miss Del Rio, "I am using tiny flags on the place cards. My flowers are always placed at the end of the table, rather than in the center. Of course, I do not seat anyone at the end. That way conversation can be carried on freely and you still enjoy the flowers. I'm using white roses and white sweet peas in a silver bowl."

And very effective, this idea of the floral decorations. And now, you'll want the recipes for Miss Del Rio's unusual dinner—all of them have been kitchen-tested in

COSMOPOLITAN DINNER

Consomme — French Bread
Italian Gnocchi — Del Rio Salad — Veal Daube
Twice-baked Irish Potatoes
Austrian Asparagus — American Baked Alaska
Turkish Coffee

our own workshop—and you'll find them delicious.

DEL RIO SALAD

1 firm head of lettuce
1 garlic bud
2 tbsp. sugar
Juice of 1 lemon (¼ cup)
1 tsp. chopped capers
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. mayonnaise

Chop well chilled crisp lettuce. (Be sure it is well dried.) Rub salad bowl *thoroughly* with cut surface of garlic. Place lettuce in bowl and sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Let stand 20 minutes in refrigerator, to absorb the sugar, lemon juice and fragrance of the garlic. Just before serving, add mayonnaise, capers and salt, and toss the lettuce lightly with a salad fork and spoon. AMOUNT: 6 servings.

AUSTRIAN ASPARAGUS

Break off lower parts of asparagus stalks as far down as they will snap. Wash thoroughly. Lay the asparagus stalks all the same way on the bottom of a wide kettle, or tie in bundles and stand upright so the tips will be out of the water. Add a generous amount of boiling water; add salt (1 tsp. to 1 qt. of water); and boil very gently *(uncovered*—to keep the green color) for about 20 minutes or until the larger ends of the stalks are tender. If tips (when steaming upright) are not tender, cover a few minutes to steam them. Drain. (Save liquid to use as a basis for soup. Remove from kettle carefully without breaking the tips. Place all one way on a serving dish (on toast, if desired). Sprinkle with fine bread crumbs which have been browned in butter, and then pour melted butter over all.

BAKED ALASKA

Sponge Cake (hollowed out on the top so the sides will hold ice cream—unless baked in bread loaf pan, in which case cake is left whole)
Meringue
1 qt. Ice Cream

When it is time to serve the dessert, place the cooled sponge cake on several thicknesses of brown wrapping paper on a board, and fill the depression in the cake with ice cream, preferably pink. (Or, if the cake is a loaf, place a whole 1-qt. brick of ice cream on top of it.) Cover the ice cream and sides of cake with a thick icing of meringue—being sure that the ice cream is *completely* covered. Place in oven a few minutes until meringue is delicately browned. Remove from oven, slip cake from board onto serving platter, and serve at once. TIME: Bake 3 to 5 minutes in a very hot oven, 500° F.

SPECIAL EGG YOLK SPONGE CAKE

3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
½ cup cake flour
or ½ cup all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
⅛ tsp. salt
¼ cup boiling water
½ tsp. lemon juice

Beat egg yolks with rotary beater until very thick and lemon-colored (about 2 minutes). Beat in sugar gradually. *Sift flour once before measuring.* Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Beat the boiling water into the egg yolk and sugar mixture. Carefully beat in the flavoring and the flour mixture—still using the rotary beater, beating only enough to completely blend the ingredients. Pour into dry ungreased pan lined with wrapping paper. Bake 30 minutes (or until surface of cake springs back when touched lightly with the finger), in a slow moderate oven, 325° F. SIZE OF PAN—One 8¼-inch Mary Ann cake pan, 1¾ inches deep (*not* a tube center pan); or an 8-inch round layer cake pan, 1¼ inches deep; or a bread loaf pan, 4¼ by 8¼ inches across the bottom (the finished loaf will be only about 1½ inches high). NUMBER OF SERVINGS: 6 to 8. NOTE: For a large Baked Alaska to serve 12 to 16 persons, double each ingredient all the way through the above recipe. Bake the cake in a 10-inch spring form pan (in which the bottom has been inverted to form a depression in center of the cake).

I'm sorry I haven't space to give you the recipes for the Italian Gnocchi and Veal Daube, which were used in this Cosmopolitan Dinner Menu. But I'll be very glad to send them with a selection of other foreign recipes to anyone who wishes to write for them on the coupon below.

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Formula for Contentment

[*Continued from page* 36]

and conscientiously and long. Luck? Yah.

"It was *so*!" Anne insisted, seriously. "You talk as if I were ambitious." She spoke the word with a faint edge of reproach. "Well, there's another thing; I wouldn't be ambitious any more than I'd worry. In fact, the two things are related. I refuse to have anything to do with ambition—it makes you unhappy."

This — in Hollywood! And her latest RKO picture is *Career!*

"What's more, I don't like competition, either. I'd like not to make screen tests for different roles. I hate to do it. I hate to *compete* with another player for a part. Of course I'm always delighted to be assigned to a part in a film, but I don't want to—well—scramble for it. Doesn't seem fair to anyone concerned. Nobody's at their best in a screen test, anyhow.

■ "Besides, I'm lazy," she added with a good bit of complacence. "I don't see much need for being so horribly energetic. I sleep and *sleep*. If I had my way, I wouldn't get up till four in the afternoon. Of course, I like to stay up and read till two or three in the morning. But my bed is so comfortable that after I get into it I hate to get out. Oh, I'm shiftless and proud of it!"

But she wasn't, she added, as bad as Phyllis Fraser. Phyllis is Anne's best friend. "I admire her more than I can say," Anne observed, wide-eyed in awe. "Why, you go to bed and get up and come downstairs at nine in the morning, and Phyllis is still in the livingroom, reading a book. She hasn't been to bed! That's what I call staying up all night in a big way. Only, Phyllis can go out and play tennis without any sleep, on top of that. I couldn't. I want my nine hours' slumber. Ten's better."

■ For a lazy girl, she's done a nice bit of work. She's planted a garden, and that comes under the name of hard labor. In the lapel of her pale beige suit she was wearing, very proudly, a large yellow daisy, the first flower she, herself, had planted, tended, and raised.

"That is, I planted other things," she admitted, "but Panna ate most of them."

Panna (a name derived from Payne and Anne) is a lady dachshund. Anne always wanted a dachshund "because they're so quiet and cuddly," so John gave her Panna.

"Quiet! Cuddly!" Anne exclaimed, rolling her hazel eyes, "the creature's a wildcat! Take her in your arms and she chews your hair. Let her go, and she rushes out to the garden and eats whatever's been planted last. I'd tie her to a tree, only we haven't any trees. That house! . . ."

■ It's a house with personality and with —thanks to Anne's efforts—a truly delightful garden; what's left of it after Panna gets through. But it's a house which tested to the full this theory of Anne's

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about not worrying. Incidentally, the theory came out unscathed.

You see, Anne thought it would be nice to get the house all settled, and herself moved in while John was away on a trip East. She moved in, only to find that no gas, electricity, or water was turned on, and no telephone installed. Payne had made the preliminary arrangements, and the utilities authorities looked somewhat askance when a girl who inadvertently said she was "Miss Shirley" tried to expedite matters. "Who are you?" they said.

Explanations were satisfactory. In due course, the utilities people did their stuff.

Then from the corner drugstore, Anne called the telephone company. Would they please come right away and put in a 'phone? "But there isn't any house at that address," they told her. "But there is," she insisted wildly, "we've just bought it. It's—it's right there. Honestly."

Regretfully the voice informed her that according to the city surveyor's map, there simply was no dwelling at any such number on any such street. Anne refused to worry. "Maybe you're right," she said placidly, "but just the same, I'm going to live there."

Point is, the house occupies a corner, and therefore is bounded by two avenues. Much later, Anne discovered that upon the map it had been listed under a number on the other street. Meanwhile, however, she returned to her new home in time to meet a pleasant young man coming out.

"Who are *you*?" Anne inquired.

"I'm the telephone man," he responded cheerily, "I've just installed your telephone."

It was then she found that John Payne had likewise made all arrangements for the telephone installation before he'd left town. "So if I'd worried," Anne exulted, "it would have been time wasted. See?"

■ She's consistent about not worrying. Twice in the past few months she has lost pieces of jewelry and refused to wrinkle her brows over the matter.

"Once it was my engagement ring," she confessed, "and I'd not only hate to lose it for keeps, as you can imagine, but it never could be replaced because the diamond is an heirloom in my husband's family. But I didn't worry a moment. I felt that I'd get it back—because it was mine and I'm lucky. Well, it was found.

"Then I lost an amethyst. That's my favorite stone, by the way. And this time it was my first engagement ring—the one that I wore until the heirloom had been re-set and given me. I prized that amethyst more than almost any other possession. I didn't know where it could be, but I telephoned around, not worrying a mite, and there it was, safe and sound, in the safe at a restaurant.

"What could worry have done? Only made me and everyone else around me gloomy."

She considered that last word a minute. "Gloomy," reflected this certainly unusual philosopher, "I can't tell you *when* I last felt gloomy. If I ever did."

Suddenly, she laughed. In spite of her insistence upon joy, Anne's face is usually grave, but now it sparkled with amusement. "If some fairy godmother were to offer me three wishes this instant, I'd be stumped," she said; "three! I couldn't think of *one*. We even have a good cook!"



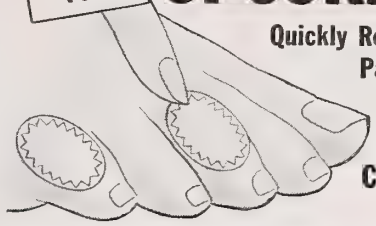
G-Man Mischa Auer stages a brilliant arrest at Dorothy Lamour's cocktail party, witnessed by Esther Muir and Edgar Bergen. Without the presence of the wise-cracking Charlie McCarthy, Mr. Bergen wears his hat inside in peace

NEW WAY HELPS YOU

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These soothing pads of fleecy softness stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. 630% softer than before! Thin SEAL-TIP Edge molds pad to toe. Does not come off in the bath. Separate Graduated *Medications* included for quickly removing corns or callouses. Get a box today! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes.





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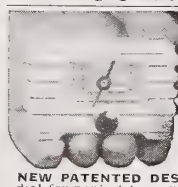


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SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

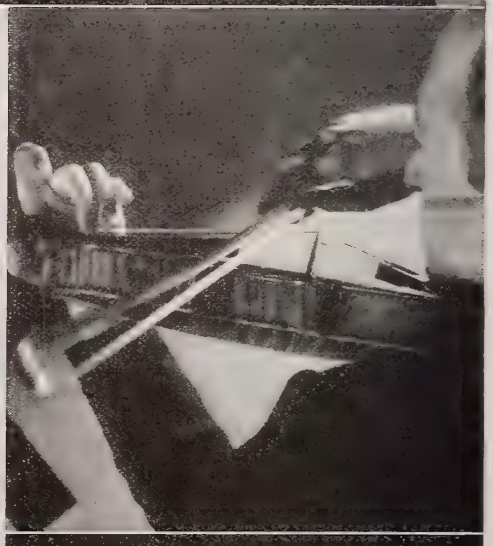




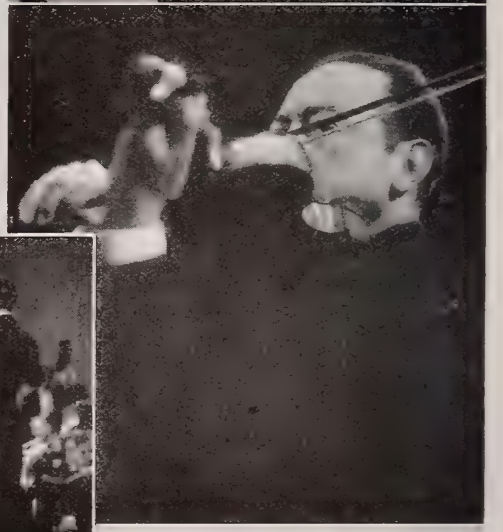
Heifetz in the Movies

Jascha Heifetz plays eight selections in *They Shall Have Music.* Here he is at work in Hollywood. Above, the license plates on his car are a compliment from his home state











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OCTOBER

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Sleeveless tennis dress of white piqué with zipper closing and brief, contrasting bolero.

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If *your* tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to *see your dentist at once!* It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for *that*. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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OCTOBER, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 10

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Lupita Tovar in "G-Lamour-ish" sarong enters the Hollywood scene in Universal's picture, *Tropic Fury*, with Richard Arlen

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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135 WOMEN
with nothing on their minds
BUT MEN



Out of the boudoir . . . on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



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ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Gregg Toland, one of our better photographers (his last shooting affair was behind the cameras on Samuel Goldwyn's *They Shall Have Music)* may know what he's talking about, and then again he may not. At any rate, it sounds sensible enough to pass on.

"It's always been a complete puzzle to me," he says, "why so many girls manage to get married in June, when they look their very worst. A girl's best chance for marriage should be in the winter time, because she is far prettier then. There's a scientific reason for this. The winter sun is the most flattering for photographing a girl, for light strikes the earth on an angle, and this tends to soften wrinkles and skin defects. But when summer comes the light rays are straighter and harsher, and tend to emphasize blemishes and wrinkles. The best month for beauty is November. But," he ends, "there's nothing I can do about it. Girls will continue to get married in June, and that, no doubt, is the best evidence that love is a very unscientific business."

■ Vincent Price had a strange experience this summer. He walked out on the sand one morning to discover all his beach furniture missing—chairs, table, swing, and umbrella. But the next morning when he stepped outside he found the furniture returned, neatly set in place. What was more amazing, every piece had been newly covered and painted! A note pinned onto the swing explained the strange goings-on. "Sorry if we inconvenienced you. It was all a mistake. We were supposed to have picked up the furniture next door for renovating. There's no charge on this error of ours." The note was signed, The Beach Furniture Company.



No Fair complete without a hot dog, so Dorothy Lamour behaves in the accepted manner of all tourists, and tours the New York Fair in regulation style

■ Alice Faye wins this writer's basket of orchids this month. And for this reason: An elderly crippled woman, who lives next door to Alice's hairdresser, made a couple of miniatures of the hats Alice wore in *Rose of Washington Square,* fashioned them into clips and lapel gadgets and asked her neighbor, the hairdresser, to show them to the 20th Century-Fox singing star. Alice saw them and liked them so much that she ordered three dozen of them to give her friends. The recipients liked them so well that each sent in an order for a dozen. Alice visited the crippled woman, gave her permission to use her name—and the tiny chapeaux are now known as The Alice Faye Miniature Hats. Local stores are stocking up on them and the crippled woman now has a thriving business.

■ William Collier, Sr., has an unique way of keeping tabs on himself. He has imprinted on the cement blocks on the floor of his playroom the titles of every play and picture he's been in during his career.

Latest blocks added are those on *Invitation to Happiness* and *The World on Parade.*

■ Harpo Marx is feeling mighty blue these days. He's lost his luck piece—the battered and tattered old chapeau that has been his trademark and lucky charm for twenty years.

"It couldn't survive another picture," Harpo explains sadly. "It was the only hat I've ever worn in my comedy work in this and foreign countries since we Marx brothers first stepped up to the footlights."

The hat's future home will be in a glass case in the permanent exhibit of famous movie props in the Los Angeles Museum.

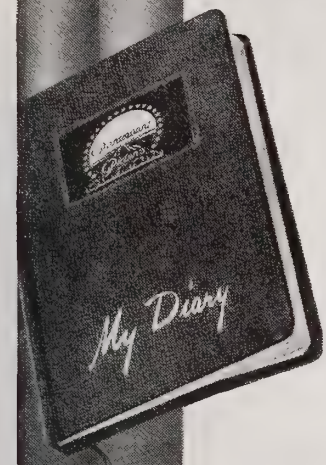
■ We doubt if any other Hollywood actor can better Roscoe Karns' employment record. He claims he is the only actor of his age who has never earned a cent outside the theatrical profession. Born in 1893, Karns has spent his entire adult life as an actor on the stage and in motion pictures, joining a California stock



Evening blouses and skirts come to the party. Norma Shearer's is woolen, and Rosalind Russell chooses heavy crepe for chilly fall evenings in Hollywood



Herbert Marshall and Helen Hayes reading telegrams from friends in the picture colony before the opening of the stage play, *Ladies and Gentlemen* in its west-coast tryout in Los Angeles



NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdyce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do"



Miss America has a new Beau... Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste" William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.



Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours" She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet



More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And May-flower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdyce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



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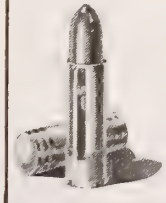


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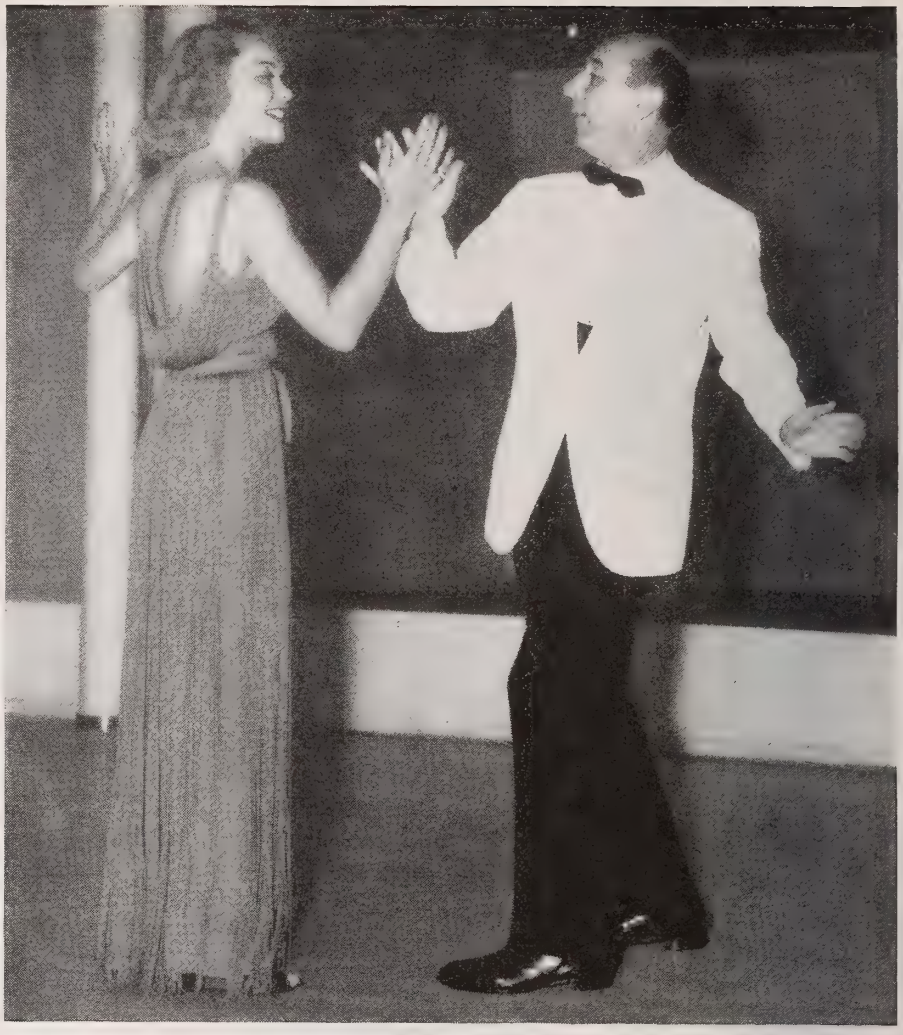
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MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!



Jane Wyman has fun at the Trocadero in helping Arthur Murray demonstrate his new dance, called "On Your Toes" in honor of the musical of that name now in work

company immediately upon his graduation from military school.

And the only money he ever earned as a schoolboy was as usher in a Los Angeles theatre!

■ Several of the extras in the Winter Carnival cast were having luncheon at the Walter Wanger studio, and were complaining about finances. "If you think things are tough here," one girl said, "you ought to be in New York. I know a chorus girl there who was given a check at a cocktail party and after she deposited it the thing came back marked 'Insufficient fun'."

■ Basil Rathbone is a little fed up with his attempts to carry over in real life his detective portrayals in *Sherlock Holmes.* Just recently, he installed an invisible ray burglar alarm at his home. The electric gadget hooks up with a private detective agency. The first night the alarm was installed, the dicks made three hectic and hurried calls to the Rathbone domicile. The first alarm was touched off by a dog, the second by the gardner, and the third by the milkman. Basil dismantled the machinery the next day, and the agency men caught up on lost sleep.

■ Arthur Treacher, while fulfilling a personal appearance date in Atlantic City, received a wire from his butler in Hollywood stating that Miss Hanna of Hollywood was expecting a blessed event. Arthur immediately cancelled his second week at Atlantic City and boarded a plane. When he arrived home he learned that his most prized and most beloved Yorkshire terrier was NOT to become a mother after all.

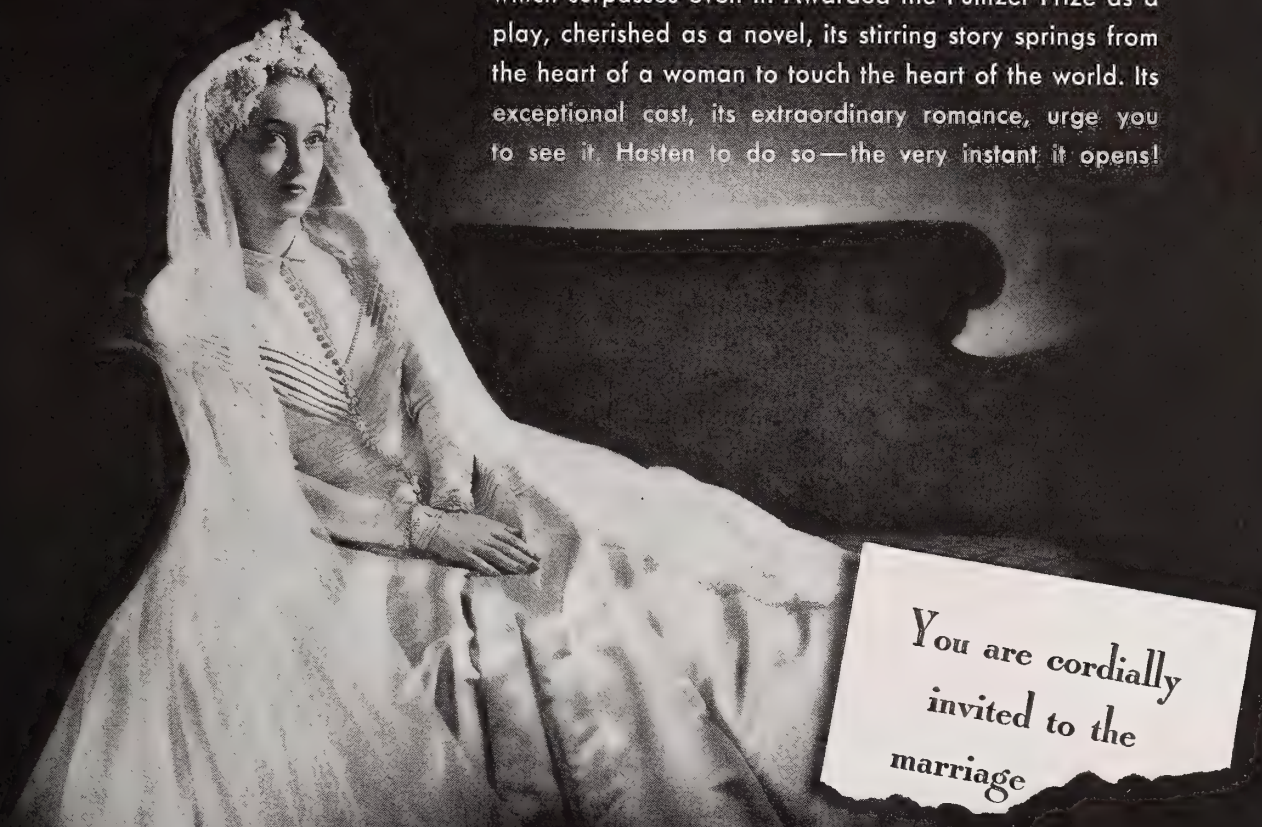
■ Substituting for Tyrone Power on the latter's sponsored studio bowling team, Don Ameche donned Ty's sweat shirt and prepared to knock the pins galley west. Just as he picked up a ball, a pretty blonde, catching sight of Ty's name scrawled on the back of the shirt, rushed up and asked for an autograph. Don, without turning around, took the card and pencil and wrote: "With all my very best wishes, Tyrone Power's stand-in, Don Ameche."

■ Wayne Morris' pals gave him an expectant father's shower, and among the gifts were sleeping powders for Wayne and a miniature strait-jacket for the baby.

■ Ann Sheridan, who changed her name when she started in movies, has just purchased a coiled snake bracelet. Inside

This, above All, Bette's Best!

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!



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and
MIRIAM
HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"
with
GEORGE
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DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
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starring ADOLPHE MENJOU as MOODY . . . He loves Lorna



starring WILLIAM HOLDEN as JOE BONAPARTE . . . He wants to be a big shot



SAM LEVENE as SIGGIE . . . He loves the duchess



LEE COBB as PAPA BONAPARTE . . . He wants his son



BEATRICE BLINN as ANNA . . . She loves Siggie



JOSEPH CALLEIA as FUSELI . . . He wants a champion

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GOLDEN BOY

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A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Pat O'Brien, surrounded by members of the first Movieland Tour, signing his name in the autograph books that are standard equipment for the sight-seers

it is engraved: "From Clara Lou to Ann. You continue to amaze me, kid!"

■ Mr. Allan Dwan was much too busy directing night scenes in *Frontier Marshal* to give more than a cursory glance toward a group of visitors huddled on one of the set's prop streets, but his eagle eyes did discern one figure that piqued his curiosity, not to say interest. One or two more quick glances and he asked an assistant director to approach the young and distinguished-looking lady he described, and to ask her if she wouldn't like a screen test.

The young and distinguished-looking young lady he failed to recognize across the studio-built street, was none other than Dorothy Lamour, who had come out to visit her boy friend, Randy Scott.

■ Victor McLaglen, who used to spend hours trying to convince actors why they shouldn't invest their money in boats, is the newest yacht owner.



Gloria Jean is expected to jump to stardom with release of her first film, *The Underpup*. When Henry Wilcoxon heard that she was more interested in having a puppy of her own than in being a star, he picked the prize of his kennels for her

WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?





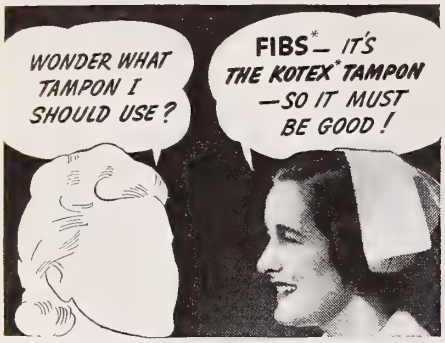
"I USE cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has ACTIVE lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from *choked pores*. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and *holds* it. Make Hollywood's beauty care *your* beauty care, too!

CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—



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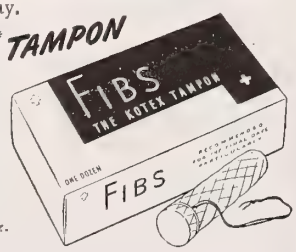


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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

The judges of the Deanna Durbin contest were very much annoyed with us last month because we left them struggling with the great heaps of mail and went off for a chat with Elsa Lanchester. In the first place, the judges, to a man, entertain a lively admiration for Miss Lanchester. In the second place, Miss Lanchester gave us a new approach to winning friends and influencing people, and it made a great impression on the exhausted judges when we tried it on them.

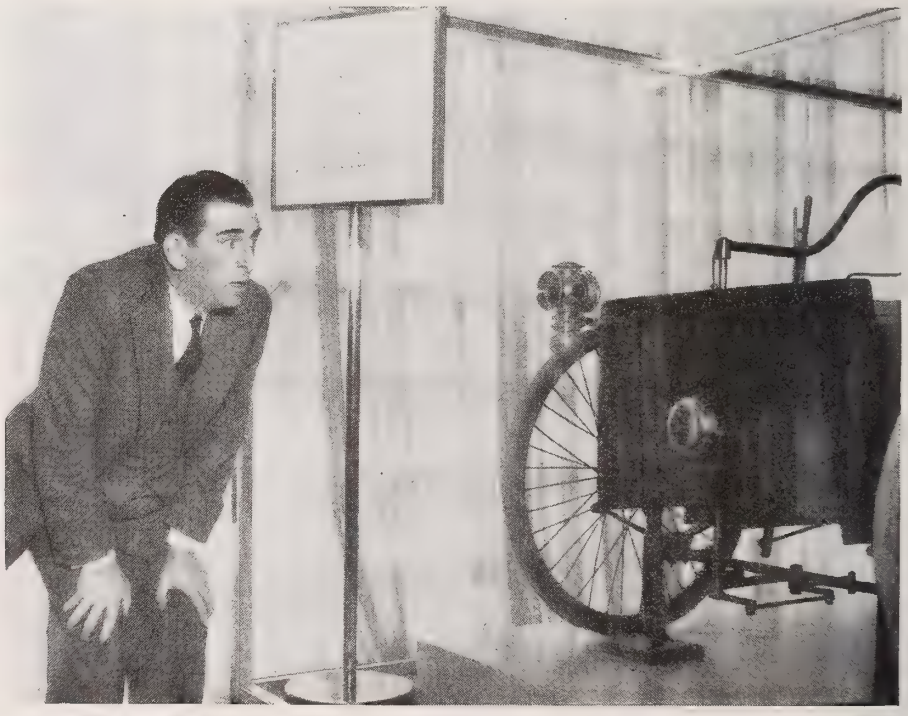
Miss Lanchester and her husband, Charles Laughton, have been very successful in winning friends in the past, even without a campaign. But the best of friends sometimes have blank spots. When the Laughtons returned to England after their first sojourn in Hollywood, there were a few people who looked with a certain suspicion on their slightly changed habits.

"For one thing," Miss Lanchester explained, "Charles couldn't go on the underground anymore. It was awful. People followed him around. Well, just imagine trying to sign autograph books in one of your own subway trains. It was like that. Charles would much rather go on the Underground. It's so much quicker. But if he did go on the underground, there were people who said, 'Look at that! He does it just to attract a crowd and make himself conspicuous!' And if we didn't go on the underground, the same people said 'Look at that! They are above themselves since they got on the films!' So we decided that the only thing to do was to be so outrageous that the whole thing became silly. For instance, we got our first secretary about that time. We really needed one," Miss Lanchester explained with an earnest look at us as if we, too, might think that she was above herself. "So after that, when I started to write a letter, I would go out into the garden if there were people around and say 'What year is this, anyway? It's been so long since I wrote a letter, myself, that I really can't remember. Our secretary keeps track of all of these troublesome details for us, you know.'

"Oh, we were really outrageous. Charles and I would be walking down the street, and if we came to a line of people in front of a cinema, I would say, 'What on earth are all of those people waiting for?' and he would sweep them with that Captain Bligh stare and say 'I really can't imagine! Nobody told me we were making a personal appearance there this afternoon!'

"It's a wonderful way of stopping silly criticism," she ended with that impish slow smile which you have seen so many times on the screen. "You try it some time."

"Thank you, thank you, indeed," we cried, and rushed back to the office where the judges greeted us with sour smiles of ill-concealed jealousy. We gave them a cool stare back, and in our best, if new, British accent, remarked wonderingly, "What keeps you in on a lovely day like



Edward Everett Horton seems both fascinated and alarmed by the appearance of the first automobile built by Ford. Snapped during the comedian's tour of the New York Fair which he crowded in between appearances in summer stock

this? What, not done yet? I reahlly cawn't understand why you chaps take such an interminable time over a simple little job. I would have done it alone last Saturday afternoon if I had known you were going to hold us up like this."

It is saddening to remember that the judges lost their sense of good, clean fun completely. It is embarrassing to report that they gave cries of animal rage, flung themselves on the telephone, and had vast quantities of ice-cream charged to us.

Miss Lanchester may consider this a request, a bitter disillusioned request, to explain her system a little more fully.

■ Edward Everett Horton has been spending his vacation working some 23 hours a day, as nearly as we can estimate. The extra hour is devoted to traveling from here to there. For ten years, Horton starred in his own theatre in Los Angeles with such great success that the movies finally absorbed all of his time. He has not been on the stage for six years, and he claims that his tour of summer theatres in the East is his idea of a perfect holiday. Evidently his audiences have the same idea. We drove up to Mount Kisco to see him romp through the comedy, *Springtime for Henry,* and found the producers all abeam. All house records for two years had been broken. The week was entirely sold out by Tuesday, including two extra matinees. Forty drama lovers were seated in chairs placed *outside* the theatre in front of a big window, and, in spite of the raids of the mosquito fleet, they stayed, slapping and scratching quietly, through the three acts.

Four matinees a week left little time for visits to the World's Fair in New York, interviews, reunions with local friends, meetings with the eastern relatives, but Horton says his only regret is that he could not have spent twice as much time on his "vacation."

■ Has anyone asked you out for lunch or dinner this week? Have you been dancing, or swimming, or bicycle-riding? If not, why not? Helen Hover, pondering over the whys and wherefores of popularity, went around asking questions of nine lovely Hollywood girls. The result is one of the most interesting quizzes HOLLYWOOD Magazine has printed. Sharpen your pencil, and get ready to answer questions from nine of your favorites. By the time you have finished, you will know the secret of your success or the reason that you aren't turning down two bids for each day of the week.

■ In the same issue, you will read the results of an afternoon that Kay Proctor spent with Rosemary, Priscilla and Lola Lane discussing things men don't know about love. Judging from the story, which is very funny, they had a wonderful time, and if you know a young man who forgets gardenias, or who brings you orchids when what you like is hot dogs, just leave a copy of next month's HOLLYWOOD, carelessly open at the right page, in his car. Results guaranteed, or your nickel back.

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE



For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

ON BORROWED TIME—*M-G-M*

■ One of the most refreshing and one of the rarest experiences in a movie theatre is to find a picture with a new idea.

The challenging premise of *On Borrowed Time* makes it stand out as truly absorbing entertainment, and you will find it possessing your imagination for many days after you have seen it.

Mr. Brink is a strange man. His dispassion, his cool poise, his absolute surety are a little inhuman, even though he looks like a well-groomed gentleman out for a stroll on a country road when first he appears. Gramp (Lionel Barrymore) distrusted him on sight, but Gramp was an old gentleman who disliked a lot of people. He hated Demetria. And Pud (Bobs Watson) was a little boy who agreed with Gramp about everything, so he distrusted Mr. Brink and hated Demetria, too.

Demetria (Eily Malyon) really deserved her unpopularity. When she found that Pud had inherited a large sum from his parents, killed in a motor accident during a ride with Mr. Brink, she set to work to have Gramp declared incompetent and to take the boy. Gramp certainly gave the doctors proof of a certain lack of balance. Didn't he claim to have tricked Death into the magic apple tree? Didn't he claim that Death was his prisoner, so long as he withheld permission for Death to go about his business?

Ah, but it all was true, and you will believe it with Gramp and Pud when you see the apple tree writhe and tremble with the struggles of Mr. Brink to free himself. You'll believe it when you see the incautious little bird flutter down dead from the branches. You'll believe it when Mr. Brink coaxes and dares little Pud closer and closer until their fingers almost touch.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is so exactly right in the difficult part of Mr. Brink that it is impossible to imagine another player attempting the role. Bobs Watson, most consistent tear-jerker of the younger generation, is fine as Pud, and Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi and Una Merkel play important parts with just the right simplicity and reserve needed for this tale of a twentieth century miracle.

Borrow the time, beg it, but make it somehow, because this story is one that you will remember for years to come.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK —*United Artists*

■ No year is complete without Joseph Schildkraut flipping a lace ruffle back over an embroidered cuff and sneering delicately from beneath a powdered wig. With the release of *The Man in the Iron Mask,* Hollywood may be considered to have done its duty by costume melodrama, and right handsomely, too. There is something about the reigns of Louis IV and Louis V of France that brings out the lurking ham in very nearly every cast. Give brilliant performers embroidered waistcoats and satin knee breeches, and they throw restraint to the winds. They swagger or mince, and if the energy devoted to facial expression in any of the casts could be turned to use in modern industry, probably enough electricity could be generated to illuminate Grauman's Chinese theatre day and night for a year.

Well, the light bill at Grauman's Chinese is paid regularly, anyway, and I, for one, would miss the pretty airs and graces, the secret panels, the threatening intrigue, the plot and counter-plotting of *The Man in the Iron Mask.*

Certainly it is one of the most fascinating mysteries of history, this story of the masked man who died in the Bastille over two hundred years ago, and Dumas' tale as brought to the screen is one of the more romantic explanations. Louis Hayward plays the parts of the debauched, callous Louis IV as well as that of his warm-hearted, serious-minded twin brother Phillippe. Phillippe was spirited away an hour after his birth and raised in ignorance of his royal parentage by D'Artagnan, played with appropriate gusto by Warren William, and the Three Musketeers (Alan Hale, Miles Mander and Bert Roach). When chance brings him face to face with his brother, the exciting events which lead to the forging of the frightful mask get under way in a hurry.

Joan Bennett plays Maria Teresa of Spain, later to become the Queen of France, in that becoming black wig. The cast is well selected for type, with the exception perhaps of Marian Martin. She plays Mlle. de la Valliere with just a touch of the burlesque soubrette, which is nice in its place, but a little foreign in this film. And as to what the Man in the Iron Mask did about his whiskers . . . you'll have to see the film to find out.



John Litel gives the impassioned plea for liberty which is one of the high lights of the sensational film, *Land of Liberty*, which has been made with short scenes from 125 feature films

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER —*M-G-M*

■ "A man isn't wholly to blame when he finds out he is developing into the sensitive type," says Andy with patient dignity, and leaves the table and the unfeeling jeers of his older sister to moon in solitude over the fascinating charms of his dramatics teacher.

The finer things of life, a glorious substitute teacher and spring hit Andy all at once, and the wallop is transferred to another hilarious comedy in the Hardy series.

Mickey Rooney's funniest scene may be the one in which he assumes a new voice for his part in the school play, but there will be those who argue hotly in favor of the scene where he proposes to the astounded teacher. And there will be those who vote for his man-to-man talk with his slightly alarmed father, and for the sequence in which, disillusioned and world-weary, he gathers up the fragments of his broken heart and faces life anew. But why quarrel? It is ALL funny, and, if you have not already discovered the particular charms of the Hardy series, this is a good chance to remedy that oversight.

WHAT A LIFE—*Paramount*

■ This film is a rare treat for anyone of high-school age, because the cast really looks as if it just had walked out of the History 4 class. That is a stunning innovation in a film about students. Why is it that most schools of the screen are attended by bouncing young ladies and mature young men, all of whom look as if they had voted for at least one President?

Jackie Cooper, still in high-school, himself, plays Henry Aldrich, an experienced victim of bad luck. Henry's father was a Princeton Phi Beta Kappa, and generations of Aldrichs had been honor men before him. Henry was expected to carry on the great tradition. Henry was not dull, in spite of the fact that his teachers suspected that his mind was almost completely insulated against absorption of formal knowledge. But Henry certainly wasn't a mental giant. Henry drew wonderful pictures, but he bogged down in despair and confusion when he had to deal with dates and definitions and finer details of the English language. His scholastic misery was complicated by the fact that Henry was a born goat. No matter what happened, Henry was somewhere around to get the blame, whether it was a hot seat contrived for a teacher, or the theft of the brass band.

Only Barbara (Betty Field) found

Henry fascinating. Perhaps it was because Barbara, too, had suffered. Barbara's nice fine hair hung straight around her ears, and her pretty mouth closed with some difficulty over braces. Barbara was sure that no one was going to ask her to the big dance, and no one did until the principal's sympathetic secretary tricked her into a wave, manicure and even persuaded the dentist to take off the hated braces.

No one can fail to give to Betty Field enthusiastic credit for her performance of the nice, shy, good little girl, to Jack Cooper for his performance of the ill-fated Henry, to Vaughn Glaser as the inhumanly detached principal, to John Howard as the vice-principal. It takes you right back to Jefferson High School. This picture probably will not have a large advertising campaign or much advance heralding, but watch out for it. It is well worth catching.

UNEXPECTED FATHER—*Universal*

■ This picture is the result of the dazzling success of the baby, Sandy, in her first appearance on the screen in *East Side of Heaven.* Sandy is under two years of age, but she stole the picture from such experienced troupers as Bing Crosby and Mischa Auer with a deftness that may be envied by performers twenty-five times her age.

As soon as the studio realized what it had, Sandy was placed under long term contract and rushed before the cameras for a second feature, but it is both unfair and unjust to give credence to the rumor that Sandy wrote her second film, even if the picture does look like it at times.

The story is about a vaudeville performer whose former partner dies and leaves him a baby. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe, Mischa Auer, Paul Guilfoyle, Mayo Methot, and a lot of chorus girls treat the child in a way that would shock a pediatrist, but Sandy remains good-tempered and smiling through it all. A ripple of tender "oooooooohs" sweeps over the audience at each of Sandy's smiles, and the continual murmurs of "cute," "darling," "precious" fills the theatre with the sound of a summer wind sighing. Or maybe it is just sighing, without any fanciful nonsense about a summer wind.

BACHELOR MOTHER—*RKO*

■ Slightly more resourceful and a good deal funnier is the theme of Ginger Rogers' new comedy. She plays Polly who was having enough trouble supporting herself when a baby came into her life. Polly was walking home from her job as temporary salesgirl during the pre-Christmas rush in a toy department when she heard a baby crying. The baby was just about to roll off a door-step, so kind-hearted Polly picked it up, just as the door opened, and a nurse with an understanding smile, invited her to enter. Polly's explanation was ignored with patient sweetness by officials of the foundlings' home. "Half of the mothers say that," they explained. "We'll see if we can't help you keep your baby."

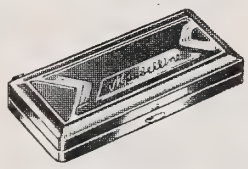


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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-covered vanity, 75c.



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by Maybelline

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

Polly thought that the matter was ended when she marched out into the night, but it was just the beginning. Under pressure from the Foundling Home, her job is restored by the young department store executive (David Niven), who has the baby returned to her apartment on Christmas Eve as an added surprise. That upset her plans for winning a dance contest, until she bullied a frightened suitor (Frank Albertson) into returning the baby to their boss. When he brought it back, and was discovered waiting for the contest winner in her apartment at three in the morning, scandal rocked the department store. Charles Coburn, Ernest Truex, and a carefully chosen supporting cast make fine foolery of the film which is designed to keep you laughing throughout. This one is fun.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

■ The entire motion picture industry combined to make this film. They started to build it 25 years ago, and it is one of the most absorbing features ever to come out of Hollywood. You may see it at a local theatre this winter, but the only place that you can see it now is at the New York World's Fair where it is playing to capacity audiences in the Federal Building. If ever you hear of it being shown near you, rush right over because it is the best synthetic newsreel to date.

One hundred and twenty-five feature pictures and hundreds of newsreel clips contributed the thousands of short scenes which have been patched together to tell the history of the United States. During the first part of the showing, part of your mind will be possessed with amazement at the vast amount of accurate, telling dramatic material that has been collected, and part of your mind will be occupied in trying to identify films from which memorable scenes were taken. But after the first half hour you are apt to forget such things and concentrate upon the story that is being told. You will see both Frank McGlynn and Walter Huston play Lincoln, but your mind will be on the words of the Gettysburg address, on the battle scenes and the marching soldiers rather than on the individuals. You will recognize John Litel in a vague sort of way as the actor who always appears in a wig and cape whenever a patriot of Colonial days is needed by Hollywood, but your mind will be engaged with the words of Patrick Henry, and you will have the impression that you are seeing, not a portion of a movie but the result of a miraculous lens turned back on time.

Though the film runs nearly two and a half hours, of necessity much has been left out. There is no reference to the grim gone days of prohibition, for instance. Whole chapters of exploration and exploitation have been omitted, but so much has been included that you leave the theatre a rather more thoughtful citizen than when you entered.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC
—United Artists

■ Superb recording and a generous amount of close-ups of Jascha Heifetz' wonderful hands are the great attractions of this film which, for the rest, deals in fairly routine fashion with the struggles of a poverty-stricken music school for under-privileged children.

Frankie had a helpless mother, a cruel stepfather, and an inherited talent for music. Tickets for a Heifetz concert fell into his hands by accident, and that was the beginning of a new life for him. When he stumbled on a music school, run for children who could pay little or nothing, he was completely happy. Things at the school were not so serene as they might be. The professor (Walter Brennan) couldn't be bothered about financial matters when he was preparing his pupils for a recital, so his daughter (Andrea Leeds) and her sweetheart (Joel McCrea) had to fight off the creditors with every means, including the improbable promise that the great Heifetz, himself, was sponsoring the concert.

Really remarkable is the work done by the youngsters of the Peter Meremblum California Junior Symphony Orchestra. They so pleased Heifetz, when he heard them at rehearsal before the film started that he suggested, "Wouldn't it be a good idea for me to play a number with them somewhere in the picture?" The sighs of relief could be heard all the way down

Get rid of DANDRUFF with LISTERINE!



Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

to Hollywood Boulevard. It seems that the script called for such a scene but no one had had the daring to break the news to the master!

CAREER—*RKO*

■ This is a dreamy, uneventful little film. In spite of an attempted lynching, several broken romances, and a run on a bank, it has a soothing quality, and will engage your interest pleasantly, if you happen to run into it on a double bill, because of the excellence of casting and playing.

The film starts with a leisurely monologue on Iowa. Once the state, its products and people are disposed of in a general fashion, you are introduced to Pittsville, a little town much like any other little town, according to the narrator. The people, we add, are much the same as the people in any other movie. There is the town banker, up to no good. There is the fine sympathetic store-keeper and his fine understanding wife and their fine upright son who is in love with the banker's beautiful daughter. There is the town drunk and his fine if under-privileged daughter who is in love with the banker's wild boy. You will have to admit that many a melodrama has been built out of just such elements. But this film is no melodrama. It is a convincing picture of some real people and some real problems, and you will feel that Edward Ellis, Janet Beecher, and Samuel Hinds are people you know by the time the lights go up. Leon Errol and Raymond Hatton contribute comedy as the town tipplers. Alice Eden and John Archer, winners in Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" contest have important parts, and show promise for successful careers in Hollywood.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE
—20th Century-Fox

■ In two ways this is a disappointing picture, though you won't think so until after you leave the theatre. In the theatre you'll have a fine time watching the adventures of the reporter Stanley (Spencer Tracy), whose paper, *The New York Herald*, sent him to find the lost missionary, Livingstone (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), in the wilds of Africa. You'll enjoy all of the background shots, made by Mrs. Martin Johnson in Africa. You'll like performances of Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene, Walter Brennan, Charles Coburn and Henry Travers. But when you leave the theatre you will be wondering about the early life of Stanley (it was a thriller) and you will be bitten by curiosity as to his future activities.

The portion of Stanley's life shown in the film is one of the most extravagant adventures that ever befell a newspaperman. Livingstone was lost in uncharted, savage, hostile territory of vast extent. He was reported dead on fairly good authority. Stanley crossed an ocean and half a continent to find him, refusing to be discouraged by almost intolerable hardships. This is an impressive picture, but have an encyclopedia handy at home so that you can find out how the story ends after you leave the theatre.

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ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads



The famous Radio City Music Hall Ballet and Director, Florence Rogge, photographed during Tangee test.





ARTHUR S. ALLEN, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 *different* shades ranging from blush rose to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.

DO YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for *your* lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic color-change principle, you can have *your individual shade*—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to *your* most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!
There is only one Tangee—don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ F109

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.





Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

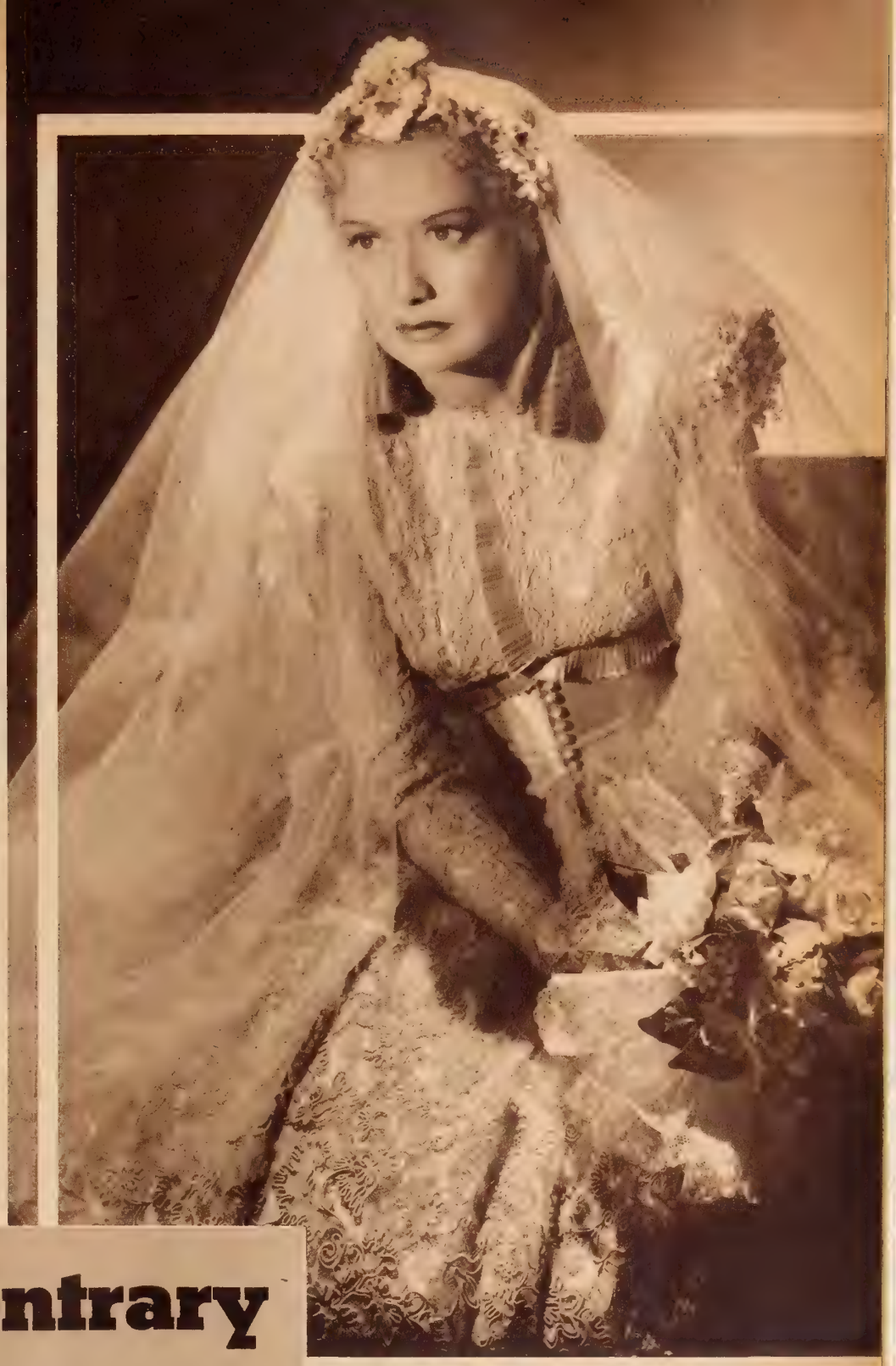
Pond's, Dept. 6-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Quite Contrary

Miriam Hopkins has been very contrary about all of the good advice given by family and friends. But she knew what she wanted better than they did. This story will heighten your interest in her next film role, *The Old Maid*

By BETH BROWN

■ Don't go to Hollywood they told her.

Don't adopt a baby.

Don't buy that house in Sutton Place.

And for heaven's sake, don't get married again!

Had she taken the advice—Miriam Hopkins would have nothing today—no film career—no Michael—no home and no husband.

It seems she's always done what people told her not to do. She's never done what people told her to be sure to do.

Maybe it doesn't make sense—but there it is—a success story for you, Mary, and for you, John, who all your lives have been told don't try to write. Don't study singing. Don't reach for the moon. Look here, Mary. And you, too, John. Don't listen to them when they tell you that the best thing you can do is to settle down to small town life and vegetate. Vegetation is for plants, not for people, and if you have any sort of a talent, or a pet idea, don't let anybody back in your home town talk you out of it. That's what they tried to do to Miriam Hopkins—and if they had succeeded—she would have failed.

Miriam Hopkins came from a small town, miles from the bright lights, away down in Georgia. Her grandmother, Mildred Mittleton Cutter, was a famous Southern belle, and everyone naturally expected that Miriam would grow up to be a social light. Her mother who had studied music at the New England Conservatory in Boston, made up her mind that Miriam was going to be a musician.

But Miriam had plans of her own.

"I'm going to be an actress," she informed them calmly. The staid household was flabbergasted. An actress in the family! Unheard of! Ridiculous! Preposterous!

"You'll get over it," her mother told her.

"Oh, no, I won't!" Miriam told her mother.

There is no record of it, of course, but there must have been some such scene. There always is a scene at the first fork in the cross-roads. The family packed up her clothes and sent her North to school. Miriam never forgot her first day at the Goddard Seminary. It was a day full of heartache and homesickness. To cap the climax, at roll-call, her Southern accent was too much for the class. There was a deadly silence, a titter, and then a gale of laughter.

"You better speak like the rest of us," whispered a friendly voice beside her.

She came to her feet. Her cheeks flamed a defiant scarlet. "Ah thank you all," she retorted, "but ah'll speak as I please!" All through her school days, she kept her Southern accent. [*Continued on page* 52]

MOVIE FANS...HERE'S THE PICTURE MADE FOR YOU... AND WE DO MEAN *You!*

The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with

ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and

J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today... and great personalities of yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was ...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

The Real Glory

By E. J. (Johnnie Get-Your-Gun) SMITHSON



Our favorite extra decides that the life of a soldier of fortune provides far too much wear and tear on his delicate frame not to speak of his very sensitive feelings

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, here's that acting man again!

A little bit scarred up from a couple of bolo slashes accidentally acquired when I had to help Gary Cooper, David Niven and Broderick Crawford in one of those hand-to-hand scraps staged on the backlot of the Goldwyn Studios where Director Henry Hathaway has been shooting *The Real Glory,* a rip-snortin' screen version of the Philippine uprising that rose up immediately after the Spanish-American War.

Along with the bolo slashes I got a good dig in the seat of my army pants from a spear hurled by a wild-eyed Moro who was running amok along the roof of a native hut—"an Accident from the Occident" is the way Niven passed off my injury—and I had to spend half an hour on my stomach while the studio medico made the necessary repairs. I know it isn't cricket to start off a story by trying to win sympathy with a crying-towel recital of a couple of mishaps. I take occasion to mention them here only to remind you again that the life [*Continued on page* 59]



Above, Gary Cooper with one of the native boys in *The Real Glory*, stirring tale of a doctor and a soldier who love the same girl, and of the Philippine uprising. Cooper's last film is *Beau Geste*. Left, Andrea Leeds with David Niven holding their own against an attack by the savage Moros

Tyrone Power's Most Daring Role



Through a window wer
young Mr. Power to ad
realism to *Jesse Jame*

He has endured sand-storms and staged real fist fights. He has jumped through glass and fallen off horses, but it all was easy compared to demands of his part in *The Rains Came*

■ Tyrone Power has proved he can take it . . .

He's faced everything in punishment the movies have to offer —and still he comes up smiling.

To start off this inside yarn properly, we have to go out to the moat, which is something of a lake, smack in the middle of the wilds of the 20th Century-Fox studio. Here starts the amazing off-the-record story of what young Mr. Power can take, and how he's taken it.

Forty feet in the air, at the top of long chutes, are six dump tanks holding a total of 18,000 gallons of water. This large collection of H2O, when allowed to plunge down said chutes, will raise the level of the water in the moat just four feet, according to the calculations of the studio statisticians. The effect, they promise, will be that of the water from a bursting dam. It will add pictorial emphasis to *The Rains Came*.

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Know the story? First it doesn't rain and everybody gets thirsty. Then it does rain, and everybody gets wet. Then an earthquake wrecks the dam high above Ranchipur, a mythical town in India. The dam takes Ranchipur. It's still raining. But after a while the rain goes away to come some other day, and Tyrone Power, physician and surgeon, braves the natives, burns their huts to kill the germs and the next thing you know the news reel is on.

Tyrone Power on the run just before the man-made flood swept down and destroyed the set

Power goes all the way through all these commotions. He's in from the first drop of rain. And how!

"There were forty-eight days of it," Tyrone told me as he packed for a vacation which would take him to New York, England, France and Italy. "I need it."

Power, glutton for punishment, was so anxious to get away from it all and let the scars heal that he tried to buy a passage for his wife, Annabella, and himself on the Atlantic Clipper. There were only 3,400 people ahead of him.

But let's get back to this scene on the moat. The water is all ready. Clarence Brown, director, is ditto. So are all the



This happened in *Thin Ice*. The look of disgust lasted for many days afterward



Both Don Ameche and Power insisted on making the fight in *In Old Chicago* real

Power was almost choked in the *Suez* sand storm before the wind machines were stopped



He had the courage to play a heel all the way through his last film, *Rose of Washington Square*



extras, technicians. In fact, they're ready to run. This is going to be a nautical wowser.

"Now, Ty," says Brown, "Brenda Joyce has come after you in a boat after you've been marooned by the flood. She's anxious to get you to the hospital. So you get into the boat and off you go—until the flood really hits you. Maybe you better have a double."

"Skip it," says Ty. "I'm ready."

So, having been thoroughly soaked with a hose for the fourteenth time since nine a. m., he gets into the little rowboat with Brenda. Cameras turn.

"Okay!" bellows Brown.

And down come the 18,000 gallons of water. Smack, crash, and splash! Power isn't in a boat with Brenda Joyce, University of California at Los Angeles co-ed, who didn't have swimming on her study course. Power is out of the boat, the boat is in mid-air, out of water, and Brenda Joyce is doing a double-barreled-back-handed-jack knife.

The statisticians have leaned too far toward the spectacle side of the business, and Power has changed from guinea pig to goat. Brenda is floundering. Those on the rim of the moat are aghast—and the water's eight feet deep. Ty strikes out. He seizes Brenda. A few good strokes, and Ty's at water's edge, passing up Brenda, who is much heavier on account of water absorbed.

"Next time," says Director Brown, "we won't use quite so much water."

Maybe you think that's something . . .

"The reports," says Tyrone, modestly, "are slightly exaggerated."

Intestinal fortitude? Yes. Modesty? And how! But it's on the record with the boys and girls [*Continued on page* 46]



Right, none the worse for strenuous studio experiences, Power smiles for the cameras before sailing for Europe and a honeymoon with Annabella

How You Have Grown!

Time has been kind to these veteran stars. The years have changed them, true, but age has not dimmed their powers or injured their popularity





Baby Jane Quigley, as she appeared in *Magnificent Obsession*, and as seen recently in *The Family Next Door*















Freddie Bartholomew, with Police Chief of Culver City in 1935, had a long way to grow before he became Aunt Cissie's serious young escort

Above left, Virginia Weidler as Norma Shearer's daughter in *The Women*, has added many inches to her height since she played in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*

Jane Withers, a grown-up lassie with a boy friend in her last picture shared a memorable scene with Shirley Temple in *Bright Eyes*. In her latest picture, *Suzannah of the Mounties*, Shirley, too, has grown





Mickey Rooney, not long ago was Mickey McGuire, starring in Columbia comedies. As he is in his latest Andy Hardy role





Judy Garland, a sensation in her first film (with Buddy Ebsen), is quite grown-up in her new evening gown









Jackie Searl as he appeared in an early film, and as hero of the situation in a recent Universal film, *Little Tough Guys in Society*

Above right, remember Jackie Cooper as Skippy? Here he is at a recent broadcast, eight years later

There is a vast difference between the late portraits of Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin and the picture of them when they were performers on Eddie Cantor's radio broadcast







What's Wrong With You?

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

■ Are you worried about making a good impression?

Are you going out to look for a job?

. . . about to make a speech before your club?

. . . on the reception committee for that most important guest?

. . . nervous about meeting your fiance's family for the first time?

The more you worry about what to do and what *not* to do, the worse you feel, and the colder grows that fear around your heart. So far as you're concerned, creating that good impression is going to be every bit as difficult as clicking in a screen test for Darryl Zanuck, Walter Wanger or any of the other movie bigwigs. On the eve of that little speech before the Women's Club be assured that you feel no more shaky in the knees or lumpy in the throat than did one Arlington Brugh, a young amateur actor, when he was screen tested by Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn saw the test and turned young Brugh down, told him to go home, fatten up his somewhat spindly physique and improve his definitely dubious acting technique. Brugh did both. His name is Robert Taylor now.

Taylor and Henry Fonda and Rosalind Russell and dozens of other famous stars started off on the wrong foot and kept on walking out of step until somebody—either a professional dramatic coach or a keen-eyed friend—got them straightened out and moving in the right direction. So, if you've ever worried about your failure to "roll 'em in the aisles" at the crucial moment—if you've ever wondered, "What's wrong with me?"—take heart from their experiences. Stars were not born famous. They all got that way by trying.

Just as they did, you can iron out those annoying little wrinkles in your personality or appearance that keep you from accomplishing the things you want to accomplish, impressing the people you want to impress. But who, you will ask, is going to diagnose my faults accurately? Who is going to tell me how to



Right, Ann Sothern shows how to sit properly for the test camera. Below, be natural, but not TOO natural!

Do you get tired of hearing "Stand up straight?" It isn't bad advice, as Ann Sothern proves in two poses below

Maybe you are perfect. And maybe test cameras would surprise you, just as they have surprised many beautiful, charming stars. Read what the men who conduct studio tests have to say about YOU!

correct them? Well, who is better qualified than the famous dramatic coaches of Hollywood, the men who devote their careers to moulding gangly, self-conscious amateurs into handsome, poised, dynamic stars? If you really want to know what's wrong with you, just lend an ear to what these men have to say.

"I saw a reel of film the other night that I wish every P. T. A. in the country could see," said Julius Evans, RKO coach and director of Little Theatre plays. "It contains the answer to most first-impression problems.

"The film was made by the Beverly Hills schools and shows the effect of correct posture.

"In most schools, children are given exercises for posture for an hour a day in gym, perhaps. The rest of the time they stand, sit and walk as they please. If they rise to recite, they rest weight on one foot and let the other trail. Or they slouch against a desk, relaxing some muscles and tightening others. Try this and notice that one shoulder is higher than the other and the hips are out of line.

"Students in many schools listen to the teacher or to fellow-students with elbows on desk, head supported on one hand, or slumped down in the seat so that the legs are stretched out before them. When they walk they slouch along either because they carry heavy books always on the same side; or let their heads poke out in front of their bodies, their stomachs protrude or their shoulders hunch. All of which is most unattractive.

"In the film I mention, we see that as each child enters a class for the first time, a janitor adjusts his desk and chair to the correct height, so that he can sit perfectly relaxed and yet upright. As he grows, further adjustments are made.

"Once carefully taught how to sit and stand, the student is not permitted to slump back into bad habits. Whenever he is in school he must do these things right. Presently his muscles are trained and he finds it easier to keep his excellent position.

"If you enter a room, greet someone or rise to speak in public, and wish to please, you must have good posture, fine carriage, a certain amount of self-confidence and poise.

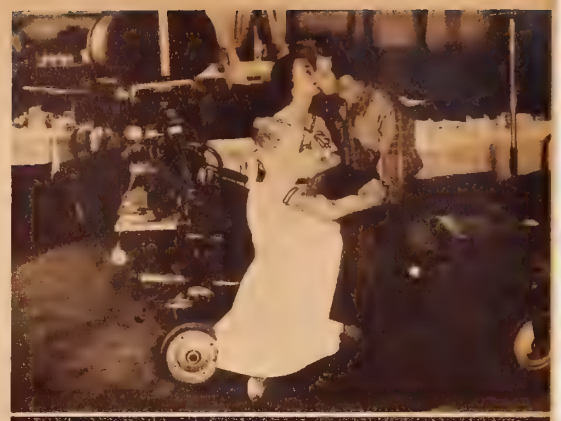
"You must appear natural and at ease. You should know how to use your voice. And you should have personality."

If your school didn't teach you how to walk, one of the best and quickest ways of improving your gait is that well-known tropical method of balancing something on your head. Then wander around, up and down stairs, hither and yon, until holding up your head becomes second nature.

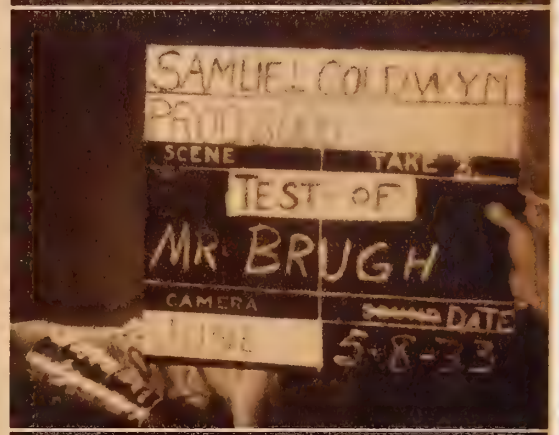
Stand as tall as you can, with your chin level. Your shoulders should fall naturally, and your abdomen and hips should not protrude. These things will take care of themselves if you are "standing tall."

"Each case is an individual one and it's never safe to assume that all problems of first-impressions are the same," Mr. Evans warned me. "There is a boy on our lot who was always quiet. I thought him sullen because he never had anything to say. He sat in the commissary, day after day, without bothering to notice anyone with a smile or a nod. He made a definitely bad impression on executives and directors who were looking over our young talent.

"I spoke to him about it and discovered that he had no idea of being sullen. He wanted to write [*Continued on page* 48]



This is a print from one of Andrea Leeds' first tests, the famous one in which she was kissed 462 times by 30 actors





Robert Taylor had a lot of costume for his first test. Would you recognize S. Arlington Brugh as the popular star of today?



James Moore, RKO test director, at work with two of the "Gateway to Hollywood" contestants

Yes, My Darling Daughter

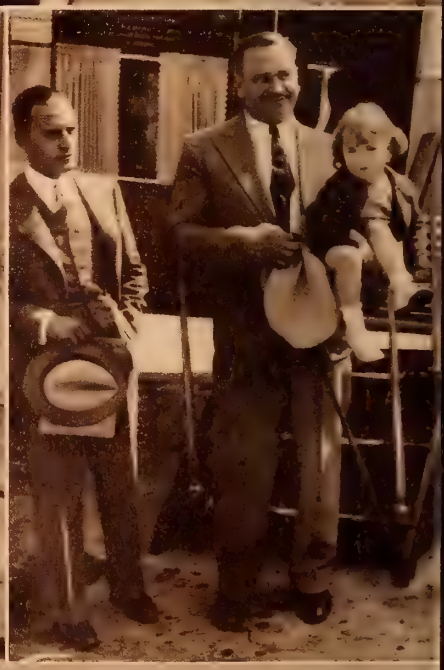
By HELEN HOVER



Above, Wallace Beery and his "best girl" at Earl Carroll's night club, all dressed up, absorbed in the menu



George, Carol Ann and Bill Priester, Mrs. Beery's relatives, orphaned 8 years ago, with Rita and Wallace Beery



Carol Ann had a first look at Paris while she still was a baby, nearly eight years ago. Snapped at the airdrome

Carol Ann's word is law to Wallace Beery so it is not surprising that the big guy plans to grant her newest, startling request without hesitation

■ Wallace Beery—big, pug-ugly Wally Beery is a fool for women.

Twice in his life his heart has been broken by fascinating, beautiful women.

Now he thinks he has the real thing.

She is petite, blond, adventurous, charming and a knockout. I saw them together at Earl Carroll's one night, absorbed in each other. A week later they were at the Trocadero, and in between times, I saw them lunching at the Brown Derby and at the studio. There was no mistaking the devotion in Beery's eyes as he watched the girl seated opposite him.

A few months ago he came near losing her, and he languished in such despair it hurt you to look at him. Now he has her, and he's the jovial, glad-hand giant again.

"She'll never let me down," says Wally. "She's the only girl who completely understands me."

Wally's great love is Carol Ann, his nine-year-old adopted daughter.

When Mrs. Rita Beery departed for Reno some months ago, Wally's close friends feared for him. "How will he take it?" they wanted to know. "What will happen to him?"

The friends worried not only because they knew that Wally was heartbroken at his wife's action, but for an additional reason. A divorce must, of necessity, deprive him of Carol Ann's company to an extent.

The devotion between big, burly Beery and his sunflower blond daughter is one of the tenderest attachments in Hollywood. She came to his household 8½ years ago, a dimply butterball of a child. Her name was Carol Priester, and she was the daughter of Rita Beery's aunt who had just died. Beery had lumbered to her in that humble way that most big fellows have when they're in the presence of something fragile and lovely.

The child held out her arms to him. Beery's homely face was questioning, then it broke into a mammoth grin and he was down on his knees beside her. Here was the meeting of father and daughter for the first time. Not in terms of flesh and blood, but in the potentialities of love and faith and abiding companionship.

Beery and daughter!

Everything in his large Beverly Hills home holds reminders of the child. His den is lined with pictures of her, and he made an intensive study of photography so that he could click pictures of her, every week of her life. Stacked high in the music room are recordings of Carol Ann's voice. Speak to him for ten minutes, and he will somehow or other, manage to bring her name in proudly.

Wally has never read any handbooks on "How To Raise a Child," and devotees of scientific rearing develop a cold sweat when they see Beery with Carol Ann. His method, like himself, is natural, unrestrained and nonconformist. He takes her with him everywhere, and treats her as a grown-up rather than a nine-year-old. At the M-G-M commissary she is as familiar to the waiters as Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor. At the Hollywood Turf Club she is there beside him cheering for the nags.

This leaves him wide open to criticism, but he shakes it off contemptuously. When he took her to the opening of the Hollywood Park race-track, one woman said, "You should be ashamed of yourself taking a little girl here." Beery froze her with a look. "She likes to see the horsies run. Besides, why are *you* here, madam!" At Earl Carroll's glamorous night club, where he has taken her for dinner several times, he squelched another critic: "Carol Ann likes beauty, and this place is beautiful. What harm can *you* see in it?"

This exposure to adult influences has done Carol Ann no harm. She leads a noisy, normal life, but her worldly contacts have given her a poise and graciousness that are unusual and captivating in a youngster.

All the little responsibilities that go with fatherhood are immediately and eagerly assumed by Beery. He selects her clothes, insisting that she have the best of everything. It makes you feel good to watch his large, meaty hands tenderly finger the dimities and delicate voiles that Carol Ann wears. Already he has mapped out a movie career for her, and she should be launched on it within two years.

He cherished his family life. Knowing this, you can understand how severe was the blow when Mrs. Beery indicated that she was going to divorce him. After the shock of losing his wife, his first thought was: "Will I still have Carol Ann?"

He loped desolately from place to place, wanting to be alone, to think things out. He hated to go home to the sixteen-room house; he avoided well-meaning friends who tried to console him.

Under the legal agreement, it was decided [*Continued on page* 64]



From the start, Carol Ann shared all of her father's plans for vacation trips, long or short



This was an exciting day when she visited midgets George and Olive Branso on the M-G-M studio set



And no little girl ever had a more fascinating meeting with a pirate! Beery is reading *Treasure Island*

Something For Practically Nothing

What to do with discarded tin cans, with empty ginger ale bottles, with old watch fobs, with magazine covers, old umbrella stands and a little time and a little care



Warren William is the first to laugh at his dog house, made from an oil drum

By KOLMA FLAKE

For the past few days I have been talking to the world's most complacent, self-satisfied, smug and pompous people. In fact, if I should encounter a person not completely pleased with himself right now, I'd probably yell for a psychiatrist.

It all started because of Joan Woodbury and Henry Wilcoxon, the young bridal couple. I raved about the smart evening gown which Joan was wearing.

"Oh, thank you," she said, then continued blithely, "I'm rather pleased with it myself. It cost only one ninety-five."

"Lady, in my language," I muttered between clenched teeth, "it's definitely unkind to preface one hundred and ninety-five dollars with the word 'only'."

Quickly, she corrected me, "Oh I meant a dollar and ninety-five cents!"

"Yeah, I suppose you found it on the beach, and spent the two bucks having the sand cleaned out," I said skeptically.

"No, I found it in the linen department of the May Company," she laughed. "It was one of those India print bedspreads. In something less than an hour, I had it altered into the dress. Why, there are all kinds of grand things you can get for practically nothing if you use a little ingenuity, you know."

My experience with loving relatives, who have sent me "Something I made with my own hands for you, my dear," haven't been particularly happy. I said as much. So Henry set about changing my mind by showing some of their "something for practically nothing" gadgets. The cigarette boxes he made of old books, I had to admit, were really something. He had purchased second-hand leather-bound volumes for ten and fifteen cents apiece. With good strong adhesive, he had glued all but the first four or five pages solidly together. Using a razor, he had cut out the centers of [*Continued on page* 55]



Joan Woodbury shows Robert, Brown Derby chef, the lapel clip made from snail shells that he saved for her. Notice the hat built from a gourd



Fifteen cents worth of cork and a little glue made this beach hat and bag and Evalyn Knapp is proud of her handiwork

An ordinary market basket, lined with bright chintz, makes a different knitting container for Lucille Ball



Doors costing almost nothing cost Edward Everett Horton quite a pretty penny before he found a place for them



LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"Join the Revolt aqainst Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!"



"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!



"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!"*



"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, "waxy" creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin."



Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for *you?*

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

FOR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are*... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue" test!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—*a second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Gable—Lion Tamer





What happens when a matinee idol starts after a mountain lion with a rope and a forked stick

By THOMAS RILEY

Ever climb a tree and find yourself face to face with an indignant lion?

If you haven't, you're missing something, Clark Gable claims. He ought to know, he's done it so often he's chummy with most of the lions in Arizona. And that's only the half of it—he captured the lions!

He says it's fun, the best sport he knows. Why? Because "it's good for plenty of laughs . . ."

And he insists he feels safer with the lion than he does with the autograph hunters at a preview. What kind of a beast is this anyway?

Gable calls them cougars, but to most of us in California they're known as mountain-lions. He has nothing but contempt for them, claiming they're shamefully unmanly. "Rabbits are braver than cougars; in fact, a cougar is the big sissy on four legs." And if you listen long enough, and don't happen to know any cougars personally, you'll get the impression that the big cats collapse at the mere glimpse of a man.

Nevertheless, don't start making faces at the next cougar you meet and expect him to faint in his tracks. No, indeedy! You might not believe it, after listening to Gable, but this white-livered marauder packs a wallop in each paw that makes Joe Louis look like Aunt Hetty busting an egg. With one swat a cougar can kill a horse or steer. His dental equipment isn't so bad, either, because when he peels back his lips to spit at you (his favorite trick) he exposes a mouthful of teeth that shames Walt Disney's Big Bad Wolf. He weighs around two hundred, and in spite of what Gable says, he's pretty tough when he gets sore. Teddy Roosevelt cites a few instances of men being killed by cougars, and there are plenty of men that have been badly clawed and bitten.

Besides "plenty of laughs," there's another reason Gable shins up Arizona cedars for a few licks at a cougar. He hates them. Cattlemen hate them, too, because cougars have an expensive habit of feeding on livestock. But Gable hates them because they kill deer. "One cougar," he tells you, "kills at least two deer a week. That's over a hundred deer a year for each cougar. I figure in taking ten cougars I've saved a whale of a lot of deer."

It's odd the way he feels about deer. Gable's a dyed-in-the-wool hunter. He has been one ever since he was a boy back in Ohio, bouncing bullets off the neighbor's silo, but, he says, "I think deer ought to be protected. And that goes for moose too." His idea seems to be: mop up on the predatory cougars and grizzlies, but save the deer and moose and elk.

When the urge comes over him to take a whack at a lion in the lion's backyard, Gable throws his rasslin' clothes together and heads for the Kaibab Forest of Arizona. This is a tough country—full of canyons, crevices, sage, cedars—and cougars.

Camp is at the end of the road. In the party, besides Gable, is a professional lion-hunter with a pack of gaunt hounds, and a cowboy to tend horses. The hunting is so gruelling extra horses are required. "Horses don't last long up there," Gable explains, "the country wears them out. I've had my horse belly-deep in snow chasing a cougar.

"We're up before dawn, and man is it cold! By the time we've wrapped ourselves around some hot coffee and biscuits it's getting light, so we saddle up and get going."

The hounds do most of the leg work. As soon as the guide unties them they let out a whoop [*Continued on page* 50]

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



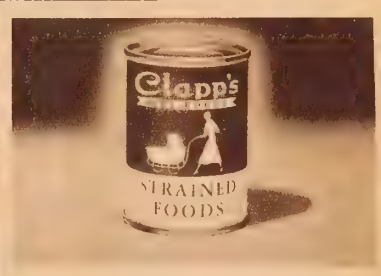
"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry.

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"



"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups —Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables —Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits —Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal —Baby Cereal

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."



"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups —Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners —Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables —Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits —Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts —Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

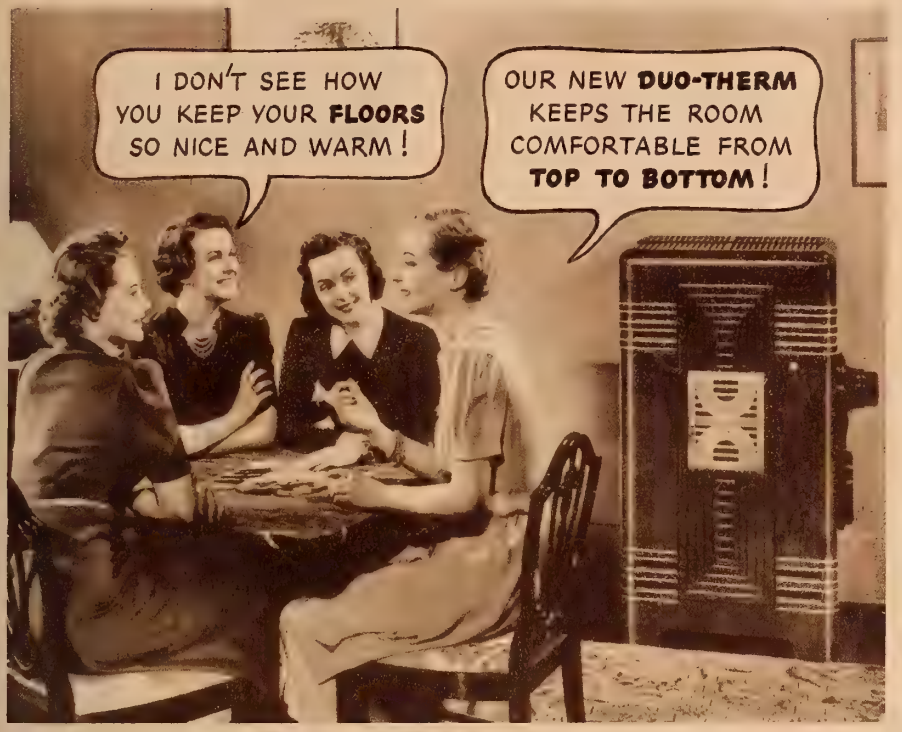


5th Avenue Girl



■ Ginger Rogers' clothes for her new film are a good explanation of the title in themselves. At the left is a graceful adaptation of the two-tone idea to a dinner dress of soft crepe. Ruffles and a corded fastening of the material are the only trimming. Above, left, the polka-dotted daytime dress makes a feature of the high girdle, a youthful line much in evidence in fall collections. Center, the new trend in suits is toward the easy and casual, though shoulders are tailored and wide. Right, take especial note of the circular skirt, the three-quarter length sleeves and the novel fastening of the *Fifth Avenue Girl's* street dress, made of pale beige wool.

New Duo-Therm brings "ceiling-heat" down where YOU NEED IT!



DUO-THERM'S AMAZING NEW "POWER-AIR"* MAKES LAZY CEILING-HEAT WARM YOUR FLOORS!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

TOO HOT HERE	95°
WARM HERE	79°
COLD HERE	62°

Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE	80°
WARM HERE	72°
WARM HERE	70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

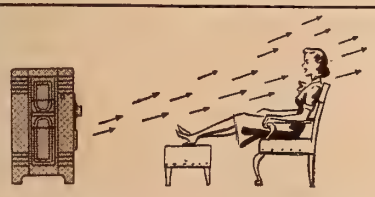
Live in greater comfort—with a Duo-Therm!

1.



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

WHEN a nip in the air says "Winter's coming!"—be ready for it with the clean, silent, trouble-free heat that a Duo-Therm gives you!

A Duo-Therm gives *regulated* heat—just turn the handy dial on the front panel! It gives *economical* heat—the patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! And it gives *plenty* of heat!

You get the top-notch performer of all heaters—and on top of *that* you get Duo-Therm's sensational new POWER-AIR!

An amazing invention! No more "lazy" heat with *Power-Air!* It actually *drives* heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It gives uniform, top-to-bottom heat—saves at least 5% in fuel costs—gives you greater heating comfort than this type of heater ever could before!

Use it on hot days too! In hot weather—let your *Power-Air* keep you from sweltering! It stirs up a 27-mile-an-hour breeze! Direct Power-Air up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. Costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

You pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Even with *Power-Air,* a Duo-Therm costs you no more than ordinary heaters! The beautiful new models, in the smooth Golden Fleck enamel finish, heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—and ask him about the easy-payment plan! Or tear out the coupon below and mail it today!

*Patent Applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. H-910, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on this new kind of heat!

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *County* _____

State _____

In the McLaglen Manor

By JESSIE HENDERSON



Andrew McLaglen, six feet six inches tall, is the only man in Hollywood who can look down on his father. He is nineteen and still going up in the world. Victor is at present working in three pictures. At RKO he is playing in *Full Confession*, at Universal in *Rio*, and in *Captain Frisco*, an Edward Small film

■ From somewhere in the stand of eucalypti and pines came a strange clop, clop, clop as of hands patted on the brown California earth. You turned quickly, and two tan streaks flashed across your line of vision, bouncing at incredible speed for the friendly shadows. Kangaroos! One moment you were walking across a California lawn, and the next. . . .

Something muzzled your ankle. You looked down to see the long snout and deceptively mild visage of an Australian honeybear, its nose thrust through the wire net that kept it—and the kangaroos—from roaming too wild. From another wire-netted corner peered the great brown eyes of a deer with lofty antlers.

No, not the Zoo. Not the set-up for one of those animal movies. Just a corner of the grounds at Victor McLaglen's home. And, by the way, [*Continued on page* 40]

Swash-buckling Victor McLaglen cherished for years the dream of a perfect home, and made it come true in the high hills near Hollywood

There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

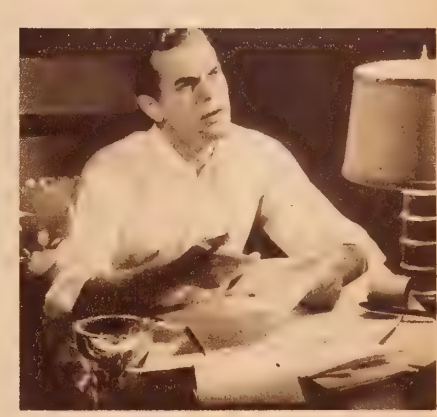
. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!



Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.



Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.



Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS *CAN'T* FORGIVE THAT

***Carelessness** about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect!*

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy. . ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. H-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Presenting Preston





Above, left, Bob Preston with Barbara Stanwyck in *Union Pacific*. Below, with Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in a scene from the new *Beau Geste*

By
ED JONESBOY

He is only twenty-one years old, but they are betting on stardom for him during the coming year

■ We're too cagey to be definite about this until we see our lawyers, but we have a hunch that big and blond Bob Preston, whose movie career stock bounced high as a result of his fine performance in *Union Pacific*, established some sort of a theatrical record the day he reached the ripe old age of fifteen.

As we say, we're not definite about this, but we doubt very much if any other actor in Hollywood can say he was playing Julius Caesar at fifteen!

Oh, sure, maybe in amateurish high school productions. But they don't count. Not in this story. This is professional stuff. What we're fairly certain about is that no other fifteen-year-old ever attempted the role of Julius Caesar in a regular, honest-to-goodness stock company, like the one headed by Mrs. Tyrone Power, wife of a great stage player and mother of an even more famous screen star. That's what the big and blond Bob Preston was doing, and doing well, long before he ever learned how to hone and strop a razor for his first shave.

"And boy," he grins, going back to that eventful time, "was I scared! Not from stage fright, though. I'd managed to conquer my fear of the footlights and the audience out front mainly because I was a pretty fresh, overly-confident kid in those days. I was scared to death that my voice was going to crack wide open at any moment. Every time I'd play that famous death scene, I'd shake like a guy who had been on a binge for a week for fear my voice would jump from the deep level at which I kept it pitched to a high soprano squeak when I came to that solemn: 'You too, Brutus!' But it never did. I was with Mrs. Power's company almost a year without meeting disaster so far as my voice was concerned. When her company broke up I joined the Pasadena Playhouse troupe."

Bob spent two years at the Pasadena Playhouse playing leads and heavies while he patiently learned the acting secrets of his craft. Randolph Scott, Robert Young, Gloria Stewart, Victor Jory, and Douglass Montgomery, all Hollywood stars, now, were listed among his footlight co-workers at the time.

"During this A.B.C. period of training," Bob says, "I never thought seriously of the movies. All I was interested in was in learning how to become a good stage actor. Occasionally I'd climb a high hill and take a peek in the general direction of the studios, but about as close as I ever got to the movie people was when I was working as a car parker at Santa Anita during the winter horse racing season. The generous tips I used to get from the stars helped out a lot in paying my way through the Playhouse. Some of the big-timers, especially when they'd had a lucky day hitting the bangtails smack on the nose, would really dish it out to us parking lot boys when we'd bring their cars around. The biggest tip I ever got was ten bucks, and boy, did I eat that night! The smallest tip I ever received was a bright and shiny buffalo nickel tossed out of the car window by a movie biggie earning enough dough to buy out the track, horses and all, had he wanted to. I certainly learned a lot about human nature during the racing season. I learned something else about racing that's come in mighty handy since then. And that's to keep away from the mutuel windows. Honest, you couldn't get me to place a bet on a nag even if it were running all alone! And me the jockey sitting in the saddle!"

■ Bob might still be parking cars he says, except for Sidney Justin, a lawyer connected with the Paramount Legal Department. As it happens, Mr. Justin resides in Pasadena and, like all good Pasadenians, pays frequent visits to the Playhouse. He was impressed with the performances of big and blond Bob Preston, and before long he was passing the word around at the studio that the talent searchers should give the boy the once-over. But for one reason and another the talent department wasn't interested and so, Mr. Justin being stubborn and slightly peeved on account of the brush-off, finally busted right into the office of Producer Harold Hurley and gave the latter a pep talk that brought immediate results. Producer Hurley sent out a "must" request that Preston be brought in for a screen test.

And what a test it turned out to be! By no means was it the short, quick going over that is usually accorded a prospect. Playing opposite J. Carroll Naish, one of Hollywood's smoothest performers and a screen meanie from way back, Bob did two scenes. One was from *The Last Mile* and the other from *Idiot's Delight*. Pro-

jected on the screen the tests ran 2,000 feet! And no sooner were they finished than Preston was signed up. Three little film parts that were far from being honeys occupied Bob's time and talents, and then the movie lightning struck. Without any warning at all, Cecil B. DeMille called him into his office and gave him the second lead in *Union Pacific*.

"And that," claims Bob, "is the closest I'll ever come to heart failure in this business. I hope. I went weak in the knees when Mr. DeMille calmly announced that he wanted me to play alongside Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Lynn Overman, and Akim Tamiroff.

"I'll never forget that first day on the set," Bob confesses. "It was the toughest sequence in the entire script, and I couldn't understand why Mr. DeMille wanted to shoot it first, me being so jittery and more apt than not to set the whole company off on the wrong foot when the cameras began to grind. Somehow I managed to go through my part well enough to satisfy Mr. DeMille. The reason he selected the toughest sequence first, he explained to me when he finally okayed the shooting, was because he knew I was as high-strung as a symphony fiddle string, a state of mind and of nerves demanded of me by the sequence, and he was afraid I'd never be able to whip myself into this particular tension later on. Which was pretty slick of him, don't you think?"

■ Bob certainly goes to town whenever he gets a chance to say a thousand words or so about Barbara Stanwyck.

"She's the most helpful, the most sincere, and the kindest woman I've ever met," he says, breaking out into another thousand-word burst of praise. "Bill Holden, who makes his screen debut out at Columbia in *Golden Boy*, had the good fortune to play opposite Barbara, and he's even a more rabid Stanwyck fan than I am—if that's possible. That Bob Taylor is what I call a lucky gent! No foolin', if that guy ever utters a cross word to her and Bill and I hear about it, we're going to gang up on him!"

In other words, Bob and Bill like her very much indeed, and don't care who knows it.

According to Bob, Barbara has a philosophy that he has adopted as his own.

"And it's working out swell," he says. "It's good medicine for anyone. 'It takes too much time and energy,' Barbara says, 'to be nasty or to hate anyone. You only hurt yourself when you do. Try it sometime.' Well, I have and it's proved one hundred per cent okay. There's another piece of advice that Barbara gave me that's going to help me a lot, too. 'Only read the bad things about yourself,' she said. 'Believing in the good notices gives an actor ideas of grandeur that's bad on him and his friends—if he keeps them.' And there's one other thing I remember she told me, although I haven't been able yet to figure out the meaning. 'The things you do now,' she said, 'are the things you do for keeps.' Seems a mite vague, but since she said it, it must be true."

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"



SUSAN: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

MATILDA: "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"



SUSAN: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."



COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 119-F, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE!

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

This offer is good only in U. S.

■ Bob confesses frankly that his success in *Union Pacific* did turn his head slightly for a while. Those ga-ga notices that appeared in print gave him a feeling of importance. Luckily for him he went on a trip with a couple of old troupers by the name of Akim Tamiroff and Lynn Overman and they appointed themselves a committee of two to pin his ears back in case he showed signs of going Hollywood.

"When we got settled in our compartment," Bob says, "these two fine gentlemen laid down the law, and how! Said Akim, in that subtle Russian manner of his: 'Listen to me, my fran', to what your fran' Akim tell you. The ver' first time you show signs of being what you call the swellhead I shall smack you ver' kindly, but hard, my fran', right in what you call the puss. And how, my fran'!'

"Said the kind-hearted Lynn, 'Now look here, you big stiff. Akim and I are going to watch you like a pair of trained hawks. You show us the tiniest sign of going Hollywood, and I'm going to kick the pants right off you. And when I get that done, Akim is going to boot you right off the train. I've seen a lot of punks like you go haywire when they start climbing, and since we both have a lousy liking for you, we're not going to let you make a fool of yourself. Just watch your step, me fine lad.'

"So what? So I certainly didn't dare to go Hollywood!"

■ Bob was born in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, just twenty-one years ago. The family moved to Los Angeles when he was two years old. He was educated in the Los Angeles public schools and at Lincoln High School where his interest in the theatre was first aroused by his dramatics teacher, Edward J. Wenig. His second picture, *Beau Geste*, with Gary Cooper and Ray Milland, has been released and now he is co-starring with Dorothy Lamour in *South of Samoa*. Watch out for the boy. He'll be a star next year.

In the McLaglen Manor

[*Continued from page* 36]

just a corner of it. The great estate that lies up against the hills at La Canada near Pasadena contains all the curiosities of a museum with all the comforts of a home that's really lived in.

There isn't a pleasanter sight in the cinema sector than McLaglen (Captain Flagg of *What Price Glory*, the villain-hero of the Academy Award *Informer*, the tough British sergeant of *Gunga Din*, the wild Irishman of *Let Freedom Ring*), making a tour of his bailiwick. Behind him, quacking with immense energy, follow his prize gray ducks. Whenever he stops they make a dash at his feet. He has filled his trouser cuffs with grain for them!

Ever since he was a small boy in London, Victor McLaglen has cherished the kind of dream you would least expect of a world rover and soldier-adventurer. He has wanted to be a country squire with far-flung acres of his own. Lord-of-the-manor stuff, without the swank. So now at last he has his wish—twelve acres with everything on them from chicks and kangaroos to Chinese quail.

Acting is his profession; but Fairhaven is his secret passion. It is one of the finest and most complete estates in the Hollywood area. Partly because it is out of the beaten track, partly because McLaglen never brags about it and never invites there anybody who isn't a real friend, it is one of the least known.

Fairhaven is a little village in itself. In time of siege it could be self-supporting. It grows its own vegetables, fruit and dairy products, and has its own resources for exercise and amusement. For defense, it could call to its high brick walls the thousand members of the Light Horse Troop from their clubhouse quarters some miles away in Los Angeles. This is a cavalry organization, a hobby of McLaglen's, made up of the most expert horsemen and horsewomen in the Southwest.

The name, "Fairhaven," indicates the thing for which the place stands: a fair haven for a man who, as soldier, in Africa and Asia, Provost-Marshal of Bagdad during the War, wrestler, champion boxer of Eastern Canada, explorer in far off South Sea islands, vaudeville performer and member of Wild West shows, felt the need of a spot where he could sit down and stay put for a change. Not that he stays put indefinitely. Between pictures, he is often away to some far corner of the globe—but Fairhaven is a swell place to which to return. Fairhaven is precisely what he always dreamed it would be.

■ Part way up the winding drive, you catch sight of a well groomed giant—six feet, four inches tall—watching with keen interest another giant—six feet, six inches tall—who is whanging a ball across the net of a tennis court. The first figure is McLaglen; the second, his 19-year-old son Andrew, already an interscholastic tennis champ. Victor McLaglen comes of a family of seven brothers and one sister. Only the sister was less than six feet in height. Mrs. Victor McLaglen herself is tall, and so is their 16-year-old daughter, Sheila.

A stroll round the grounds? Nothing McLaglen would like better! The grounds, though landscaped about the house into lovely smooth lawns dotted by shade trees with patio chairs beneath them, have had their original contours pretty well preserved. Consequently, there is no sameness. Little hillocks alternate with hollows, and there is a good sized stream over which a bridge has been built.

Wherever your gaze turns, it discovers flowers: blooming blue and yellow vines and shrubs on the small hillsides; purple

heather and golden broom and great pink roses in the barbecue garden, geraniums, scarlet ones; and more heather and prairie roses to trim the fences by the stables. Under the trees, in a little rocky plot of its own, a clump of Irish shamrock grows very lush and large because of the favorable California climate. From any knoll in the place you can see the background of mountains, often with snow dramatically brightening their peaks.

A path with rock steps leads to enclosures where the fourteen McLaglen dogs run with joyous yelps to welcome their master. Scotties and wire hairs, police dogs, a Boston bull. Ahead of you walk two black Persian cats, plumey tails proudly waving. At the top of the path, a noble bay horse puts its white nose over a rail fence and whickers, following along inside the fence as you proceed to the field, or track, with the brushwood barriers over which McLaglen and his grooms teach the horses to jump.

■ From a fenced space beside the field comes a tiny, eager "Ma-aaa-aa!" And over to the slats cavorts a baby goat, all ears and feet, capering high in air, anxious for attention. It strikes you that *all* the animals follow along as far as their fences permit. This gives a sudden insight into the McLaglen character. It is an insight you don't get from seeing him roaring and swatting on the screen.

Down the hill from where the baby goat still quavers, "Ma-aaa!" there is an aviary and a poultry enclosure. Five hundred birds, many of them rare and some of them noted for their exquisite calls and songs, swoop from their perches or from a feathered, bright-eyed dado underneath the roof edge.

Then there are the pheasants. Victor McLaglen has a recipe for roast pheasant with mushrooms that would make your mouth water. But will he kill one of his own gold-and-emerald birds for table use? No, sir! If the McLaglen household pines for pheasant at meals—they go to the market!

Rabbits and guinea pigs and real pigs and cows. And a smoke house. McLaglen sometimes smokes the bacon himself, and the family ribs him because now and then he makes it too salty. There is another small house, equipped with wire screens and a padlock. It is the "meat house" where steaks and sides of beef are kept, as well as chops and legs of lamb, in case of company or something.

Down the hill in the neat, fenced area given over to the stables, is the "tack" room. This is a room to make any horse lover's heart beat high with pride. Upon the walls and tables are the trophies of many a contest. The walls are lined with blue, red, and yellow ribbons from horse shows. The tables are covered with silver cups. These are the prizes won by Mrs. McLaglen and young Sheila, most of them for taking horses over jumps. McLaglen does not miss many boxing matches within a hundred miles of his home, and neither do Sheila and her mother miss many horse shows.

As you walk from the stables toward the house, you catch sight of the



"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING!...H'm...Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake..."



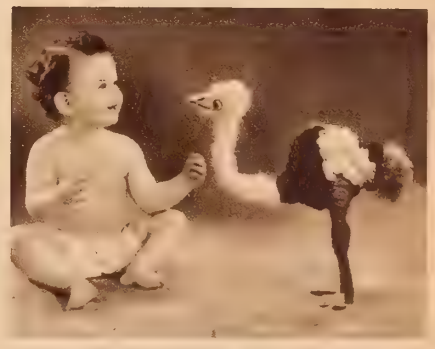
"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there *were* some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!... Never mind—we'll soon fix that..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed..."



"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"



"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J



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YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH

Princess Pat ROUGE

SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you *could* have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".

Now, let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat —*if it can give you thrilling new beauty.* And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. Not just another rouge, but *utterly different.*

When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible.

But remember this — only Princess Pat rouge has the *duo-tone* secret. And now you can get it in any of the fashionable new shades. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duo-tone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be.

PRINCESS PAT

Held up for two months because of Dick Greene's accident, "Here I Am a Stranger" suffered another long delay when Eddie Norris suddenly decided one Sunday morning that he ought to learn how to bail out of a ship. He went out to the flying field, strapped on a parachute and got a pilot to take him for a skyride. At 8,000 feet, Eddie climbed out and jumped—and landed okay, save for a badly sprained ankle that has kept him on crutches for two weeks.

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Ends Dull Between-Shampoo Look!

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orchards where every fruit known to California is grown. There are vegetable gardens—in the English manner—a corner set aside where lettuce, radishes and the like are always available. Fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, fresh milk, fresh eggs, fresh air—a king couldn't ask for more.

But while in this respect McLaglen lives royally—recalling, no doubt, that on many a Near East battleground he couldn't get even a drop of good water—there is nothing of stiff royalty about his home. Handsome, yes. Beautifully furnished, yes. But—home. In the living room you could hang a foot over the arm of an easy chair, and nobody would say you nay. The house is run for the dwellers, not the dwellers for the house.

It is a brick and half-timbered building, Elizabethan in effect, thoroughly English outside and inside, with a guest house cut after the same pattern. From the *porte-cochere,* where another black cat greets you genially, you enter a hallway finished in brown, polished wood. The wide, carved stairway at one end is an antique, imported from England.

Doors from the hall open into the living room, which has a large fireplace, and into the dining-room. Beyond the dining-room is a kitchen full of shining tiles, trim yellow cupboards and lots and lots of daylight. Like all the other rooms in the house, its windows look out upon trees and lawn and flowers.

■ When you mount the carved stairs, it dawns upon you that this is perhaps as simple and livable a home as any Hollywood star owns. Four main rooms on the first floor; four on the second. Not a large house, as Hollywood houses go—but not cut up into intricate do-funnies and architectural gingerbread. After some of the Spanish spasms in domiciles, the wide, square proportions are refreshing. Not many rooms, but big ones, seems to have been the governing principle. The McLaglens, big themselves, need space.

It is interesting to see how the different McLaglen personalities are reflected in their bedrooms. Mrs. McLaglen's room, uncluttered by fussy adornment, has an air of tranquillity. There is a fireplace, white flowers in a bowl on the table, restful coloring. There are dashing photographs of Sheila taking a fence on a big, dark horse.

Sheila's room, adjoining, has the pink and whiteness of a girl emerging into young womanhood; plus evidences of an aroused interest in the social side of life—for example, half a dozen small bottles of nail polish in as many shades, ranged along the edge of a dressing table. At the other side of the room, on chairs, is a collection of dolls in their undies. Their dresses are being laundered. When she has re-clothed the dolls, Sheila is putting them away "for good." It is some time since she played with them, but they've simply sat about. Upon the pillow of one of the twin beds stands a white silk shepherd dog made of fringe which conceals a pink pincushion. There is a vase on the other side of the room holding some American beauties which Daddy sent her, with a corsage of orchids, on a recent holiday.

Across the hall, brother Andrew's room is a masterpiece of schoolboy simplicity. A narrow bed, usually deserted for the cot on the sleeping porch just beyond; some books; a large globe of the world. Andy has been studying this globe. He hopes next year to make a tour of the world to gather material for a travel book he wants to write. Yes, he would like to be a writer; but also he intends to enter the motion picture business from the production end. He spends hours



The "tack" room on the McLaglen estate is packed with trophies won by all the family, though most were brought in by Mrs. McLaglen and daughter, Sheila, for jumping

watching his father on the set. They are very close to each other.

Victor's room, at the other end of the upper corridor, has the widest, emptiest, most satisfactory space from door to bed that you've ever seen. It is a man's room. Nothing is allowed to interfere with a man's privilege of roaming about without stumbling over a chair or some gimcrack. Around the walls, to be sure, are handsome old dressers and bookcases. In a corner there is a truly huge globe on which McLaglen can trace his countless voyagings. Besides the bookcase, there is a table loaded with books, and a bedside table with books upon it, also.

Three other objects in the room are worthy of special notice. One is the bed, a splendid mahogany affair with high, upcurled head and foot of solid, simple, graceful Empire lines. The other two objects are photographs: one, of the McLaglen brothers in British uniforms, with their sister; the other, of McLaglen's father in the black robes he wore as Bishop of Clermont in South Africa.

■ As for Victor McLaglen, who built this house and planted these acres and thereby realized a childhood dream—what is his life here?

He gets out of that great mahogany bed at seven in the morning, and goes to the basement gymnasium for a workout. This means punching the bag, at which he is more than proficient, and working in the rowing-machine. Half an hour of this, followed by a shower, and he's ready for breakfast around eight. Oddly enough, he eats very little at any meal. For breakfast, fruit juice and tea. Lunch is a salad. Dinner is a chop or steak and a helping of vegetable. They joke him about it at the studio, telling awed visitors of the "four tenderloin steaks McLaglen's already had for lunch, and now he's started on a salad!"

It isn't difficult for visitors to swallow the yarn, not half so difficult as for McLaglen to swallow a big meal, because they see before them a man of powerful, muscular frame; towering, big-boned. Possibly they recall, too, that he is the man who once fought Jack Johnson—at that time world's heavyweight champion—a non-decision bout, and came as near as that to being world's champion himself.

With breakfast any "routine" in Victor McLaglen's life comes to an end. If he isn't working in a picture, he may call up some friends and invite them on a boar hunting trip to islands off the California and Mexican coast. Or he may ask friends to a supper in his barbecue garden. He likes to cook, especially steak, and he can toss together a mean green salad.

Or—he may simply stroll around Fairhaven, that dream-come-true. Lending the grooms a hand with their horse-training; looking in at the pigs and pheasants; visiting the ducks that waddle briskly from their pool to nip hopefully at his trouser cuffs . . . just the lord of the manor (without an atom of swank) giving his manor the once over, reflecting that pictures are fine of course but, come right down to it, there's nothing, after all, like *home*.

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"



How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor



1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well . . . if it isn't our new mother . . . Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?
ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.



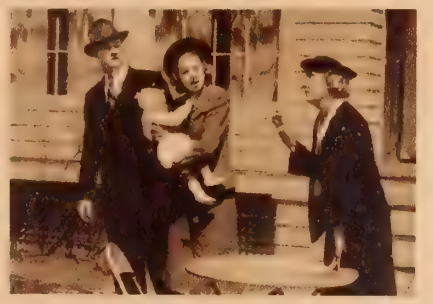
2. NEIGHBOR: Why . . . what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?
ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me . . . I'm following *modern* methods.



3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!
ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care . . . all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.



4. NEIGHBOR: *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!
ESTHER: It is *not!* If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods . . . it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!



6. BOB: Oh boy! . . . you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria . . . but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?
ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it . . . the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children



"THOSE SOFT, LOVELY CURLS ARE enchanting me," Ted whispered. With Nestle Curling Lotion you can quickly have exquisitely natural and longer lasting curls!



NESTLE CURLING LOTION GIVES ME adorable, springy ringlets in *any* weather. It's so simple to use with home curlers, bobby pins or clips. My waves last longer!

Nestle Curling Lotion is scientifically formulated to give you soft, natural, professional looking curls...even in damp weather. It dries quicker and leaves no sticky or greasy deposit. Imparts a soft shine to your hair and produces fascinating curls that last through many more days!

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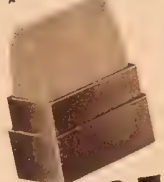
Nestle CURLING LOTION

No doubt many of our old-timers of the silent era are in a sad way financially, but not Ben Turpin, the cross-eyed comedian who used to lay 'em in the aisles. Ben's just bought himself—for cash, too—a $70,000 office building in Glendale.



MORE HOURS OF *Loveliness*

Stay at your loveliest. *Keep* powder and make-up *on*—and nose-shine *off*—with the new POWD'R$_x$-BASE stick.



POWD'R$_x$-BASE *hampden*

Buy your shade at any cosmetic counter.



Jean Arthur, now making *Arizona* at Columbia Studios, is a good example of how important are lovely eyes, lashes and brows, properly groomed.

Getting "Eye"-deas

By ANN VERNON

■ If a Hollywood make-up wizard were ordered to turn a player of average good looks into a glamorous and beautiful creature—without using a single bit of eye make-up—he'd pick up his brushes and cosmetics and walk out. And he'd be smart, too, for it *is* impossible to achieve the maximum in facial glorification without the help of those small but potent aids: mascara, shadow and pencil.

I'm not trying to say that you can't make yourself look pretty nice with powder, rouge and lipstick. But that's not half of it! If you have always refused to use eye cosmetics (because you thought them too artificial—or too much trouble to use) I wish you'd break down on my advice and invest 30 cents in small sizes of mascara, shadow and pencil. Read the directions carefully, and then experiment with the preparations before a well-lighted mirror. If you don't become a convert when you see how much lovelier you look—then *I* must be wrong!

This is what skillfully applied eye make-up will do for you. It makes the lashes look longer, thicker and curlier. Unmascaraed lashes droop slightly

ARE YOUR BEAUTY IDEAS UP TO DATE?

Do you know what shades of make-up to wear with new fall colors, how to apply your nail polish, and what shades to choose, and how to wear your hair with new hats? Write Ann Vernon for this information, or for help with your own beauty problems. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

below the upper lids, making the eyes look smaller than they actually are. Mascara raises the lashes slightly and presto! your eyes look wider and more alluring. Mascara and shadow applied toward outer corners of eyes that are too close together make them seem wider set. Use the reverse method for eyes that are too wide-set. Pencil fills in sparse brows, prevents that vacant look. The secret of eye make-up is that it forms a frame for your eyes. Have you ever noticed how much more interesting a painting is when it is suitably framed? That's the answer, dear readers.

Of course, your eyes must be in good condition to start with. Eye make-up may call attention to dark circles, red, puffy lids or bloodshot eyeballs. So be sure to take good care of your eyes and the skin around them. If you're tempted to abuse them by reading or sewing too long, and in poor light, just remember that they'll betray you next day, and require a lot of repair work. So treat them with respect. To keep them in good shape, always cleanse them daily with a reliable eye lotion, and repeat the procedure whenever you've been in lots of dust and wind, or in smoke-filled rooms.

If you are doubtful about what eye lotion to use, write me for the name of one that is safe and effective. It's a balanced solution containing seven medicinal ingredients that cleans away irritating particles or excess mucus, clears up any bloodshot condition and relaxes tired eye muscles. It requires only 60 seconds to fill the metal eye cup half-full, tilt it over the eye sockets and roll and blink the eyes several times. Your eyes will feel and look refreshed instantly. If you have plenty of time, soak cotton pads in the lotion, press them on your lids, and lie down for a few minutes. A grand practice when you're getting ready for a party.

■ Some people are born with long, swooping eyelashes—but others have to acquire them. And it *can* be done—by brushing the lashes faithfully and applying a good tonic cream to stimulate the hair growth. The most important thing is to do this every night. I know it works, because I nursed my own lashes from anemic thinness to healthy length and thickness. But I was as faithful about it as about brushing my teeth. The tonic cream I used is very inexpensive—only a dime a tube—so I applied it generously, rubbing it gently into the base of the lashes, then using a clean brush to brush the lashes upward. Besides helping to make them grow, this method made each lash much stronger and silkier.

I like to get out in the sun and I like the feel of wind in my hair, but I've discovered that such back-to-nature gambols are likely to leave my skin (especially the delicate skin around the eyes) dry and lined. So I've got in the habit of applying a special eye cream after having an extra dose of weather, and I repeat it each night. This helps prevent crow's feet, keeps the skin smooth and dewy looking, as it should be. The cream costs just a dime, and a little bit of it does the trick. Rub it in gently with a circular motion and leave it on all night.

. . . the right figure!

FASHION PREVIEWS

Edited by Ruth Stone Stylist for

HICKORY

The Foundation of Loveliness



"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION
Styled by HICKORY

PARISIAN DESIGNERS' names may mean nothing in your young life—but their edicts will affect your Fall wardrobe, clear down to your foundations. They've pruned your waist to a new narrowness and decided that your hips needn't be so retiring—but they refuse to excuse a single wrinkle in your contour. Your figure must be just right!—which is precisely why you'll like these Hickory "Figurite" Foundations of Loveliness.

"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION styled by Hickory. First: proper length; Second: exact bust-measure; and Third: correct bra-cup depth for YOU are all considered to give you accurate 3-dimensional fit. You'll feel as if this lovely all-in-one had been molded on your figure. Porous Leno Lastex sides trim your hips. The jacquard design front panel controls your tummy. The back, up-and-down stretch, panel stays put. Self-edges banish thigh-line bulges. Length best suited to your height: short, average, tall. Bra-cups, for that perfect rounded uplift, to fit your bust-type as well as bust-size: shallow, average, full. 32-38. $5.*

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON PACIFIC COAST AND IN CANADA

Only a few of the many beautiful Hickory foundations are shown here. In the wide range of exclusive Hickory models, there's one especially designed for you . . .whether you require moderate or gently firm support. For style—for perfect control—for priceless beauty at a modest price—you're right to insist on getting Hickory.

If your corsetiere hasn't the model you desire—she'll gladly secure it for you upon request. If not, please write me, giving your size and dealer's name. Ruth Stone, 1149 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois. A. STEIN & COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Toronto. Associate Manufacturer—Dowd Corset Co., Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.



"FIGURITE" GIRDLE
Styled by HICKORY

"FIGURITE" GIRDLE styled by Hickory. For the ultimate in smoothness, this attractive Leno Lastex girdle is self-edged at top and bottom. The jacquard design front panel flattens your tummy, and conceals two tiny stays to prevent rolling at the waistline. Because it stretches both ways, your hips are effectively—and comfortably—held to trim lines. InvizaGrip garters. Tailored in two lengths: 14 inch—$3.50; 16 inch—$4.00.*

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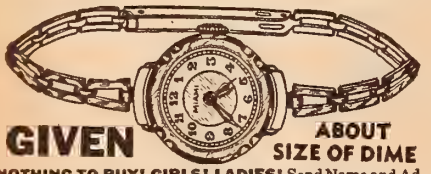


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25¢ 50¢ AT DRUG, DEPT. STORES

Scanty eyebrows respond to the same treatment as eyelashes—brushing and daily applications of cream lash grower. Brush the brows vigorously, every which way, to stimulate the circulation, then brush them in the line you want them to grow. If you've been observing movie stars for a few years, you've probably noticed that they've stopped shaving off their brows and substituting high, arched pencil lines. They merely pluck a few stray hairs, and those only over the nose or underneath the brow. It makes the eyes seem larger when there's no more space between the top lid and the brow than the exact top-to-bottom measurement of the eye itself. However, those of us who have plucked our brows too enthusiastically probably have some sparse patches—and that's where a good eye pencil comes in handy. Always use short, feathery strokes of the pencil and brush these lightly, to get a natural effect. The company that makes the lash tonic and eye cream has especially fine eyebrow pencils (also a dime apiece). They go on easily and smoothly, won't smudge and are a natural looking brown and black. There's also a heavenly blue eye-liner pencil that you can use for shadow. A discreet line of it along the upper lid gives oomph.

When you get caught away from the water tap and want to apply cake mascara, you'll appreciate a mascara compact containing a moistener. It's a little sponge that remains moist for hours. It can't leak. All you have to do it to press the brush against the sponge, then rub it on the mascara. It's a grand darkener, goes on with ease, and stays on valiantly. Comes in blue, black and brown for one dollar. In applying this or any mascara, rub the brush across the lashes to cover them thoroughly, then with a clean brush, brush upward to separate the lashes and remove the excess. That way, it might be nature or it might be art!

If you want to feel as glamorous as Hedy Lamarr, try applying some of this same firm's iridescent shadows. There are four colors—all with that glittering overtone that gives your lids extra sheen—Blue, Violet, Green and Bronze. Apply the Green or Bronze (or both) if you are wearing this fall's luscious greens and browns; try Blue with blue or black frocks, and Violet with autumn's wines, plums and deep purple. Seventy-five cents each, these allure allies.

Write to me before October 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply. The address: Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Tyrone Power's Most Daring Role

[*Continued from page* 23]

who work with Tyrone. That's why their affections go with him.

Now, let us consider the earthquake. It is very real. First, there is a gay party going on, with Power having quite a time with Miss Loy. They decide to go for a walk. Behold, the lovely arch which holds up the porch. It is constructed of about twenty tons of California's best quality of brick. Wires, electrically controlled, will at a given signal cause the wall to collapse practically in Power's lap, if he happened to be sitting down. But he's standing up, talking to Miss Loy when the earthquake hits.

"This has to be good, Ty," says Brown. "You get your cue when the platform starts shaking. The wall topples, bricks hit you, but your first thought is for Miss Loy. You scoop her into your arms and beat a retreat."

"Okay," grins Power.

The whole platform, with porch, brick walls and arch and considerable other bric-a-brac starts imitating that stuff Jack Benny advertises. Power turns pale beneath his make-up. Brown drops an upraised arm. An electric contact snaps the wires. Down come the bricks.

Several seek out and strike Power on various portions of his anatomy. He winces, very, very realistically. He seizes Miss Loy, limps out of the scene.

"Boy!" enthuses Brown. "We've got something! Even the limp. How'd you happen to think of that, Ty. "I didn't think of it," winces Ty. "It happened to me."

Yes, he carried bruises for a week or ten days after that. But in the next scene Trouper Ty has to carry Myrna through a banquet hall, still limping, dodging falling chandeliers, statuary, sections of ceiling and walls. Six days of this. Eight and nine hours a day.

"But you haven't heard the inside!" exclaims Mrs. Power, nee Annabella. "He's afraid of earthquakes. He was badly shaken up in Long Beach in 1933, when he was playing down there and looking for work in Hollywood. He nearly dies any time anything shakes!"

Another feather for Power, who hid a complex to make a picture. But we aren't done yet.

While these ten-hour days are going on, with rain falling on Power, Miss Loy, George Brent, Brenda and others—they all have colds—Power is spending a lot of time with two physicians. They are taking him alternately to two hospitals—Hollywood and Good Samaritan—and on two separate occasions he is actually in an operating room, concealed in a white gown, rubber gloves and a surgeon's mask, learning operating technique. This wasn't a required subject. Power was doing it on his own so that physician and interne fans wouldn't find fault with his portrayal!

■ Now that the rains have gone, come the flames. Power is right in there pitching, coming so close to fire that his eyebrows are slightly charred. Power wouldn't admit it to me—it would sound

too much like boasting—but Director Brown quotes him as follows:

"Of course I don't want a double. The public goes to see me get kicked around. Why shouldn't I be?"

And Power has all kinds of daring in his make-up. Not only did he buck a rainfall of three thousand gallons each minute, pull Brenda from the brink when the lads with the pencils became overenthusiastic, and continue to carry Miss Loy while being brick-battered, but he dared to play a heel all through *Rose of Washington Square.* With the fan following Power has, such a move takes a lot of courage.

■ *The Rains Came* is Power's most daring and his hardest role, but he didn't start taking it all of a sudden. Back in the stage days an actor toyed with a knife, let go of it suddenly by accident and it whizzed by his cheek. The late, great Tyrone Power, Sr., was in the cast:

"Good heavens, son! Are you hurt?" he gasped, as the knife buried itself in the scenery. But Tyrone, Jr., didn't go out of character. He just kept playing his part.

In *Suez,* Power played guinea pig again. Remember the sand storm? It was finally okay, but it took a lot of fixing. At first, the boys went out with trucks and brought in an even thousand loads of sand, which they dumped on the old golf course at the studio. Then everybody sent for every available wind machine—gasoline-powered airplane engines with propellers on them. On the first sand storm scene, the wind machines were opened wide, with Power, who had just met Annabella, and Annabella, herself, in the center of the vast, man-made desert.

You know how much of a wind one propeller can stir up. Figure twenty, all aimed at Tyrone and Annabella. The director gave the signal, the propellers sent the wind into the sand, it gathered a seventy-mile speed—and the whole works hit Power. Down he went, his face cut by the sand, his nose, throat, mouth and lungs filled. He saw the tornado hit Annabella, gave one dive, grabbed her, pulled her down, and threw as much of his clothing over her as he could.

They stopped the wind machines, dug the hapless players out. Everybody apologized to everybody else. All except Annabella. She said to Tyrone:

"You were wonderful!"

That was the beginning of what resulted in April, in marriage.

■ In *Jesse James,* the script said that Power was to fall off horses. So he went out and fell off horses until he hoped he never saw a saddle again. When it came time for Power to ride through a "glass window" made of sugar candy, Power told Director Henry King:

"If you're going to shoot it close enough to see my face, I don't want a double."

"We are," replied King.

So Power mounted, went through the glass, and if you looked closely you saw it was really he who did the trick. But here's something you didn't know. One of the cross-members in the glass slapped in across the forehead, knocked him groggy—and he was in front of the cameras for several days with a coating of collodion between his torn skin and the make-up!

In Old Chicago called for a fight between Power and his off-screen pal for these many years, Don Ameche. It seemed that Don was to reproach Ty for going around with a gal like Alice Faye. Ty was to resent it.

"Doubles for long shots!" ordered Director King.

"Horsefeathers!" replied Ty and Don in unison. "We want at each other."

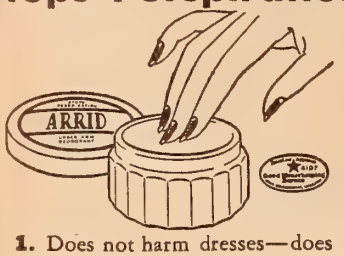
They battled on and off for three days. It was a better fight than the one in the cabaret in the same picture, where Ty dodged everything from break-away chairs, which can hurt, to beer bottles made of sugar candy, which also can hurt. The lads spared each other at no time, and iodine and liniment came into play at the lunch hours and after work nights.

"I can take it? Maybe," says Power. "But give a bow to Don, too, will you? He can, too."

But Don, lucky guy, missed the toughest job of all—*The Rains Came.*



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[*Continued from page 27*]

and was observing what went on about him with such absorption that he really had forgotten himself. I told him that he had a responsibility to others, that before he could expect to get anything, here or anywhere else in life, he must be ready to give. On this lot, of course, he wanted an opportunity to work in good roles in pictures. He could give a smile, he could listen attentively to conversations, teach himself to throw in a word, show interest in other people. 'You must remember,' I told him, 'that if you go after anything, the other man isn't responsible for your getting it—*you* are. You mustn't look on your desire as something you can get only if the other man is willing to give it to you. You will get it from him because you have the ability for it.'

"Another case:

"There is a girl on our lot who used to model for well-known New York illustrators; yet she doesn't know how to dress to emphasize her good points and to make the least of her bad ones. She isn't tall and is inclined to be heavy; and she dresses with so little thought that when she came in today she looked like a matronly scrub-woman just coming off the job.

"I talked to her quite plainly. I told her to rearrange her hair so that she would look taller—to be careful of grooming—to watch her nails, the lip-rouge coming off on her teeth. Any girl today should know that there are slenderizing lines appropriate for fuller figures; that colors too light or too flashy are wrong when applied to points we want to conceal; that big patterns give added width; that you can do wonders with the cut of a skirt, a neckline, discreet fullness or lack of it. Every magazine you pick up contains hints.

"Study yourself, or consult your dressmaker or the saleswoman who helps you select clothes, until you are sure you have the right wardrobe. Then put your clothes on carefully—and forget them. Don't fiddle with your belt, adjust your collar, play with your sash or worry about what you have on, once it's on. If you are conscious of something wrong with your appearance, you will draw attention to it. It's like a cold sore on a lip—if you keep picking at it or apologizing for it, people notice it. If you just leave it alone, ten times out of eleven no one will know it is there."

If you are to speak in public, here's a hint for you:

"Select the person in the farthest row and speak to her. That will help you project your voice. With my students, I suggest that they speak to the doorknob on the far side of this room, hit right at it, and give their words time to reach the knob before piling too many more on top. This is a good rule."

You must have confidence in yourself before you are successful at anything. If Mr. Evans has a timid student, he shows her that he likes her and approves of her, then passes the word around the lot that some interest is to be shown in her. A little praise is the biggest help. Then he explains to her about "giving out" as well as getting, and she is on her way.

■ "Being 'natural' isn't enough. You must be a little better than that. 'Naturalness' for you might be slumping down on your spine, shooting words out of the corner of your mouth, slopping around in an old pair of slacks. But being natural in the sense of not being affected is good.

"In this connection, I have a method of toning down too much 'naturalness.' Sometimes when a youngster is sent to me, I find her too ebullient. She is all over the place. To outsiders, her vivacity seems 'put on.' I suggest that she study a more serene personality, do scenes after the manner of, say, Irene Dunne. Not imitate Miss Dunne, but model herself on the star. She becomes more subdued, yet does not lose her own individuality.

"I often suggest Leslie Howard as an example when a boy seems inclined to rant through a scene. Mr. Howard underplays everything. Between them we get a better effect."

Why not try applying for that job as your favorite screen star might apply? Being a hostess such as Norma Shearer. a club speaker on the order of Margaret Lindsay, with her deep clear voice?

■ James Moore. RKO's special test director, who has been in studios since 1917, and, as talent scout, has viewed more than 3,000 young people within the year. for the Gateway to Hollywood contests. gives as his first rule, "BE YOURSELF. That is the most important thing, no matter what you are after. You can't be a personality if you aren't sincere. Anything phony is disliked.

"For my quests, I had to find three things: acting ability, voice and a photographic personality. The best voice in the world wouldn't help unless a person looked well on the screen. We can do some things to help a girl or boy look better, but not such miracles as are popularly attributed to us.

"A contestant must have poise, grace. be able to take direction well, have a pleasant voice and be easily understood. For pictures, there is no need to project the voice. You and I talking together here is a good example of how low voices can be for the camera. We project nothing but our personalities."

Beauty doesn't count so much as you may think, when girls are being selected for the screen. James Moore picked out a Milwaukee girl from a group that had been rounded up for him. Immediately there was argument among the committee.

"This other girl is so much prettier!" "That girl is ten times more beautiful!" "This one has a better figure."

"But I saw something special in my choice that I didn't see in the others," he recounted, "some quality of spirituality seemed to shine in her, and it made her especially attractive. I learned later that her father was a minister until he died and her mother had been a house mother

at the university. I brought her back but she didn't make the finals in our contest. Gregory LaCava noticed her at the studio one day, saw what I saw, and gave her the second lead in Ginger Rogers' picture, *Fifth Avenue Girl.* He thinks she will be a sensation.

"It's a matter of opinion in this, as in any business, and the only really good advice is 'Keep working on yourself. Develop yourself in any way you can if you wish to amount to something, whether in pictures or not. Good reading, good music, plenty of independent thinking will help. Gain poise, keep yourself well-groomed and neatly dressed, stand, sit and walk well.' "

■ If you feel more or less hopeless when you view yourself in a mirror and think of a crisis approaching, whether it be a future family-in-law, a dinner for the husband's boss, a part in the club program or a hoped-for interview. Listen to Max Reinhardt, genius of the theatre, now head of his own studio playhouse in Hollywood. Dr. Reinhardt is amazed at the high level of talent and ability he finds in America.

"Almost every young person I have met in this country has potentially the ability to excel," he observed. "I believe that this is because you are free over here. You are not afraid to speak. You are not driven by fear of authority and so have not been deprived of confidence in yourselves.

"When I look at young people who come for auditions, I am simply amazed, because practically all of them can be taught. I do not pay much attention to voices on first auditions because I know that I can teach anyone how to use a voice. I can teach you to sing, if necessary, so that people will be glad to hear you. You will not have a great voice but it will be a pleasing one. So I do not worry because Americans have high-pitched voices or do not know how to use them.

"If there is no glandular trouble, I do not consider difficulty with figures, carriage or poise. Simple exercise will take care of these things. I recommend fencing and dancing. Dancing teaches a student how to manage his body and how to move effectively. Fencing gives combined mental and physical exercise.

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the Lane sisters' hilarious report on all of the "Things Men Don't Know About Love." Rosemary and Priscilla and Lola disagree on some things, but they are as one about the treatment for the young men who bring orchids to the girl who is devoted to hot dogs!

"My one idea at a first interview is to look for emotional personality. I am appalled when an applicant says to me, 'Would you like to have me cry?' and then apparently pushes a button somewhere and tears flow. Or says, 'Shall I be mean? Shall I be joyful?" and turns on these emotions without even a pause.

"That is false. If I hand you a wooden card and say, 'This is your child and she is dead. Show me how you feel.' Then if you have true emotion and imagination, you will look on that wooden card as a child, and presently your tears will flow!"

Dr. Reinhardt suggests that what a student of the theatre needs is the same thing that any ambitious young American needs, whether she plans to have a career on the screen or as a gracious hostess in her own home.

"Learn to be at ease yourself and others will be so, too," he says. "Drive out foolish little fears. Be simple and natural. Forget yourself, once you have learned good posture and carriage, and think of how to make others happy. That is all."

Words of wisdom from star-makers. Words of encouragement for people like you and me who are just as interested in making a good first impression on "that certain person" as any neophyte actor or actress is in making a hit with "that certain producer." You've got the natural assets; why not make the most of them? And if you mind your lessons well, it may be—who can tell?—"Next stop, Hollywood!"

They thought Betty would never be a bride

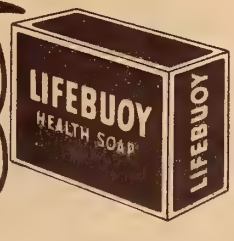








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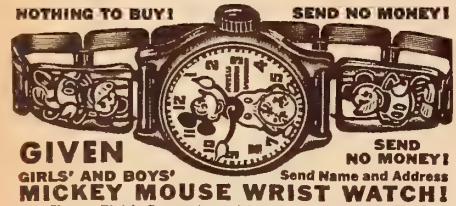
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Gable—Lion Tamer

[Continued from page 32]

and go sailing off looking for a cougar. Every rock is sniffed, every twig and bush. When the pack picks up a scent, the canyons resound with howls and the hunt gets started in earnest.

"Keeping up with the hounds is the hardest part of the whole business," Gable says. "No rider can stay with them. They're out of sight in no time at all and then you've got to follow your ears—and in a country like that, that's something!"

The chase winds into canyons, up mountain sides, across patches of sagebrush and slam-bang into a clump of cedars—then suddenly Gable catches up with the pack. They're sniffing around the carcass of a deer. Gable drops off his horse for a look.

"Usually, it's a cougar kill—and hardly cold," says Gable, his voice getting hard.

"You can figure that a cougar'll stay pretty close to a fresh kill," Gable explains. "His stomach's full and he's probably sunning himself on a rock. Anyway, it doesn't take long to find him. Half hour, maybe. The dogs chase him up a tree. Then the fun begins.

■ At a safe distance up a cedar the cougar crouches, swishing his long tufted tail and spitting insolently at the dogs. He looks furious. Every time he spits at the hounds he shows some big white teeth.

"He's just kidding," Gable discounts, "inside he's scared silly."

"Are all of them that yellow?"

"All I've met."

"What goes on then?"

"We rope him."

This is extravagant understatement. When Gable says "we rope him," it doesn't mean that they stand on the ground and throw lassos at the cougar. No, nothing so sensible as that. Gable goes up after him!

First he divests himself of all surplus accoutrements such as chaps, spurs, and rifle. For protection he packs along a six-shooter. "But I don't really need that," he adds.

The two implements he uses in capturing the big cat are a long forked stick and a rope. He puts the rope between his teeth, shoves the stick up ahead of him



Studio scoffers didn't believe his adventures with mountain lions, so Gable brought back this cub from one of his hunting trips. It is less than half grown

and starts shinning up to have it out with the cougar.

The cougar, who is allergic to men anyway, is upset and backs out on a limb or higher up the tree. Gable follows relentlessly. When the cougar has retreated as far as he can, he makes a stand, snarling impressively, while Gable crawls within a few feet of him.

"Doesn't he show any fight even then?" I asked.

"Well," Gable confesses, "he's a little better. He might even take a poke at you."

"If he did land one, what then?"

"He'd slap you out of the tree, I suppose. That doesn't often happen."

"Has he let you have it yet?"

"Not yet. You see, if you use the stick right when you're roping him . . ."

■ The actual roping would give the ordinary person the jitters, though Gable claims that once you get the hang of it there's nothing to it. All you have to keep in mind is that the cougar is just twice as scared as you are, so he says.

With the cougar cringing at the end of a limb, Gable gets ready for the capture. He makes a noose in his lariat and dangles it on the forked end of the long stick. Then he extends the noose toward the cougar, trying to slip it over his head. The cougar usually thinks this is carrying things too far. He takes a swipe at the rope and sends it flying.

"He's smart that way," Gable admits. "Sometimes he doesn't take to it at all."

"Does the cougar stay put all this time?"

"Not always. Sometimes he jumps."

"Jumps? Where?"

Gable chuckled. "Usually to the ground. If he does, the dogs take a few nips out of him, and chase him up another tree. Then we do it all over again."

This may go on for some time, or until Gable can convince the cougar that he might just as well give up and let himself be roped. Once the noose is around the cougar's neck, Gable lets out a whoop, jerks the rope up tight, and drops the other end to the men on the ground. They yank the cougar off his perch so that he dangles from a limb.

"From that point on is a fine time to get your face clawed apart," Gable admits. "Hanging that way, he has a chance to get all four paws operating, and it's up to us to hog-tie him. That means throwing a half-hitch around each paw."

■ Muzzling the cougar has its moments too. Those teeth of his would make hamburger of your leg if they had the chance, so something has to be done about them too. Gable thrusts a thick piece of wood at the cougar's face and the cougar, thinking it's Gable, joyfully clamps his teeth into it. Before he can sense the swindle, Gable shoves the stick further back in his mouth, then wraps wire around the jaws. It's very simple if you don't miss.

Gable hasn't missed yet and he's gagged ten of the toothy kitties, not including a mama cougar and her two little cougarettes. These children are a tale in themselves.

Gable, it seems, had been absorbing a lot of ribbing because of this lion-roping stunt of his. The M-G-M boys intimated that Gable talked very heroically, but that he never had anything to show for it. That grew to be very unfunny after a while, so, when the next cougar he rassled turned out to be a female with a family of two, he decided to bring the kittens back to Hollywood as proof. Before he left Arizona one of the kittens chawed his way through his tether and blew. The other remained and Gable was able to display him around the lot. The kitten, though serviceable as proof, developed into a problem. For the tawny little fellow grew quickly, and presently came to look something like the thing that chased Uncle Matt the night he drank the wood alcohol. He had long white teeth, and he began taking amiable but murderous swipes at anyone who went near. So Gable tried to palm him off. He offered him gratis to the zoo, but the zoo had had a cougar once and said that one was more than enough. "The last I heard," says Gable, chuckling like a man who has just set fire to his mother-in-law, "the studio had it under contract."

■ When queried about narrow escapes he smiles and says "No, nothing important." But there was the time one of the hounds went right up a tree after a

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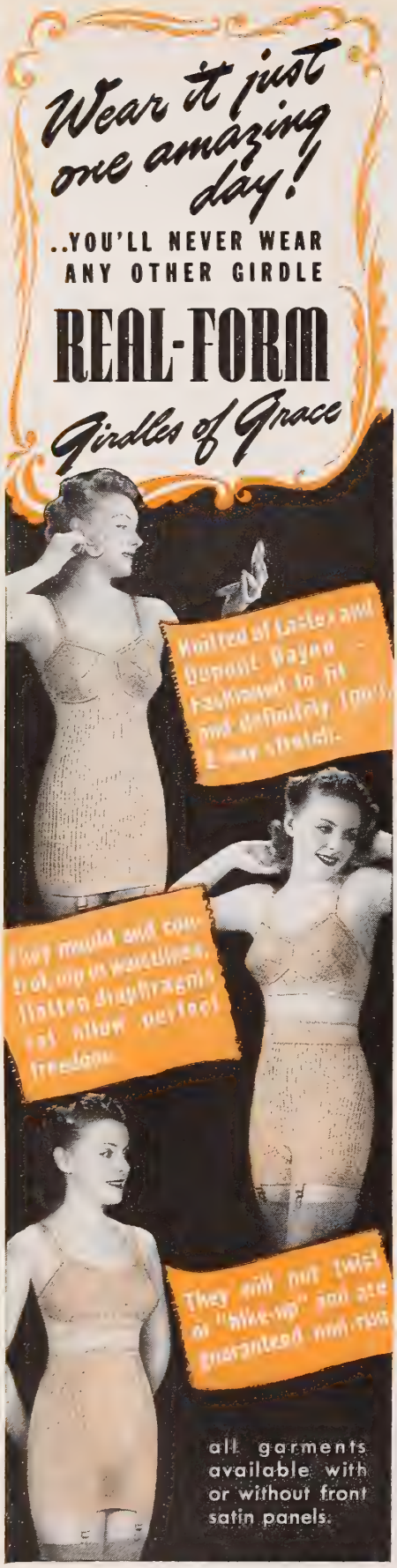
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cougar and it was up to Gable to get him out before he was knocked out. When Gable reached the hound the cougar attacked. Instead of backing away, he came towards them, snarling. "For a while it was hard to tell what was going to happen. I thought he'd slap our ears down, but the guide shied a rock just then, and gave us a chance to drop to the ground."

And the time the ground-crew got over-ambitious and yanked the cougar clear out of the tree instead of over a limb isn't so bad either. In dodging the cougar, Gable lost his footing and fell. Both he and the cougar hit the ground at the same time and almost in the same place. The cougar was too taken up with the rope around his neck to swat Gable, and Gable didn't pause to press the point—he left, fast.

"You can see," Gable says happily, "that the sport's got lots of angles to it. It's a little strenuous for women, of course, but it's one of the best sports in the world. You ought to try it some time."

Me, I'll take a nice hysterical game of checkers, thank you.

Quite Contrary

[*Continued from page* 19]

The gal was stubborn, wasn't she? But being stubborn, can be a virtue as well as a fault. There was another memorable family fight when Miriam suddenly decided to leave school. The folks insisted that she graduate. But Miriam argued that school was dull and uninteresting. She wanted to grow in a world that was growing. She wanted to use her wings. She was going to be an actress so what was the sense of studying algebra?

And so another battle was fought in that peaceful old-fashioned parlor and Miriam emerged victorious, trunks packed, on her way to New York and the Vestoff-Serova School for Dancing.

It's not easy to turn down advice, especially when it comes from those close to you who love you. It may mean you'll have to walk alone—and that can be very lonesome. But, according to Miriam, you aren't doing wrong in being ornery—if your heart tells you that you're doing right. In her opinion, the only way to get what you want out of life is to do what you yourself—after deliberation and analysis—believe you want to do. Even back in those early dancing school days, she had a rule.

"I'll never get anywhere," she declared, "unless I make my own decisions. Oh, I'm bound to make some mistakes, but they will be *my* mistakes."

She always looked beyond those mistakes to her ultimate goal. And so, when Miriam Hopkins was offered a job in a ballet company en route to South America, she turned it down.

"It won't make me an actress," she decided, and took an engagement in vaudeville instead.

A month later, she was in the chorus of a Broadway show—one of the eight notes in *The Music Box Revue.* A high kick landed her an important part in *Little Jesse James.* It ran for a year. At last she was a successful musical comedy star.

"Oh, how wonderful!" everyone said. "Think of it! You're now a star, and a famous one at that!"

"But I want to be an actress," she retorted.

"You'll never be an actress," they told her.

And to her sorrow, she found out that they meant it. Producers and managers—directors and bookers—all were as sweet as honey. But they offered her nothing but musical comedy parts. She knew just how serious it was to be typed as a song and dance girl on Broadway. She was determined to be an actress—and nothing—no one—was going to stop her. So, without taking counsel from anyone, she gave up her soft berth in musical comedy—went to the bank—drew out all her savings—bought an expensive fur coat—and began bombarding the theatrical offices.

Day after day, she warmed the well-known mourners' bench. Her money was fast dwindling away but she squatted with the air of a professional flagpole sitter out to bring in the championship—or bust.

The agents refused to take her seriously. "Here you are, Miriam, here's a part for you in a revue."

"No, thanks," was the stubborn answer. She was determined on another sort of destiny. "I'm going to be a dramatic actress."

■ Of course they laughed at her. Then they forgot her. Finally, she couldn't even get a hearing. But if you stay stubborn long enough, things will eventually break. One fine day, an agent succumbed and handed Miriam a bit in *Excess Baggage.*

"At last I'm where I want to be," she said, and as you'll soon see, it was a funny thing to say. "Of course it means I'm only getting fifty a week," confessed Miriam, "but that doesn't matter just as long as you can do the kind of stories and characters you really want to do. It's what you do that counts the most—the recompense is secondary. I was an actress at last—I was doing what I wanted to do. When they make me do something I don't want to do, I intend to make them pay for it."

She was speaking of the next step in her career. She was appearing in *Lysistrata* when Paramount came along, dangling a nice fat picture contract. Content with Broadway, she declared. No, she didn't want to play in pictures. No, she didn't want to go on the road. She wanted to stay right in New York and star in other plays.

Paramount was equally persistent. Miss Hopkins spoke French and Spanish fluently and could play the foreign as well as the English picture versions. Here was a find. Yes, Miss Hopkins had served a stiff apprenticeship, having to her credit such plays as *An American Tragedy, The*

Bachelor Father, The Affairs of Anatol, among many others. Although of a slight physique, these varied roles spoke eloquently of her tremendous vitality. Here was a versatile actress. Paramount would not take "No" for an answer.

Miriam was equally stubborn. She wouldn't go to Hollywood.

Paramount retaliated with a juicy part in *Fast and Loose.* What's more, they offered to produce it at the Long Island Studio.

Miriam accepted, alternating between the theatre and the studio. This was possible since, at the time, there were no matinee performances of *Lysistrata.*

Then Paramount asked her to go on location.

"I'll go if you'll pay all my expenses," she countered.

The location happened to be Hollywood. She stayed for two and a half years—all expenses paid. It gave the Paramount accounting department a splitting headache. The split was in her favor.

■ "But if you think I went to Hollywood just for the money, you've got another think coming," said Miriam to all her friends.

"Then why did you go?" they wanted to know.

"Because you advised me against it!" she retorted. "Because all the agents told me I wouldn't succeed in pictures. And because all the producers told me that I mustn't forget that I was now a dramatic actress."

Well, she didn't forget it, not for a minute. But she had been doing some thinking of her own and she realized the danger of again being typed—which is every actor's bugaboo.

And that's why Miriam went to Hollywood. Everyone told her it wasn't good for her. She alone knew that it was. So she played the spoiled and selfish girl in one picture, the fascinating lovely in the next, a night club blues singer, when the part called for it, the cockney street girl and the slave in *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.* Although she weighed less than a hundred pounds, she played voluptuous heroines. She was deliciously naughty in her portrayal of the nimble-fingered female Jimmy Valentine in that memorable Ernst Lubitsch farce, *Trouble in Paradise.* Just now, she's co-starring with Bette Davis in *The Old Maid.*

■ When she's not playing in pictures, she's playing house with her adopted son, Michael, or keeping house for Mr. Anatole Litvak, whom she met a year ago while co-starring with Paul Muni in *The Woman I Love.*

A girl with a Southern background married to a Continental—doesn't seem practical, does it? No doubt, Miriam took on that assignment with the same sort of fighting spirit which she's applied to her career. She's taken a year out to build a strong foundation to prove to the skeptics that she could make a success of her private life as well.

It hasn't been easy, she confesses, to buck the avalanche of so-called good advice. On the set of *The Old Maid,* for instance, she's been called a meanie because she wouldn't allow visitors. Audience or no audience, Bette Davis puts on her acting mood and takes it off like a glove. Miriam, on the other hand, just can't turn it on. She must have quiet and privacy. She wishes she were like Bette but, after all, she's Miriam. She wishes people wouldn't jump to conclusions about her, especially when she can't talk back.

"What could I say, for instance," she demanded, "when the press wanted an explanation about why I adopted Michael? What was there to say? I'd always wanted a child upon whom to lavish my affection and I finally reached a point of stability in my life where I could. Is there anything wrong in that?"

Some say "No" and some say "Yes." But Miriam has made her own set of rules, taken no counsel but her own, followed her own intuition.

"I've always done what I wanted to do," she said, "and it's turned out all right in the end."

And so, Mary and John, when they tell you it can't be done—that you'll never succeed—that it's a matter of lucky breaks—and so on—don't listen to them. Listen instead, as Miriam did, to that small voice inside of you. It will not only tell you what to do but show you the way to do it.

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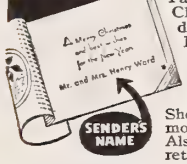
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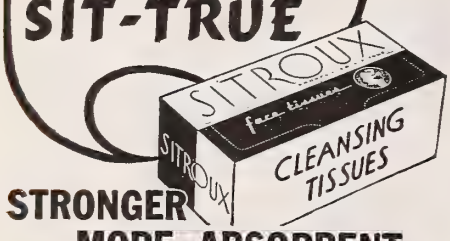
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DEANNA DURBIN CONTEST WINNERS

What a day it was! The day that the last of the entries in the Deanna Durbin contest was opened, tabulated and judged! We said that it would be hard to make your choice of your favorite Deanna Durbin picture. There were so many fine entries it was almost as difficult for the judges to make their decisions on the winners. But the verdict was finally brought in, and all of the judges are satisfied that they have chosen the very best of the lot.

The tabulation of votes shows that *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* is the most favored picture; *That Certain Age* runs a very close second; *Mad About Music,* third; *100 Men and a Girl,* fourth; and fifth, *Three Smart Girls.* One hundred and eighty-seven of the contestants just couldn't make a choice, so voted for all of her pictures.

GRAND PRIZE of the music case which Deanna carried in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up,* and a suit go to

Constance Koford, 3803 Randolph Ave., Oakland, Calif.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS, each to receive a suit, are

Dora Jane Berry, 2709 Highland, Shreveport, La.
Marcia Gladding, 913 Stuart Rd., Wilmington, Del.

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS, receiving chenille bathrobes, are

Martha Manski, 547 So. Main St., Webster, Mass.
Helen Sichel, 950 Longwood, Los Angeles, Calif.
Clara Bell Jackson, 932 Fifteenth St., Augusta, Ga.
Ruth Friedel, 2603 Ashurst Rd., University Hts., Cleveland, O.
Kathryn Syrylo, 127 Evergreen St., Du Bois, Pa.
Ruth E. Mella, 674 Park Ave., W. New York, N. J.
Shirley Gibson, 122 Balmoral Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.
Jane Yinling, 551 Woodbine, Harrisburg, Pa.
Bee Buchan, 723 Exposition, New Orleans, La.
Lois Crothers, 4510 Ave. O., Galveston, Tex.
Jean Claire Bailey, Buffalo, Wyo.
Jean Millane, 1223 H., Lincoln, Neb.

THIRD PRIZE WINNERS, receiving Mello-Sheen raincoats, are

Beth Dawson, 1226 N. Temple, Indianapolis, Ind.
Barbara Brown, 1639 Phillips Lane, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
E. May Wong, 439 Georgia St., Vancouver, B. C., Can.
Patty Walcott, 129 Severin Ct., Cranford, N. J.
Lorraine L. Anslow, 4710 N. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill.
Marie Keller, 2817 Stayton St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Myrtle Johnson, 1124 S. W. Columbia, Portland, Ore.
Eileen S. Arnold, Box 1448 Cristobal, Canal Zone.
Dory-Ann Killian, 925 Gayley Ave., W. Los Angeles, Calif.
Mildred Jones, P. O. Box 95 C. P. Station, Houston, Tex.

FOURTH PRIZE WINNER, receiving the large Deanna Durbin doll, is

Mrs. Frank Frissell, Box E, Higganum, Conn.

FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS, also receiving dolls, are

Jane Duchaine, 144 Elm, Schenectady, N. Y.
Sally Russell, 2244 So. Troost, Tulsa, Okla.
Dee Chapman, 826 S. Carondelet, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mary Louise Larimer, 2019 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Lorraine Scharfenberg, 5517 W. 24th Pl., Cicero, Ill.

SIXTH PRIZE WINNERS, receiving Deanna Durbin hats, are

Anne Hall, 137 E. 71st St., New York City, N. Y.
Grace Estes, 277 Ellis St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
Ann Patrick, 864 Columbia Ave., Springfield, Ill.
Catheryne M. Williams, 114 Park Circle, Nashville, Tenn.
Bertha Lawrence, 21 Reed St., Springfield, Mass.
Jo Gigliotti, 1025 Pittston Ave., Scranton, Penn.
F. Higgins, 111 Maple Ave., Windsor, Conn.
Helena G. Fowler, 201 Pierce St., Clearwater, Fla.
Anne Porebski, 4004 S. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Elaine Knell, 70 Parker Ave., Meriden, Conn.
Mary Craib, 632 Indian Rd., Toronto, Ont., Can.
Elinor Wilson, 1100 N. 3rd St., San Jose, Calif.
Margaret Harris, 28 Earl Haig Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.
Natalie Cioffi, 89 Linden St., Yonkers, N. Y.
Sue Kehoe, 62 Cedar St., Nutley, N. J
Charlotte A. Rice, 2732 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, Md.



Deanna Durbin turns her brightest smile on the clever winners in her contest in the hope that they will like her new picture with Robert Stack, *First Love,* best of all when they see it early this fall

Mildred Bird, 72 W. Blake Ave., Columbus, O.
Jacqueline Crulcher, 3138 New High St., Louisville, Ky.
Norma Mitchell, 2121 Columbine, Boulder, Colo.
Valaire Carriker, 1619 Forest Ave., Pasadena, Calif.
Alma W. Wilbur, Edgecombe St., Mystic, Conn.
Virginia M. Ott, Box 343 Ronceverte, W. Va.
Doris McCroskey, S. 2223 Grand Blvd., Spokane, Wash.
Rigmor Petersen, 519 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE WINNERS, receiving smart leather handbags, are

Maria Amaro, 210 Lombillo Cerro, Habana, Cuba.
Barbara Lyons, Box 223, Burns, Kans.
La Nelle Thomas, 609 North West St., Marrilton, Ark.
Josephine Gibson, 1135 W. 12th St., Casper, Wyo.
Mae Chippendale, 311 N. Robert Blvd., Dayton, O.
Joyce O'Hara, 1014 Dragoon Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Kayanne Marlow, North 4227 Wall St., Spokane, Wash.
Mary E. O'Connell, 1369 Union, St. Louis, Mo.
Cora L. Jackson, Box 72, Hoxsie, R. I.
Mrs. E. Kowalski, 61 Diamond St., San Francisco, Calif.
Gertrude Mae Lewis, 52 Saybrook Rd., Middletown, Conn.
Ann Eagles, Box 94, No. Dighton, Mass.

EIGHTH PRIZE WINNERS, receiving two-ounce bottles of Deanna's favorite scent, "Smart Girl," are

Fanchon Sanguinet, 2630 Kulshan St., Bellingham, Wash.
Pearl Thomas, 2955 Arbutus St., Vancouver, B. C., Can.
Miria Boehm, Topelinskatu (F C 32) Helsinka, Suomi (Finland).
Beverly Gray, 611 Custer St., Laramie, Wyo.
Barbara Ferencevich, 1424-A North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
Kathleen Logsdon, 7622 W. Main St., Belleville, Ill.
Pearline L. Wells, 86 Reed Ave., Everett, Mass.
Edwardine Oldschlager, 5639 Alice Ave., Hammond, Ind.
Mary Lou Mayer, 6514 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Edna M. Curley, 15 Walton St., Toms River, N. J.
Bette Eden, 314 E. 4th St., N., Newton, Ia.
Mary Sale, 141 N. E. Park, Oklahoma City, Okla.

NINTH PRIZES. We do not have the space to list the names of the 200 winners of autographed portraits of Deanna Durbin, and we hope *you* will be the one to whom the postman will bring this pleasant surprise.

Something for Practically Nothing

[*Continued from page* 30]

the pasted pages, a quarter-inch rim all the way around. Then with some marblized paper, he had lined the resulting box "up pretty." By stacking four of these books together and using the same method, he had contrived a very nice liqueur cabinet.

But it was that gourd hat that completely undid my original, steadfast skepticism. Joan had sliced off the top of a lovely, flat gourd, and fastened in a pate-piece. A bit of ribbon hanging from the stem and a piece tied under the chin are the only other touches. Quite a chapeau it makes—and waterproof, too.

But even so, I thought Joan and Henry were probably the exceptions rather than the rule, until a few days later on *The Man in the Iron Mask* set, I asked Joan Bennett, "Did you ever make something for practically nothing?"

"Certainly!" she said. "One of the most successful pieces of furniture in the children's rooms. When I was on tour with *Stage Door*, I collected colored postcards of all the historical places in the towns where we played. When the tour ended, I bought three good sized panels of celotex and had them hinged together for a screen. Then Diane, Melinda and I had a marvelous time glueing the cards all over the panels in crazy-quilt fashion. Finally, we covered the whole thing with a coat of clear shellac. The girls know a lot of the history of the United States as a result."

It was no surprise to find that Warren William had several gadgets to exhibit. Hollywood has long been familiar with this side of him. Some of his contrivances are rather elaborate, like the blower he has contrived to keep the swimming pool motor from rusting away; and the tractor built of junked Ford parts. But the combination bedside table and dog-bed Warren made of an old oil drum is something else again.

This junk-yard refugee was given several coats of exterior paint to match the color scheme of Warren's room. Colorful padding was used for lining. An aperture was cut for the dog's entry. The whole thing was set on casters. Then on top was set a circular piece of waxed wood for a table-surface. Now, Warren has a man's best friends beside him at night—his dog, his smoking equipment and his favorite book. A novel use for a discarded oil drum, I call it.

Gloria Dixon saves string to make into rugs. She's now on her fourth one. Virginia Field saved attractive magazine covers and papered the walls of her recreation room from floor to ceiling with them. Ida Lupino buys inexpensive straw table mats, sews bright colored yarn designs on them and has different place-mats for cheerful breakfasts and patio luncheons.

■ Gene Raymond, Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant go in for play-room furnishing ideas. When Gene planned the lovely home for his bride-to-be, Jeanette MacDonald, he utilized huge old barrels.



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He didn't have time to do the actual work, but others with more leisure can make the same furniture without too much trouble. A half barrel formed the coffee table. Two barrels joined together made a handsome love-seat. Separate barrels made wonderfully comfortable chairs. And the touch I like as well as any is the decorated wooden salad bowl used for a cigarette container.

■ You can tell the brand of ginger-ale Jimmy Stewart uses by tipping his high-ball glasses to see the bottoms. They are made of the same bottles on which you pay a nickel deposit. A glass cutter cut them off just below the neck, and polished the edges for a dime a glass. The result is a heavy, handsome colored glass.

Cary Grant's nautical play-room is the result of many visits to the San Pedro ship-wrecking yards. There seamen's lanterns, portholes and other sea-going gadgets were purchased for pennies, to give a million-dollar effect on the walls.

■ The lowly tin cans have their day too in Hollywood. Allan Jones is no prouder of his voice than he is of the garden lanterns that he made of three-pound coffee tins. With a pair of tin-shears, he scalloped and scrolled and swooped them into the most charming new appearance. No two are alike. Eve Arden's tin-can trick is to snip them into strips half-way down, turn the strips outward, place a bit of chicken wire over the part left as a container and dollop the result with paint. She uses ivory for the outside and pale yellow for the inside.

■ Evalyn Knapp is proud as Punch of her home-made cork hat and bag for the beach. For about fifteen cents, she purchased two sheets of cork of different weight. For the hat, she cut the one-eighth inch sheet into a circle. To this she glued narrow cork "ribbons" to tie under her chin. The shape of the hat depends upon the way she ties the ribbons. Her bag, of thinner cork, is strikingly highlighted with three-inch block initials, also cut from cork.

■ Virginia Bruce haunts pawn-shops for old-fashioned lockets and watch-fobs for her charm bracelets. One of the fobs she obtained in this manner later proved to have been a possession of Ulysses S. Grant while he was president of the United States.

Fritz Lieber, now appearing in *Nurse Edith Cavell*, makes practically everything around his home, including his own pictures and statues. In the corner of his living room is a low, round table which he made of seven-ply, hard pine. In the center of the table is a medallion which he designed and executed in hydrocal, a super-hard plaster that costs only a few cents a pound. The same material was cast around an ordinary coffee container to make a tobacco jar.

■ Anita Louise found a marvelous use for cumbersome old china umbrella stands. She selected one with a pale blue flower design which she found in a swap shop. Over it and fastened to it, she had placed a circular piece of heavy, plate glass. The resulting boudoir table has a



The short wool dinner jacket must be the newest thing because Adrian, famous costume designer for the stars at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, seems to approve heartily Janet Gaynor's choice of evening costume

distinct air of charm and glamour about it.

Lucille Ball, heroine of RKO's *Five Came Back,* utilized the old-fashioned round market-basket as a knitting accessory. She lined it with chintz, extended the lining about six inches above the rim of the basket. A draw-string keeps her yarns, needless and work intact.

■ Clark Gable related one "something for practically nothing" incident which leads me to believe that the old, time-honored proverb "Never look a gift horse in the mouth" isn't always sound advice. A few weeks ago, Gable received a strange, old pipe. Accompanying the gift was a note, "This is nothing more valuable than the bearer of good wishes from a fan upon your marriage." The pipe was so unusual looking that Clark, out of curiosity, took it to an authority on such things. That gentleman placed the probable origin of the pipe at about the time peg-legged Peter Stuyvesant came to New Amsterdam. Naturally it would be prized by a collector.

Gable, feeling the fan had unwittingly sent him a very valuable gift, returned it with his newly acquired information. However, the pipe was returned to Gable.

■ You cannot leave discussion of Hollywood ingenuity without a grim warning in the form of Edward Everett Horton. This jolly gentleman has found out that getting something for practically nothing usually is an excuse to spend more money!



Loretta Young and Franchot Tone jigged sedately at Norma Shearer's party for Helen Hayes following opening of her stage show, *Ladies and Gentlemen*

For example, he picked up not *one*, but a matched *pair* of fireplaces at a bargain. Naturally, they had to have a perfect setting. It came in the form of a huge, brand-new drawing-room in his home!

As a matter of fact, these Horton "bargains" account for three rooms in his Encino home as well as a full-fledged church.

For a song, he bought four magnificent sixteen-foot doors from the old Corbett home in Portland, Oregon. What to do with them? Well, he decided to have a formal dining hall using these doors for panelling on one side of the room. For the rest of the walls, the doors were reproduced in additional panelling. Although this room has been completed and furnished, there is still only rough brick work where the face of the fire-place belongs. As yet, he hasn't found the perfect fireplace for this setting.

Most interesting of all is the history of the church. The gift of a large, twelfth century carving of the Crucifixion presented a definite problem. Where to put it? This exquisite piece of work belonged in a church, not a home. Before the gift hardly had been unwrapped, some San Fernando Valley residents asked Horton to permit them to use his barn as an Episcopal Church. The perfect spot for the carving! Now, every Sunday between eighty and ninety persons attend regular services conducted by Reverend Father Smith at St. Nicholas Church (nee Horton's Barn).

While Edward Everett Horton's somewhat expensive plan of getting "something for practically nothing" repays him many times, as evidenced by the beauty of his country estate, it isn't one that is feasible for everybody.

However, follow the stars to the swap shops, the wrecking yards, the second-hand stores, the junk-yards and the attics. Use your ingenuity and you'll find yourself, too, with something especial for practically nothing.

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HERE'S the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by *Max Factor Hollywood*. It is called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. Just note these four amazing features...

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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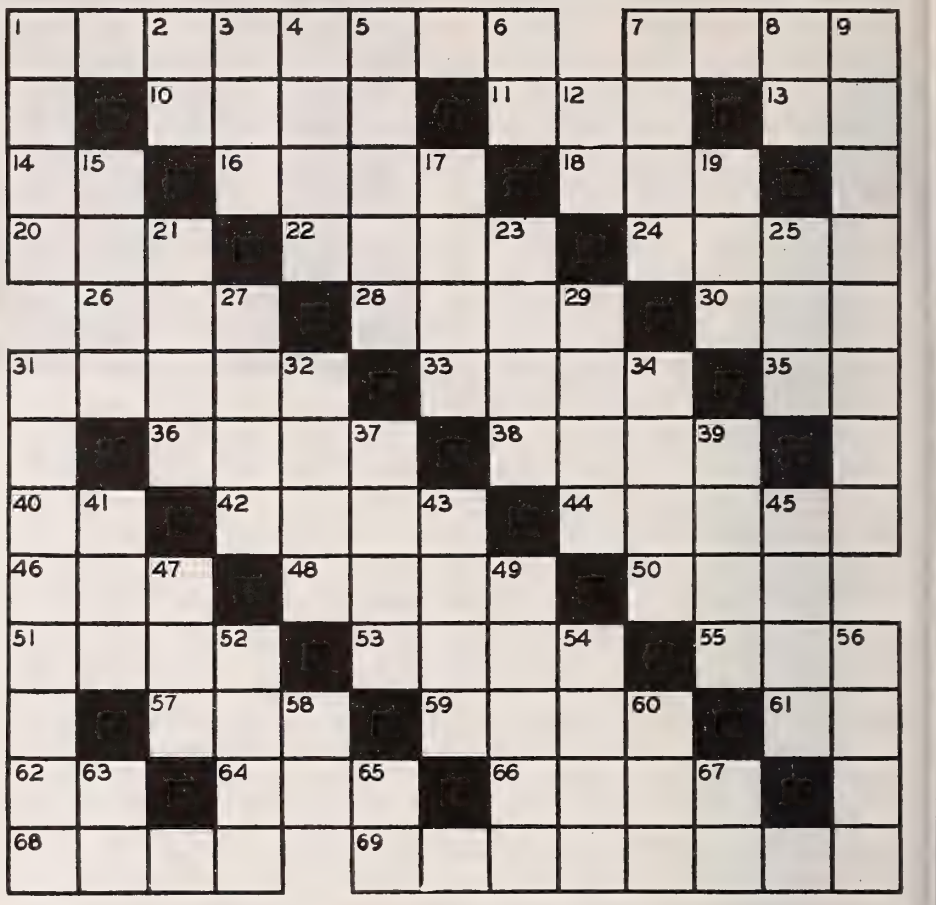
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Good Girls Go to Paris.*
7. Aunt Milly in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever.*
10. Her first name is Patricia.
11. Al Jolson's real name.
13. *Charlie Chan* ——— *Reno.*
14. Initials of Mr. Nolan.
16. *King of the* ———.
18. She had title role in *Maisie.*
20. Jeanette's leading man in *Broadway Serenade.*
22. What gangster's girl friend is called in crime pictures.
24. Agnes Barlow in *It Could Happen to You.*
26. *Secret Service of the* ———.
28. M-G-M's trade-mark.
30. Sonja Henie's native land (abbr.).
31. Ann in *Gracie Allen Murder Case.*
33. Plan or main story of a screen play.
35. Miss Shearer's initials.
36. Whose role was that of El Rayo in *The Girl and the Gambler?*
38. Canby in *They Made Her a Spy.*
40. *Burn* ——— *Up O'Connor.*
42. Last name of 31 Across.
44. Richard Raymond in *Maisie.*
46. Foot of Asta or Ace.
48. He stutters.
50. *Million Dollar* ——— (sing.).
51. Talkies enable one to do this.
53. What usher finds for you.
55. Short for first name of Charlie Ruggles' brother.
57. The mayor in *Never Say Die.*
59. *Dangerous to* ———.
61. ——— *Red the Rose.*
62. Bruce Cabot's birthplace (abbr.).
64. *Beauty* ——— *the Asking.*
66. Billy Mauch is one.
68. Hilda in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*
69. Whose role was that of the district attorney in *Rose of Washington Square?*

DOWN

1. Star of *Panama Lady.*
2. *Code* ——— *the Secret Service.*
3. Sergeant Koretz in *It's a Wonderful World.*
4. Instrument such as Gene Krupa plays.
5. Mudcat in *Career.*
6. Lona Andre's initials.
7. What Vallee did in *Second Fiddle.*
8. Nelson Eddy's birthplace (abbr.).
9. Rochester in *Man About Town.*
12. Initials of *Stanley Andrews.*
15. Male lead in *They All Come Out.*
17. You've seen ——— the Frog in animated cartoons.
19. Joan in *Ex-Champ.*
21. Bertie in *Captain Fury.*
23. Linda in *Daughters Courageous.*
25. First name of Chaney, Jr.
27. He directed *I'm from Missouri.*
29. Her last name is Luxford.
31. This animal had title role in *Zenobia.*
32. Miss Cecil's first name.
34. ——— *No Tales.*
37. *The Sun Never* ———.
39. What Charlie Chan seeks to solve a crime.
41. Marcia Jones' middle name.
43. Films are generally booked for this period of time.
45. *That Certain* ——— (pl.).
47. What you see in newsreels of China.
49. Shirley Temple was born in ——— Monica, Calif.
52. Stoney in *Some Like It Hot.*
54. *Big* ——— *Czar.*
56. ——— *of the Legion.*
58. Box office (abbr.).
60. What Irvin S. Cobb is noted for.
63. *Goodbye* ——— *Chips.*
65. Mr. Scott's initials.
67. ——— *Time to Marry.*

(Solution on page 65)

The Real Glory

[*Continued from page 21*]

of a movie star isn't all beer and skittles.

Ducking bolo slashes and missing all but two, dodging twelve-foot spears and missing all but one while toting a heavy knapsack and a still heavier Krag-Jorgerson rifle under the boiling hot sun of the backlot for three days may be nice work if you can get it—but nicer if you can't! I'm tired of getting slapped and pushed around and here's one worm that's going to turn.

Maybe, while I've still got the strength to change my bandages I'd better give you the low-down on my acting chores in this Goldwyn picture.

First, then, a word or two about the set—which is a whopper if there ever is one!

It covers more than six acres, and includes a 400-foot, 6-foot deep lagoon (built at a cost of $40,000) that takes 1,500,000 gallons of water to fill. Along its edges run sixty native huts of varying sizes, and upon it floats a fleet of native boats chaperoned by a one-lunged steamer. Facing the native village is a huge parade ground bordered by two-storied, balconied commercial buildings and barracks. In back of all this is fashioned a dense, tropical jungle of cogon grass and creepers.

While I was endeavoring to earn my honest living from Mr. Goldwyn, more than 2,000 people were employed on the set, this number being divided among soldiers, the Philippine Constabulary Force, Moro warriors, and native women and children. And while I'm giving you figures I mustn't overlook Annabel and Geoffrey, a pair of mean and ferocious water buffalos who kept wading and waddling along the shallow shore of the man-made lagoon at $25 per day each—which was thrice the daily stipend I earned while working on the same lot! And I mustn't forget the 200 chickens that drew down a buck a day just for walking around.

■ Just to give you a general idea of how things are done when movies are being made, take the case of Curley Eagles, Hollywood's outstanding authority on insects—trained and otherwise. All Curley has to do was to go out and collect 20,000 (count 'em) ants that were to be used in a torture scene. Now 20,000 ants are a heckofalot of ants in any country, but Curley got 'em and brought 'em to location in large Mason jars, 1,500 of 'em to a jar. Mr. Goldwyn paid Curley at the rate of a cent each for the pesky insects "and I sure earned it," Curley says. When these ants were released for the torture scene more than half of them made a dash for the luncheon baskets. Apparently not satisfied with what they found there, they made a bee-line up the pants leg of Gary Cooper, David Niven and Broderick Crawford. You should have heard Gary yell for a flit gun! Maybe you did, it was that loud!

When Gary got rid of the ants he was mad enough to bite a nail in two—but he didn't. What he did do, though, was to grab up a handful of poison oak leaves and eat 'em! I'm not kidding you! That's exactly what this long, lean army medico did! "I used to do it when I was a kid," he grinned after the medico had warned him that a poison oak diet would send the average person to the hospital, and mighty sick, too. "It made me an important youngster in my section of Montana."

Talking about Gary brings up the nice little old lady from out of town who visited the set just before Director Hathaway got everybody primed for one of his Moro vs. Soldier battles—the one, in fact, that laid me low and more than *hors de combat*.

We were all sitting on the porch of the medical building, Gary busy with his whittling, Niven going over some of his actual army exploits when he was in the British service, Andrea Leeds knitting away on a wool sweater, and Broderick Crawford thumbing through his script when this nice little old lady visitor arrived hanging onto the arm of Jerry Dale of the Goldwyn publicity office.



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By the time the introductions reached Gary he had dropped his whittling knife and was busy manufacturing himself a cow-hand cigarette.

"One . . . two . . . three," he droned, and the tobacco came from its bag and was in the wrapper—just the right amount; "four . . . five . . . six," and the roll was made; "seven . . . eight . . . nine." Here Gary licked the edge fast, tamped it, and by "ten" it was in his mouth and ready to go.

"That," said the nice little old lady, "was fine work. But what are you counting for?"

"I've been smoking tailor-mades for the past three months," said Gary, after Jerry officially presented the nice little old lady, "and I'm out of practice. I'm slower'n molasses."

This was a very long sentence for Gary, since he isn't given to much talkie-talk. He relaxed still more, then threw his ten-count cigarette away. In a moment he had his tobacco bag out again and was going through a repeat of the same business. This time for a count of nine.

"I got to do better than that," he grinned. "I really should be able to do it in seven—maybe six."

"But isn't that pretty fast?" the nice little old lady asked.

"Just fair. I'll give you one if I do."

Seven more tries and the patient, plodding Gary rolled his own in seven seconds flat and handed the finished work of art to the nice little old lady, who looked at it curiously before putting it to her lips.

"Oh, pardon me," smiled Gary, "I forgot."

He struck a match and lighted the hand-made smoke. One puff, one cough, and a look of horror spread over her gentle face. Another puff and another cough.

"I've never in my life smoked one of these before," she boasted a little proudly. "But if Mr. Cooper can eat poison ivy, like I heard, I guess I can stand this!"

The lady from Kansas had gone Hollywood! And how!

And immediately afterward yours truly had gone into action! And how!

■ That fight between the crazy Moros and the U. S. troops was one for the book sure enough. Those little brown fellows kept coming on, swinging their bolos, and hurling their spears like nobody's business. Behind sandbag barricades, Cooper, Broderick, Niven, and a line of us old flea-bitten U. S. troopers were popping away with revolvers and Krag-Jorgersons, and making more noise than a fire-cracker factory on fire. Finally, a bunch of the little brown boys got onto the thatched roofs of the army buildings and snaked their way clean up to the barricades and every once in a while one of 'em would give a yell and jump over and begin slashing away with his over-sized cake cutter. I ran out of ammunition on account of my getting too enthusiastic and when that happened I just sat myself down and let her rip. Unfortunately for me I let my curiosity get the better of me. I poked my head up over the top sandbag to see how the battle was going, a raging bolo-swinging Moro gave a yell, a leap, and a vicious cut with his meat chopper—and I got it smack-dab on the side of my face. Of course the bolo's blade was of rubber, but, even so, it hurt like Billy-be-damned and the force of it not only knocked me sillier than usual, but skinned a couple of square inches of epidermis off my left cheek. Well, they took me over to the medical department, patched me up, sent me home, and when I got back the next day there they were still at it, guns going boom-boom, Moros screeching, gatling guns barking away and Gary, Broderick, and David holding the enemy at bay. After lunch I got back behind the sandbag, and really began mowing those brown boys down. Ditto for Cooper, Broderick, and Niven. Director Hathaway, watching everything like a hawk suddenly yelled "cut!" and told Niven that the "take" failed to click with him because he (Niven) had been slow in drawing and firing his pistol at a Moro. "Gary fired first and that won't do," the director explained. "Both of you must shoot in unison."

"I did that purposely," Niven alibied. "You see, I felt I ought to come second to the star!"

■ Well, the battle resumed on Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's six acres of hot backlot with four cameras going all at once and in the excitement of hand-to-hand fighting a lot of heads got smacked good and plenty. I had learned how to duck by now, and was getting to the point where I was really enjoying the fun when I got my second wound—or puncture as you might want to describe it. Up on a roof to my left was this wild-eyed "juramentado" or fanatical Moro a-dancing and a-jigging like one possessed as he tried to draw a bead on Niven. Suddenly the twelve-foot spear he had been keeping cocked in his right hand flew through the air with the greatest of ease, missed Niven's neck by less than an inch, and got me in the seat of the pants before I could move. Now it makes no never-mind whether or not that spear-head was made of rubber—which it was—because when it hit it hurt and when it hurt I yelled louder than any kid ever did on his first trip to the dentist. There was a lot of weight to the wooden shaft of that spear, and coming from a distance of fifteen feet or more it was bound to inflict a little damage. "See you to Moro!" the wise-cracking Niven said when I limped away for anatomical repairs.

While I was getting my rear hem-stitching done, Director Hathaway almost threw three conniption fits when a baker came along on his daily rounds, ringing his bell. The clanging drowned out the dialogue, caused a delay of half an hour and a loss of close to a thousand bucks!

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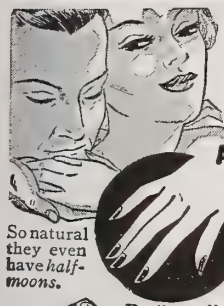
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Maybe you wouldn't like to be a star, after all. This is Alice Faye, wondering if she picked the right career. It is a scene from her new film, *Hollywood Cavalcade*

"Buy that guy out!" Hathaway yelled, and in no time a unit manager made a deal with the baker. For ten bucks a day—in cash—he promised he'd stay a good distance away from the shooting.

■ I haven't said anything much about Andrea Leeds except a word or two about her knitting, but I'm here to tell you that gal's pretty much in this picture. In fact, she's so much in it that Mr. Goldwyn rigged up sleeping quarters on the lot for her during the shooting. The reason Mr. Goldwyn did this was because Andrea had an acting chore in the Heifetz-starring production, *They Shall Have Music*, which was unfinished when *The Real Glory* began. Not only did Andrea have sleeping quarters on the lot, but her boss also hired three burly coppers to stand guard throughout the night and to play alarm clock in the morning. Without being compelled to make a twenty-mile trip to her home and back each day, she manages to sleep an hour and a half additional on the lot each night and believe you me, shut-eye, and plenty of it, is absolutely necessary when a girl is working in two films at the same time.

Well, I put in two more full days of extra-ing for United Artists despite my injuries, and then I gave up my barrack-room, parade ground shenanigans to become a private citizen again. I'm all through with Filipino Insurrections on the Island of Mindanao. All through with battling head-hunters with rubber bolos. All through with juramentados, jungles, lagoons, chickens and water buffaloes. Take my word for it, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn has produced a mighty thrilling picture based on the Moro uprisings and has given it a splendid cast and story—but as I may have said, I'm through with soldiering for an extra's pay.

Maybe I'll be through with house-keeping when I play house-keeping with *The House-keeper's Daughter* out at the Hal Roach studios.



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Above, Ralph Byrd and his wife, Virginia Carroll, in their kitchen hard at work on their favorite oyster dish. Right, still working on the oyster stew. Byrd's next film is *S. O. S. Tidal Wave*

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Dick Tracy proves to be just as much of a hero in the kitchen as he is on the screen and his tested recipes prove it

By BETTY CROCKER



All you neighborhood theatre fans have doubtless followed the screen exploits of "Dick Tracy," and I confess to a fondness for this daring detective, myself, so it was pleasurable (and profitable, too, as it turned out) to meet the actor who plays him on the screen. He is Ralph Byrd, a southerner and relative of Admiral Byrd, and it was he who suggested telling Hollywood Magazine readers not to forget to serve oyster stew now and then.

"Home cooked oyster stew and beaten biscuits are tops with me," he said, "but so many people overlook the real secrets of cooking a stew southern style that maybe you ought to get right down to the ABC's and tell them."

Mrs. Byrd, who was Virginia Carroll of screen fame, went through every step of the process and we photographed them at the job. You can tell by their expressions that they considered it a treat! And here is the recipe:

OYSTER STEW

1 pt. oysters
¼ cup butter (4 tbsp.)
1 pt. milk
½ cup cream
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Pick over the oysters, removing any pieces of shell. Melt butter in a saucepan. Add oysters and cook gently until edges curl. Scald milk and cream and add to the oysters. Season with salt and pepper and any other seasonings desired. Let stand several minutes to improve flavor, and serve. AMOUNT: 4 servings.

In apartments, or in metropolitan areas where homes are close together, the making of bona fide beaten biscuits would undoubtedly result in complaints from the neighbors. But, fortunately, the "Ranchito del Byrdio" (this isn't bad Spanish—it's just that Ralph's nickname happens to be "Byrdio"!) is sufficiently isolated so that the Byrds' cook can pound the biscuits to her heart's content without a riot call being sent out in the San Fernando Valley! And here is a modernized version translated into cups and spoonfuls instead of quarts and pints:

SOUTHERN BEATEN BISCUITS

3 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
3 tbsp. shortening (part butter)
1 cup thin milk (cold)

Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour and salt together. Cut in shortening fine with 2 knives or pastry blender. Add cold milk, and mix thoroughly. Toss the dough onto a board . . . and holding the dough in just one hand, slap the dough against the board for a full half hour, or until the dough "pops" and "snaps," or until it becomes very elastic and large bubbles are visible just underneath the surface. Place dough on a cloth-covered board (using flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking). Roll out to ½ inch thickness, and cut with a cookie cutter. Prick each biscuit with a fork. Place on a cookie sheet, and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F. for 30 minutes, or until thoroughly done to the very center. The sides of these biscuits should be white but cooked, the tops and bottoms should be brown. If well made and well baked, these are easily digested and most palatable. If uncooked in the center, "slack baked," they are very objectionable.

The idea of slapping the dough against the bread board—as we do in our regular bread recipe was conceived in our testing kitchen as an easier method than hitting the dough with a rolling pin the way the old-fashioned cooks used to do. We thought it worked beautifully.

For a dessert after an oyster stew, nothing could be more acceptable than a luscious apple pie. Here is a recipe that is the result of long and careful experimentation in my testing kitchen:

OLD-FASHIONED APPLE PIE

Pastry for Two Crust Pie
6 medium-sized apples
½ to 1 cup sugar (depending on tartness of apples)
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tbsp. butter

Line a deep pie pan with plain pastry and chill while preparing apples. Pare, core and slice cooking apples and mix the sugar and cinnamon with them. Fill the unbaked crust with the apples (rounding full). Dot with butter. If apples are not very juicy, sprinkle a tbsp. of water over them. Wet edge of under crust. Cover with top crust. Press edges of top and bottom crusts together and build up a fluted edge. Bake on the lower shelf of the oven until crust is golden brown and apples are tender. Test with a fork or wooden pick. If the top crust is inclined to brown too much at the last, it may be covered with paper. TIME: Bake 45 to 60 minutes. TEMPERATURE: 450° F., hot oven for first 10 minutes, reducing heat to 350° F., moderate oven to finish baking. AMOUNT: One deep 8- or shallow 9-inch pie.

PASTRY FOR TWO CRUST PIE

1½ cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
Ice water (3 to 4 tbsp.)

Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour and salt together. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or a pastry blender—leaving some of the shortening in lumps the size of giant peas. Add ice water. (Sprinkle the water lightly—a little at a time—over the flour and shortening. At first, blend it in gently with a fork; then gather dough together lightly with the fingertips. As soon as you can make dough stay together, you have plenty of water in it.) Round up dough on cloth-covered board (using flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking). Divide dough in half, and roll out one-half to fit pan. Put into pan very loosely to avoid stretching. Let pan rest on table while cutting off extra pastry. Chill thoroughly. Roll out second half of dough for top crust of pie—leaving a little extra to extend beyond edge of pan. Fold in half—making several cuts through which steam may escape. Unfold, place on waxed paper, and chill thoroughly. Fill under crust with desired filling. Wet edge of under crust. Lay top crust gently on top of filling—folding the extra rim of pastry under the edge of lower crust. Press the two edges together and build up fluted edge. Bake. (Time and temperature of baking depend on type of filling used.)

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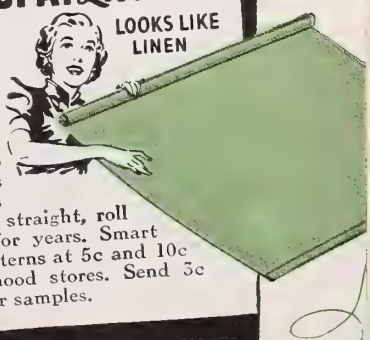
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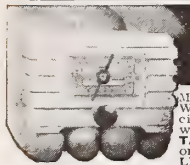


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Yes, My Darling Daughter

[*Continued from page 29*]

that Mrs. Beery should have custody of Carol Ann for six months, and Wally for the other half of the year. That, at least was half the fight won. But to Beery it wasn't enough. When Carol Ann was away from him, despair perched on his shoulder like a carrion crow. He used to finger her pictures, trying to re-capture all the joys of the years she had been with him.

He put in a call to Reno, where his wife had taken her. Then began a series of correspondences and long distance calls. He employed all the arguments at his command. Then he offered the final one:

In her new life as Mrs. Albert J. Foyt, his former wife would spend much of her time in New York. "Carol Ann has her friends here—her teachers—her school. It would be cruel to rip her out of her familiar surroundings."

Reluctantly, the ex-Mrs. Beery agreed. Immediately, Wally flew to Reno and brought the child back with him to Hollywood. News reporters immediately assumed that Wally had obtained permanent custody of Carol Ann. But such is not true. While his former wife has given much of her share of the child to him, legally she can step forward any time during her six months' period and say, "Carol Ann goes to me now." The fact that Wally has recently been made the child's guardian doesn't alter the fact that he has legal right to one-half of the child's time only.

And it's this uncertainty, this knowledge that Carol Ann isn't completely his which lies like ice in Beery's heart.

When Wally brought the girl back to Hollywood they made many plans. I saw them at the Brown Derby and they were chattering away like two kids. Beery looked up and winked. "I'm taking my best girl to New York with me, and we're talking it over now. What a shopping bender she's going on. I feel the dent in my pocketbook already!"

The next time I saw Beery, on the set of *Thunder Afloat*, his face was long.

"What about that trip?" I asked.

"It's off," he answered glumly. The man looked so unhappy, it wasn't fair to rub it in by asking more questions.

Later I learned what had postponed the gay vacation. Mrs. Foyt had come to Hollywood. Since—legally—it was her turn to have Carol Ann, there was nothing for Beery to do but relinquish her.

That night, the sixteen-room house was as lonely as a huge cave. Wally ambled from one room to another. Silence hit him.

The moment was ripe for retrospect, for self-pity, for a rush of memories. His thoughts that night, must have gone back twenty years when he had lost the love of another glamorous, exciting woman. When he and Gloria Swanson had separated, he had lost interest in everything. He had lost his job. He hadn't cared. He had lost the will to fight. He wandered around doing nothing, caring about nothing, until starvation had stared him in the

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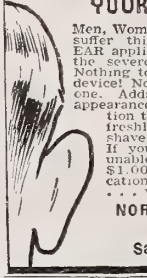


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face and snapped him back to action again.

Now it had happened again. Another beautiful wife whom he couldn't hold . . .

He must have smiled wryly when he looked into the mirror. Stevedore in dinner clothes! Mulligan stew on a gold plate! But that didn't mean that love and the lasting responsibilities that come with it—children, companionship, a common sharing of destinies—were to pass him by completely. Out of his loneliness and bitterness, Wally decided upon an unconventional plan for the future. For weeks he had been thinking of adopting two more youngsters. It had been Carol Ann's idea.

"I want sisters," she had said, jumping up and down. "Sisters, not brothers. Boys are too bossy. I want two sisters with blond hair and blue eyes who have the same birthday as mine!"

At the time, Wally had laughed. Imagine having three Carol Anns!

Imagine—

And why not!

Why not, indeed. If one Carol Ann gave him so much happiness, three Carol Anns . . . It was simple arithmetic.

The night was ripe for thinking. Wally made many plans. He went from room to room. Emptiness met him. It was possible that six months out of the year, the house would be that lonely.

That decided it. Telling me about it later, he said, "At least the other girls I will adopt will be with me all the time. No one," and the Big Guy actually looked frightened, "*no one* can take them from me."

Wally hopes to find these two lucky little girls and make them part of his family by the fall. By then, too, he hopes to have Carol Ann back with him.

Beery and daughters!

It should be incongruous, I guess—but somehow it isn't—to picture the Big Guy walking through life with three fragilely golden girls clinging to him.

There is some moral justice there, too, I think. Some comfort in the thought that the big, awkward hulky Beery who never got to first base with the elegant ladies will find that in the mellowness of his life he's top guy with one—probably three—ladies who see beyond glamour and into the heart of a man.

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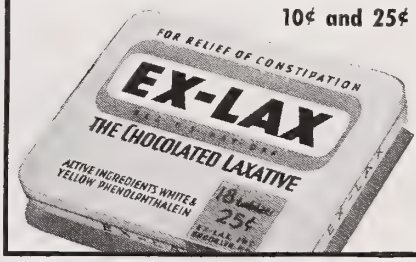


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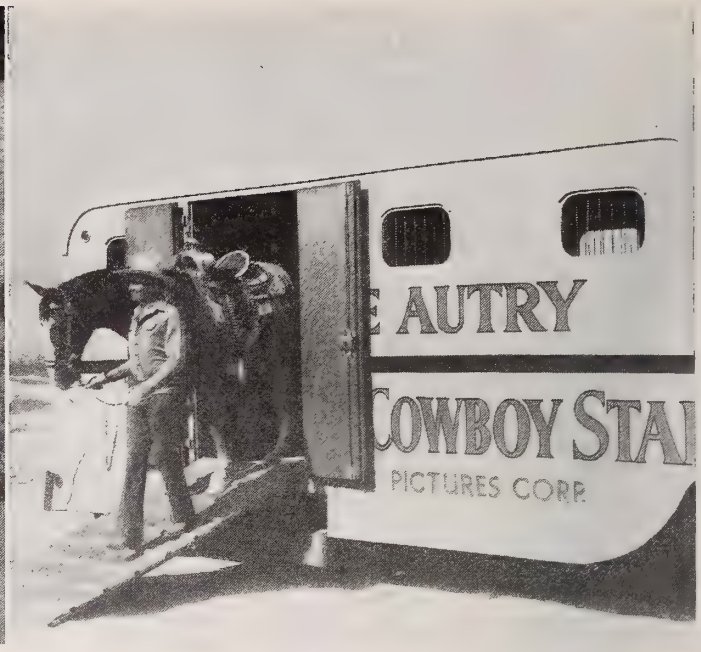


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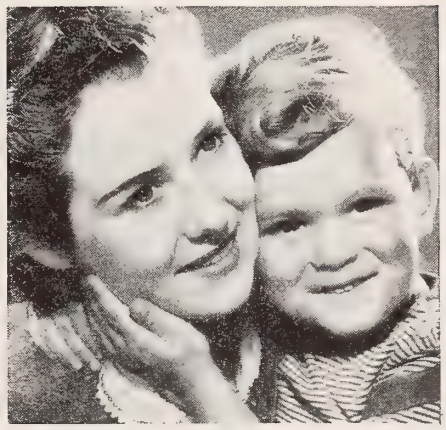
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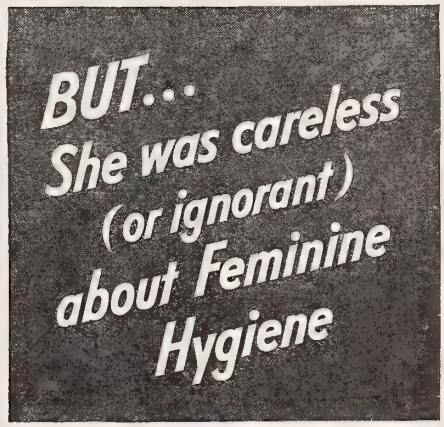
. . . an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman". . . the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.



****She neglected*** her person. The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "*Lysol*" for feminine hygiene.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

IF YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

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1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

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5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



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What Every Woman Should Know

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*City*_____ *State*_____

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NOVEMBER, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 11

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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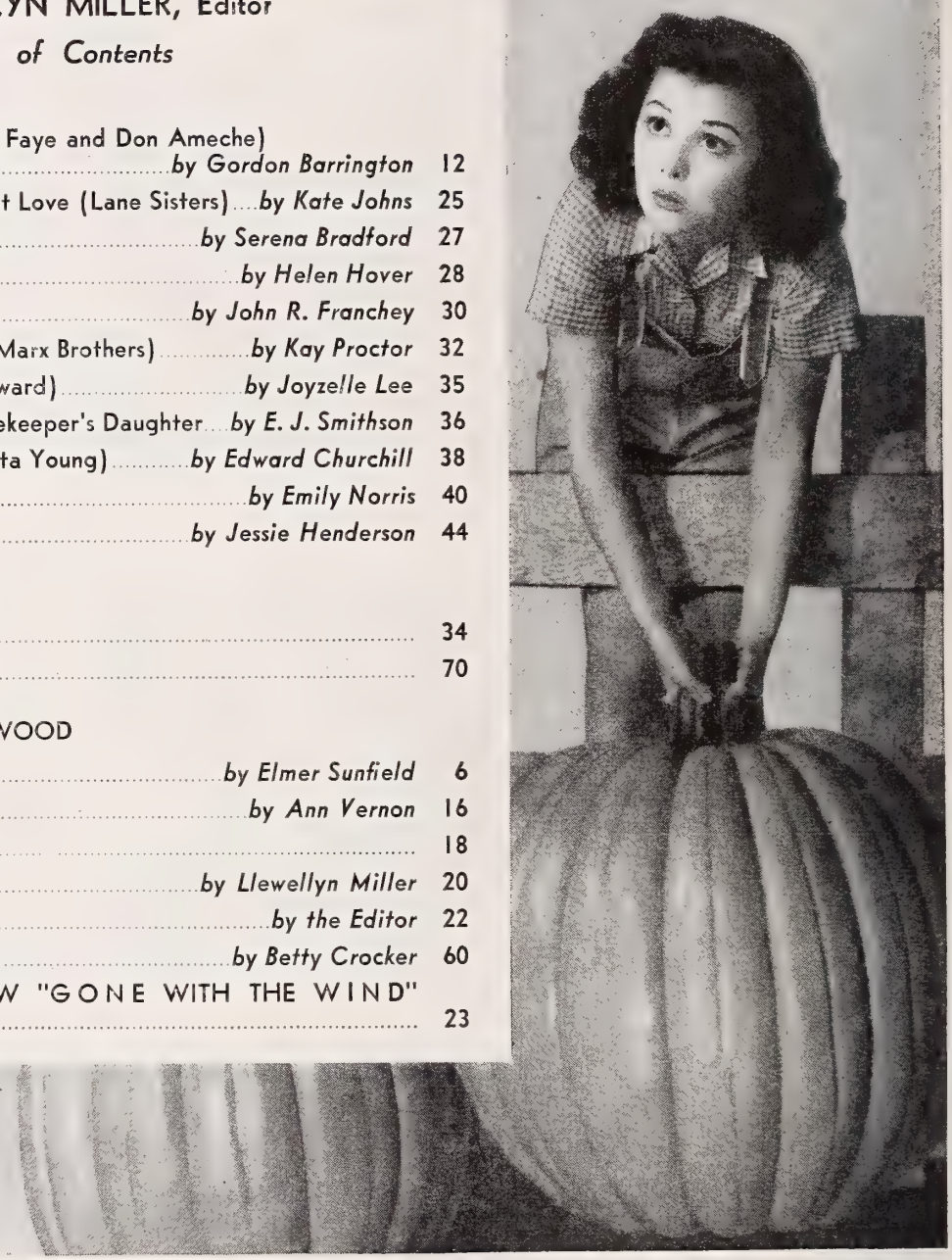
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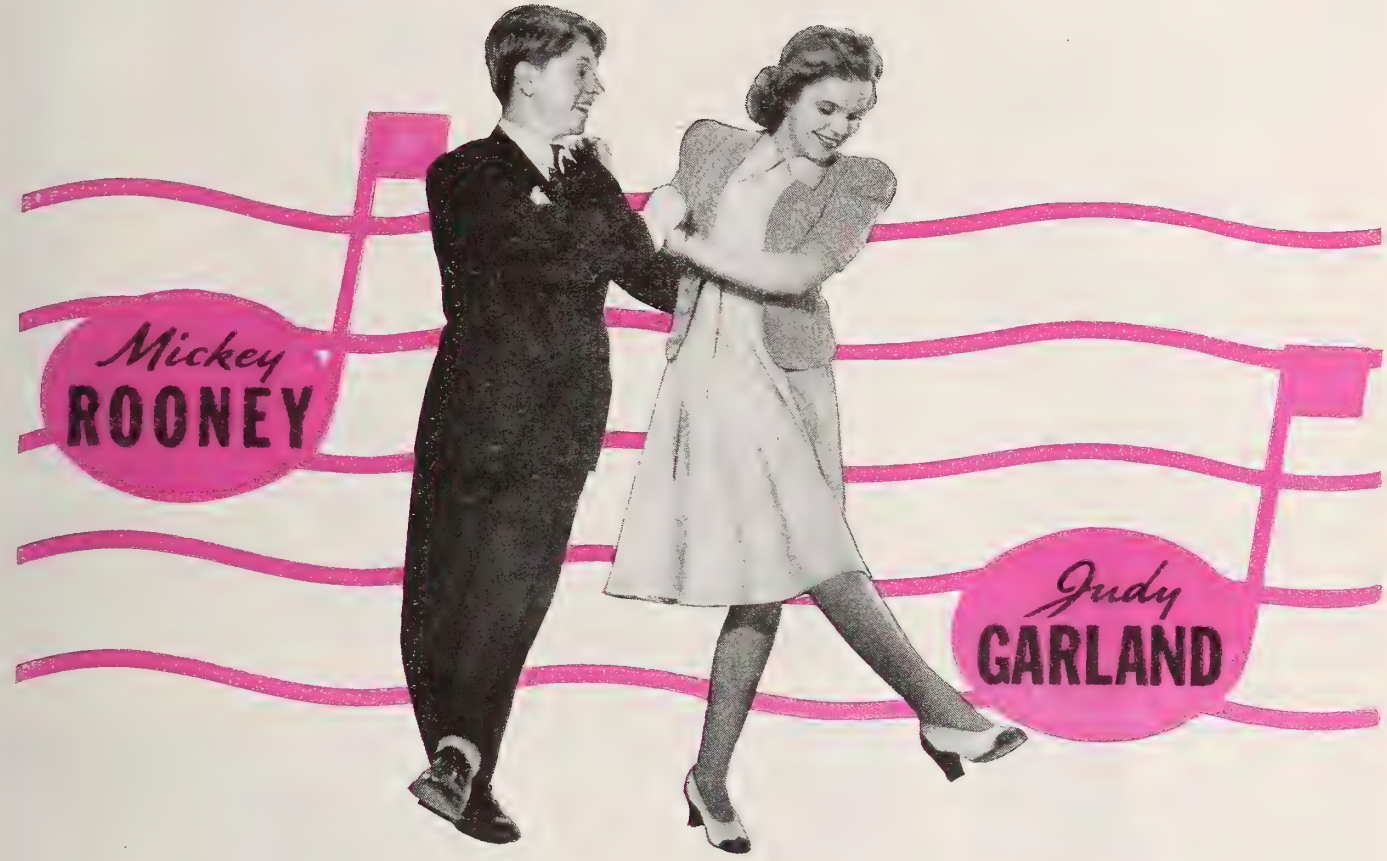


Ann Rutherford, next seen in M-G-M's *Dancing Co-Ed*, picks out the biggest pumpkin in the patch for her Hallowe'en party

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor — GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager — CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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"Eyes of Romance"

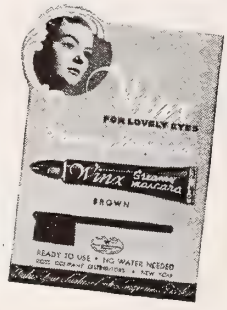
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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ There's something O. Henry-ish about the marriage of Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine. For a year now, Donald Crisp has been trying to promote a match between Brian, whom he admires tremendously, and Olivia de Havilland, whom he loves as a daughter. A few months ago, Brian gave a party for his parents who were visiting him in Hollywood. He invited Olivia; Olivia took sister Joan. And that's how it happened.

■ Most informal and gayest party of the month was the one Barbara Stanwyck threw for Bob Taylor on his 29th birthday. The place cards alone had the guests in giggles. Instead of the conventional cards, there were favors indicating the guests' pet hobbies. Fred MacMurray found a tiny train at his plate, his wife Lillian a garden sprinkling can; a deck of cards for Zeppo Marx and a little golf bag for Marian Marx; a tractor, horse and plow for Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak who have really gone rural; a book of poems for Mary Livingston and a tiny violin for Jack Benny. Bob and Barbara had tiny horses. While everyone else was served cake, Jack Benny got a box of jello, a pint of hot water, a large spoon and a bowl with a card reading: "For some time now you've been telling us how easy it is. Now show us!" During the dinner Barbara received a wire from her son, Dion. "Much happiness to you both." The Taylors certainly are a practical pair. Barbara's gift to Bob was—two suits! And on Barbara's birthday, three months earlier, Bob handed her—of all things—a check!

■ On the Glamour Front: Joan Crawford sporting turbans on her noggin these days without a strand of hair showing and looking more exciting than ever. The turbans started as an accident, but now Joan says she'll stick to them. Joan had her hair cut short a few months ago. Didn't like it. "So I draped a turban around my head to cover it up. Now I'll probably wear nothing else." . . . Saw Nancy Kelly at Earl Carroll's in a new trick. Instead of wearing wide and intricate necklaces with her strapless evening gown, Nancy dotted the expanse of neck and shoulders with silver metallic cloth stars that paste right onto the skin. And how they gleamed under those romantic Carroll lights . . . Ann Sheridan showing up at the Jack Warner birthday party wearing a bare-around-the-middle gown, topped with a turban. Enough men hung around her all night to start a Boy Scout troop . . . Mary Martin really had them gaping when she appeared at Hollywood Park Turf Club in the afternoon in a bright, kelly green silk jersey sport frock with her bare midriff showing between waist and skirt.

Dolores Del Rio's new evening gown is white chiffon over a flesh-colored slip. Looks exactly like white chiffon over nothing but Dolores . . . but for stark, unimitable glamour, the prize goes to Hedy Lamarr, who lived up to her reputation



Tyrone Power, with camera on one arm and his bride, Annabella on the other, visiting the Coliseum during honeymoon tour of Europe before "The War of Nerves" started

NOTES from

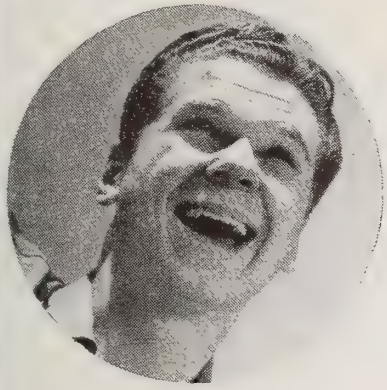
A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by Jane Grant



"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

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Looking enough alike to be brother and sister, lovely Virginia Fields and handsome Richard Greene, who are no relation, smile for the cameras as they leave the formal opening of his latest film for Twentieth Century-Fox, *Stanley and Livingstone*

when she attended the premiere of *Lady of the Tropics* wearing a diamond in the center of her forehead. The stone was affixed with a five-cent bobby pin!

■ Nan Grey was listening to a radio account of the Hollywood Derby at Hollywood Park on the set of *The Underpup*. When news of Jack Westrope's victory came over the air, Nan let out a whoop and a holler. Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean heard the cry and later told her mother, "Mother, Nan Grey's husband just won the Brown Derby."

■ If there is a dual personality in Hollywood, that person is Constance Bennett. It's difficult to conceive of the shrewd, brittle, social Bennett as a doting mother. But few people knew that Connie was keeping secret the presence of a little girl, named Linda, in her household. She guarded the fact because she didn't want the child's life made difficult from the start by publicity. Adoption papers are already going through the mill to make Linda legally hers. A friend of Connie's once said, when la Bennett was being put on the pan for being cold, "Believe me, the world has never seen the smile that Constance gives to her son, Peter."

■ Imagine Madeleine Carroll's embarrassment when she had to announce divorce action against Captain Philip Astley just at the time she was working in *Are Husbands Necessary.* In fact, the little lady was so disturbed by the coincidence that she insisted that Paramount change the title. At first, the studio bosses took her request lightly, but they didn't know how serious Madeleine was. She insisted. In order to find a title as box-officey as *Are Husbands Necessary,* they offered a cash award for a suitable substitute. Fifty dollars is the usual amount paid for title suggestions, when an inter-office campaign is held at the studio. This time the prize was $500. Now you and I will see it as *Honeymoon in Bali.*

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!
America at its maddest! America at its merriest . . .
the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
of the hotcha — *the shock-crammed days*
G-Men took ten whole years to lick!
By far the biggest of all
Jimmy's big hits!

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Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger

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■ When Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor left the Pantages Theatre after *Golden Boy* was previewed, they managed to make a flying dash to their car. But later, a persistent fan managed to catch them outside of Earl Carroll's. "I'm nobody," teased Barbara. "That's all right," answered the girl. "If you're with Robert Taylor, I want your name in my book."

■ Bette Davis' personal sacrifices for her role in *Elizabeth and Essex* have been reaching out into her private life. In order to achieve the high Elizabethan forehead, she had her hairline shaved back two inches. This was all right for the picture, but in private life she looked like an egg that had started to sprout. "You must make me a wig to cover my forehead," she wailed to Perc Westmore. "I can't go any place looking like this." Westmore delivered a wig to her two days later. "It matches perfectly," Betty whooped. "It should," chuckled Perc, "it's made of your own hair." Westmore had saved Bette's hair when she cut it short in the baby bob style for just such an emergency.

■ Never wear a radical style, do your hair in a revolutionary way, or try unusual make-up tricks if you wish to be chic and beautiful.

This is the advice of Merritt Gerstad, Hollywood cameraman for twenty-three years and former art student, who has at one time or another photographed all the reigning screen beauties.

"The problem of hairdressers, costumers, dress designers and make-up men in Hollywood," Gerstad says, "is to make beauty simple and unaffected rather than complicated. Because they have found out that complicated things do not photograph strikingly or well."

The veteran cameraman has just finished photographing *Eternally Yours*, starring Loretta Young and David Niven, for Walter Wanger. "Clothes are like manners," he says, "the more simple and unaffected they are, the better the impression their owner makes."

■ They're still laughing about the test that Charlie Ruggles made for *Balalaika*. Experienced actors hate tests. Charlie posed like a good boy, then looked straight into the camera and said, "Look, I've made thousands of these blankety-blank things and they're the bunk. Let's get down to business. Do you want me or don't you?" When the test was run off, the studio heads laughed as hard as they do at a Marx Brothers musical. Yeah, he has the job.

■ This is something Ann Sothern tells on herself. Ann, you may remember, won her first spurs on the musical comedy stage as Harriette Lake, dancing ingenue. The other night, she went to the Hermosa Beach Club to watch her sister, Zoe Richards, try out some songs with a jitterbug band. A high school boy asked Ann for a dance. Ann is a good sport, and so she said, "Yes, indeedy." The boy got her out in the middle of the floor, then bawled her out. "Whoever told you you could dance?" he yelled, and left her to get himself another partner.

■ Hollywood's own radio show, the Gulf Screen-Guild Theatre, which last year earned $220,000 for The Motion Picture Relief Fund, returns to the Columbia network Sunday, September 24. The con-



Olivia de Havilland and Pat Di Cicco have a gay time at dinner at the Trocadero, and Pat swears that the cause for laughter is NOT Olivia's newest idea of a hat



No doubt about it, Janet Gaynor will never have to worry about her clothes pleasing her husband, because he will design them himself. He is Gilbert Adrian, famous for wardrobes he has created for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars

tract for the new series was signed by representatives of the Fund, headed by Jean Hersholt, president; Ralph Morgan, president of the Screen Actors' Guild; Walter Wanger, Ralph Block; Conrad Nagel and representatives of the Gulf Oil Corporation, the sponsor.

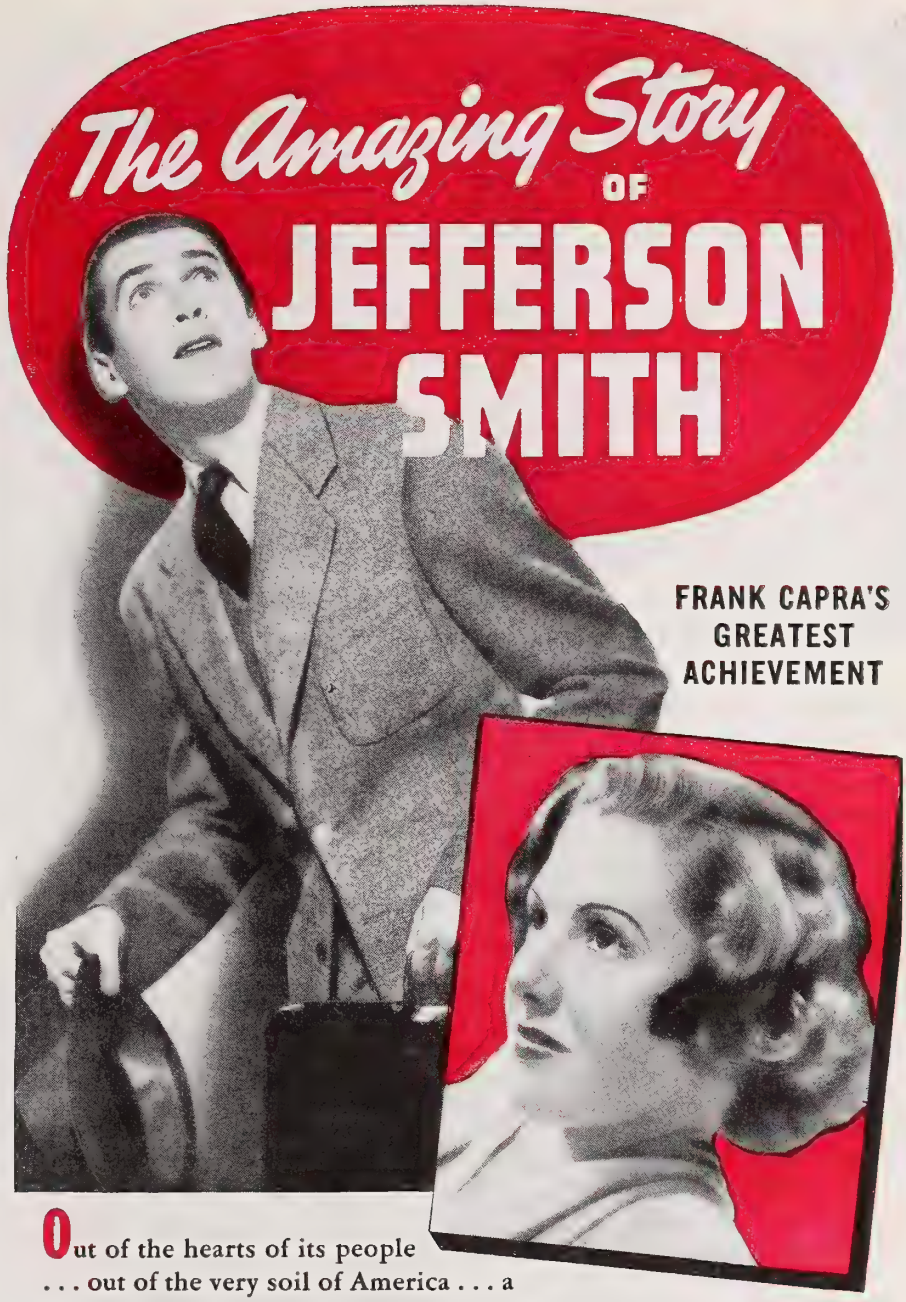
Once again, leading stars, writers, and directors of the screen world will contribute their services, free, throughout the season. Once again, the sponsor will donate $10,000 weekly to the fund being raised to build a home for the aged and needy of the motion picture industry. Supporting organizations which co-operate with the Relief Fund in this enterprise include the Screen Actors' Guild, the Screen Writers' Guild, and the Screen Directors' Guild. The program is endorsed by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

At the end of the new series, well over half a million dollars will be paid in, and construction of the home will be started, bringing to realization a dream of many years.

The general fund provides medical and dental services, clothing and direct help for the needy. Last March there were 535 cases on the Fund's books, which resulted in direct aid to 1,338 people. Of these 535 cases 228 were actors, 139 were extras, and 46 were directors.

In addition, the Fund's medical and dental service offers free professional attention and hospitalization to those actors who cannot pay. They are given first-class treatment in the city's best hospitals.

[*Continued on page* 53]



Out of the hearts of its people . . . out of the very soil of America . . . a great director creates his most stirring, human drama . . . of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart . . . of a woman who helps make his dream come true . . . and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring . . . in the seeing! Precious . . . in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"
co-starring
JEAN ARTHUR ★ JAMES STEWART
Claude RAINS · Edward ARNOLD · Guy KIBBEE · Thomas MITCHELL · Beulah BONDI
Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A Columbia Picture



Battle of the Century

By
GORDON BARRINGTON



Don Ameche is famous for his practical joking. Alice Faye is known far and wide for her sense of humor. Now both are mad and both are working at proper reprisals

■ Don't tell Don Ameche I told you, but Alice Faye said he was a termite!

Don't tell Alice Faye, either, but Don said Alice was a she-devil, and a vixen, and should be exterminated like a cockroach!

People say they're really the best of friends. It's just that they have funny ways of showing it, that's all. Like when Alice caught Don in the mush with a custard pie, on the *Hollywood Cavalcade* set. And it wasn't in the script, either!

But it began further back than that. It began 'way back when Don and Alice were working together in *In Old Chicago*.

Time was hanging a little heavy, so Don went adventuring in Alice's dressing-room. Everything looked so neat and pretty! Don thought: "No dressing-room should look that nice!" So, he proceeded to do something about it. First, it was the curtains. They were much too fresh-looking, all starched and prim and staring him in the face. *Definitely* too dainty for a woman of the world, like Alice. So Don yanked them down, and tossed them on the floor. Much better, thought Don, to himself.

"But," said Alice, as we talked on the *Hollywood Cavalcade* set, "Don, apparently, was just warming up, at that stage!" There was definitely scorn in her voice. "Before the viper was through," she went on, "my beautiful little dressing-room looked as though a cyclone had passed through it.

"Skirts, blouses (and even more personal things), were draped all over the place. They hung from pictures, mirrors, flower-pots and lamp-shades. The rug was rolled up, and dangled part way out the window. Chairs and tables lay face-down on the floor, with their legs sticking up in the air, getting ready to kick at me. My make-up kit was in the wastebasket. All my stockings were tied up in knots, swimming-hole fashion; and there was such a cute drawing on the face of my dressing-table mirror!—a *queer* little figure—I don't know whether it was supposed to be man, woman, or beast—etched in chalk, with its hands over its heart, saying: 'I love you, Alice.'

"Well, I love you, too—Don Ameche!" Don sat in a camp chair nearby, pretending not to listen. His elbows were on his knees, and he looked first at the floor, then up at the ceiling, and whistled.

Alice continued: "I LOVE you, Don, do you HEAR? I love you like a COBRA, you rat!"

Don finally looked over, unperturbed, and spoke, "Well, dear! . . . have you finished?"

Alice pouted and turned her back.

"Because if you have," Don went on, "I'll tell him what happened after that! Do you *remember,* DEAR?"

Alice didn't remember. But Don remembered.

"You went over and visited my dressing-room, dear! And you weren't playing, either, were you, dear? You just wrecked the place, that's all. And then you went and sewed up the sleeves of all my coats, didn't you, dear? Oh, you were so cute! Then you smeared garlic all over the place, didn't you, baby? And you closed the windows, and the doors, so that beautiful aroma would stay in there. Or maybe you don't remember that, either."

Alice shuddered, then toyed with her hair, as though she weren't interested.

"And what happened after that, baby?" A leer was creeping into those deep brown Ameche eyes. ". . . But I'm sure I'll have to remind you of what happened then, dear! I'm sure that you wouldn't remember. It was about then I caught you at it, dear. And it was about then, dear, that I locked you in, so you could be alone with that lovely, fragrant garlic! You remember, dear. Of course you remember . . ."





But Alice had to go powder her nose.

END OF ROUND 1. SCORE: Ameche one up on Faye.

■ Alice was really burned, after that one. Everyone in the *In Old Chicago* location company was riding her, and the news even got to Hollywood. Alice knew she had to do something big to live that one down. And the sooner the better, too. So . . . when she and Don were cast in *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* she went out to get even—but with a vengeance!

"Do you remember *Alexander's Ragtime Band?*" she queried, looking fondly over at Don.

It was as though she had asked, "Do you remember the measles?" Don winced, and occupied himself with a script.

"Well, then, I'll remind you, dear! You were still up to your old tricks, dear. You threw firecrackers at me. That's what you did! Your former successes had gone to your head, dear. And you thought you could get away with anything. Didn't you, my little bluejay? And you made faces at me, while they were shooting our most intimate scenes. And you sent me the loveliest bouquet of vegetables, didn't you, Donsy-Wonsy? Oh, you were having such a swell time! But what happened after that, my pet? Did you find your most expensive shoes nailed to the floor, one fine morning? With big spikes right through the soles? Or was I dreaming? And what did your pretty little roadster look like, after somebody whose name begins with "A" got through with it, a few days later? Do you remember, Donsy? Well, I'll remind you about that, too. There was a plaster statue sitting in the driver's seat, dear. And beside him was a flock of watermelons . . . and an old stove . . . and a fire hose . . . But, shall I go on, dear?"

END OF ROUND 2 SCORE: Faye one up on Ameche.

■ Then came preparations for the *Alexander's Ragtime Band* premiere, to be held in San Francisco. Alice was hot on Don's trail by this time.

A half-hour before the special train was to leave for the North, she appeared before Don's drawing-room with two porters. One of them maneuvered a crate of chickens, and the other had several boxes of eggs under his arm.

"In *there,*" instructed Alice, with the utmost seriousness. And she pointed to Don's drawing-room. The porters obeyed her commands—with a slight hesitancy—leaving the crate of chickens on the floor, with the gate open, and distributing the eggs all over the place.

"Well," chirped Alice, as she proceeded to tell me what happened then, "you should have seen the expression on Donsy's face, when he opened the door! Some of the chickens were nice enough to fly up at him. Others sauntered about, pecking at the rug, trying out the window-sill, the seats, and even the baggage-hammock overhead. All of them were cackling their heads off. And where you didn't see chickens, you saw eggs! My, was Don's face red?"

And Don's face was red as Alice told

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WHAT IS *YOUR SMILE* LIKE?



George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!



DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich — long-lasting — delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just *try* Dentyne!





This is the way Alice Faye's dainty dressing room looked after the whimsical Mr. Ameche had finished fixing it up. End of Round 1. Score: Don Ameche one up on Alice Faye. Look below for finish of Round 2. Read this story for the rest of the battle

about it, too. But, then . . . Don made his comeback.

". . . And then what happened, Alice, my love? Do you remember what happened after that, my pet?"

If he'd had mustachios, I think he'd have curled them.

"Do you, by any chance, recall dinner that evening?" he went on. "What was it I had for dinner that evening?"

He hesitated a moment, then went on, as though it were all coming back to him —but slowly.

"Oh yes, I remember. It was roast chicken, dear. YOU remember, don't you? Roast chicken and scrambled eggs! And I had *lots* of guests, too. But you didn't join me, *did* you, dear? You weren't very hungry that evening, were you, dear? But —could it have been I overlooked you, by mistake? Oh, but I'm sure I wouldn't have done that! Not my little pal, Alice!"



This is the way Don Ameche looked on the *Hollywood Cavalcade* set after playful Miss Faye had turned the other cheek just once too often. Score: practically even

END OF ROUND 3. SCORE: Ameche one up on Faye.

■ Then Alice pushed the custard pie in Don's face. It was a nice, gooey custard pie, too, with lots of soft, messy whipped cream on top, according to Alice. That wasn't while I was sitting there, talking with them; but it was on that same *Hollywood Cavalcade* set, about a week afterward. I went around, right after I heard about it, to get Alice's first-hand version.

With triumph in her voice, she reported: "It was really funny! You should have seen my pal, Don! I couldn't catch his expression. His face was too completely covered for that! But it was priceless to watch him. He just stood there, dumfounded, at first, and *sputtered* and *sputtered*. Then he thrashed about, with his hands, trying to get the stuff off, and he kept shouting: 'Who *did* that? . . . I'll get



Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye register a new emotion for a scene in *$1,000* a *Touchdown*, ready for the autumn line-up

somebody for this! . . . So help me!' He really was a sight!

"Of course, Buster Keaton is the one I should have done it to. Buster had been tossing pies at me, all through the picture, a la Keystone and Mack Sennett. But that was all in the script; so I actually couldn't hold it against poor little Buster, who was only doing what he was supposed to do.

"But I had to take it out on somebody. So . . . who, better than Don, thought I?

"And the beautiful part of it," she went on, glowingly, "was that I waited until the final scene of the picture had been shot, to spring it. So Don didn't have a chance of getting back at me!"

"But," says Don, "this is only the beginning! I'll get her . . . if it takes a million years. So help me, I will . . ."

END OF ROUND 4. SCORE: Faye one up on Ameche.

FINAL SCORE: Practically even.

Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!



Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked *her!*

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come*. That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you*.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU *SAFE*



Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener that gives you COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS* SAVES YOU MONEY**

*1 Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

*2 ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

3 Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

4 Promotes healing — counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

5 Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold





Sigrid Gurie, soon to be seen in the dramatic film, *Rio*, poses for demonstration of the new soft hair dress which will be seen so much during the coming season



Pretty Soft

By ANN VERNON

■ Soft and sweet describes the fall fashions. Softness in the shirred busts and full "bustle" backs of both day and evening clothes. Soft velvet and satin bows, fluffy feathers on hats. Handbags are squashy with shirring and tucks. Even your new fall shoes will follow the trend with draped and folded leather, and with glove-fitting elasticized suede.

It's no surprise that hairstyles follow fashion's lead, that hair should look soft and pretty once again. Ringlet curls, like those clustered low on Sigrid Gurie's neck, look well with period evening gowns, and with the new hats. She can pin them back with a barrette during the day—with a velvet bow, jeweled clip, ostrich plume or gardenia at night. If she likes, she can pile these same curls higher and bind a draped chiffon or silk scarf around her head, like the fillets the ancient Greeks wore (see the photo on the opposite page).

Naturally you realize that your hair won't look soft in any hairstyle unless it is clean and healthy. Dry hair, limp, greasy hair, hair that is frizzed and lustreless from a poor permanent is out of style any time. It's silly to let your hair go in these days of foolproof permanent waving machines, quick cleansing and corrective shampoos, hair tonics, brilliantines and curling lotions.

Gone are the days when permanent waving was considered a torture to be endured by the brave. Nationally advertised waving systems now give you perfect curls at low prices—and comfortably. You might write me for the name of a grand wave I discovered not long ago. The hair is wound in the usual manner, but the clips that "cook" it are heated to the required temperature before they are put on your head—so they cool off the whole time you wear them! They are made of a featherweight metal, and you can even walk around with them on.

The supplies for the wave are individually sealed in cellophane packages—sanitary as they can be. If you're on a budget, you'll like the fact that this wave takes longer to grow out than most. That's because the scalp protectors are thinner, and allow the operator to wave your hair closer to the scalp. Your new curls will be of the springy, soft kind that bounce back into place, and will be all the better for your weekly shampoo and five minutes of brushing each night.

■ Ask at the same time about a pair of grand shampoos. One is the quick lathering kind that helps wash away excess oil and all kinds of dirt and dust. The other is an oil treatment and shampoo in one—it gives dry hair a reconditioning treatment at the same time it cleanses. Choose the one for your type of hair—and use it regularly every week to keep your hair clean and sweet smelling. The shampoos are a dime apiece.

HELP WANTED?

Ann Vernon will be glad to send you a new hairstyle, a make-up analysis, or advice with your special beauty problems. Write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in care of HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Let your curls fall softly on the neck in the day time, bind them back with a gleaming band for night is Sigrid Gurie's formula for this season's newest hair-dos

You'll keep your wave looking nice by setting it at night, and wearing a wave cap to keep the set while you toss on your pillow. One new cap has a drawstring that makes it fit any size of head and keep any type of coiffure in place. It's made of a run-proof mesh—a blessing to anyone who has long nails or uses hair pins. The dainty lace-like edging that holds the cap on won't leave a mark on your forehead.

■ You'll want a fine-textured face powder for your skin's sake this fall. Why not one I saw in Chicago? It's light, but clinging. It gives your skin a smooth, velvety finish—no flour-barrel look is ever smart—and it won't clog the pores. There's a rosy shade that is softly flattering with fall purple, grape and stone-blue shades, but the others are pretty nice, too. This powder, and other items in the same line, have been recently repackaged in stunning red and white. Want the name?

Fall winds call for a softer, creamier lipstick than you used in summer sun. And here's a bargain in lipsticks if ever I saw one. It's a big, full-sized swivel stick, the type you usually pay a dollar for—but not this one. It costs only a quarter! Please don't think that the low price means inferior quality. Because it doesn't! The lipstick is as creamy smooth as any I bought for two dollars. It goes on easily and evenly—and the color, due to a special process in the manufacturing, stays clear for a long time. It gives your lips brilliance and lustre that fairly shouts romance. There are six becoming, fashion-right shades. I found I couldn't do without at least three—a clear blood red to go with black and blue, a bright shade to wear with brown and green, and the orchid to go with purples and wines, and for evening wear . . . Perfume in a lipstick is pretty important, I think, because it's always under your nose. This lipstick is scented delicately, but oh so nicely.

■ Blackheads and large pores won't go with the new feminine fashions any more than will chapped lips or a shiny nose. If you have a crop of these skin bothers that you haven't been able to remove with soap and water scrubbing, you should try a fine pore cream. Write me for the name of one that contains camphor and other medicinal powders. These act to cleanse the pores of dirt, dust and stale make-up that have lodged in them, and to shrink the pores back to normal size. The pore cream should be applied at bedtime to a thoroughly clean face, and left on overnight. Even a single application will show an improvement in your skin texture, but you'll want to continue applications of the cream to keep the blackheads from returning. I know you'll like the new fineness and clearness your skin will take on after using it.

Write me before November 15th, please, if you want the names of any of the products in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage, please) for my reply. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"Take my word for it— Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"

SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!

Baltimore, Md. March 3, 1939 (*Signed*) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER (*Mrs. R. W. Plummer*)



LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness* with *mildness*. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to *glow!* Yet Camay is gentle. We've *proved* Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin. Repeatedly, Camay came out *definitely milder*. You'll find Camay marvelous for your *beauty bath*, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

NEW LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'

Can't smear!
Won't rub off!
Protects lips!



Instantly—
make your lips
more thrilling with

liquid lip tone

HERE IS the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick" at last, that isn't greasy—that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will help to keep your lips velvet-smooth. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid—a divinely scented liquid. It's *so* permanent it CAN'T smear even the most ardent admirer, and not a whit will ever come off on teacup or 'kerchief.

Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone will protect your lips too; it will encourage the natural, warm, moist softness they naturally should have. Certainly such charm gives you an advantage over the girl whose lips are parched, dry, rough—and disappointing!



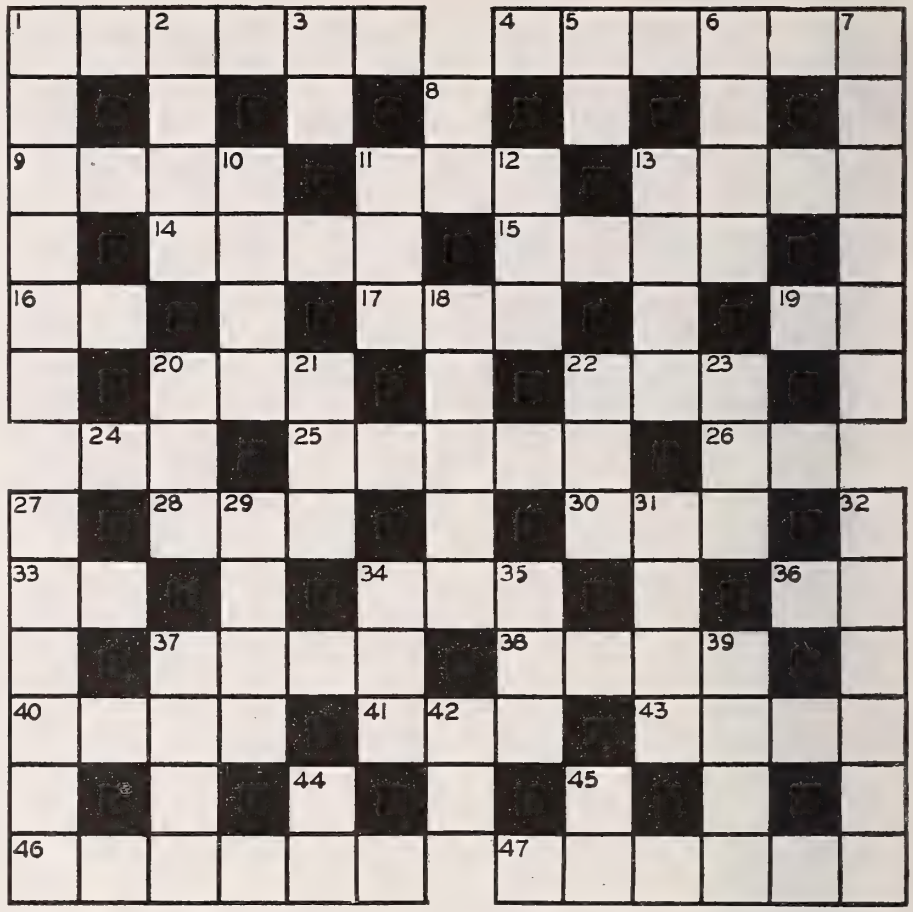
Leak-proof crystal clear flacon with applicator smartly designed for carrying in your purse.

The smartest stores everywhere feature this sensational Princess Pat new LIQUID Lip Tone. If tonight, you want your lips really stunning and sincerely smear-proof select one of the very effective style-right shades of LIQUID Lip Tone today.

PRINCESS PAT
LIQUID LIP TONE

• *AVOID IMITATIONS—Genuine liquid lipstick (patent pending) always bears the name Princess Pat.*

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Blonde in *Man About Town*
4. Brunette star of that film
9. Janet in *The Spellbinder.*
11. ——— *Exciting Night.*
13. Whose role is that of Papa Jones in Jones Family series?
14. *Naughty But* ———.
15. *The Shining* ———.
16. *Susannah* ——— *the Mounties.*
17. Scarecrow in *Wizard of Oz.*
19. *Invitation* ——— *Happiness.*
20. *Trapped in the* ———.
22. Gyp in *Hell's Kitchen.*
24. *Good Girls* ——— *to Paris.*
25. Remember ——— Borden?
26. *Three Smart Girls Grow* ———.
28. What Mr. Erwin is called for short.
30. Larry Simms is one.
33. *I* ——— *a Criminal.*
34. 1 Across had lead in *Million Dollar* ——— (sing.).
36. State in which Toby Wing was born (abbr.).
37. ——— *for Each Other.*
38. Anna Neagle has blue ones.
40. What Mr. Gibson is called.
41. What stars do at Hollywood's Brown Derby.
43. Druscilla in *Our Leading Citizen.*
46. He portrays Andy Hardy.
47. Anne Shirley has lead in this.

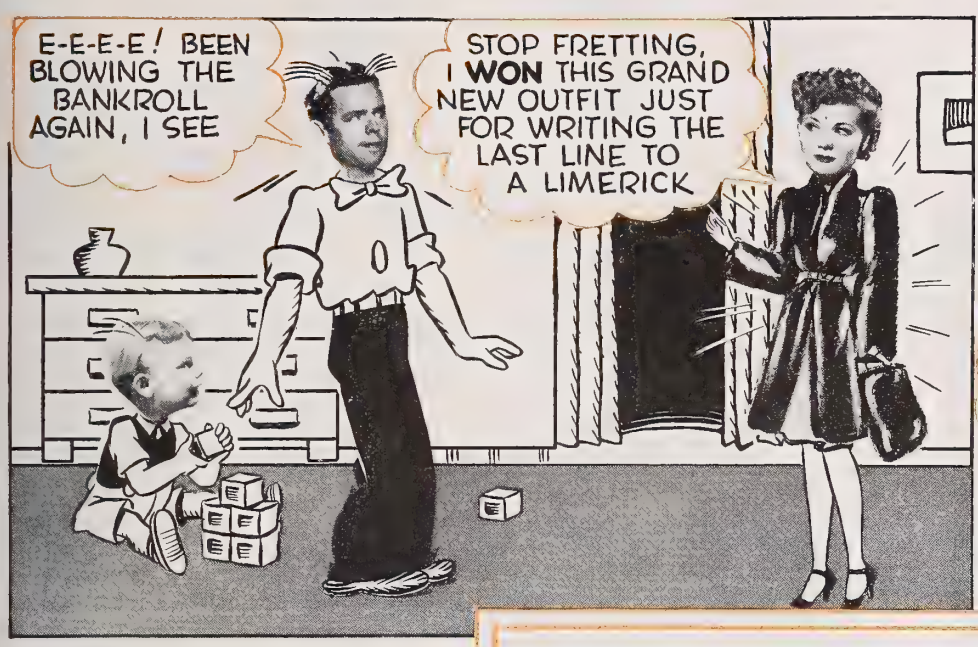
DOWN

1. The girl in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*
2. Stephen Gates in *Hotel for Women.*
3. State in which 4 Across was born (abbr.).
5. *News Is Made* ——— *Night.*
6. *Clouds* ——— *Europe.*
7. Jessie Carter in *The Man Who Dared.*
8. Lloyd Ingraham's initials.
10. Paul Carver in *I Stole a Million.*
11. *They Made* ——— *a Spy.*
12. Descriptive of Garbo.
13. Month in which Johnny Weissmuller was born.
18. Star of *Rose of Washington Square.*
20. ——— *Tidal Wave.*
21. *It Could Happen to* ———.
22. ——— *Freedom Ring.*
23. *They All Come* ———.
27. *Unexpected* ———.
29. *There's* ——— *Woman Again.*
31. General Videnko in *Hotel Imperial.*
32. He plays opposite Hedy Lamarr in *Lady of the Tropics.*
34. Boy actor in *Night Work.*
35. *You Can't* ——— *Away with Murder.*
37. *Mr.* ——— *Takes a Vacation.*
39. ——— *Like It Hot.*
42. Initials of Hollywood's "oomph" girl.
44. *They Made* ——— *a Criminal.*
45. State in which Jane Withers was born (abbr.).

(Solution on page 56)

A WARDROBE A DAY GIVEN AWAY!

IN THE "BLONDIE" OF THE MOVIES DONUT LIMERICK CONTEST





See Columbia Pictures'
"BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY"
featuring Penny Singleton as "Blondie," Arthur Lake as "Dagwood," and Larry Simms as "Baby Dumpling" — at your neighborhood theatre.

All you have to do is complete this Limerick:

"Hey, Penny!" yelled Arthur one night,
"I'm hungry and I want a bite!"
Said Penny, "Okay, sir!
This swell donut bracer

ONE COMPLETE WARDROBE given away EVERY DAY for 8 weeks:

Joyce Hubrite Dress	Aris-of-Paris Gloves
Mary Barron Slip	Mojud Hosiery (2 pairs)
Shur-tite Handbag	Enna Jettick Shoes

PLUS a Grand Prize of $300.00 HOLLANDER HUDSON SEAL COAT

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! Think of it . . . *your* last line that completes the "Blondie" Donut Limerick may earn you a complete new Fall outfit . . . may even win you the grand prize of a glorious Hollander Hudson Seal fur coat!

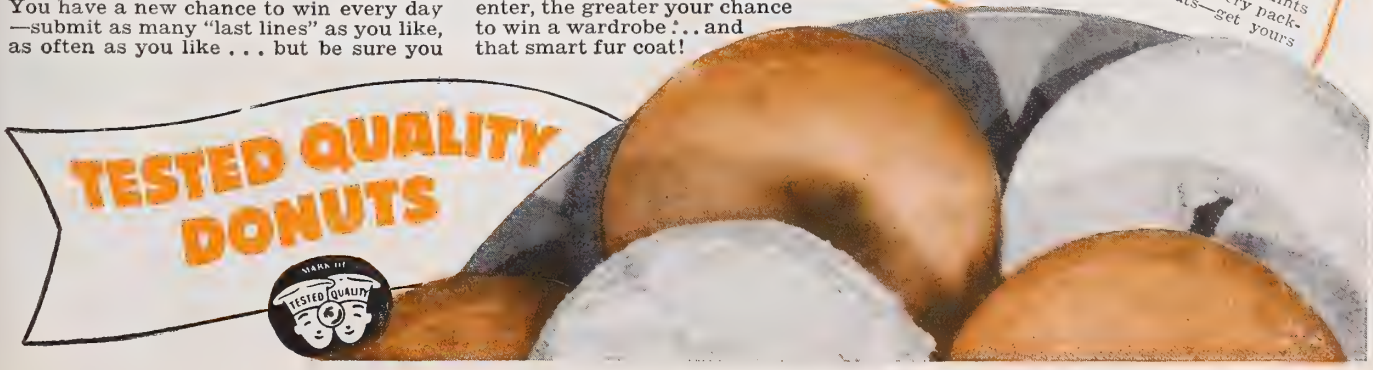
GET YOUR OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY. It gives all the rules of this simple contest . . . plus hints to help you win. You'll find the Official Entry Blank tucked in every package of those tempting Tested Quality Donuts that are made before your eyes at the larger S.S. Kresge stores.

REMEMBER — A COMPLETE WARDROBE GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY FOR 8 WEEKS You have a new chance to win every day —submit as many "last lines" as you like, as often as you like . . . but be sure you write each last line on a separate Official Entry Blank.

TESTED QUALITY DONUTS HAVE "WINNING GOODNESS" — they're America's *prize* donuts, made of wholesome ingredients . . . crisp, golden brown . . . pure, delicious, digestible! Let your whole family enjoy these grand taste-treats often . . . and, at the same time, remember: the more "last lines" you enter, the greater your chance to win a wardrobe . . . and that smart fur coat!

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK WITH TESTED QUALITY DONUTS AT THE LARGER S. S. KRESGE STORES

To win, your last line must be written on the Official Entry Blank. This entry blank gives full rules of the contest, many hints to help you win. It's packed in every package of Tested Quality Donuts—get yours today.



I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR



THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS
—MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

AT OUR EXPENSE!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 117-F, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE!

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

NURSE EDITH CAVELL—*Wilcox-RKO*

"I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness against anyone."

Those were the words that Nurse Edith Cavell whispered just before the guns of the firing squad shattered her brave body, and ended a gallant life devoted to service of others.

Those are the words that murmur off the screen at the end of the film, *Nurse Edith Cavell* which is destined to send audiences out of the theatre hating war and all it does to defenseless people.

Edith Cavell was 48 when she was executed. Anna Neagle is in her twenties, but she plays the role with such dignity and restraint that her great beauty and her youth do not seem incongruous. The film is not designed to awaken hatred and anger against the German authorities who ordered Nurse Cavell's death in 1918, after it was discovered that she was aiding escaped soldiers to find a way back to the British lines. But the story is not a pretty one, and it is told with a certain quiet but passionate protest underlying its controlled drama.

Perhaps the most striking example of the effect of this story in this troubled year is the reaction of audiences to performances by Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson, all of whom, usually, are greeted with laughs at first appearance. They do not play comic parts, and their entrances into the action are not marred by the spontaneous giggles that usually greet them. Brilliant are the performances of Miss Oliver as the Countess who aids nurse Cavell, of Miss Robson as the bourgeois woman who is not less valuable, and of Miss Pitts as a peasant who is an equally important factor in the group of women who risked their lives to save those of refugees.

There is quite a villainous looking set of talented actors cast in the roles of Germans, but they are not all shown as brutal. See this one, not for a gay evening but in memory of a great woman.

THE UNDERPUP—*Universal*

This one is interesting chiefly because it introduces a child, Gloria Jean, who has, in addition to a singularly lovely pure coloratura-soprano voice, an unusually engaging screen personality and an outstanding acting talent. So delighted was the studio with the child's performance that two more big pictures already were planned before this one was completed, and they confidently expect that Gloria Jean will fill the place left vacant by Deanna Durbin when she grew up to mature roles.

The story deals with snobbery in a summer camp, patronized by rich little girls, when a child from the New York slums joins them for two weeks. You may find that the snobbery is a little over done, that the meanness of the rich and the loving kindness of the poor is overdrawn to the point of absurdity, but you will have to admire the work of the important cast that supports this new star. C. Aubrey Smith as a choleric grandfather, Nan Grey as a sympathetic camp counsellor, Robert Cummings as a fast-talking athletic coach, Beulah Bondi as a stern head-mistress, Virginia Weidler as the nice little rich girl, Ann Gillis and Shirley Mills as the mean little heiresses, Ernest Truex, Doris Lloyd, Dickie Moore and many others form a fine background for Gloria Jean, who gives all evidence of being a genuine star.

LADY OF THE TROPICS—*M-G-M*

Remember Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star who years ago had such a following in this country? And remember how he always fell in love with an American girl in the first reel, how both suffered and suffered until the last reel when he committed hari-kari or she died of some sudden malady? They never married, you remember. Sometimes one took poison, sometimes the other committed suicide in some picturesque fashion, but the orchestra always played *Mandalay* and somewhere there always was a sub-title saying "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet."

Remember any one of those films and you could write the story of *Lady of the Tropics* without bothering to go to the theatre. But of course, if you did that you wouldn't see Hedy Lamarr, and she certainly is the most beautiful thing among the brunettes that the screen has seen in many a day. Robert Taylor, in contrast, seems not so handsome as usual, and both act out the tale of mad love without more than mild conviction. Joseph Schildkraut is all made up with slanted eyes and uses a hissing accent as a half-yellow peril. Miss Lamarr wears the most improbable clothes that ever hit Shanghai, and looks perfectly breath-taking in them. But, then, you have already seen pictures of her in this magazine, so that is nothing new.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—*Universal*

Another fine, old, well-worn plot returns this month, but it has a pretty new dress and some engaging acting, so it deserves welcome as all good friends do, no matter what the age.

Remember the story about the hero who fell in love with the heroine at first sight, and could not offer her honorable marriage because he had a hopelessly mad wife whom he could not divorce? That is this one. But it starts out with a strike in a restaurant, and ends with a hurricane, so you see that care has gone into its new version.

Helen (Irene Dunne) did not want to strike, but when it was necessary, she made the speech that took the waitresses into the picket line. Philip (Charles Boyer) did not mean to fall in love, but when Helen accused him of being a company spy, simply because he wanted pie without cheese, he found himself enmeshed in the tender passion. The hurricane is a frightening and fine piece of simulated disaster, and you will see Barbara O'Neil doing one of the most touching, telling performances of the year as the slightly uncertain, vaguely unreasonable, tentatively appealing wife whose mind is maintaining a precarious hold on sanity.

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—*RKO-Radio*

■ An apple on a Central Park bench was dinner for Mary Grey (Ginger Rogers). Then along came financial tycoon Borden (Walter Connolly) who was lonesome because his selfish family had left him alone on his birthday. The result was champagne and celebration in a night club that night. The result was scandal and a bright idea the next morning when Mary woke up in the Borden home on Fifth Avenue, a ready-made siren so far as the family was concerned, even though she had done nothing to deserve their suspicions.

Verree Teasdale as the discontented wife, Tim Holt as the play-boy son, Kathryn Adams as the spoiled daughter, James Ellison as the proud but poor chauffeur, Franklin Pangborn as the baffled butler all are amusing in the rather routine tale of another Cinderella. Lots of comedy in this one, and you won't have to worry about any problems of state, race or politics.

JAMAICA INN—*Paramount*

■ The wind blew chill over the darkening hills that lay like threats under a lowering sky as a slight slip of a terrified girl watched the coach take off in a panicky rush, leaving her alone in the threatening gloom . . . and the picture goes on, just like that. Mary (Maureen O'Hara) doesn't have a single quiet moment in the whole eight reels. First wicked old psychopathic Squire Humphrey (Charles Laughton) gets after her with a sneer and a leer. Then her lusty, lustful uncle-in-law (Leslie Banks) makes drunken advances when he can get time off from wrecking ships and knocking his wife (Marie Ney) into corners. Two or three or four times, . . . one gets confused . . . she rescues one of the outlaw gang (Robert Newton) from hanging and shooting and things like that. She climbs down cliffs. She swims for her life in a raging sea. She is gagged, bound and kidnapped by evil old Sir Humphrey who gets madder and madder every minute. Charles Laughton does enough acting for three pictures, and we can only hope that he has something left for his part in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

THE WIZARD OF OZ—*M-G-M*

■ If you are one who loved the tales of Dorothy's adventures in the magic land of Oz, when you were a child, you should be sure to catch this film. If you never thrilled with Dorothy at her triumphs over the wicked witches, it is high time you caught up with that matter.

Faithfully, the story of the first Oz book has been brought to the screen, complete with Judy Garland as a sturdy, serious, nice little Dorothy. Bert Lahr is a wonderful Cowardly Lion. He growls doubtfully, shrinks at the slightest indication of displeasure, is so sensitive that his crying spells are close to hysterics, and his singing of songs is close to inspired. Ray Bolger makes the limber-legged scarecrow a friendly loon. Jack Haley, all done up in a tin suit, plays the romantic woodman who longed so for a heart. Billie Burke is sweetness and light, itself, as Glinda the Good. Margaret Hamilton is a walking hook-nosed threat as the Wicked Witch. And the use of Technicolor brings to vivid nearness the sturdy fairyland imagined by L. Frank Baum. Frank Morgan is not ideal in appearance as the Wizard, who always seemed to belong more to Oz, itself, than to Kansas. But why find fault? Why say that the Munchkin sequence seems a little long when the whole film shows such care and talent, and when it will delight so many people?

[*Continued on page* 52]

BLUE-EYED GIRLS, LIKE ROCHELLE HUDSON

choose MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP for new allure!



CHARMING COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, *Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!*

Now you can look lovelier *immediately*—thanks to this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that it is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are *right* for you!



MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

FW-1139



Contents

THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless.* So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living.*

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual... making and keeping appointments... enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

Get Midol now, and start *living* the month around again! All drugstores. Midol's flat aluminum case tucks neatly into purse or pocket.

MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

They were lined up along the tracks waving hands and handkerchiefs and banners that read "Welcome home to Gloria Jean" as the special train pulled into Scranton. Crowds filled the depot, overflowed down the steps, filled the big square, and they had all turned out to honor one slim little eleven-year-old who had gone to Hollywood to make her fortune, but who had not forgotten her friends at home.

When Gloria Jean finished the last scene of her first picture, *The Underpup,* the whole studio was delighted with her. She had done such a good job that a special celebration was in order. "What do you want for a present?" said Joe Pasternak, the producer. "Think of the thing you want more than anything else in the world, and I'll give it to you."

Perhaps Gloria Jean thought first of a swimming pool, like Deanna Durbin's. Perhaps she thought of a house on a hill. She might have asked for a symphony orchestra, who knows?

"*Any*thing?" she asked. "Anything at all?"

Pasternak nodded his head. A little girl in Hollywood, even if she is only eleven can have expensive tastes, but Pasternak was ready to keep his word, because not since he had heard Deanna Durbin sing and had put her in her first picture had he found any child who had the same amount of promise until Gloria Jean came along.

"Then I want my picture to open in my home town, if you can fix it," said Gloria Jean.

It was a large order, but the studio fell in with the plans. Not only did the picture open in Scranton, but Gloria Jean, her father, mother and three sisters travelled back to see the town declare a holiday in her honor.

One hundred and five thousand people live in Scranton, and it is estimated that half of them were on the streets to watch the parade go by. Shops locked the doors and declared a holiday. School children volunteered as banner-carriers. The Boy Scouts were out in full force to join the police and hundreds of coal-miners in a guard of honor. Magazine editors and special writers from New York, drama critics from all over the country were along as guests of the studio for the first showing of *The Underpup,* so the parade was a sizeable one. Our special cars wound through the crowded streets slowly to the spot where little Gloria Jean was to be crowned "Queen of Anthracite" by the mayor of Scranton. After about half an hour, one of the writers in our car asked the driver, "What's the latest war news?" This was late in August and notes still were flying back and forth between Britain and Germany. Obligingly, the driver flipped on the radio, and caught the last of a broadcast from London. H. V. Kaltenborn was speaking. Dispassionately, he was describing the plans for the evac-



Gloria Jean's arrival in Scranton, Pennsylvania, for the opening of her film, *The Underpup,* was signal for her whole home town to turn out. Note the miners who were her voluntary honor guard through the crowded streets during the parade

uation of school children from London to the country, the distribution of gas masks, identification placques and "iron rations" to each youngster.

There could not have been a more shocking contrast. There we were in an American town that had mobilized to put on a party for its little eleven-year-old daughter who had made good in Hollywood. The police and the Legion, the veterans and the R. O. T. C., the miners and the Boy Scouts were marching, but they were marching to a movie. The school children were leaving their homes to attend an ice-cream picnic, not an air-raid drill. The shouts were all of welcome, not of fearful farewell.

But the day was all happiness for Gloria Jean. She is a well-bred, nice, modest little girl, rather prettier off the screen than on, because her reddish-gold hair and blue eyes are a vivid contrast to her fair skin powdered with faint freckles. Her father made a living for his attractive family as a piano salesman before Hollywood reached out for Gloria's voice. Her mother is active in the Scranton Parent-Teachers' Association, and her three sisters, fifteen, nine and four years old, are talented and pretty, too. It would be hard to find a nicer family, or one that will be less bewildered by the sudden glamour of Hollywood stardom.

■ Another newcomer to fame, William Holden, visited New York for the first time this month, and found useful at parties his training in the ring for his prize-fight picture, *Golden Boy*. Two hours of hand-shaking, of compliments, of questions from the press at a cocktail party can be an exhausting experience, but young Mr. Holden emerged looking pleased and hearty. He may well be pleased because his first picture, too, is an undoubted success, and the start of a career that may well achieve stardom during 1940.

■ The beautiful Anna Neagle has many British pictures to her credit, but she, too, made a first appearance in an American picture this month. Herbert Wilcox, British producer and director, brought his staff from England for the filming of *Nurse Edith Cavell* at RKO in Hollywood. This is the first of a series of "exchange" pictures which he will make here, with Miss Neagle as star in an American cast.

The picture was shown to the press on a rainy night when war was hanging close over Europe. At dinner after the showing, Miss Neagle made a little speech. "This is an unfortunate time to see this film," she said. "Or perhaps it is fortunate, I don't know. All I know is that, as I read through the memoirs of Nurse Cavell, I was overwhelmed with the realization of the frightfulness of those days. The more I read, the more terrifying I felt it to be. This picture is not meant to revive feelings of anger and hatred. But if it makes others feel the pity for the frightful anguish of wounded, hunted men that Nurse Cavell felt, it will have done its work."

DON'T MISS THIS CONTEST!

Here is your chance to win enchanting prizes in one of the biggest contests offered by HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

STARTING NEXT MONTH

Full details of the contest and the really exceptionally beautiful awards will be found in these pages. Don't miss your chance to possess some of the beautiful, expensive, costume jewelry, designed by Ricarde of Hollywood, known throughout the movie colony for his modern interpretations of the heirloom necklaces, brooches, bracelets, clips, rings and earrings worn in David Selznick's film, *Gone With the Wind*. Dozens of pieces of handsome jewelry are offered in a contest that is fun in itself. Don't fail to read details in next month's copy of

HOLLYWOOD



IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE LISTEN...

Posed by professional model

HOW THOUSANDS OF THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE

GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH *Quick!*

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

For thousands of other girls have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

Why they build up so quick

The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly — only because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see why they have helped so many skinny, washed-out people quickly to gain new, much more attractive pounds, new pep and enjoyment in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep — if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

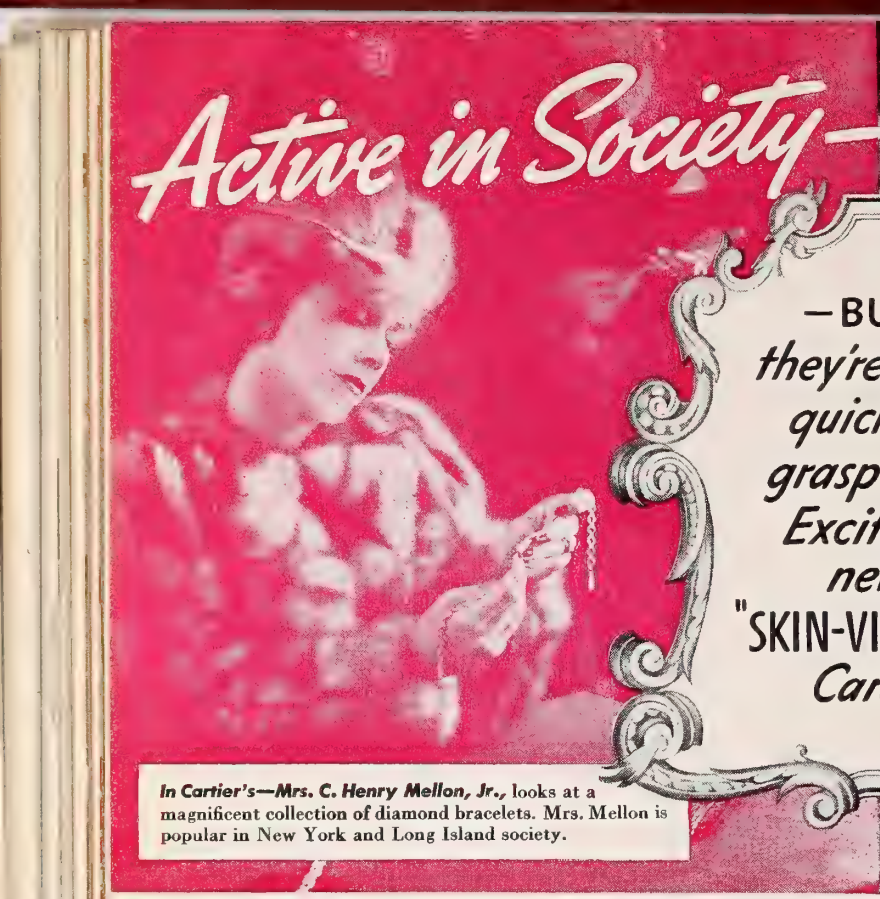
Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House





—BUT they're both quick to grasp this Exciting new "SKIN-VITAMIN" Care*!

In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."



On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.



Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.





Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.



"Things Men Don't Know About Love"



Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla Lane discuss, half in fun and half in fury, a long list of unwitting mistakes men make

By
KATE JOHNS

■ Don't get the Lane Sisters wrong! They think men are wonderful. Only—

We all know men go stumbling along in love, making mistakes right and left because the poor dears don't know any better and no woman has taken the trouble to tell them they are pulling boners in the fine art of romance. Somebody ought to do something about it, I decided. It was then I hit on something I thought was pure inspiration. Why not ask the Lane Sisters, who have amiable differences of opinion on a lot of things, to argue the matter to a final conclusion? The three girls are just enough different in character, personality and experience to make a discussion of this subject fascinating and profitable. Lola, the sophisticate with two marriages behind her; Pat, the personification of the candid and independent young modern; and Rosemary, the romantic young dreamer—there, in one handy family package, were three girls who would have three different opinions about the unwitting mistakes men make in love. Oh happy day!

It might have been a happy day if I had tackled them individually for their opinions, Lola in her smart town apartment, Rosemary in the garden of her valley home, and Pat on the set of *The Roaring Twenties* which she was finishing before the three of them start their next picture, *Four Wives*.

Instead I chose to talk to them en masse. I thought we'd have a grand time in the Warner commissary, amiably bickering over the whole subject.

Oh, me! How was I to know that they'd all shut up like clams at first for fear someone might think they were criticizing something one of their own beaus had done or failed to do?

To prove I wanted them to speak from *observation only* I suggested they pretend that they were confidential advisors to an unsuccessful young man in love and chart a campaign that would carry him to victory.

"Ah," said Rosemary, dreamily.

"Aha," said Pat, eagerly.

"Ha," said Lola, cryptically.

"The first thing I'd tell the young man," Pat cut in. "Is not to act like his girl's school-teacher. If there is anything drives a girl crazy it is that superior way a man has of letting you express an opinion and they saying 'Yes, dear, *but*' or 'That's so, dear, *however*.'"

"Or never letting a girl win an argument," Rosemary said with force. "It is just possible a girl could know what she's talking about once in a while!"

Lola smiled quietly. "Or," she offered, "having sense enough to know there is no point in arguing with a woman and hence nipping prospective arguments in the bud by a firm stand."

Pat agreed with her. Half the time she started arguments, she said, just to kick up a little excitement, and first thing anyone knew, relations were strained over something that was absurdly inconsequential. Rosemary held out; she loved to argue, she insisted.

"Well, here's something I'd tell him," Pat said, picking up the theme. "A girl can forgive a man for sneaking a kiss when he shouldn't but she never can forgive him for *not* sneaking a kiss when he could!"

"Imagine sitting in a movie and not holding hands," Rosemary amended. "Or riding in the moonlight . . ."

"You kids have been reading too many movie scripts," Lola said indulgently. "As a matter of fact, the young man should kiss her when she's not expecting it, and retire into a shell when she's dead sure a kiss is coming up."

Pat protested at once. "But then I'd never know, I mean, the girl would never know where she was at!"

"Exactly!" Lola granted. "That's the whole idea. Men [*Continued on page* 49]

THE ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD FROM BATHING BEAUTIES TO WORLD PREMIERES!

IN TECHNICOLOR



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment! A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG · ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN · JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON · DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT · EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou B[illegible]low

A 20th Century-Fox Pict[illegible]re







The Light That Failed

By
SERENA BRADFORD

■ Across a New Mexico plateau whooshed a "dust devil," the pint-size local cyclone. It picked up a wooden shack, carried it ten feet through the air, and plumped it down at a crazy angle amid the mesquite. From out the open door spilled Walter Huston and Dudley Digges. They landed practically unhurt at the feet of Ronald Colman, who with jaw dropped had watched their dressing room shelter take off.

"It's the first time," remarked Colman as Huston inspected a scratch along his leg, "I ever saw a man bark his shins on a whirlwind."

This tussle with the baby cyclone, which decidedly wasn't in the script of Kipling's *The Light That Failed,* proved only the first in a series of fantastic events which attended the doings of the Paramount production unit. Unexpected whimsies of nature, human and otherwise, accompanied them clear to the shooting of the final sequence at Laguna Beach, California—but more of that later.

To start with, Colman looked rather whimsical himself in checked trousers and jacket, toting an easel around the rock-and-sand solitude of Buckman, N.M., outside Santa Fe; and trying not to perspire while the fervent sun beat down through the thin air at the 7200 foot altitude. Colman plays Dick Heldar, the artist and war-correspondent hero of the story. A palm leaf fan would have stood him in better stead than an easel just then.

And Huston—he sat at a camp table in a thin shirt and long under-drawers, whimsical as you please, mending the seat of a pair of plaid trousers while the cameras turned. Huston plays Torpenhow, English war-correspondent. And even war correspondents didn't wear tailored shorts in the 1880's. Incidentally, both Colman and Huston are notably conservative dressers. For this picture they wear checked and plaid suits made especially for them in Glencraigie, Scotland, and patterned carefully on

[*Continued on page* 64]

A baby cyclone was just one of the many unexpected events that made the filming of Kipling's famous story exciting. Above, Ronald Colman as the war-correspondent and painter with Ida Lupino as the gutter drab

Popularity Quiz

Have you been asked to go dining and dancing this week? Have you had a lot of telephone calls, invitations to go driving? Bids for parties? Yes, but how popular would you be in Hollywood? This quiz will tell you

By HELEN HOVER



Olivia de Havilland asks questions concerning conversational habits



Above, Ann Rutherford, our expert on "phoning," hears a play-back of her own voice. Below, Ann Sheridan, whose first rule for "dating" is "Be ready on time"



There are some things that even your best friend won't tell you. So we will! (My, what a long chin you have, Grandma. The better to lead with, honeychile!) Anyway, if your phone rings about as often as a four-alarm fire in an asbestos factory, it's time you did something about it.

Taking a tip from Mr. Henry Ford who believes in specialization, we asked nine of the most popular girls in Hollywood to give us some answers. That's why Pat (Priscilla on the marquees) Lane gives out on the how-you-kill-your-chances-when-you-have-a-sports-date-with-him; Joy Hodges, whose forte is dancing, handles the art of how to fascinate your man while terpsichoring; Olivia de Havilland, beautiful and smart, tells you how and why you stymy your chances when you open your mouth; Ann Sheridan, Virginia Grey, Jane Wyman, Jane Bryan, Ann Rutherford and Virginia Field contribute sound advice in other divisions.

So come on, girls. Check yourselves by Hollywood's Standards. Your rating on page 67 will show you your short suits, and that's half the battle. The other half of the battle is in converting those short suits into winning tricks, so get out your pencils, answer honestly and score yourself like this: If your answer is "Never," mark down a one (1). If your answer is "Well, hardly ever," score two (2). If you have to admit "Often," mark three (3). And if you are "Guilty," write down four (4). Here you go. Ponder your answer carefully before you mark it down, if you want your rating.

HOW DO YOU RATE *Conversationally?*

QUIZZER: OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

1. Do you answer questions with "Well, yes—and no?" ————

2. Do you wait to hear his view before expressing yours so that you can agree with him? ————

3. Do you describe at great length personal incidents of your childhood? ————

4. Do you stop in the middle of a story with, "Now let's see, how does it go?" "I'm not sure if I should tell you this." "Are you sure you haven't heard this before?" ————

5. Do you try to top his stories with a wise crack? ————

6. Do you laugh before he has reached the point of his joke? ————

7. Do you ask him how he has "escaped marriage for such a long time?" ————

8. Do you ask him for advice on your family troubles? ————

9. Do you use: "It's a woman's privilege" as an excuse to change your mind? ————

10. Do you archly repeat compliments about yourself? ————

Jane Bryan has some searching queries on the matter of clothes and jewelry



"Don't turn on that soulful look too strong in public," warns Virginia Field





Priscilla Lane takes over the questions concerning conduct of the outdoors girl



Jane Wyman asks twelve searching questions about the etiquette of driving

11. Do you describe in detail plots of pictures you have seen? ————

12. When on the losing side of an argument, do you pass it off by cooing in a martyred tone, "Oh, have it your own way, dear?"————

13. Do you talk at great length about people he doesn't know? ————

14. Do you go into great detail about love affairs of female friends? ————

15. When you're with a writer (or musician or artist or designer, etc.) do you say: "I used to love to write (compose, draw, design, etc.) when I was a kid, but I outgrew it?" ————

16. When he mispronounces a word, do you correct him? ————

HOW DO YOU RATE
Dating?

QUIZZER: ANN SHERIDAN

1. Do you keep him waiting? ————

2. Do you ever bring your knitting with you? ————

3. Do you interrupt a silence with "a penny for your thoughts"? ————

4. Do you take your coat when you don't need to, and then make him carry it? ————

5. Is your handbag so full of gadgets you have to fumble in it for a half-hour for your key? ————

6. Do you remind him of good times you've had with others? ————

7. Do you stop to look at shop windows when walking with him? ————

8. Do you ring in an extra lone girl friend on your date? ————

9. Do you fail to thank him for the little things he does? ————

10. When it's time to say "good night," do you get dramatic and insist upon knowing when you'll see him again? ————

11. Do you hate to go home before three A. M.? ————

12. Do you chatter constantly to make him think you're peppy? ————

13. Do you carry in your bag a picture of your favorite movie star? ————

14. When he flounders for change, do you offer him money? ————

HOW DO YOU RATE
Dining?

QUIZZER: VIRGINIA GREY

1. Do you invariably order new dishes with strange names, then send them back when they amaze you? ————

2. After a few drinks do you get gabby or affectionate or weepy or sentimental or hysterical? ————

3. When the check arrives, do you try to sneak a look at it? ————

4. Do you tell him what to order because you "know he has a nervous stomach"? ————

5. Do you watch everything that goes on over his shoulder? ————

6. Do you flick out bits of tobacco from your teeth every time you light a cigarette? ————

7. Do you smoke between courses? ————

8. Do you squash out cigarette butts in your coffee cup? ————

9. Do you order hesitantly, changing your order several times? ————

10. At cocktail bars, do you stand on the railing and chirp: "Looka how tall I am now?" ————

11. Do you reach out and season his food for him without his asking? ————

12. Do you hail waiters to the table if you want something? ————

13. Do you usually ask for something not on the restaurant menu? ————



Above, Virginia Grey warns that you may eat alone unless you follow advice! Below, Joy Hodges has plenty to say on how to behave on a date for dancing

HOW DO YOU RATE
Dancing?

QUIZZER: JOY HODGES

1. Do you wear tight evening dresses which give you a pendulum action from the rear when you dance? ————

2. Do you try to teach him new steps unless he asks you? ————

3. Do you hail friends on the dance floor, and stop to hold a gab fest with them? ————

4. Do you make your escort dance close to the orchestra stand all night so that you can gaze at the leader? ———— [*Continued on page* 66]



Ahoy! Captain Gulliver

Once more the valiant sea-captain sets forth on his adventures, this time in a full-length, color cartoon

By
JOHN R. FRANCHEY

Remember Captain Lemuel Gulliver, that fabulous British Marco Polo who was always leaving his wife and brood at the first whiff of a trade wind, and who wound up by getting himself captured by a horde of little men, match-stick high, in a strange land called Lilliput?

Well, the most wonderful sailor ever to skim the deep is to relive his exciting adventures (in technicolor, no less) in Max Fleischer's most important undertaking to date, *Gulliver's Travels,* first full-length cartoon since the delightful *Snow White* emerged from Walt Disney's studio a year ago.

"*Gulliver's Travels* is easily my favorite story," Fleischer rhapsodized at his Miami studio, in between feverish final touches which he is applying to his masterpiece which you should be seeing shortly before Christmas. "I have loved the book ever since I was a kid. When we decided to do a feature-length cartoon



The horrified Lilliputians rush to the defense when gigantic Gulliver appears from the sea

I didn't debate very long on the business of selecting a story. It was Gulliver all the way."

Untold millions of kids, ever since 1727 when Jonathon Swift launched his immortal story, have read with high glee the enchanting story of star-crossed Captain Gulliver. No matter if the embittered Swift meant it to be a scorching satire on the littleness of man and the futility of war. Children from France to Japan, ignoring the under-current of indignant cynicism, have loved it as the travel fantasy par-excellence.

And just as Swift wrote it you will see it on the screen, director-general Fleischer swears, though he has added a character or two.

"We're not setting out to change Jonathan Swift," he protests hotly, interrupting his work of inspecting the 250,000 drawings necessary for a feature-length cartoon.

All of which is welcome news to the Swift fans who remember the breathless moment when the doughty Captain is shipwrecked on page three of the book, cast ashore on a strange island on page four, and is awakened on page five to find himself fastened to the earth by myriad cables, all the while an army of awe-struck citizens of Lilliput is arrayed, battle-formation, on his chest, menacing him with miniature bows.

Do you remember how the captain Gulliver is then fed by the ingenious method of running a gigantic ladder up alongside his head, while a regiment of Lilliputians carry up assorted victuals in countless baskets and dump it into his Grand-Canyon-of-a-mouth, trembling lest they fall into the yawning pit?

Do you remember how five hundred wee carpenters were then recruited to build a monstrous engine on which the hapless Gulliver was hoisted to a wagon? And how 1,500 Lilliputian horses were harnessed to the wagon and tugged him, by epic labor, safely to the gates of the Lilliput Metropolis?

And of course you remember how Captain Gulliver, set at liberty on his word of an honor as an English gentleman, destroys the hostile fleet of the rival King of Blefescu, by swimming out to the anchored men-of-war, and, as the terrified sailors dive pell-mell into the waters, ties thread to the masts of the ships and drags them back to Lilliput as thousands cheer.

Jonathan Swift wrote the story from the viewpoint of [*Continued on page* 50]



Right, Gulliver and the Lilliputian army march to the defense of the coast line

Gabby discovers Gulliver, and, after a moment of panic, rouses the town



Gulliver swims to an unknown land after the ship-wreck

Typical of backgrounds in *Gulliver's Travels* is this painting of the town

Ahoy! Captain Gulliver

Ahoy! Captain Gulliver

Once more the valiant sea-captain sets forth on his adventures, this time in a full-length, color cartoon

By
JOHN R. FRANCHEY







Left, dignified Miss Proctor, the perfect lady with the glass in her hand, was quietly interviewing Margaret Dumont when . . . but look across the page to see what happened





Afternoon in the Madhouse

What happened when a fearless writer ventured on the Marx Brothers' set won her Hollywood Magazine's heroine's medal for bravery . . . a single gray hair set in a pretty little celluloid locket

Top, Harpo in the midget's house. Bottom, Chico and Groucho with a friend from *A Day at the Circus*

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Two big bruisers in white coats with "Norwalk" written on their caps just knocked at my door. They said they had come to take me for a nice long rest in the pretty country.

That's all right by me. I'm ready to go. I know Norwalk is a state hospital for the insane, but that sounds cosy and quiet after what I've just been through. I know they have a lot of madmen locked up there, but madmen are an old story to me now. For I have just spent an afternoon on the sound stage at M-G-M where the Marx Brothers are making *A Day at the Circus*.

And to think I asked for it!

I was wandering around the studio poking my nose in this set and the other to see what was going on. About that time my studio companion and myself neared Stage 5 and I saw the red light burning which meant something was going on in there.

"What gives?" I wanted to know. Maxine kept right on walking. "You don't want to visit there," she said. I asked why not.

"Well," she said ominously, "things are apt to happen to you." I wanted to know what sort of things.

My mother always said my ungodly curiosity would get me into trouble some day. My mother was right.

All was calm as a Monday morning in a cemetery when we walked in. Groucho, Chico and Harpo were sitting in their canvas backed chairs talking over part of the script with Director Eddie Buzzell and Producer Mervyn LeRoy. Florence Rice was sitting with her nose in a book, stately Margaret Dumont was working on a crocheted rug, Kenny Baker was doing a few quiet mi-mi-mi's off in one corner and the grips (stagehands) were debating the merits of a certain horse in the fifth at Hollywood Park.

"Some excitement!" I hissed scornfully at Maxine. She smirked in a superior sort of way. "You're not out of here yet," she reminded me. That gal ought to go in for fortune telling, she's so psychic.

The Marx Brothers try to convince Misses Dumont and Proctor that life in the madhouse may be considered peaceful and very quiet compared to an afternoon on the set







Top, Harpo disguised as a mattress. Bottom, being kind to a friendly seal caught without his umbrella

When the script conference broke up I was introduced to the Marxes. They were courteous, gracious gentlemen, all of them, and we talked pleasantly for five minutes or so. They asked if I'd like to watch a few scenes and I said I would. Ah me!

The scene was one in which everyone was left hanging to trapeze bars while a gorilla was on the warpath, which gives you some idea of the tempo of the thing. I was sitting near the set, just out of camera range, and thoroughly enjoying the zany antics when Groucho stopped dead, glared ferociously at me and imperiously yelled "Cut!" Then he strode up and shook his finger in my face.

"Come, come, Mrs. Whittlebottom," he roared. "We can't have this, you know. We're working men with work to do and you're upsetting things. Must ask you to stop or leave the set."

He caught me off guard completely.

"Stop what?" I stammered.

"Legs!" Groucho yelled, and I swear they could hear him in Louis B. Mayer's private office a block away. "*Your* legs! Not good legs but not bad legs. Legs, legs, legs, marching up and down again. Legs, legs, legs. You're driving me mad!"

Everyone on the set was staring. In confusion I automatically did what nine women out of ten would do under the same circumstances—uncrossed my knees and tugged my skirt down over them. My face, naturally, was flaming in embarrassment.

With that Chico sprang into action. First he fanned me with an imaginary towel, then took my pulse with one hand while feeling my brow with the other. He shook his head sadly, beckoned for Groucho and Harpo to join him. They in turn took my pulse and felt my head. Muttering among themselves, they retired into conference ala signal huddle in a football game. Then Chico raced back.

"There is one indisputable test!" he shouted at me. "Cross your knees."

Like a hypnotist's stooge in a vaudeville act, I crossed my knees. Chico gave me a sharp whack just below the knee cap.

"Ah," he said triumphantly. "I knew it! I knew the Bombay on Toast test would not fail me." Gravely he shook my hand. "My congratulations, Mrs. Whittlebottom," he said. "You are indeed alive."

That apparently was pink-wigged Harpo's cue. With two fingers in mouth he gave his familiar whistle, honked the old fashioned automobile horn he had in a pocket, and capered up and down like a kid at a school picnic. Then rushing to the empty chair beside me, he sat down, threw his arms around me in an ardent embrace, and grabbed one of my not-too-good-but-not-too-bad legs. Lifting it to his lap, he first dociley petted it as if I were a puppy, then making an imaginary zither out of it, plucked happily away at the strings!

I'll bet you Norwalk won't have anything to tie that moment.

You'd think that would have satisfied them for one day, wouldn't you? A lot of good clean fun with me practically in the swoons. Hmmph! That wasn't the half of it!

■ Of course *A Day at the Circus* is a little zanier than the usual Marx Brothers madfest, which may account for part of the general confusion. It has quaint little touches like women walking on the ceiling, air-conditioned circus tents, and midgets pushing veritable goliaths all over the place.

The story (if you grant a Marx epic ever *has* a story back of it) concerns the adventures of a wealthy young socialite, Kenny Baker, in running a three-ring circus owned by a strong-man, Nat Pendleton. Kenny is given a half-interest in the show on the strength of the bankroll of his aunt, Margaret Dumont. He falls in love with Florence Rice, a singing equestrienne in the show. The aunt meantime disinherits him and he is in a jam for the money he owes. Chico, a circus [*Continued on page* 55]

Back to Nature

Joan Davis, who confesses to a dearly cherished ambition to be a leopard woman, took time off from her newest film, *Too Busy to Work*, in The Jones Family Series and demonstrated how you, too, may be Tarzan by a little effort in spare time



First lesson is in stalking the dinner



Learning to relax in the sunny wild-wood



Let the savage in you come to the surface



A different jungle yell is one of the essentials



Above, don't neglect your looks

Below, teeth and knife on edge





Don't forget the niceties of life in the wildwood



Be brave because you can always go home



It is a mistake to lose touch with civilization



Stop, look, listen, and obey the traffic signals



Some modern equipment will be useful

Bachelor Insurance



By
JOYZELLE LEE

John Howard takes time out from *Disputed Passage*, to consider the problems of the bachelor, and to offer policies for complete protection . . . . if you want it

Some gentlemen in this world are doubly blessed. They may remain bachelors, either by chance or by choice, with no more to-do about it than an occasional gentle sigh from their Aunt Penelopes about what some poor girl is missing, or a slyly envious dig from a brother in harness. At heart nobody cares.

It is a different story, alas, in Hollywood, the happy hunting ground of matrimonial-minded maids and matrons. There, it seems, an eligible man may remain a bachelor only at the cost of considerable stink, which is the polite word for general furore. And only, it would appear, if he has worked out some kind of A Plan.

A perfect case in point is John Howard, as debonair a young gallant as you'd want to meet.

John certainly is an eligible young man, any way you look at it, being handsome, healthy, and hep to how to earn a very nice living indeed. He certainly is a bachelor as the Hollywood ladies, six deep at the Wailing Wall, will testify. And he certainly has A Plan. I found that out. He calls it "Bachelor Insurance."

In case you are harboring any quaint notions that John is a misogynist, which is a two dollar Greek word for plain old woman-hater, or that he is even faintly anti-marriage in his philosophy about life, forget about them. John's complaint is that Hollywood girls are so lovely that, if he followed the romantic inclinations of his heart, he'd up and marry every one of the pretty darlings. Unfortunately there is a law, and since he is a law-abiding citizen, it was necessary to evolve some sort of a plan to defend himself, not against the ladies, but against *himself!* Any fair-minded person will allow that.

"Fellows in my fix are more to be pitied than censured," he said plaintively—but with a twinkle in his nice clear eyes. "Think of us! Longing with all our hearts for the peace of hearth and home, but denied it because with so many glorious girls around we just can't choose—supposing for the sake of argument that the girls would have us."

The misery of his plight had me crying in my beer. Maybe I should mention we were having nothing so tony as scotch and soda, but were sipping plebeian old beer in one of those plain beer parlors you duck into for a quick one on the way home from the office where nobody gives a hoot whether you are a big movie star or not. That's the kind of places John prefers. Maybe I should mention, too, that it was a darned hot day, and that John had tossed glamour so far to the winds as to remove an elegantly tailored coat (revealing very correct gray galluses) and to loosen a tightly knotted cravat.

The idea for bachelor [*Continued on page* 62]

Stepping Out With

The Housekeeper's Daughter





Our favorite extra has a shocking time trying to keep ahead of some firecrackers and wisecrackers and as a result is now staging a stand-up strike

By E. J. (DON JUAN) SMITHSON

At the top of the page, Bill Gargan, Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou start the argument that reaches its climax when Menjou tries out a new duelling weapon, immediately below. Above, John Hubbard and Bill Gargan hard at work on a newspaper



Dear Editor:

Well, I might as well tell it. No sooner had I got myself a job out at the Hal Roach Studios so I could step out with the housekeeper's daughter (played by Joan Bennett) than I stepped into more trouble in ten minutes than I've experienced in the last two years. And I've had my troubles, as you well know.

So I'm through with dames. This time for good. And I'll tell you why.

I'm supposed to be a hoodlum, see, and along with some other muggs and character we're supposed to invade the home where the housekeeper's daughter is staying. That strikes my fancy more than somewhat, because I'm pretty keen on this Joan Bennett who is a swell looker and a mighty fine actress, and if I have to crash her home for a close-up (and getting paid for it, too, mind you) it's okay by me, doubled in hearts. In fact, I'm so keen about the little lady that I'm going to try to get work in the picture she is going to do at Universal even if it is called *Green Hell* which should be a warning after all I've been through.

Well, Hal Roach, the director of *The Housekeeper's Daughter* as well as the producer, gives us final instructions about where and when to go and what to do after we get there, squints at the lighting, nods at his cameraman and says "Okay, folks, let's have it!"

And that's about the last I remember.

I vaguely recall getting a glimpse of Adolphe Menjou, who has the role of the star reporter in the picture and who, as this sequence begins, stands ready to repulse the big bad hoodlums.

Now, as you know, this Menjou guy is a slim Jim in build. You probably could blow him over in one good breath, if [*Continued on page* 57]

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt aqainst Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



Go get the facts and you'll never use a *heavy* cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



The speed of life today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself *"young skin care"*—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for *you?*

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there*...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Post-Graduate Course

Hollywood has many lessons to teach. The most important is "Never stop learning!" according to Loretta

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

■ Not so very long ago Loretta Young fell in love with a script. She read it, thought it perfect, decided that it would be her greatest opportunity. She felt that life wouldn't be worth while unless she could do it. She was under contract to Warner Brothers at the time. The powers-that-be told her that she could have the role—probably.

As the weeks passed, the role grew more and more important to her. The picture became very near and dear to her. She alternately rejoiced at the opportunity to do it and fretted, worried and feared she wouldn't get the part. Just when she could stand the suspense no longer, Loretta was called into the office and was told that she was going to do another picture at another studio first.

"But will I get back in time for ———?" she asked breathlessly.

"Of course," was the answer.

So she went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and worked in *Midnight Mary,* with Franchot Tone and Ricardo Cortez. She went at her role with all the enthusiasm and vigor of a child eating spinach on pain of getting no dessert if she didn't polish her plate. And, while *Midnight Mary* was being directed merrily by William Wellman, up popped the picture of pictures at Warner Brothers.

Somebody else got the role.

Loretta had a good cry for herself. She was sure she was abused by fate, kicked around by the front office, the victim of luck hard enough to cut diamonds. Days went into weeks, weeks into months, and still she worried because she hadn't been able to do that part—until the picture was previewed and released. It turned out to be one of the finest floperoos Hollywood had turned out in many, moons.

On the other hand, the picture she hadn't wanted to do, particularly—*Midnight Mary*— was a hit.

"And so," she said as she relaxed between scenes of *Eternally Yours,* which she and David Niven are making for Walter Wanger productions, "I learned a lesson which has always stuck with me. That's to take everything in your stride, not allow yourself to be disappointed, whether you're in Hollywood or any place else. For Hollywood, with its petty triumphs and its big ones, its problems, disasters, laughs and heartaches, is much the same as any other community. Working in pictures is essentially work, and in the main not much different from any other kind of employment." Loretta confesses that she's learned a great deal in the twelve years she's been featured and starred in motion pictures, dating from her first big role in the Lon Chaney picture, *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* She was fourteen then. She had been before the cameras off and on since her pre-school days, shortly after her mother and her sisters, Sally Blaine and Polly Ann Young, arrived in Hollywood from Salt Lake City.

We were discussing the tendency to gossip, a vicious little pastime which is all too common, when she told of one of the most embarrassing experiences of her early career—an experience that taught her a lesson she never will forget.

"I heard a story about a writer," she recalled. "I got it fourth or fifth hand. I passed it along, adding a few little flourishes to get 'ohs' and 'ahs' from my audience. I didn't stop to think that such gossip might not be true, and that those who had passed it on to me might have elaborated a bit, even as I had."

The gossip rebounded. Her telephone rang. It was the writer, a man famous in Hollywood.

"I hear you've been telling a story about me," he said, and repeated the tale Loretta had told. "What makes you think it's true?"

Loretta paused to consider this and remembered that, while it had been given to her by a woman of unimpeachable character, that woman in turn might have picked it up from someone who had viciously fabricated the whole thing.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Well, it isn't true," the writer said. And, in a very nice way, he pointed out where the story had originated, why, how it had grown, had become unkind and even dangerous to his career and reputation. She apologized. The writer understood, and they became fast friends.

"That was an embarrassing, hard-to-take and much deserved lesson," she pointed out. "Gossip is without excuse in Hollywood or any place else. And keep this in mind—it isn't the true things people say about you that hurt. It's the falsehoods which one passes on about [*Continued on page* 68]



Loretta Young in one of the spectacular gowns from her next film, *Eternally Yours*

Women everywhere will be grateful!

Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"



Worry no more. You needn't be looking in mirrors or asking people "Am I all right?" . . . The New Miracle Modess has come to your rescue!



Endure no more. If you suffer chafing discomfort on "difficult" days . . . here's news. Read the details of the New Miracle Modess below.



Today, at any dealer's you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "*Moisture Zoning!*" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft *fluff*—so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news—"Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

Today, get this amazing new Modess—the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

FIRST WITH FLUFF FILLER



Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts* softer—it also *stays* softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING



Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

AND NOW..... "MOISTURE ZONING"



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.





Above, Charles Laughton strolling across the RKO lot with Maureen O'Hara cast opposite him in *Jamaica Inn* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

The Hunchback Returns

The story of the fearsome and pitiful monster of Notre Dame returns to the screen in one of the year's big films

By
EMILY NORRIS

■ Suddenly in the midst of a tense and quiet scene, where the drop of a pin would have echoed like the clunk of a crowbar, frenzied shrieks arose from the carnival set over by the cathedral square. The shrieks were not called for at that moment by the script of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* but they were real shrieks all right.

With a flapping of men's long cloaks and women's long gowns, the entire populace of Paris, including the court of Louis XI, whooshed across the square. They jammed themselves into medieval archways. They piled up on one another in an attempt to reach chinks in the great outdoor cathedral set which served as exits to the open fields of the RKO ranch. It looked like the beginning of a lifesize panic, complete with casualties.

"What, for heaven's sake—!" began Charles Laughton, who, only a moment before, had stood (as The Hunchback) bewildered before his accusers. He was a lot more bewildered now.

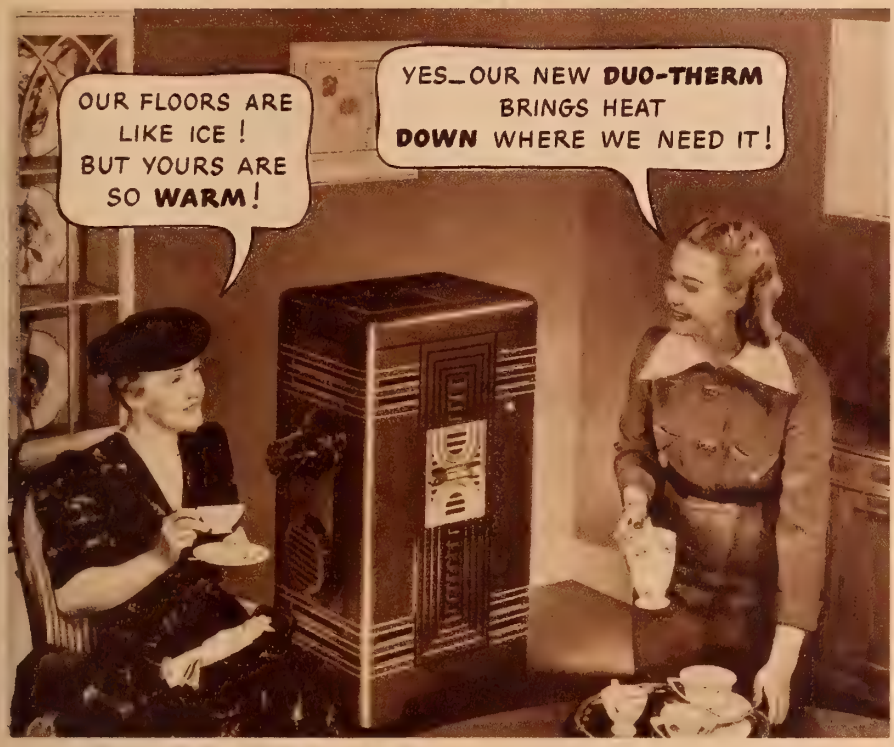
Then he saw the reason for the stampede. A big iron cage was tipped at an angle, the door was open, and Tony, the huge cinnamon bear was lunging about with white foam on his jaws. The heat at the ranch was intense. Had the animal gone mad? Then Laughton saw something else.

Swiftly he seized the microphone and his voice boomed, calm and reassuring, over the surging throng. "The bear won't harm you. That's ice cream on his face—I can see the



Right, Charles Laughton in the distorting hump and elaborate make-up of the monster prowls the streets while Maureen O'Hara looks frightened, and no wonder

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater KEEPS FLOORS WARM—by force!



KEEPS HEAT MOVING—GIVES EVEN, TOP-TO-BOTTOM COMFORT—
COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

TOO HOT HERE	95°
WARM HERE	79°
COLD HERE	62°

Ordinary heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE	80°
WARM HERE	72°
WARM HERE	70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Enjoy warmer winters—with a Duo-Therm!

1.



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air** will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

EVEN if this should be one of those bitter, old-time winters—you'll be warm and comfortable with the clean, cheap, silent heat this new fuel-oil Duo-Therm gives!

It gives you *more* heat from every drop of oil—because of its patented Bias-Baffle Burner! It gives *regulated* heat—at the turn of a handy dial. It gives a flood of *extra* heat when you open the radiant door!

And in addition—it gives you what *no other heater* can give you: *POWER-AIR!*

Greater heating comfort than ever before! Duo-Therm's amazing new *Power-Air* drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better, to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—saves at least 5% in fuel costs! And it does *more* . . . . . .

Gives you cooler summers, too! In hot weather—your *Power-Air* will pour out a cooling 27-mile-an-hour breeze! You can direct it anywhere—up, down, right or left! You can use *Power-Air* to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair.

And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp.

A Duo-Therm costs no more! A Duo-Therm, even with *Power-Air*, costs you no more than ordinary heaters! See the beautiful new models at your dealer's—today. They come in the handsome Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments. Or mail the coupon—now!

*Patent applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

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overturned dish in the cage. Stand still, please. The trainer will tie him up." He added with the Laughton chuckle: "After all, Tony's a trained bear, you know. He just wants to be petted."

They laughed a little at that. The panic was over. The trainer led Tony back to his ice cream and soothed him down for the carnival sequence, telling him not to mind the nassy ole human beings that scared poor ickle Tony, didums.

■ Laughton's quiet scenes appeared to be the signal for off-the-script excitement. A few days later, in the fearsome makeup of the hunchback, Quasimodo, he was registering doglike affection for gypsy Esmeralda (little Maureen O'Hara) in a "take" of silent devotion. It was after midnight. The California stars glittered high above the towers of Notre Dame and the slant-roofed, leaning houses roundabout. The torches, carried by linkbearers in the somber russet servant clothes of the year 1490, did hardly more than rouse wavering, scary shadows.

Unexpectedly a rosy glare illumined Laughton's face. Director William Dieterle looked around, annoyed. "Turn off that—" he began, then jumped to his feet.

The glare came from a ranch alongside the RKO property in San Fernando Valley. Outlined against the darkness, a farm building burned merrily. Scouts motored over to investigate and came back hurriedly with the report that the blaze threatened five other buildings, and that no fire engines were yet in sight. Dieterle wasted no time in halting the affairs of the year 1490 to attend to those of the current hour. He loaded a hundred of his actors and crew into cars, and hurried them to the conflagration as volunteer firemen. They helped ranch hands keep the flames in check until the Van Nuys Fire Department arrived.

"A good actor can play any part," Laughton commented afterward—though they'd made him stick to the cameras.

Incidentally, even without fighting fires, he lost many pounds while playing the part of Quasimodo, the Hunchback. One reason why he reduced during the shooting was the thermometer. Out at the ranch, where most of the scenes were filmed, it was jiggling around the 115 mark nearly every day. Another reason why he reduced was the strenuous swinging on the great bells in the cathedral towers. Quasimodo, according to Victor Hugo's story, loved to do that, so Laughton, who prefers a quiet life, had to swing like mad. Not even in *Mutiny on the Bounty* nor *The Beachcomber* did Laughton get such exercise!

"I recommend this stunt to anyone overweight," Laughton chuckled, " if swinging doesn't take off the pounds, jitters will . . ." And now after all that exertion, they are wondering whether or not to leave the scene in the picture!

■ True, in this picture they had a lot of details besides bell-swinging to worry about—more details than in most films. That mob of extras and featured players didn't arrive at their medieval perfection, nor did the architecture achieve its aura of 1490, without plenty of thought on the part of plenty of expert technicians. The Paris skyline, for instance, was copied from a 450-year old wood-block on which an unknown artist carved a panorama of the city just before Columbus sailed for America.

An even bigger job than re-creating the skyline fell to the wardrobe man, Ray Camp, who took care of 2000 costumes with orders to keep them all dirty. Not so easy as it sounds. The 2000 beggars in the production wore rags—a sartorial state arrived at with the aid of knives and can-openers. The rags were "aged" by spraying them with a solution of burnt umber, lampblack and linseed oil. Also the wardrobe man kept track of sundry peasant costumes, soldiers outfits with steel helmets and coats of mail, merchants' and nobles' wardrobes, and the bright garments worn by a band of gypsies. A single item on his list—shoes—included 6500 articles!

And this merely covered the "background and atmosphere." It didn't include Laughton's clothes, specially constructed for his grotesque makeup; or Maureen O'Hara's specially made gypsy garb, authentic fifteenth century Romany stuff; or the armor of the Black Knight (Hector Sarno), made at Genoa in the thirteenth century and insured for $5000.

When you consider the variegated wardrobe, the sets, the multitude of extras and the considerable cast, you understand why three months' shooting and overhead ran into money. The picture will cost some $3,000,000.

A snick of this amount went into pigeons. They were hired from a bird trainer to flutter about Notre Dame and Charles Laughton when the Hunchback prowled among the gargoyles on the cathedral's roof. Twenty-five pigeons were rented to RKO at $1 per pigeon per day. Forty-eight hours later when the man collected them after work, he found there were fifty-three. Eighteen Valley pigeons that wanted screen tests had joined up as extras.

It wasn't a pigeon, however, but a mocking-bird which got, so to speak, in Maureen O'Hara's auburn hair. Maureen O'Hara is the lovely, 19-year-old from Dublin, Ireland, who has the role of Esmeralda.

Her first scenes were played on indoor sets at the studio. She had appeared in the Court of Beggars, the half-underground hideout among massive stone pillars called by the beggars themselves the "Court of Miracles" because there they shed their crutches, their bandages and their other professional paraphernalia. In that somber spot she looked bright as a sunbeam. Now she was scheduled for a sequence inside Notre Dame. Her hair and her gay costume shone in the candlelight as she fell on her knees before King Louis Eleventh (Harry Davenport) and Frollo, his High Counselor (Cedric Hardwicke).

"Many thanks, Your Maj—" she began in her low, vibrant voice.

"Yawp!" said something near the ceiling of the sound stage.

"—esty, for your great—" (Yawp, yawp!) "kindn—" (Yawp!)

Director Dieterle called, "Cut!" And prop men in prosaic slacks and sports shirts searched through the costly altar trappings, the rich gloom of the nave with its dimly lit shrines along the sides, until an errant mocking-bird was dislodged and shooed outdoors.



Very different from his part as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is Charles Laughton's portrayal of the psychopathic Squire in *Jamaica Inn*. Maureen O'Hara plays the beauteous orphan whose life is just one adventure after another, for eight reels

■ Maureen O'Hara has a complexion like a rose. She wears very little makeup, and in this film she certainly provides a strong contrast with Laughton. Laughton's makeup is one of the most extraordinary that the screen has offered.

Out at the ranch, where the carnival scene was being shot, Elsa Lanchester was chatting about Laughton's makeup. Elsa Lanchester, as you know, is Mrs. Laughton. She played Anne of Cleves in *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth,* and the unforgettable missionary in *The Beachcomber.* She came to Hollywood from England to be with her husband, and arrived a month after he did. Laughton met her at the train.

"I recognized him at once," she remarked, dark eyes twinkling. "From the rumors I'd heard about this 'Notre Dame' makeup, I didn't know *what* to expect! But there he was, without makeup for once (they'd let him off for an hour), the same as ever, only sunburned and thinner and with that patch above each ear shaved completely bald—" She made an appalling little face at him. "And I'm even used to the way he looks now" —Laughton was standing beside her in makeup—" . . . almost."

"Those rumors didn't tell the half of it," said Laughton.

■ There has never been a more exciting and tedious makeup job in the annals of Hollywood. Every day for three and a half weeks, and often at night—in short, for 10 or 12 hours out of the 24—Laughton was occupied with consultations, makeup experiments and makeup screen tests even before the picture started. Often, after a day with Perc Westmore, the makeup expert, Laughton would be screen-tested until 10 o'clock at night. One day he sat in the makeup chair for seven consecutive hours.

Quasimodo was the late Lon Chaney's most famous role. For Chaney and for his acting Laughton has the warmest admiration, too warm an admiration to weaken Chaney's achievement by imitating it—even if Laughton were not an individualist who thinks each actor is entitled to his own interpretation.

The Laughton hunchback was visualized as a monster, but the actor insisted on playing the role with the man shining through. "The danger is in making him too grotesque," he explained, "so that he loses the human touch and so loses our sympathy."

First they made a cast of Laughton's head; that's why the hair was shaved above his ears. For a year before, however, they had been working on makeup experiments at RKO, building busts of Laughton, studying them, putting dabs of clay and greasepaint on them. The reason this process took so long was because they wanted to have the makeup as lightweight as possible.

One cheekbone was built higher than the other, one eye half hidden by a deformity. With a special, flesh tinted composition (invented for the occasion) which looks like sponge-rubber but isn't, certain changes—distinctly for the worse—were made in the Laughton nose, ears and mouth. [*Continued on page* 54]

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!



Wednesday, September 6th



We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th



I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th



Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

The Lady and the Knight

By JESSIE HENDERSON



Bette Davis, in heavy make-up, as the 45-year-old Elizabeth, fights her love for ambitious young, dashing, obstinate Essex who is played by Errol Flynn

Take a trip backstage and watch the filming of the tragic story of the love of Elizabeth and head-strong Essex

■ It had been a pretty tough day for the Queen. The courtiers were a-muttering in Whitehall Palace corners against her sweetheart, handsome young Essex. The Irish rebels were on the rampage. Essex was looking sidewise at a dark-eyed lady-in-waiting. And the royal flame-colored velvet robes, studded in diamonds, gold and topaz, weighed 97 pounds as against Queen Elizabeth's own weight of 110 . . . with the temperature under the lights on Stage 9 at 120 degrees.

Yes, a tough day, and bound to grow tougher. For *now* they wanted her to break mirrors! "It isn't bad luck if you do it on purpose," they soothed.

"Whoof!" ejaculated good Queen Bette Davis, dropping into her great canvas chair before the empty fireplace in the "Queen's Closet." The

chair, placed there temporarily to catch the Queen before she sank under the weight of her velvet splendor, was especially constructed by Warner Brothers' prop department to accommodate the wideflung regal skirts.

Somebody opened the sound stage doors. Hot sunlight and a wisp of sultry breeze poured into the stone walled "Closet"—a parlor, really—with its high, narrow, stained glass windows decked out in armorial shields. "Whoof!" said the Queen again.

"Cigarette?" asked Sir Walter Raleigh —as well he might. It was Raleigh, you remember, who first brought tobacco to England from the colony of Virginia, which had been named for the Virgin Queen. Good Queen Bess tried a pipeful of it once, and pronounced the stuff not bad. Good Queen Bette got out a 12-inch paper holder and carefully put into it the cigarette which towering Sir Walter (Vincent Price, 6 ft. 4½ ins., from the New York stage) offered from his pack, She looked anxiously after her gigantic lace ruff while he gave her a light.

"Anybody wants to be queen," she remarked to Tibbie, the pet Scottie, "can have it." Bette ought to know her own mind on that subject; she's lately been the Empress Carlotta, too. Tibbie gave a feeble flick of the tail in reply. Since Bette had donned that red Elizabeth wig, Tibbie wouldn't come out from under the dressing table. Before they toned the wig down and tamed its curls to royal dignity for technicolor camera requirements, Bette, herself, said she looked like Harpo Marx.

She didn't look like Harpo on the day I saw her. She looked like a weary woman of 45 trying to appear girlish, without benefit of beauty salons, for a lover of 25 —and she'd had the dickens of an argument with the makeup department in order to achieve that appearance.

They wanted to glamourize her. "What!" cried Bette with vehemence — for she knows her history—"*glamour*! For Elizabeth! In those days, she was absolutely a hag, and I'm going to look like a hag or I won't play the role!" She added: "Why, the whole point of the plot is Elizabeth's fear that a youth couldn't love her, and the fact that the youth doesn't."

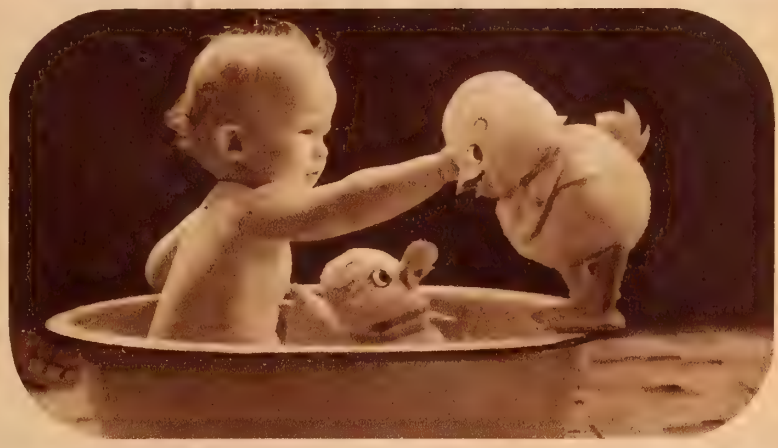
So Bette plucked her eyebrows (Elizabeth's were very thin), and shaved her forehead hairline (because Elizabeth's hair grew scant), and had them do things to her face in the matter of wrinkles and pouches which very few Hollywood stars would have permitted, much less insisted upon.

So, she looked like Elizabeth at 45 or better, fading, but still vain; jealous, anxious, suspicious, eager to be reassured; a great Queen and a proud woman, able to give her hot-headed young lover every splendid gift he craved, except the gift of youth to match his youth. . . . . Why, Bette had wanted to play one scene without the wig, practically bald! She wanted to play *Elizabeth*—not a glamour tootsie.

"What's Essex up to *now*?" demanded Bette, glancing toward a corner of the stage whence arose hoots of merriment. Essex (Errol Flynn) in crimson velvet doublet and hose, slashed with gold, his



"Just listen to 'em!...'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'...'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he...'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at *us!* And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"



"Didn't I tell you? *Everybody* likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

gold-fretted steel corselet and helmet laid aside for the moment, had thrown back his head (he wears in this picture a truly distinguished, small Vandyke beard) and, shaken with suppressed laughter, was holding to the shoulder of Sir Francis Bacon (Donald Crisp) for support. (They had lots of gags about "Crisp Bacon.")

The Queen scooped up her farthingale and petticoat, and went to investigate. When she reached the corner, Olivia de Havilland (she has the role of Lady Penelope Gray, the Queen's rival in the affections of Essex) was peering through a magnifying glass at a tapestry, rich in dim reds and greens, purples and blues, which hung upon the wall of the Throne Room.

"I don't see anything," Olivia said unsuspectingly.

"Here, let me fix the glass," Flynn offered. He touched a spring and Olivia leaped into the air with shock and surprise. A squirt of water had hit her square in the face.

"I might have known!" she said, stamping a foot in pretended wrath, as a makeup man stepped forward with tissue to mop her dry.

"Kid stuff, by my halidome," remarked the Queen, and at once matched it. From somewhere in her voluminous attire she produced Lily. Lily is a mechanical sheep which sings the song about Mary's little lamb. Bette wound up Lily and put her on the floor, to the mingled astonishment and concern of Flynn's huge schnauzer, Arno.

Arno, whom they once found asleep on the $1200 hand carving and $800 velours cushions of the Queen's throne, couldn't abide Lily. But just as, goggle-eyed, he extended a devastating paw. Director Michael Curtiz called out in his Hungarian English: "Everybody get closer together apart, please. We go!"

So the camera crew got closer together apart. Bette sat in her chair of State. Essex knelt at her feet. It was THE love scene.



Olivia de Havilland plays Lady Penelope whose beauty and sharp tongue make her a dangerous rival to the aging Queen

Fifteen minutes of it, rehearsed for a week —the key scene of the picture.

Essex, the darling of Elizabeth and of the populace, won glory in the Spanish war but quarreled with the Queen after his return. This was their reconciliation. Not long afterward, he failed as conqueror of the Irish rebels (a fine thing, sending a man named Flynn to fight against the Irish), and hurried back to London to appease Elizabeth. Here he made a fatal error. He raised a company of followers, marched on the palace, and tried to abduct the Queen.

Hurt to the quick by this treason of her lover, Elizabeth imprisoned him in the Tower of London and sentenced him to the block. At the last moment—according to the Maxwell Anderson stage play, "Elizabeth the Queen," from which the film is taken, but not according to history—Elizabeth summoned Essex to a room in the Tower, begged him to marry her. But (again in the film, not in history) Essex chose the block because he knew that, given the chance, he would try to seize the crown for himself, alone. This, briefly, is the story of Elizabeth's tragic romance in her later years.

"We go!" said Curtiz . . . The love scene started well with Essex romantic and melting, Elizabeth tender. Then, in a rush of emotion, the Queen threw her arms about the knight's neck and pulled him toward her. Flynn, upon one knee, lost his balance and completely folded up; simply fell kerplunk across the royal lap. Dignity fled.

The Queen howled. Essex slid to the floor and sat there, chortling. The voice of Curtiz rose above the general mirth: "Bette, I guess you don't know your own strength, isn't it?"

The scene was resumed and this time it went through unmarred to its end; fervent, pathetic, stirring. It is one of the most remarkable and touching love scenes ever put upon celluloid. Elizabeth was ruthless, as perhaps a monarch had to be, but in that sequence Bette leaves you weak with sympathy for a lonely, hard old woman who, in agony of soul, tried to capture the one thing the world had never given her: genuine love.

When the scene was ended, the Queen's Grace nibbled at an ice cream cone with due regard to precious farthingale and stomacher, Lord Burghley (Henry Stephenson) took a swig from a bottle of pop without spilling it down his velvet and brocade doublet. Both watched the prop boys setting up mirrors in the Queen's boudoir. Bette eyed them askance. She's superstitious.

The panelled boudoir and all the other rooms in Whitehall Palace, were reproduced at much cost from drawings made in London. Whitehall as it stands now—Government offices have occupied it these many hundred years—is only a building erected upon the site of the original palace, which was burned in 1689. Recently, however, the British Government excavated the foundations and what is left of the original walls, and the Warners' set was carefully based on authentic data. Its dark carved panels, its sombre stone, its arched fireplaces, form a perfect technicolor background for the rich costumes of the court.



Especially built to accommodate the heavy spreading skirts of Queen Elizabeth's costumes was this chair, used on the set by Bette Davis between scenes

The Tudor times were noted for extravagantly beautiful dress. And the Queen led them all. On State occasions she even commanded her maids of honor to wear white so that her own robes would shine forth with the more magnificence.

When Essex gives a little hawking party at his country place in Wanstead, Bette wears a bottle green brocade riding habit with a long green velvet cloak. Once, at the Council table, she wears white quilted satin sewn all over with pearls. For the love scene she has a changeable green and bronze taffeta, with a high, delicate lace ruff. The dress is embroidered in gold and emeralds. A pendant of rubies, diamonds, and pearls is at her throat, pearl drops are in her ears, and on her fingers sparkle five rings of rubies, pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and aquamarines.

As for the men—the Warner's wardrobe department order for a man's costume was usually so many yards of velvet and six pounds of sawdust. It seems the Elizabethans achieved that swank baggy-knee breeches effect by the aid of a lumber yard. Flynn is thoroughly well dressed as Essex. He wears beige suede, black velvet and gold trimmings under his armor in Ireland. Dark green velvet with silver braid, and blue-green brocatelle edged with silver make a Court costume.

■ But Bette's mind was not on the subject of dress at the moment. She was looking at those mirrors, just put up around the royal boudoir wall. "You're sure it's okay to break them if you do it on purpose?" she inquired again.

There had been (some days before, in accordance with the jigsaw Hollywood custom) a savage scene between Elizabeth and Lady Penelope Gray and now Bette was to play the climax of it. Lady Penelope, intrepid wench! had responded surprisingly to the Queen's order to take her lute in hand and sing a song.

Instead of the real verses of "The Passionate Shepherd"—a ballad popular in Elizabeth's day—Penelope sang some verses lately improvised by the Queen's ex-favorite, Raleigh. Far in the past was the chivalrous cloak-and-puddle incident whereby Raleigh had won favor with Elizabeth, and Raleigh was envious of the current power of Essex. His verses, therefore, deftly and subtly twitted the Queen on her fading charms. By contrast, as she sang them, Penelope's fresh loveliness stood out radiantly.

You know Elizabeth's red-headed temper? Only that fortnight, in the throne room, Essex had ventured to contradict her. Smack! Right before the entire Court her hand shot out and caught Essex down the side of the face and the mouth. And this was *Essex*, mind you . . . the man Elizabeth loved.

Accordingly, when Penelope sang the jeering verses, nobody would have been surprised if royal assault and battery, perhaps even the headsman's axe, had resulted. But Elizabeth, woman as well as Queen, realized how the Court would buzz if she dignified the incident by too much notice. She dismissed her ladies with the air of a cobra ready to spring and, when the door closed, walked up to a mirror.

Fading charms! True. With new eyes she studied her drawn features, the wrinkled forehead, the lines around the mouth. And then Elizabeth (despite Bette's superstitions qualms) picked up a vase and crashed it into the glass. Tankards, chairs, whatever weapon came handy, she hurled at the other mirrors in the room. It turned out that Bette's aim was equally bad with either hand. She broke 28 mirrors before she was able to go through the scene and plant a direct hit on each glass in turn.

"Anybody should have a wife couldn't aim any better," Curtiz gaily commented.

■ Alas for those who said breaking mirrors a-purpose didn't count! Superstition or not, here's what happened. Olivia was laid up 24 hours when she banged her leg against a heavy table. Bette stayed home ten days with laryngitis. And Flynn delayed production a week when an accident required four stitches in his eyelid.

It's a wonder, though, that half the cast didn't come from the picture with web feet, considering the length of time Essex and his men spent in that Irish bog on Stage 11! It was a two and one-half acre bog, complete with trees and hummocks and water and stumps and a thick Irish fog that drifted in whenever Curtiz ordered it. Through this bog, Essex chased Tyrone, the Irish rebel leader (Alan Hale).

Technicolor requires more lights than ordinary film. Thanks to the lights, the temperature on the set, even upon cool days, was (take a deep breath and reach for a fan) 127.

■ But temperature and wet weren't the only things that bothered the English troops and the Irish rebels who played hide and seek among the misty tree trunks. On a Monday the cast assembled in the bog to discover that during the week end

"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"



Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child



1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.
MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.



2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant*-tastin' laxative...
MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes . . .



4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children*. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE . . . How about getting a bottle now?



6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?
GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

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1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"



2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drāno!"



3. Down the drain goes Drāno! It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck —gives a clear, free-flowing drain!



4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and *keep* the drain clean!"

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P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno —to *guard against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



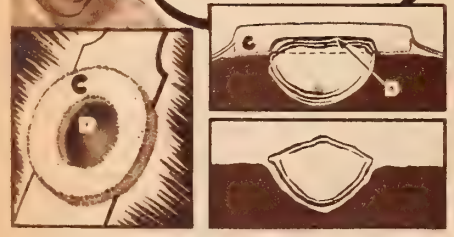
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● Don't suffer. Now it's easy to remove those painful corns and prevent their coming back. Just do this:

1 Put scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay medicated formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted right out.

2 Simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back.

Don't take chances with old-fashioned home paring that means risking serious infection—only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the base imbedded in your toe. Follow the example of millions who have gotten quick relief the easy, scientific Blue-Jay way. Don't suffer needlessly. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada.

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it had been taken over by frogs from the adjacent Los Angeles river. The hoarse, delighted croaks (for there was more water on the sound stage than in the riverbed at that season) almost drowned the Curtiz thunderings.

"Get those froggies out!" he shouted, "somebody ribs me, no?"

With nets from the prop department, the cast spent an hilarious hour capturing the froggies and sending them back to the river—by special messenger.

It was while Essex fought rebels and froggies that the Queen fumed because she had no word from him. . . . She did not guess that Raleigh and Lady Penelope intercepted his letters.

But Elizabeth was shrewd and she did suspect the Lady Penelope of trying to attract the notice of Essex. So one evening she and Penelope sat down to a cozy game of chess. The hand carved chess set cost $1,000. When it wasn't in use, they kept it in a fireproof vault at the studio.

Penelope on this occasion wore an inconspicuous little outfit of light blue satin, dripping with lace, a walloping diamond necklace with pearl drops, diamond earrings, and a head ornament plastered with gems. Elizabeth, also quietly garbed for an evening at home, wore a gold and green slashed gown weighted with perhaps a couple of quarts of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. And a jewelled ostrich fan of red.

Well, in this chess game Elizabeth had the black knight (you play chess with queens, knights, castles and whatnot, remember?) and she said nastily: "So you would take the queen's knight, Mistress Penelope?"

"All knights are fair game, Your Grace," Penelope replied smartly.

"But," said Elizabeth, "the queen will protect her own—" and when Penelope was about to win, she swept all the chessmen to the floor!

Yet both women eventually lost the proud, head-strong Essex. Nobody who hears the Queen's voice in that final scene is likely to forget it. A few minutes before his execution, Essex refused his life at Elizabeth's hands, refused even her frantic offer to share the throne with him.

"No, Elizabeth: I'm over-ambitious—I'd be your death. And you, and England, must live." He turned toward the door; the massive portal of the royal suite in the Tower of London.

"Robert!" Elizabeth screamed, "take all! Take my crown! Take England!"

But Essex was gone. Presently from the courtyard rose the roll of drums, louder and louder. Then silence.

The stunned heartbreak on Elizabeth's face changed to mock indignation as Bette and Flynn left the set a moment later. Grinning, Flynn said something. Bette suddenly clutched her weighty skirts so that she could walk faster after him while Flynn hastened his stride to keep one step ahead of whatever reprisal she contemplated.

"I only said," Flynn broadcast with injured innocence, " 'Bette, if you could see how you *don't* look like yourself in that make-up, you wouldn't blame the guy for saying he'd rather die than marry you!' "

"Things Men Don't Know About Love"

[*Continued from page 25*]

make a serious mistake in letting any woman take him or his attentions for granted."

"That's downright heresy!" Rosemary exploded. "Everyone knows it is men who take women for granted."

"Mmmm," Pat considered. "I'm not so sure. Anyway, Lola, I can see its possibilities. Like getting her all intrigued with him and then giving her a sudden shot of silence."

"That's the idea," Lola said. "Never let her know what to expect. Keep her baffled and he'll keep her interested. For instance, flatter her intelligence one day with a heavy book, and amuse her vanity the next with some feminine doodad."

"Or telephone her just as she was leaving on a date with another man."

"Or send her a single gardenia every day of the week, instead of one big shipment of roses on Saturday night."

"Or be terribly attentive on one date and be distraught and distant on the next."

■ Rosemary began to splutter. "You two!" she said indignantly. "You're giving away *secrets!*"

Pat looked her surprise. "Certainly," she said. "I thought that was the idea."

"Well, I think you're a couple of traitors to your sex and I still think men make a big mistake in taking women for granted," Rosemary insisted "Just as soon as they are sure of you, they begin to be careless about little courtesies. They forget that winning the girl is only half the battle, and keeping her is something else again. The darned fools put their best foot forward and then snatch it back again."

Rosemary continued that she would warn the hypothetical young man about more elementary boners such as telling naughty or off-color stories ("We are not amused"); indulging in lazy flattery ("You know he says the same unoriginal thing to every other girl"); assuming a dictatorial manner about what she wears ("As if you had neither good sense nor good taste"); being flippant about old-fashioned virtues ("When you know he sets a tremendous store by them"); eternally talking about the big deal he just put over ("If he's a smart business man you'll hear about it from other people"); carrying his little attentions to the point of affectation ("You know it's nothing but an act and not a very good one"); hiding how he sincerely feels about the girl ("I suppose that's something we're supposed to have a sixth sense about!"); harboring suspicions every time she is out of his sight and making a to-do about jealousy ("That's not a compliment, it's an insult"); and embarrassing her with too-public a display of his affection ("That, of course, is intolerable!")

"Whew!" Lola whistled. "Is that all?"

"No," Pat said. "I'd tell him it was a mistake to table-hop when he's on a date. If there's anything makes a girl furious it is to have her escort popping all over the room for uninvited visits at other tables. And I'd tell him it was a mistake to be late for dates, especially without the courtesy of a telephone call warning you he'd been delayed. And to baby girls or obviously humor them."

"Or be afraid of one who is his intellectual equal."

"Or use the same technique on all girls."

"Or be dishonest enough to refuse to differentiate between love and infatuation."

"Or refuse to recognize this is the 20th century and women are independent human beings, not mere playthings."

"Or fail to discern between a Schiaparelli and a Worth."

"Or to expect more of a girl than himself."

The House of Lane divided itself on that last issue, I might add; Lola said it was a swell idea but unfortunately it didn't work; Pat and Rosemary, being staunch defenders of the single standard theory, said it ought to anyway and some day it would. Lola agreed there was no harm in being optimistic about it. It was then I stuck my neck out. From what they had said I gathered they weren't very optimistic about men in general, I told them.

"What a thing to say!" they reproached me in mock severity. "Don't get us wrong. We think men are wonderful!"



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and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Peosin.

Ahoy! Captain Gulliver

[*Continued from page* 31]

the roving sea cap'n. But how, pray tell, did the Lilliputians regard Captain Gulliver? If they were so many men-like ants to him, wasn't it possible that he was to them something like an out-of-date dinosaur which Nature had stopped turning out centuries ago?

That's what's been worrying Max Fleischer for 18 months. What sort of a gink was this King of Lilliput anyhow? What were his foibles? What sort of civilization did he enjoy? Fleischer finally decided to make him a mild-mannered little fellow who will take a lot of shoving around—but not too much. He's little but he's lethal. The King of Blefescu is nothing more than a bombastic bully and if Gulliver wrecked his armada, good enough for him. For contrast, you will find Gabby, a hundred-to-one shot to steal the picture.

Not that Gabby is the Lilliputian Tyrone Power. Gabby is the town crier. On top of that, he's what the paragraphers call a "political opportunist." It's loquacious Gabby who discovers Gulliver snoozing on the sands, and calls for the Lilliputian army. He never forgets his service to his country. He uses it as a stepping stone to undeserved greatness. En route he takes a lot of falls but he's the kind of fellow who always comes bouncing back, grabbing the glory from the other lad. Gabby's a card.

Gabby accounts for the laughs, but what about romance?

Author Swift, in his haste and bitterness, didn't stop long enough to show the Lilliputians as lovers. But Fleischer has helped him out. The net result is a royal duet involving Princess Glory of Lilliput and Prince David of Blefescu.

■ It's quite a sleeper jump from the Fleischer Studios in Miami, replete with swank and a weekly payroll of $18,000, back to the cradle days of cartooning some 25 years ago in the modest Fleischer flat in Manhattan.

He started as an errand boy on the Brooklyn *Eagle* at $2 a week, chasing errands for thankless straw-bosses around the paper. Nights he struggled with an art course. Came the day when he told the biggies on the paper that he could draw like Michelangelo. That was a slight overstatement, his work revealed, but certainly he was a fair prize for the *Eagle's* art department. They put him to work drawing cartoons.



Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero ready for their introduction over the microphone at the formal opening of *The Old Maid* in Hollywood

"I was good, but not terrific," is the Fleischer estimate of his apprenticeship.

Ambition consumed him. He cut loose from the *Eagle* and tied up with *Popular Science* magazine. Here he acquired his interest in gadgets, his passion for machinery. And here there came to him the idea for making motion picture cartoons.

He and brother Dave, also an artist but one who had arrived at his calling via an usher's job in the Palace Theatre in New York, worked on the project with the faith of missionaries. In the face of discouragement on all sides—even their wives began to look like martyrs to a mystic science which had somehow ensnared their spouses—they struggled. Often they knocked off at three a. m. with only a few inches of celluloid to show for a night's work.

A year of heartbreaking labor and they took an inventory. Net assets: a piece of film 100 feet long. Proud and aglow, they took it to a distributor for a look-see. A squint and a giggle and the film was over—one minute by the clock. The business man said: "This is swell, if you can turn one out every week. If you can't, it's no good to anybody."

Eventually, Fleischer invented a way to turn out 100 feet every four weeks, and joined a company run by a man named J. R. Bray. Here he put his creative brain to work and the result was the birth of the first big-time cartoon character, *Ko-Ko, The Clown, In and Out Of The Ink-well.* The public responded. Fleischer became a partner in the firm.



Gene Autry's white sombrero and high heeled shoes interested the performers at the New York World's Fair as much as the exhibits interested the star! He is shown with Mrs. Autry on return from Europe

Later, he decided to strike out for himself. He formed his own company, with *Ko-Ko* as his main stock-in-trade. Then he added *Colonel Hezaliar, Felix, The Cat, Oswald, The Rabbit* and *Krazy Kat.* For variety he launched *Terry Tunes* and then the *Fables. Betty Boop* knocked the country for a loop. *Popeye* made the democracy spinach-conscious.

■ Fleischer Studios Inc., is almost entirely a family affair now, so far as executives are concerned.

Max, of course, is the Poo-bah. Dave is the director. Joe is the electrical boss. Lou is, roughly, the music department. And Charlie is the mechanical wizard. At conferences they are all so eloquent that the stenographer who takes down the proceedings stands in awe of the whole tribe. She thinks they ought to be in Congress—except that they always agree in the end.

All of which explains that when Max Fleischer proposed that the studio set to work on *Gulliver Travels,* a project that would involve an outlay of money in seven figures, a staff of 400 artists working at full speed and an army of co-workers, the brothers pondered for only a split second, and then burst out in chorus with a quadruple. "Ahoy! Captain Gulliver!" and were off on a venture no less daring than that of the fearless Gulliver himself.







Judy Garland is grown-up enough now to go dancing in night clubs. Here she is having a gay time with Barron Polan just before taking off on her personal appearance tour with *The Wizard of Oz*

START YOUR CHILD OUT with a real chance in life! Many doctors say that nothing takes the place of cod liver oil in helping children to build strong bones and good teeth. And in aiding grown people to recuperate after illness. And now there's A BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL—SCOTT'S EMULSION.

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4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 21]

DUST BE MY DESTINY—*Warners*

■ John Garfield and Priscilla Lane join forces to present the problem of poverty-stricken youth in this country, struggling to find jobs, to find homes, to find a place in a society that has made no provision for them.

When there are millions of unemployed men in the country, what chance has a boy to find a job that will take care of him decently? Joe's problem was complicated by a conviction that the whole world was against him, just because he was poor and without friends. Joe had reason. He had been convicted on circumstantial evidence of a crime that he did not commit. When he defended a friend, he was framed. When he protested, he was given brutal treatment at a county work farm. It is understandable that, when the foreman died of heart failure after a fight, Joe ran away. It is understandable that Mary, who loved him, went along.

The film is a rather sentimental statement of their frightened flight. The few jobs that come their way must be abandoned as the law reaches after them. There is a tense murder trial and the good cast includes Alan Hale as a newspaper editor, Frank McHugh, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Charley Grapewin, Henry Armetta, John Litel in telling parts. The only really unconvincing note in the film is the happy ending. The only tiresome note in the film is the vigor with which the problem of penniless young people is insisted upon, long after the problem has been noted with pity and concern.

BLONDES WITH DARKENED HAIR

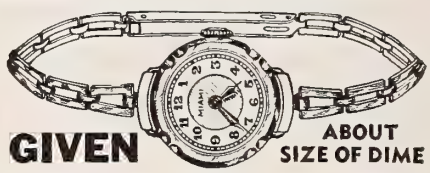


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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 11]

The Wardrobe Department takes care of distributing clothing, which has been worn in pictures, to actors who need new clothing for their work and cannot afford to buy it. Stars as well as studio wardrobe departments contribute to this branch of the fund.

All this work is financed through the general fund, however. None of the $220,000 collected from the Screen Guild's radio program is used for general expense. When the $390,000 which will accrue from the 39-week series, starting September 24, is added to the quarter-million balance now in the special building fund, the Motion Picture Relief Fund Home for the industry's needy will be started.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is patting itself on the back for having a group of stars, writers, and directors who are willing to further this worthy cause by offering their services on the Screen Guild Theatre. Here's wishing them all the success in the world.

■ Making movies is a funny business. Because they didn't look like mosquitoes, the mosquitoes in the swamps of Payette Lake, Idaho, gave way to "doubles" in the form of powdered cat-tail rushes in the scenes showing Spencer Tracy leading his Rogers' Rangers through the swamps in *Northwest Passage!* Although their bites were so realistic that their actor victims had to be smeared about the face and hands with citronella, the Idaho skeeters didn't look like the real thing when photographed.

■ Ann Sheridan isn't too happy over the tremendous thing her "oomph" build-up has become. It's almost a Frankenstein. So far, a candy bar manufacturer, a cereal maker and a mattress company want her to endorse their products. Ann has taken all this as part of the game, but now her "oomph" title has chased her right out of her own home. Ever since her North Hollywood address was printed in connection with a certain lawsuit directed against her secretary, visitors and gapers have worn a path to her door to see what she looks like. They rang her doorbell, bothered her maid and even began working on the neighbors. It got so that one evening John Conte had to park his car a quarter of a mile down the road because there were so many cars lined up outside of her house. But the height of nuisance value was achieved when a feminine fan forced her way through a patio door into Ann's bedroom, where she was still sleeping. That finished it. Ann fled from her home, and checked into a hotel. Now an agent is looking around for a bungalow on top of a hill. With a high fence preferred! This is one Garbo act that is definitely *not* an *act!*

■ There may be some controversy as to who is the King and Queen of Hollywood, but it's a cinch that the Crown Prince and Princess are Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. The two youngsters made a personal appearance in Washington at the opening of *The Wizard of Oz* and the audience wouldn't let them go. It yelled and cheered for an hour, while more than 6,000 people lined up outside trying to get in. Finally the house manager had to mount the stage and tell the seat holders that Mickey and Judy were finished for that show and pleaded with them to vacate their seats and let the others in.

■ If you've seen Baby Sandy Henville in *Unexpected Father* you're probably wondering how they made her come across with the facial expressions of a veteran trouper. Here's how it was done: the light of a photographer's flash bulb made her smile, and the sudden appearance of papa, grinning broadly, left her laughing. They gave her a toy to make her gurgle, took it away to make her cry, and usually took the crying scenes in the afternoon when fatigue made her miserable, anyway. But don't worry about Sandy being abused. Actually, she works only two hours a day.



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The Hunchback Returns

[*Continued from page* 43]

And yet only 25 percent of the face was covered with these oddly shaped, glued-on bits of composition. "I needed most of my face free," Laughton explained, "so I could act with it." Over the whole business went a very thin coating of greasepaint. It took three hours, every day, to put on—30 minutes to take off.

Of course, the facial changes were not all. It was a problem to provide Laughton with a hump without requiring him to walk in a stooping and consequently fatiguing attitude. True, one shoulder was held high and one low by a strap arrangement. But they obtained the crouching effect by making the hump of the right proportions.

Result? A shambling, distorted creature, apparently bowed over; an egg-shaped sort of figure whose legs look thin in contrast with his mis-shapen body. A face well calculated to startle Elsa Lanchester if she met it coming into their Hollywood bungalow, but a face capable of expressing a degree of human affection, even a kind of dark nobility.

With a reddish wig of long, unkempt hair and a loose, night-shirt species of a garment made from coarse sacking, Quasimodo was complete. A hush fell the first time he stepped out on the cathedral set at the ranch. The hush was in itself a tribute to the makeup.

■ The Hunchback in Victor Hugo's story is one of three brothers. The first is Archbishop at Notre Dame, a role played by Walter Hampden of stage renown. The second brother, played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke—is Frollo, King's High Counselor. Quasimodo is the sexton of the cathedral.

Frollo joins the King as spectator at the Feast of Fools in the square before the stately entrance of Notre Dame. All the Paris beggars are out for the festivities, and among them a band of gypsies. The gypsy, Esmeralda, dances in a cleared space before the King's dais in the midst of what would pass today for a very spirited county fair.

Under the megaphone of Director Dieterle, and also under the blue California sky, a throng of courtiers, townspeople, pickpockets and plain common folk moved hither and yon through the cobbled square. The stone facade of the cathedral (exactly duplicated) looked calmly down upon gallant gentlemen in green and wine red tabards and velvet headgear; upon soldiers in glittering helmets with broadswords clanking at their sides; upon the ragged beggar tribe; and the prim matrons in long stuff gowns and decent, close-fitting caps.

The crowd moved slowly from the arched portals with their rows of carved saints, and up and down before the lofty canopy beneath which King Louis was seated. But Frollo suddenly had eyes for no one but the beautiful gypsy wench who in green and yellow and red footed it so nimbly to the jingling of her tambourine. His determination to abduct Esmeralda involved him in a conspiracy as black and tortuous as his own mind. It resulted at length in Quasimodo transferring his devotion from Frollo to Esmeralda, whom in a strange, dim way he learned to adore.

Made the scapegoat by the mob, Quasimodo knew the anguish of a public flogging, of the death sentence. In all his torments, Esmeralda's was the only voice which spoke gently, hers the only hand which soothed and never struck. No wonder the monster became human, and rose at last in the strength of his groping soul to arrange that his beloved should be avenged, that justice as he saw it should be done.

■ Laughton, swathed in the strange makeup, shambled away from the magnificent doors of Notre Dame, and went over to the soda pop stand for a glass of lemonade. Quasimodo drinking lemonade was something! But the contrast between him and his drink was no greater than that between this role of Quasimodo and the one he expects to play in England before long. They're filming *The Admirable Crichton* in London (for release here through Paramount), with Laughton as James M. Barrie's resourceful butler and Elsa Lanchester as the kitchen maid who helps play havoc with the noble folk stranded on a desert island.

"It'll be a lot of fun," said Quasimodo, cautiously dabbing at perspiration on his forehead so as not to wipe off the made-up brow. He looked at the soaring gargoyles of Notre Dame and sighed. Victor Hugo has Quasimodo spend much of his time among those curly, knobby, stone thingumabobs, generally astride them.

"At least on a desert island," murmured Quasimodo, "there's always a place where you can sit down in comfort—at least in a butler's uniform you can sit down!"



Remember lovely Leatrice Joy, star of ten years ago? She is back on the screen, playing an important part in Deanna Durbin's new film, *First Love*

Afternoon in the Madhouse

[*Continued from page* 33]

employee, endeavors to help him out and wires his crackpot lawyer friend, Groucho, for help. Harpo, another employee, is enlisted in the fight.

The general melee that follows involves Peerless Pauline, the girl who walks on the ceiling; Colonel Atom, a midget in the show; Gibraltar, a ferocious gorilla; and the rest of the cast in hair raising adventures. Eventually things get ironed out when Groucho substitutes the circus for a swank musical soiree at Dumont's Newport estate to the noisy delight of the bored socialites in attendance.

Even the circus itself is a little zany judged by oldtime circus standards. In place of the drab canvas tent walls of loving memory are brilliantly decorated panels. The long remembered smell of dust, peanuts and monkeys is blown clear out of the picture with fancy air conditioners. The planked seats which were so beautifully uncomfortable have been replaced with cut down opera chairs, and, most traitorous of all, the three rings are centered around a center pole so the entire audience actually can see what's going on in all three rings at the same time! That's plain heresy!

It may, of course, augur a revival of popularity of big-top entertainment as predicted by S. L. Cronin, general manager of the Al G. Barnes Circus who is acting as technical advisor on the picture. That would be swell for a lot of us who never did get over our childhood enthusiasm for the sawdust splendor of a circus. No doubt it would be swell, too, for the legions of circus performers who have had a lot of time for the past few years and nothing to do with it. The scores of them whom M-G-M hired for the picture —the Escalante Family of aerialists, the Pena Family of equestrians, Janet May, the ceiling walker, and other famous stars —are sold on the idea 100 per cent. They can see distinct possibilities in Hollywood's treatment of the old trained "high school" horse, for instance; twenty-four such trained horses ridden by twenty-four beautiful blondes! With Kenny Baker singing the theme song!

■ Zany things kept happening to the cast as well as myself, possibly to make me feel a little more at home in my predicament. There was the scene between Pendleton, the Goliath, and little Jerry Marenghi, the midget, for example. Jerry is just 3 feet 6 inches tall and weighs around 50 pounds. Nat was standing with his back to Jerry, aimlessly swinging his arms when the back of his hand caught Jerry flat in the face. Over went Jerry with a bloody nose and out like a light!

"Lemme at him! Lemme at him!" Jerry stormed upon regaining consciousness. "I'll break every bone in his finger, so help me!"

■ Eddie Buzzell, the director, got his daily jolt when Groucho walked in carrying a large suitcase. A scene was

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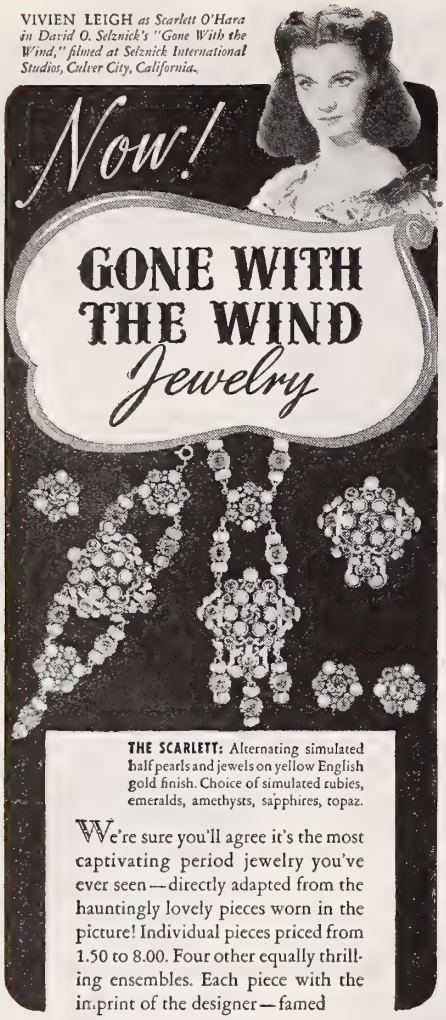
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scheduled between Groucho and little Jerry who was nowhere to be found. After waiting for five or ten minutes, Eddie grew impatient.

"Somebody find Jerry!" he roared. "I can't wait all day for this shot."

Casually Groucho rose from the suitcase on which he had been sitting and opened it. Out tumbled Jerry. "Pardon me, I forgot," Groucho explained as he took a salt shaker from his pocket. "I was going to have him for lunch."

■ Eve Arden, the statuesque blond who plays Peerless Pauline, was driven from the set in tears. In quick sequence the chair on which she sat down collapsed from under her; she found a gorilla asleep in her dressing room; she was chased up to the cat-walk and left stranded there when the ladder was taken away; and sneezing powder was substituted for face powder in her make-up box!

No wonder Maxine Marx, Chico's daughter, coldly refused a role in the picture. It was bad enough to live with a crazy man, she explained, without deliberately working with one all day. Harpo, by the way, will be heard in this picture for the first time in his screen career. The epochal moment will come when he sneezes and blows little Jerry into a bathtub!

Yet incredible as it seems, love actually managed to blossom in the midst of such madness. Jeanette Fern, a charming little beauty who was working on *The Wizard of Oz* with the scores of midgets used in that production, was a visitor on the Marx set. Jerry's heart did two nip-ups and a double loop at the sight of her and they will be married when the picture is finished. Groucho, incidentally, has promised to be best man.

■ As I look back on it now, I can be grateful for one small favor: the erstwhile Four Marx Brothers have been reduced to three active lunatics.

The nonsense had subsided for a moment and I was standing my ground. Oh well, if you want the truth, I was too embarrassed to make an exit with everyone laughing at me. I thought I'd sit tight until those dimwits were back at work, and then sneak quietly away.

Suddenly I was *nipped* from behind where I'd rather not be nipped, considering I sit at a typewriter a good deal of the time. And believe me, it was no ladylike little nip. I let out a yap, and jumped like I'd been shot. There was Groucho in front of me, bowing low.

"Ah, Miss Sizzleswitch, I believe," he said, extending his hand. "Dr. Livingstone asked me to look you up some day. Fine fellow, Livingstone."

By that time I'd let out another yap, for my hand which he had grasped was filled with something indescribably gooey and wet. It turned out to be part of a custard pie.

"Tut, tut," he immediately chided me. "This is no place for passion. My old French nurse used to say *cherchez la femme* or there's a time and place for everything. Please permit me."

Unexpectedly I found myself sitting on a pile of cushions on the floor. I did not fall. I was pushed.

"*So!*" Groucho sneered. "Drunk again. Can't stand up. Well, I know how to fix that." Whereupon he pulled an umbrella from the depths of his coat, whipped it open and solicitously held it over my head. Carefully he began counting up to twenty in German. As he reached *swanzig* Chico brushed him aside to proffer me a drink of cold water. Gratefully I gulped it. (You know me, a sucker for a kind word!) It must have had a spoonful of saccharine in it, and saccharine is that stuff that's 200 times sweeter than sugar. You can't get the taste of it out of your mouth for hours. Then, Chico was sitting beside me, hard at work with a pencil and a pad of paper. Finally he shook his head mournfully.

"No," he said. "I'm very sorry but I cannot accept your proposition. You want to be my mother-in-law. To tell you the brutal truth, I'd rather have a horse. I've got it all worked out. As a mother-in-law you would cost me about $40 a month. I can keep a horse for $45, get two extra legs and no back-talk. You can see the wisdom of that extra five bucks, I'm sure. And if you'll just sign on the dotted line, I'll have the policy at your office in the morning, and remember, the day you become 60 our company starts supporting you for the rest of your life. Oh well, never mind the dotted line. Just sound your A."

I sounded a good old-fashioned "Eeek!" instead. For standing before me was a vision. I've never seen anything like it. Directly in front of me was a strange cage-like contraption big enough to hold a parrot and a guinea pig, if they were on good terms. Leading to its open door was a trail of corn flakes. Peeking from behind it was Harpo, half in and half out of an extremely realistic gorilla suit. On his face was a cherubic smile and in his hand was a string leading to the trap door of the cage.

That's why I'm ready and willing to go with the boys in white with Norwalk on their caps. Besides, they have promised me I can play poker tonight with Napoleon, Henry the Eighth, Casanova, and Rasputin. I've always had a hunch I could take those babies!

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Stepping Out With the Housekeeper's Daughter

[*Continued from page* 36]

it was saturated with bar-room gin. Personally, I thought it would be a cinch to give him the old hoodlum heave-ho, and then go on to the housekeeper's daughter. But it didn't work out that way. This Menjou guy, copy-catting the boy who stood on the burning deck when all but he had fled, stood his ground. And after he stood his ground he did more than that! Not satisfied with his repulsing by legitimate means, he ups and grabs himself a handful of Roman candles, lights them, and begins firing 'em at us hoodlums. And when he gets a trifle dissatisfied with the results, he starts shooting sky-rockets at us!

Listen, Miss Editor! Did you ever get hit in the seat of the—well, slacks, then if you're so modest—by one of those Roman candles? Did you ever have one of those pretty little colored balls-of-fire smack you in the back of the head and then skid hell-for-leather down the back of your neck? No? Well, then, did you ever try to duck a skyrocket with its tail all lit up and in a hurry to prove it's a second Haley's comet? I managed to duck a couple of 'em but only by the width of a gnat's eyebrow. They singed the whiskers on both cheeks and my girl friend says I won't need a haircut or shave for the next six weeks! Boy, am I burned up!

This sequence lasts for hours, it seems to me, and before it's through, Skyrocketeer Menjou, by no means fed up with blasting us hoodlums out of the housekeeper's shanty, grabs himself another armful of fireworks and starts in on Big Gargan. Bill has the role of the demon, hardboiled, wisecracking city-news cameraman. Before the shooting is over, he has himself an armful of Roman candles. He barricades himself behind a chimney on a neighboring house, and gives Menjou tit for tat, or rather Roman candle for sky rocket. Or vice versa as the case might be. Which it was. Adolphe and Bill, for all I know, might be shooting at each other right now, they seemed to enjoy it so much, but some of the sparks begin to burn holes in the boys' pantlegs, and they begin to dance like they had ants in their pants, so Director Roach yells "CUT! !X!," and a couple of prop boys with fire extinguishers hurry over and give the duelists a drenching. The housekeeper's daughter, which is Joan Bennett, hurries over and gives us hoodlums first aid treatment, and we have quite a nice visit with her which ends with her inviting us tough guys out to her house when the picture is finished for a hotdog and beer party. This time, she promises us, there won't be no Menjou standing by to pepper us with fireworks when we come charging through the gate.

■ Now I know you're wondering how come a sequence like this could be shot inside a sound stage, what with the strict fire laws that are in force. The story of it is the story of the ingenuity of Hollywood's property men.

Laying in a small arsenal consisting of a gross or two of assorted Roman candles, a case of assorted firecrackers, and three hundred skyrockets was a comparatively small task for the prop department. The boys just looked at the order, yawned, and proceeded to call downtown for the needed props.

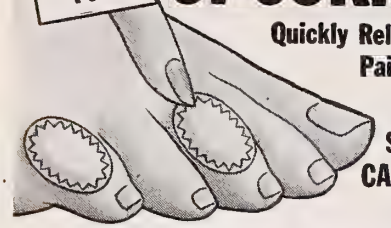
But they tell me now that the yawning was premature. Camera tests of the fireworks showed that Roman candles and skyrockets were entirely too quick for the lens. (They were entirely too quick for me, too, but nobody seemed to worry about that). They just didn't register.

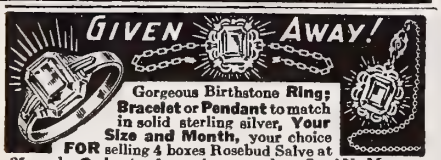
"We need slow fireworks!" Director Roach exploded in no uncertain terms. "Put brakes on those things and slow 'em down!"

Now it took a lot of experimenting to put that order over. It probably wouldn't be done yet but for the fact that one of the prop boys suddenly recalled his old dough-boy training.

When the barrels of the army's big guns become worn, so that compression leaks around the shell, the force of the shot is greatly dissipated. Applying the same principle to the fireworks, the Roman candles and skyrockets were emptied of their charge, the barrels enlarged, and the



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powder restored. With their explosive temperaments curbed (I still question that!) the retarded candles and skyrockets gave an exhibition of decorum and restraint that met with the approval of both director and cameraman during the initial tests.

■ Don Sandstrom, prop man in charge, began to have his worries by this time, so he told me. He knew from past experience that the course, or action, of any fireworks is unpredictable. (I agree with that fully and in toto.) Unlike artillery projectiles, the fireworks are not standardized in their loads, and, as the whole thing is a flimsy contraption of paper, clay, and powder, it was possible for anything to happen. That's what Don thought. And that's exactly what he told his boss who, in turn, told Don to go ahead on whatever safety measures he had in mind.

First off, Don rigged up thin, but strong, wires to run across the sound stage in the direction to be taken by the skyrockets. Each rocket was then firmly wired to the horizontal wire it was to follow in its course. To prevent the heat from melting down the tiny wire on which the rocket was to run, it was necessary to improvise a small metal shield for the sparks, to keep them from touching the wire. As the rockets ran their course in streaming, fiery splendor along the wires, they were to end their careers in compartments especially prepared to receive and extinguish their flames. These receptacles were made of sheet iron, about the size of a stove-pipe cylinder. They were covered with asbestos and contained chemicals to put out the fire. To cover any possible chance that the rockets might rebound after the impact inside these special receivers, a trap door was made at the opening of each cylinder. These traps were to snap shut after the entrance of the rocket. They could not be pushed open from within.

Roman candles, said Don, did not present such a problem as the skyrockets. Roman candles, said Don, carry less powder, are differently packed and are practically (?) harmless. However, simulated brick walls (actually made of tin) with wet sand at the base, received the direct impact of the colorful little balls. That is, except those that impacted against the seat of my —ah, slacks. In the fireworks duel between Gargan and Menjou, huge barrels, half filled with water, were tilted toward the actors in the hope that they (the barrels) would provide a catch-all for the midget comets. I still can't understand why the prop man didn't think it necessary to soak us hoodlums in anti-fire chemicals before the shooting started. He certainly gave us the works—and I do mean fire!

Yes, ma'am, this housekeeper's daughter was certainly hot stuff and there was plenty of sparking going on even if it was in the wrong place!

■ I learned another thing while working on *The Housekeeper's Daughter*. And it's this—the highest taxicab rate in the world is to be found in Hollywood. But just to keep the record straight and the Chamber of Commerce from losing its equilibrium, it's only fair to say that this rate pertains only to taxicabs used in motion pictures.

Three cabs were used in a New York street-scene sequence the next day. They traveled a distance of exactly thirty feet. Rental on the vehicles amounted to ten bucks each for the scene, or a total of thirty bucks. If you placed the tariff on a mileage basis, that would make the cab fare amount to $1,660. Nice going!

■ You're going to be delightfully surprised to see Donald Meek turn on the heat as the irate editor in the picture. To my way of thinking it's the best role he's had in years.

Bet you didn't know that Donald risked his life for art, once in war, once in peace, and by so doing landed kerplunk in the hearts of his countrymen.

According to Donald, he enlisted in the 6th Pennsylvania regiment for the Spanish American war to get rid of his Scotch accent so that later he could land an acting job on Broadway. "I listened to those Yankees and imitated their speech during the whole campaign," he says, "and I think I really lost that Scottish burr. The only time it comes back to me is when I get excited at baseball games or prize fights."

Donald's peace risk was when he joined a troupe of acrobats, got four compound fractures in one fall, spent fifteen weeks in plaster casts and six months on crutches. "The troupe was called 'The Marvelles—Marvellous Monarchs of Many Maneuvers,'" the ex-nipper-upper reveals. "I joined them in Australia, went to Canada with them as part of the Forepaugh circus, and shortly after that had my big bustup. After that I decided to return to the stage."

■ A slight figure in blue slacks, with lovely ash blond hair, flawless complexion and blue eyes, come onto the set the third day I worked. Immediately everything stopped. Mr. Roach, up to then busy with his directorial chores, jumped up and approached, all smiles. Donald Meek forgot his scowls. Adolphe Menjou, the cocksure newshawk before the camera, showed marked deference in his greeting. In fact, the whole company quickly became a committee of the whole, to welcome Peggy Wood on her first day in the picture. This is the same Peggy Wood so famous on the stage. She's a

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the adventures of your favorite extra who went down to the sea in a ship to get you first hand news of the filming of *Ruler of the Seas*, and who insists that he needed a stretcher to get him home. As usual, he triumphs over disaster and brings you a good story.

woman of many accomplishments and interests. A screen career has already been added to her stage successes. Back in 1920 she appeared on the screen with Will Rogers in *Almost a Husband*. Her father was Eugene Wood, popular fiction writer of his day. Her husband, John V. A. Weaver, now dead, was a poet, playwright, and author. Miss Wood has written feature stories for the Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies Home Journal, The American Magazine and a book, "Actors Are People." Occasionally she takes over the difficult job of play-doctoring. She claims that the one thing that has discouraged her from attempting the field of play-writing is the attitude of the dramatic critics in New York. They resent actors who write plays, she says. She thinks that a large part of the criticism that Noel Coward has had from the press is because of their resentment at actor-playwrights.

"Hollywood is unbelievable," Miss Wood told me later when I got a chance to squeeze in a question or two. "I'm used to my friends' saying that everybody goes to Hollywood, but now I know it's true after this visit. And the most amazing thing! I had luncheon in London in May with Carol Goodner, an American actress who has been working in London for 12 years, and she turns up here, too!"

The Adirondacks are Miss Woods' favorite spot. She describes it as "a lot of left over Lake Arrowheads all dumped down together in one place. I have a house in the mountains back there, and it's called 'The Two Faced Hussy.' One side that opens toward the road has a discreet New England appearance as it was built in 1789. The back of the house, facing the garden, goes gay and modern."

■ We now come to the subject of lightning. Three kinds of it—greased, forked, and sheet that played tag with me on sound stage No. 6.

Lightning, like a lot of screen players, became a source of many a headache to Hollywood studios when talkies came in. It was easy enough to produce lightning in those silent days. All the juicer had to do was to pass a heavy current between two carbon electrodes and the arc that resulted did the business.

But making Mother Nature show her teeth after sound was introduced, was a flash of another color. The carbon arc lightning was accompanied by a crackling roar that resembled an explosion. Dialogue was out of the question while the heavenly fireworks were going on.

Faced with the problem of hearing Menjou speak his lines over intermittent flashes of lightning, the juicers hit upon an innovation. The old carbon arc method was discarded in favor of incandescent lights. A series of bulbs of graduating intensity were hooked up and current was applied by relays through a master switch. The resulting flash builds up from a glow to a blinding intensity and then tapers off, all in a split second.

Well, you know me. When Menjou was speaking his lines between flashes I backed into a bulb and I musta touched the darn thing with my hand because it exploded with a sound that made Menjou start double-talking and me yipping toward the exit like a dog with six burrs under its tail! I have a hunch it was just another of those smart-aleck Hollywood gags, but I got myself a pocketful of heavenly fire that had me jumping clear out of my brogans. I could hear Hal Roach yell something about "Hey, Ajax, come back here!" but I kept right on moving. I didn't mind the Roman candles, nor the firecrackers, nor the skyrockets, but when they begin tossing studio-made lightning at you, it's time to call the whole thing off. Which was just what I did.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

If you want to know what *The Housekeeper's Daughter* is about, before you see the screen version, read the "best-selling" novel of the same title by Donald Henderson Clarke. All I can tell you, now, is that Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Bill Gargan, Peggy Wood, John Hubbard, Donald Meek, Luis Alberni, Lilian Bond and George E. Stone get together to give you about as good a piece of celluloid entertainment as you'll see in a month of Sundays.

As for me.

I'm through with dames, see.

I know when I'm not wanted, and no one has to tell me with Roman candles and skyrockets, either!



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Buffet Suppers Are Easy

Miriam Hopkins likes buffet suppers because they leave the hostess free for enterprises like Miriam's favorite game, croquet

Guests like the informality, hostesses love the ease of serving afforded by delicious hot and cold buffet meals

By BETTY CROCKER



Miriam Hopkins is one of Hollywood's outstanding hostesses. You have to say it just like that, for there aren't enough good adjectives to do justice by Miriam otherwise. Her parties are usually informal, small gatherings of congenial people, always great successes.

"I never plan too much," she told me, "over-planning a party practically ruins it from the start. It gets to running too clock-like. People don't like to be invited to dinner and then put through a routine program.

"That's why I really can't give you a pattern for a successful party. Each pattern for each party must work itself out as it goes along. I can't decide that this guest shall chat with that guest, or that dancing shall be in order, or that we shall all discuss the theatre or the changing map of Europe. All I can do is bring people together, and arrange a palatable menu to further make the evening enjoyable.

"Although we entertain at small sit-down dinners most often through the winter, at this time of year I do like a grand and generous buffet. And there's something about 'buffet' that makes your guests relax the moment you mention the word. They know they may eat what they like, as they like and chatter as they go. All of which makes for a camaraderie and informality that is essential to any successful party. My small dinners always include very simple menus—but my buffet menu—ah, I really must go to town on them. So let's see what sounds good:"

MENU

Scalloped Chicken Supreme — Veal in Aspic
Salad Bowl or Platter of Salad Greens — Deviled Ham Biscuit Rounds
Radish Roses — Hollywood Olives (colossal) — Celery Stuffed with Roquefort
Vanilla Ice Cream served in Fresh Pineapple Halves — Nut Torte
Coffee — Cream Wafers — Salted Nuts

SCALLOPED CHICKEN SUPREME

6 cups cooked chicken
4 cups chicken broth
6 cups cooked rice
3 cups milk
4 tbsp. butter
¾ cup all-purpose flour
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup blanched almonds
1 small can pimento
2 cans mushrooms (2 cups)
Buttered Bread or Cracker Crumbs.
Paprika

Cut chicken into 1-inch pieces and measure. Pour 1 cup chicken broth over cooked rice. Make rich gravy by adding milk to remaining broth and thickening it with the butter, melted and blended with the flour. Add pepper. Cut the almonds in slices and cut the pimentos very fine. Slice the mushrooms and fry in a little butter until lightly browned. Butter a large shallow casserole, and cover the bottom with rice. Place a layer of chicken over the rice, and add a generous amount of the gravy. Dot with almonds, pimento and mushrooms. Repeat with a second layer of each ingredient. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top—then the paprika. This will fill two 8-inch casseroles. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes. It will give you 16 to 20 generous servings.

To Cook the Chicken: Cover a 5 lb. chicken with boiling water. Add 1 tsp. salt, 3 or 4 stalks of celery, and 2 small onions. Simmer gently until tender—2 or 3 hours. Let cool in the broth. Discard skin and bones and slice the meat off the chicken.

To Cook the Rice: Pour 1 cup uncooked rice into 3 qts. boiling water with 1 tsp. salt in it. Boil until tender and most of the water is absorbed—about 30 minutes.

VEAL IN ASPIC

2 tbsp. gelatin
4 tbsp. cold water
2¾ cups veal broth
4 hard cooked eggs
Pimento Stuffed Olives
Slices Pimento
3 to 4 cups cooked meat, cut up
1 tsp. salt

Soak the gelatin in cold water and add to the hot broth. Let this mixture cool until it begins to thicken. Oil a bread loaf pan (8½x4½x2¾ inches) lightly, place hard cooked eggs slices, sliced stuffed olives and pimento strips in the bottom of this pan with a little of the gelatin mixture and allow it to set. Add the cut up veal to the rest of the gelatin mixture. Add salt. Pour into pan over first mixture and allow to chill. Serve on a platter garnished with parsley, radish roses, olives, slices of tomato, and lettuce or endive. This will give 10 servings.

To Cook the Veal: Use a 3 lb. knuckle of veal broken in pieces and 1 lb. of lean veal from the neck or leg. Cover with boiling water, add 2 onions, 1½ tbsp. salt, parsley and some celery tops. Simmer gently for 2 hours or until tender. Cut meat into small pieces. Strain the liquid and let it boil rapidly until reduced to 2¾ cups.

DEVILED HAM BISCUIT ROUNDS

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
1 cup rich milk or cream
¾ cup deviled ham (2 2-oz. cans)

Make up the rich biscuit dough by mixing together the biscuit mix and ¾ cup of the rich milk or cream—according to the directions on the package of biscuit mix. Roll out ⅓ inch thick. Cut half of the dough with a biscuit cutter, and the other half with a doughnut cutter the same size. Spread the plain rounds with the deviled ham which has been mixed with the remaining ¼-cup of the rich milk or cream. Fit the rounds with the holes in the center over those spread with the ham filling. Place close together in rows or in a ring on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot over, 450° F. This will make 8 ham biscuit rounds.

NUT TORTE

1 cup shortening (mostly butter for flavor)
1½ cups sugar
4 eggs
3 tbsp. cream

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2¼ cups cake flour or 2 cups all purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
¼ cup wine or brandy (or light fruit juice)
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup shaved or chopped blanched almonds

Cream the shortening add the sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in the egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in the cream. Sift the flour once before measuring. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the wine or brandy (or light fruit juice) and lemon juice. Add the grated lemon rind and the almonds. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a well greased and floured 9-inch tube center pan. Bake for 1 hour and 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. When the cake is cool, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and serve in thin slices.

Bachelor Insurance

[*Continued from page* 35]

insurance hadn't come to him out of a clear sky, he confessed. He'd been working it out carefully, step by step, testing this, discarding the other. It wasn't quite fool-proof yet, but on the whole the idea was working pretty well.

"So far I have prepared six types of policies," he said. "To the best of my knowledge and belief they are sound, at least in theory. Of course the premiums are pretty stiff, and there are a few penalties, but on the whole the benefits to be derived by the insured are proportionate."

The most popular policy, John has found, is the "pay and play" *Safety In Numbers* issue because it is educational, effective and pleasant at the same time. The insured must guarantee only that he will play the field and not take the same girl out twice in the same week. Violation of this clause automatically cancels the policy because it is no trick at all to slip from two dates to three and then four, which inevitably ends up with loss of the bachelor standing.

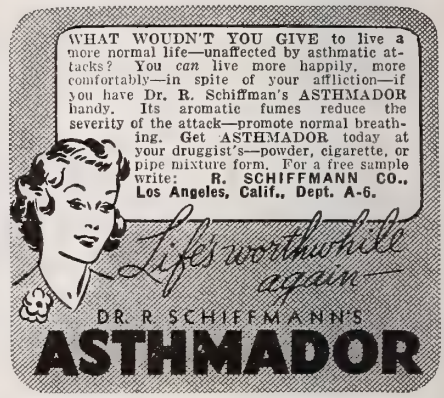
"In all fairness, however, I must point out the two main disadvantages in this policy," John said earnestly. "The first disadvantage is that inevitably his plan proves an extremely expensive procedure. It requires use of the Smoothie Technique of orchids, costly entertainment and concentrated attention. After you have beaued one girl consistently for three or four months it is perfectly reasonable to suggest a neighborhood movie or a drive in the moonlight with hamburgers on the way home. For single-shot dates such a suggestion would be in deplorably bad taste, to say nothing of starting the rumor your pocketbook was affected with a touch of Midas. Playing the field precludes knowing any one girl well enough to be honest about what you really want to do, or can afford to do.

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"The second disadvantage in this policy," John confided in a whisper, "is that you *may* let the real thing slip by in the crowd! You may wake up four years later to say 'By gosh, I should have married that girl' only to discover she has been Mrs. Julius Dillingwater for three happy years and the mother of bouncing twin boys. A thing like that easily can blight a man's whole future."

■ The *Man's Man* coverage is the other policy issued under the Howard bachelor insurance. To keep it in force the insured merely makes it extremely evident by his conduct that he has no interest whatsoever in women or their charms. He develops hobbies like fishing, hunting or wood carving and rides them hell bent for leather. He shudders at the suggestion of a cocktail party or dinner dance and takes to the tall timber at the slightest hint of a cosy *tete a tete* on the family davenport.

"While this policy has the advantage of permitting a man to indulge his hobbies without interruption if he happens to have hobbies, it does admit to two dangers," John explained. "He may establish the *man's man* personality so effectively that hostesses will take him at face value and drop him from all invitation lists. In that case he loses out on a lot of parties that would be good clean fun. Second, hunting, fishing or chopping down trees may bore him stiff. In that case he better consider one of our other protections."

■ An ideal policy for the lazy man (or the heroically brave one!) is the one John calls *Tell The Truth* coverage. It is so absurdly simple to use, a child could make it work, and frequently does. The girl friend who is threatening your status as a bachelor may say, for instance, "Darling, how do you like my new hat?" Your cue is to give it a disgusted once-over and answer "Confidentially, it's awful!" Or she may say brightly "Having a good time?" in which case you answer "Frankly, no." Or she may ask "Am I the only woman in your life?" to which you reply "Lady, I have to fight off women with a club" or "Yes, unfortunately."

"There is no end to this policy's possibilities," John said, "and there is no doubt about it being effective. It has, however, a few little drawbacks. It might hurt a lady's tender feelings, in which case you soon would be known as a brute and a cad. Being known as a brute might not injure your social standing, but a reputation as a cad is, on the whole, rather undesirable. Then again, your telling of the truth at all times might prove such a refreshing novelty, particularly in Hollywood, that it would defeat the purpose you have in mind, and leave everybody saying 'Isn't he a card! He says the cutest things!' And finally, of course, there's the chance you'd wind up on the receiving end of a beautiful mouser, delivered with gusto by the lady herself or one of her more gallant gentlemen friends. The nuisance value of a black eye cannot be overestimated."

That gave me the idea. Was that how he got that shiner a couple of weeks ago, I asked.

"No," he said coldly. "Waiter, two beers!" Well he needn't have gotten huffy about it. I was just wondering. . . .

■ That brought us to the *Saddle Yourself With Obligations* policy which works on the principle that if you legally contract for sufficient obligations like buying a house, building a swimming pool, running up a tailor's bill, importing an automobile, and so forth, you will in turn (a) have no money to spend on women; (b) have no women; and (c) have no trouble remaining a bachelor.

"The only trouble with this policy is that you may be lucky enough to find some swell girl in whose company you can relax and whose feelings for you are purely Platonic," John amended. "In that case you are in a jam because you haven't got the dough to do what you really want, like giving her a fabulous sapphire which matches her eyes. Then you are safe but very sad."

Thwarted is the word, I said. "Thwarted," he agreed amiably. "Did I ever tell you about th-wart Grandfather had on his neck?"

"Waiter!" I said. "Two beers!"

■ The remaining policies he had to offer under his bachelor insurance plan John said were designed for emergencies rather than long-term, non-cancellable protection. Stripped of fancy verbiage they were called simply *Smoke a Cigar* and *Refuse To Dress Up.*

"I have yet to find a woman who can face the future with a man who smokes a good black cigar," he announced ponderously. "Pipes, yes. There is something romantic about a pipe which few women can resist. But a good black cigar, never! The pride of Havana is just a pain in the nose as far as ladies are concerned. By the same token, something atrophies in a woman's soul unless she can get all dressed up in formal doodads at least once a month and strut her glory in public. Obviously if you refuse to conform she is—"

"I know," I said wearily. "Thwarted."

"Exactly!" John gloated. "And once more you are saved by the bell!"

"Who, me?" I asked.

"No," he said in disgust. "This man we're talking about. The insured. The man who is carrying my policies. Of course two things may happen. The cigar may make him sick and the moths may raise families in his dinner jacket but those are minor matters, comparatively speaking."

"Waiter!" I began, "two—"

"Sorry," John said firmly, "I've got to be going." He did have the decency to blush. "You see, I've got a date!"

"Judas!" I hissed.

John beamed. "Ah, but you haven't seen her!" he chirruped. "She's wonderful. She's glorious. She's terrific. She's a knockout. I'm the luckiest guy in town!"

"Waiter!" I managed feebly. "Coffee! And make it black!"

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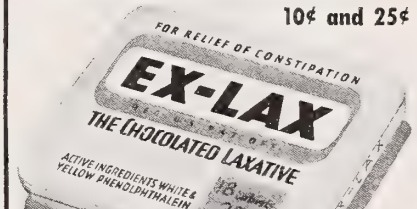


JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

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The Light That Failed

[*Continued from page 27*]

the garb of gentlemen in those gay days.

The town of Buckman contributed its full share of the fantasy. One forenoon it was only a lonesome signboard beside the railroad tracks above the Rio Grande—not a citizen or a dwelling in sight, only a lobo wolf or a coyote in the distance. Before night it became a town of 628 inhabitants, all of them men, with a per capita income of $42 a day. The population included the British Army (220 members of the New Mexican National Guard), 7 makeup experts, 150 fuzzy-wuzzies, various Indians who drifted thither to see what caused all the gunfire across their ancient battleground near Black Mesa; and the Hon. George Washington Armigo, Speaker of the House in the New Mexican legislature, who efficiently filled the job of a watchman. Oh, yes, and Producer-Director William A. Wellman.

Five weeks later when the last of the Paramount people returned to Hollywood, Buckman reverted to its former status of signboard.

They picked Buckman as a "location" after hunting through six states for the River Nile. For the purposes of Kipling's story, the country had to resemble that in the vicinity of Khartoum, because the group of English correspondents and Dick, the artist, were with the troops trying to rescue General Gordon, of gallant memory. The Nile had to flow through a level valley, with small, marshy lakes and reeds on the banks. It had to have, later, a rocky channel and rapids, and flow through land like the Nubian desert in Africa. All these scenic requirements were met by New Mexico.

But though the Rio Grande resembled the Nile at the point selected, the army of fuzzy-wuzzies proved reluctant to ford it in bare feet. The fuzzies, by the way, wore wigs with hair eight inches long that stood out all round. "Man, oh, man!" said one of the New Mexican negroes who wore one, "they sure need barbers in the old country!" Yet in spite of their fierce appearance, the New Mexican fuzzies shied away from the river. "We done heard," a spokesman said, "that Mister Wellman's gonna put alligators in it to make it more like the Nile . . . "

Mr. Wellman, it happened, had no such intention. Alligators cost lots of money. For that matter, so do fuzzy-wuzzies.

Apparently, however, Wellman's reputation for practical jokes had preceded him. . . He contends that the most important thing in making a picture is knowing when to quit work. "A break of 10 minutes for a little horseplay," he says, "is a prescription for good humor and cooperation." He met his match, though, in one cloud which for an entire day dodged behind a mountain ridge whenever Wellman wanted to shoot it and came out when he didn't. Still, this didn't discourage him; he asked six guardsmen to haul an 1880 caisson with an old cannon on it for 50 yards. The men stood aghast. "Soft sand! Sink in! Take six horses!" Finally they bent to it, gave a mighty tug

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on the rope, and fell over backwards. During the night Wellman had substituted for the original a cannon made of aluminum.

That was in preparation for a cavalry charge in which the camera traveled more than a mile over a dangerous, flimsy wooden track—the longest "dolly" shot on record. "Lovely, lovely!" Wellman crooned after the fierce battle had surged back and forth between the fuzzies and the British. "Mr. Wellman," the script clerk said in the midst of the director's enthusiasm, "that fuzzy-wuzzy right there in the middle of the scene was wearing sun glasses!" But heigh ho, that's the movies for you.

■ While the various battle scenes raged, there was no more attentive spectator than Chief Johnny Gully Wash, a Navajo with a fortune in oil. He liked the fighting, but where Chief Johnny began to grunt with real admiration was when he watched Ernest Cossart, who plays Beeton, a Cockney landlord. It seems Chief Johnny had often seen Cossart on the screen—where as a rule he plays butlers—and had developed no little admiration for his suave technique and for the fact that invariably he was handing people nice things to eat.

Imagine Cossart's surprise when he found that Chief Johnny Gully Wash had gone to John C. Mitchell, head of the State Employment Bureau in Santa Fe (an old friend of the Chief's), and tried to arrange to hire Cossart as butler. A permanent job, too.

■ Meanwhile, still speaking of whimsy, there was Mr. Whiskers, an intelligent black Scottie. He plays the role of Binkie, Torpenhow's dog, which pals round in London with Dick Heldar and with Nilghai, dean of the war-correspondents (Dudley Digges). A Scottie, with its great sense of dignity, doesn't like to take orders from anyone but a real acquaintance. Therefore the dog's owner suggested that Mr. Whiskers go with Ronald Colman to New Mexico, and that Colman take exclusive care of him for a few weeks.

Mr. Whiskers, therefore, moved into quarters at the hotel in Sante Fe where Ronald Colman and wife Benita Hume stayed (Colman drove down each evening from the Buckman camp.) And Mr. Whiskers promptly began to mope and pine. Mr. Whiskers wouldn't eat. And Mr. Whiskers wouldn't drink. Frantic telephone calls to Hollywood, to the owner of Mr. Whiskers, solved the problem. Mr. Whiskers didn't like well water. He'd been brought up on water from a certain spring outside Hollywood. He'd never drunk any other kind, and he wasn't going to begin now. So from then on 10 gallons of spring water went from Hollywood to Santa Fe, daily. Mr. Whiskers, while a general favorite, proved to be the only temperamental actor in the cast.

If anyone had a right to be temperamental—though he didn't exercise that right—it was Ronald Colman. In a 48-day schedule, he worked every day and was called for 5:30 every morning on location and for 6:30 at the studio, when at last, in spite of the Nile river and the fuzzy-wuzzies, the company returned to the Hollywood studio for the major part of the picture with its scenes in London and Port Said. Here the girls made their appearance.

They included blond-red Muriel Angelus, a newcomer from Broadway, as Maisie, the pretty and selfish young painter whom Dick Heldar loved and who deserted him when he went blind; Ida Lupino (who recently became Mrs. Louis Hayward), as Bessie, Dick's model, the vicious hussy from the streets; Fay Helm, as the Red-Haired Girl, Maisie's roommate, who secretly loved Dick; and fascinating Ferike Boros (the laughing landlady in *Love Affair*) as Madame Binat, manager of a Port Said dive where Dick lodged.

The prop boys have the furniture in place on Sound Stage 11 which contains Dick's London studio. Torpenhow and Nilghai are seated at a table, playing chess. Dick, in a faded armchair, has Binkie in his lap. There's white woodwork, a mirror over the fireplace, a painting here and there on an easel, and an atmosphere of Victorian comfort. Red drapes. An oil lamp with a yellow china shade. A fire burning briskly in the grate, with the temperature on the stage already at 102.

Ronald Colman is kibitzing the chess game. But, between "takes," Director Wellman, full of energy, his fair, curly hair on end, is kibitzing Binkie.

"Whiskers, you little pet"—thus Wellman, when Binkie misses a cue—"from now on we're going to give you a Mickey Finn. . . . Are we ready for this lovely little dog? No, no, Ronald, don't frown—mustn't upset the doggie. Oh, that damn-fool dog!"—as Binkie misses another cue—"if I make a success of this scene, I'll be doing the next Tarzan. . . . "

What they wanted of Binkie was a dash at a closed door. They finally achieved it when the Scottie's owner dashed for the door, one inch ahead of the cameras. Then they had to have a good, hearty growl aimed at Ida Lupino.

Miss Lupino, a trifle weary of Victorian manners, is over in a corner doing a new jitterbug step—and she in a gay dress plus a bustle! Miss Lupino comes a-scampering, takes her place, and waits for Binkie to growl at her.

But Binkie likes Miss Lupino. At his owner's command he does indeed put back his ears and growl long and loud, but—he wags his tail hard to show there's no ill feeling! Again and again they try the scene, with the same result. "Oh, that DOG!" mutters Wellman, who nevertheless likes dogs and especially Whiskers. After half an hour they get Binkie to growl without wagging his tail; but that's because they've fastened his tail down with black tape.

"Ha!" Wellman says, rubbing his hands, "now for that sequence where Colman comes into Maisie's studio and doesn't like tea. I've been waiting for that sequence, because I hate tea, too."

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■ The tea scene goes off smoothly enough, but the fog on the Thames Embankment wouldn't stay put. Dick meets Maisie, after years of separation, in a fog. Due to the hot, dry weather or something, the fog kept floating to the sound stage ceiling. They had to put ice in the fog machine to create cold air to hold the stuff down.

Presto, change! The company flocks over to the stage where Port Said stands. Here is Mons. and Mme. Binat's drinking den; a thoroughly pleasant place with its earthen floor, its heavy, squat stone pillars, its waiters in white robes with the red fez and red slippers, its ladies of the evening in gay European gowns of the 1880 mode or soft pink, yellow, ivory Egyptian costumes. It's in the courtyard here that Dick, with plenty of money at the moment, has a Zanzibar dance performed by African girls in scant attire—a lively and lovely sequence.

■ Over by the camera a friendly dispute arises. It's over the pronunciation of "Schiedam gin." Some say it's "shydam" and other hold out for "sheedam." Anyway, the word occurs in the dialogue. "Aren't there any gin experts here?" Wellman demands. "Get a dictionary, somebody. . . . Colman can't have a drink till we find out how to pronounce what he asks for."

This is a nice scene when it gets into action. Dick bids goodbye to Mons. and Mme. Binat—he's returning to London after his first Egyptian campaign. Mme. Binat beams upon him in a blond, blowsy, motherly way and calls him "my boy." Sardonic Mons. Binat (Pedro de Cordoba), a sodden genius of an artist himself, tells Dick that if he aims to become a true artist—"You will descend into hell alive, as I have descended."

The prophecy is to come true with a vengeance, but Dick knows nothing of that. He claps Binat upon the shoulder, promises not to forget him, and makes his way out through the milling crowd of gamblers, drinkers, professional sweethearts, past the Arab contentedly picking his nose in a corner. Unintentionally, he almost collides with a waiter who dodges with nimble footwork, and barely saves his tray of glasses from a crash.

"That's it! That's what I want!" Wellman cries in delight. So then they do it over again four times.

■ The indoor scenes finished—nine days ahead of schedule, by the bye—Wellman takes the company to Laguna Beach to photograph "the white cliffs of Dover." The company and cameras locate the white cliffs of Dover all right, but, as they begin to shoot, the spirit of whimsy which has dogged their steps throughout, now enters into the population of Laguna.

As one man, or woman, the entire citizenry rushes down to the beach to watch the picture being made. In order to watch, they crowd closer and closer. "Shoo!" cries Wellman, but they don't shoo. It's impossible to take the sequence without including the figures and chatter of the enraptured populace. "Go away!" Wellman begs. "In this particular scene, Mr. Colman is supposed to be alone with Miss Angelus . . ."

"OOOOOOO! Ronald Colman! Look! Wheeeeee!"

So they packed up the actors and cameras and came back to Hollywood. Not until they found a private beach with cliffs, hired it, and fenced it off, were they able to shoot the final shot—without benefit of the unexpected. But, as has been said, that's the picture business for you.

Popularity Quiz

[*Continued from page* 29]

5. Do you hum in his ear? ———
6. Do you talk in a loud voice to attract the attention of other men? ———
7. When it gets late, do you say, "You run along if you're tired, I can take care of myself"? ———
8. Do you act like a martyr when he takes you to a dull party? ———
9. Do you forget to remove your corsage from your left shoulder when you dance? ———
10. Do you sigh after each number, "Oh, this is my favorite song"? ———
11. Do you stuff your handbag into his pocket when you get up to dance? ———
12. Do you spend long minutes in the dressing room gossiping with friends? ———

HOW DO YOU RATE *Phoning?*

QUIZZER: ANN RUTHERFORD

1. Do you phone him at his office? ———
2. Are you a telephone hanger-onner? ———
3. Do you ask personal questions when you know he is not alone? ———
4. Do you tell him long stories on the phone that can be saved for later? ———
5. When asked for a date, do you hedge with "I'm not sure, I have a tentative date, let me call you back" ———
6. Do you leave personal messages with his family? ———
7. Do you telephone him early Sunday morning? ———
8. When he asks for a date, do you go into detail about what you have to do all week. "Well, Monday I have to go to the dentist, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., etc." ———
9. Do you ask him to blow you a kiss on the phone? ———

HOW DO YOU RATE *Driving?*

QUIZZER: JANE WYMAN

1. Do you link your hand in his when he drives? ———
2. Do you open the door and jump in the

car without waiting for him to help you? ———

3. Do you try to direct him and give him short cuts? ———

4. Do you drape your legs around the gearshift? ———

5. Do you caution him to slow up every few minutes? ———

6. Do you twist his windshield mirror around so that you can repair your make-up? ———

7. Do you toot his horn frequently because "it makes such a cute noise"? ———

8. Do you mistake every other vehicle on the road for a speed cop and warn him? ———

9. Do you read traffic signals aloud. "There's a red light—stop!" "Slow down." "There's a curve ahead." ———

10. Do you playfully insist upon handling the steering wheel? ———

11. If a cop stops him, do you take it upon yourself to talk him out of giving you a ticket? ———

12. Do you make him chauffeur your family around? ———

HOW DO YOU RATE *In Sports?*

QUIZZER: PRISCILLA LANE

1. Do you take advantage of the frailty (!) of your sex by making him do all the work—to wit: chase the balls, etc.? ———

2. Do you squeal and scream when you step into the water? ———

3. When you win from him, do you rub it in and brag to his friends? ———

4. Do you wear mascara at sports? ———

5. Do you think that indulging in sports with him entitles you to look sloppy and adopt a mannish air? ———

6. Do you act helpless at games and make him slow up his own to teach you? ———

7. Does your idea of good sportsmanship include collecting bets when you win, laughing them off when you lose? ———

HOW DO YOU RATE *As A Fiancee?*

QUIZZER: VIRGINIA FIELD

1. Do you drop in at his office to surprise him? ———

2. Do you continually ask him if he loves you? ———

3. As a final argument do you use: "If you love me, you'll do it"? ———

4. Do you get over-sentimental and muse about the details of all your previous dates? ———

5. Do you check on his movements when he's not with you? ———

6. Do you insist that he call you by a nickname which is a hangover from your childhood, such as "Dimples" or "Cuddles"? ———

7. Do you question him about his female associates in the business world? ———

8. Do you make a fuss over his sister and try to develop her as a bosom pal? ———

9. When you hear "Night and Day" do you adopt a Mona Lisa smile, sigh, "Ah, that brings back a certain memory of three years ago" and lapse into a world-weary silence from which it is impossible to shake you out of for the next hour? ———

HOW DO YOU RATE *Sartorially?*

QUIZZER: JANE BRYAN

1. Do you wear gadgets that stick out like hardware on your dresses? ———

2. Are your clothes too tight where you sit? ———

3. Are you continually reaching to haul up your shoulder straps? ———

4. Do you put on mascara so that each eyelash looks like an individual spike? ———

5. Do you like to hang flowers, feathers, bows, ribbons, 18-day clocks and fake sunflowers on your middle? ———

6. Do you stuff two or three handkerchiefs in one pocket? ———

7. Do you use "I know you so well" as an excuse to look sloppy? ———

8. Do you fuss with your hair? ———

NOW, add up your score and compare it to the one below.

CRIME	WORST SCORE
Conversationally	64
Dating	56
Dining	52
Dancing	48
Phoning	36
Driving	48
In Sports	28
As a fiancee	36
Sartorially	32
All in all	400

AND NOW—here's how you rate. Can you take it?

50-100: Excellent; you're a drawing room menace, a stag-line slayer. How did you find time to answer these questions?

100-150: Pretty good; you shouldn't have much trouble holding 'em.

150-200: Fair; still hope for you, but you'll have to polish up the weak spots.

200-250: You're on the danger-line; take a good appraisal of yourself.

250-300: Not so good, baby, not so good. Brush up on that finesse.

300-350: Whoa there—you'll have to take up knitting to keep those evenings occupied.

350-400: Ummmmm—you're in the doghouse. Too bad. How about doing something about it?

0-50: You must have been cheating! Or else you've got so much personality "oomph" you needn't have taken this quiz in the first place!



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Post-Graduate Course

[*Continued from page 38*]

others which do the real damage."

Since this unfortunate experience, the beautiful young star has done more than keep silent when gossip is going the rounds. She asks the informer:

"Do you know it's true?"

Nine times out of ten, she avers, the gossip can give no guarantee, and lapses into silence, very much deflated.

■ Loretta admits quite frankly that she had to work hard to develop a sense of humor. She contends that it is one of the most important assets in Hollywood and the world over. Once, when she was making a picture, *Shanghai*, for Walter Wanger, who is producing *Eternally Yours*, she set her mind on wearing pyjamas which had been specially designed for her.

"I developed one of those complexes, silly to men, but understandable to all women," she declared. "As each day passed and the time for the scene grew nearer, I cast loving glances at those pyjamas. For me, they were the highlight of the production. I felt as if I just couldn't wait to get into them. Finally, the hour arrived, and I was the happiest person in Hollywood.

"Until Wanger came to me."

"I think it's best if you don't wear those pyjamas, Loretta," he told her. "I don't believe they reflect the mood of the scene. They're apt to be distracting."

Loretta staged a scene. It was a wow, a class "A" scene which approached the colossal. Partly because she was exhausted after weeks of work, day and night, partly because of the emotional strain of the part. But mainly because she, like a small child, had set her heart on wearing the pyjamas. So thorough was her outburst that Wanger halted production.

Lucille, her practical-minded hairdresser, snapped her out of it.

"It's silly to throw a fit," she scoffed. "Where's your sense of humor? You ought to be having a good laugh. If you could've seen yourself—"

It was quite a while before Loretta got enough perspective so that she could get the true picture. But, when she did, she had the laugh at her own expense which Lucille had suggested.

"That," she told me, "was my last temperamental outburst. Since then things have happened which were far more important to my life and my career than those pyjamas and I have taken all of them more quietly, handled them far better. Because now I can laugh without a prompter."

■ Another lesson she has learned is in the matter of clothes. Once she believed that to make an impression one had to spend a small mint of money on garments that stopped conversation when she entered a room. This is how she learned she was wrong:

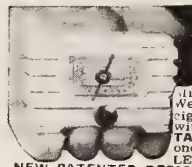
"I had an engagement," she related, "with one of the handsomest, most eligible

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and important men in Hollywood. I wanted to make an impression, so I went over my budget, and battered my bank account for a fur coat—a beautiful thing.

"That night we had our date. He paid absolutely no attention to the coat. On the other hand, he complimented me on the simple evening dress I wore.

"Men," she explained, "seldom notice what you have on so long as it is in good taste. It is only when you become careless, sloppy, too daring in fashion, or otherwise violate the simple rules of good taste that you attract attention. And it's the wrong kind of attention."

She pointed out that in Hollywood, as everywhere else, it is wise to dress sensibly. Not long ago she heard a producer take a starlet to task for a careless coat thrown over a garish blouse and a pair of unpressed slacks.

"Please dress yourself properly," the producer chided. "I'm making a great effort to make you known as the lovely girl you are. No one can appear glamorous in an outfit like that."

Loretta is famous for her neatness, her "just so" appearance, but she has acquired it through care rather than through extravagance.

■ The lesson of being patient she learned early and painfully. When her sisters, Sally Blaine and Polly Ann, began working in the exciting motion pictures, her mother insisted that Loretta stay in school. The other girls were older and had had their educations.

"I carried on considerably," Loretta confessed today. "I wanted to abandon the sober black uniform, the cotton stockings and high laced shoes and become a glamour girl. I didn't see the point to education. But mother made me stay in school. I realized, finally, that my career could wait just a little while, and that there was time in life for everything."

Today, Loretta is glad she waited, glad she learned to study, learned poise, so many other things which have stood her in good stead.

She learned that night clubbing, just to be seen, wasn't worth while when an actress of her acquaintance was taken out of a part because too much of it resulted in not enough attention to her work.

And, she confessed, although she has been in the upper ranks—one might say the advanced class—for twelve years, she is still learning.

"Hollywood," she contends, "is just like any other place. Happiness here or any place else is a matter of getting along with one's fellows. In order to be a smooth cog in the machinery of life, you have to adapt yourself, consider others, realize that those who continue to learn are the ones who get the honorary degrees of real friendships in the end."

NEXT MONTH

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On Your Toes









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Confessions of a Private Secretary



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Remember — there are other fashionable Irresistible fall shades for your make-up wardrobe, too! And — there's an Irresistible rouge and face powder designed to match each lipstick shade all scented with the same haunting Irresistible Perfume that you adore.

Make this test—put Irresistible cosmetics on half of your face, and any other brand of cosmetics in any price range on the other half. Compare them. — There is YOUR proof of the color-rightness and quality of Irresistible make-up! All Irresistible preparations—certified pure. 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.

YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PRINTED



Romantic gown of changeable taffeta with deep square neckline and new puff bustle.

Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage



Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and *still* win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to *you!* Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

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DECEMBER, 1939
Vol. 28 No. 12

Hollywood
Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Christmas, the time for snowballing, finds Shirley Temple warming up in fine fashion. Her next picture will be *The Bluebird* for Twentieth Century-Fox

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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IT'S A BLESSED EVENT *



Popular Bill Powell, Merry Myrna Loy re-united, and everybody's happy!

WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY

IN

* Another Thin Man

with

VIRGINIA GREY • TOM NEAL
RUTH HUSSEY • C. AUBREY SMITH
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Good news, America! Nick and Nora are back in their newest, merriest, most amazing adventure—with Asta, and a brand-new member of the family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Carefully and with the utmost secrecy, a group of the film colony's licensed pilots are going about the organization work from which will develop an army squadron of combat flyers. More than fifty men identified with motion picture making already have had enough hours in the air to win their licenses. Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power and Wallace Beery are probably the best known, but there are others from studio technicians on up to directors and producers. The group hopes to win the approval of the proper military authorities to the extent that qualified army pilots will be appointed as teachers for the necessary classroom work, and instructors in actual war-time air maneuvers. So secret have been the plans concerning this patriotic group that not even the studio heads know anything about it. When they do, there probably will be an uproar, but, once given government permission, nothing is going to prevent them from learning how to fly and fight in army air style, they say.

■ A trio of young Hollywoodites ventured forth without the charmed St. Christopher's medal or rabbit's foot this month. Virginia Field parked her auto atop a hill, slammed the car door and dashed into the house where a party was in progress. She didn't know a thing had happened until Margaret Roach walked into the room and said, quietly: "Didn't know you parked your car on a telephone pole, Virginia." When the startled Virginia rushed outside to inspect her swanky phaeton she found it literally accordion-pleated about the pole and beyond repair.

Alice Eden, returning to Hollywood after an eight week's radio program in Chicago, turned over three times in a small coupe and emerged without a scratch. Ironically, she contracted a frightful case of poison ivy when she went with the tow car to haul her coupe out of the brush-filled ditch.

Tom Rutherford narrowly escaped drowning when he was diving for abalone off the rocks of Laguna. One of the huge shell fish clamped his hand seven feet under water while he was trying to pry it loose. A nearby fisherman rescued him from a watery grave.

■ In these times when one hears so many plaints from youth about the difficulties of finding employment and obtaining a foothold in the business world, it's pleasant to learn that there are still those youthfuls who manage to make the hurdles. Constance Bennett was in her make-up lab one afternoon when a girl walked in, quietly introduced herself, briefly outlined her abilities and asked for a job. She was sixteen years old. She was attractive, and plainly, but meticulously dressed. To make a short story shorter, Miss Bennett believed enough in her to pay her expenses to a business college after which the girl will be placed in charge of one of the agencies distributing the Bennett cosmetics.



Pete Smith claims that forks were made before books when Sally Payne



tries to help during filming of his new short, *Let's Talk Turkey*, but both



agree, before the film is over, that direct action is the practical way

■ It's practically a tradition by now in the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward menage to take each other at their word, and we mean literally. As a result, some real amusement has ensued. Just let Ida or Louis make a facetious comment and something like this will likely happen.

Ida sat down to dinner one night and the maid served bean soup. The next course was green lima beans in casserole. Ida looked a little puzzled, but ate her share of them. The "vegetable" turned out to be string beans, and the "entree" red kidney beans. And finally, for dessert, came Mexican jumping beans!

It seems that Ida had commented quite innocently the night before that: "I'd rather live on beans than pheasant," and Hubby Louis had taken her at her word.

■ Orson Welles, the RKO Wonder Boy, has a lot to learn about Hollywood—and apparently about manners. Seems he asked permission to pose with Shirley Temple for pictures scheduled for publication. Mrs. Temple, like Barkis, was willin', insisting, however, that Producer-Writer-Actor-Director Welles watch his watch and be on time. Well, the time came for the shooting—and no Welles. An hour passed by and still no Welles. Finally word arrived from the boy genius that he was too busy to come and would Mrs. Temple bring her daughter Shirley, over to his home for the shots. Mrs. Temple was nice about it, but she registered an emphatic "no"—and so far as we know, the pictures aren't taken yet.

■ Gene Autry, like everyone in Hollywood, grew extra wrinkles of worry when Hitler began his "tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching through Poland", but he carried a smile, too, and for good reason. While the war has raised Ned with Hollywood's foreign market (an average of 40 per cent of the total "take" on each film comes from Europe, in case you're interested in figures), Gene's studio, Republic, is increasing the budget on all of its singing star's pictures—for the simple reason that his greatest foreign market is South America, a country as yet, happily untouched by the Johnnie-Get-Your-Gun war parades.

■ Ann "Oomph" Sheridan doesn't claim to know all the best dives in town any more. And she doesn't want to, either. During one of Hollywood's hot spells, the glamour girl went to the beach for a swim. After playing in the surf for a while, she decided to try her hand at diving. She climbed up a rock that projected high out of the water and then flew through the air with the greatest of ease.

[*Continued on page* 101]

He must take me to see these

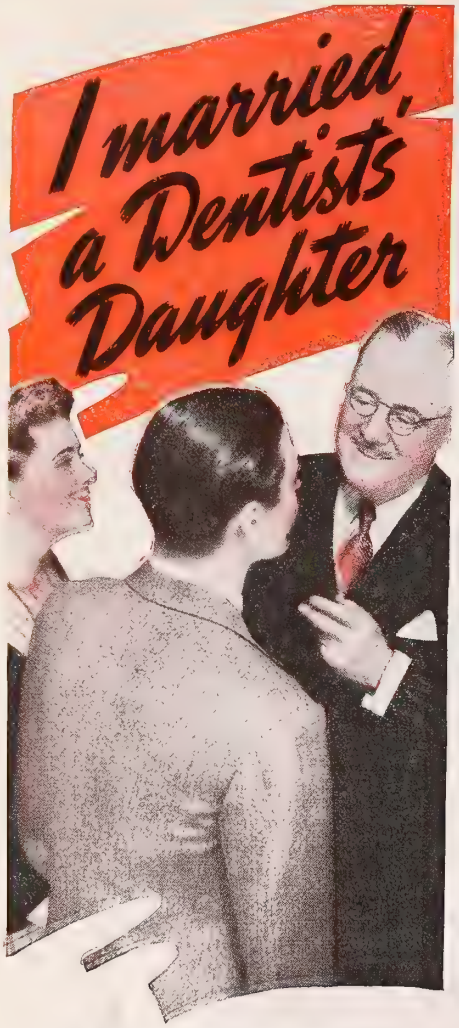
"The Cat and the Canary"
for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage"
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure



PARAMOUNT ADV.



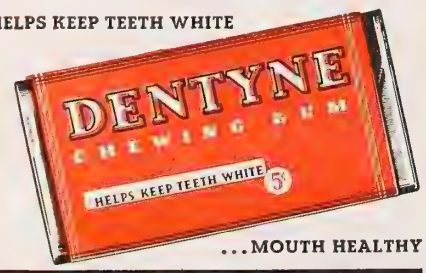
First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we *need!* Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also—it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

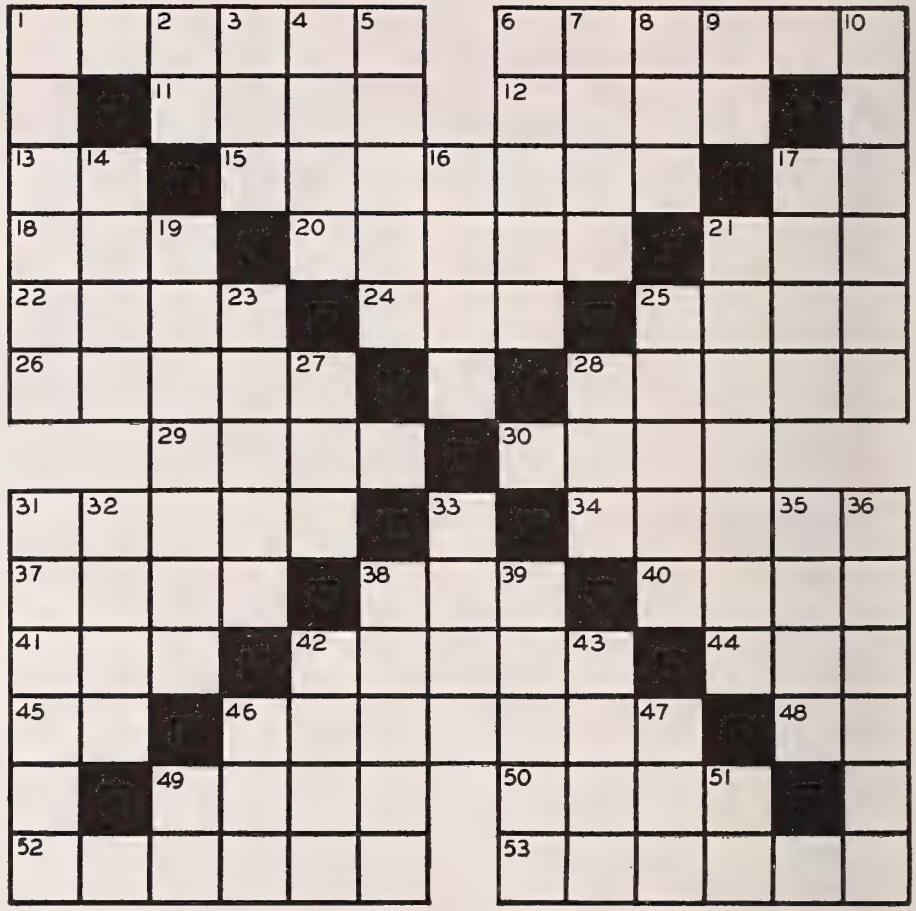
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Hollywood's most famous glamour girl.
6. The Broadway press agent in *The Star Maker.*
11. What cattle rustlers do when cowboys appear on scene.
12. Star of *Hidden Power.*
13. Miss Langford's initials.
15. *Arizona* ———— (pl.).
17. *Hold That* ———— *Ed.*
18. He had title role in *Fighting Renegade.*
20. Coach Baxter in *Million Dollar Legs.*
21. Willam Boyd had lead in *Range* ———— .
22. Laraine Day comes from this state.
24. *The Man They Could* ——— *Hang.*
25. *Next* ———— *I Marry.*
26. Mrs. Smith in *The Angels Wash Their Faces.*
28. The Tin Woodsman in *Wizard of Oz.*
29. Actor wed to Bebe Daniels.
30. Mr. Powell, but not Dick.
31. Remember Blanche ———— ?
34. Brief comic sketches included in revues.
37. Oriental actor (poss.).
38. Kind of dance step such as Eleanor Powell might do.
40. Andy Hardy's Aunt Milly.
41. Feminine lead in *Coast Guard.*
42. *Parents on* ———— .
44. *Island of Lost* ———— .
45. Mr. Niven's initials.
46. Whose bride is Joan Fontaine?
48. Short for first name of star of *Blackmail.*
49. Poetic name for Maureen O' Sullivan's birthplace.
50. *Annabel Takes a* ———— .
52. Roger Jones in *Quick Millions.*
53. What villain often does.

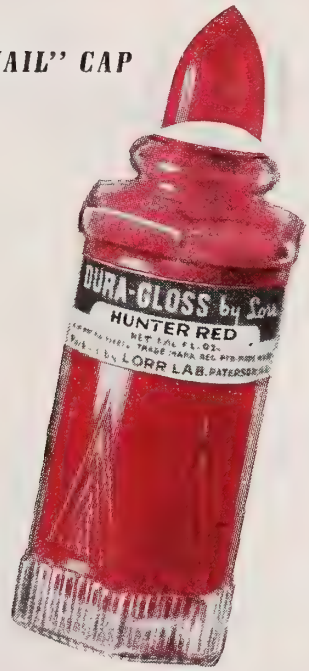
DOWN

1. Grandmother Lovell in *The Old Maid.*
2. Initials of Mary Forbes.
3. *They* ——— *Come Out.*
4. Measure of film.
5. A star of *Flight at Midnight.*
6. Descriptive of a one-reeler.
7. Shirley Temple's favorite mount.
8. Whose wife is Ruby Keeler?
9. Mr. Toomey's initials.
10. Autry's girl friend in *Colorado Sunset.*
14. Charlie Chaplin's former wife.
16. *The Man in the* ———— *Mask.*
17. *The Rains* ———— .
19. Berlin's gift to Hollywood.
21. Philo Vance in *Gracie Allen Murder Case.*
23. Skel in *These Glamour Girls.*
25. What an actor does in sound films.
27. *Some Like It* ———.
28. ———— *Exciting Night.*
31. Something used by cowboy stars.
32. ———— *Tomorrow Comes.*
33. Actresses sometimes change color of this.
35. Tarzan swings from this.
36. Whose role is that of orphaned baby in *Unexpected Father?*
38. Tailspin Tommy in *Stunt Pilot.*
39. What Toto does after a hard run.
42. ———— *Man is News.*
43. The army major in *Panama Patrol.*
46. *Men* ———— *Such Fools.*
47. Middle name of Cora Collins.
49. Initials of Edward Norris.
51. Robert Elliott's initials.

(Solution on page 62)

This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP



You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

DURA-GLOSS

Makes your fingernails more beautiful

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters. **10c**

Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion's new shade for Fall

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th



Tangee is like no other lipstick! It's orange in the stick but changes "magically" to your most becoming shade. It doesn't coat your lips with greasy paint but gives you the soft, smooth, colorful lips that women love and men admire. And its special cream base helps prevent "dry-lips" and chapping. Just try Tangee and see what loveliness and charm it gives you!



For Your Cheeks...This "Natural Blush" Rouge blends with your Tangee Lipstick and actually seems to give your cheeks a "natural blush."



Face Powder...With an "Underglow"—Tangee Powder has the Tangee Color Principle and helps give your skin a flattering "underglow."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Try Tangee Theatrical, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips daring, exciting color—yet never looks "painted."

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ F129

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 6*]

Everything was lovely until she landed and everything would have been lovely then, but for the fact that she bounced her face against a piece of sharp rock that lay submerged. Lady Luck must have been diving with her because she could easily have sustained a broken neck instead of what she did get—an inch of skin off her nose and a few gashes on the sides of her pretty cheeks. All her diving will be done in the home shower from now on, she says.

■ Joel McCrea, thank goodness, still remains a firm believer in the "once-a-friend-always-a-friend" system of living. Joel took time off recently to visit the swanky beach club of which he is a member. With him as his guest, was a former employee of the club. Hardly had the two got past the threshold when the ex-employee was asked to beat it, an order that so incensed Joel that he immediately handed in his resignation as a member and left with his guest, who now has a nice job at Joel's ranch.

■ Ray Milland recently received a short note from his mother who lives a hop-skip-and-a-jump south of London stating that thirty London children were living in her house, and that she was having the time of her life taking care of them. Ray said by the time he received another letter she'd probably have a hundred kids in her charge and scolding the military for not sending her more!

■ You can now add Fred MacMurray to the long list of Hollywood gadget makers. Fred's invented, and got patented, a wiper that cleans off the steam on bathroom mirrors. Manufacturers are already clamoring for the right to market it.

■ It's going to be a long long time before Meanie Humphrey Bogart gets smart with a boomerang. Taking a couple of practice throws on a Warner backlot one day during the lunch hour, Bogey hurled one for keeps and the darn thing came back and smacked him before he could duck.

■ September 23rd marked the twentieth birthday of Mickey Rooney, the M-G-M money-maker, and among the numerous gifts the young star received from his host of friends was an extra fine one from his generous boss, Louis B. Mayer, who presented Mickey with the title to a 20-acre ranch near Fresno with all the trimmings —a big bunk house and a string of horses.

■ Binnie Barnes, after a week's shopping during which she laid in a brand-new fall wardrobe, was suddenly assigned a leading role in *First Kiss*, starring Tyrone Power, and since there was no time for the studio wardrobe department to make up her costumes, they bought every stitch of the fall clothes she'd spent so many weary hours selecting. Now she's confronted with the task

[*Continued on page 17*]



After war was declared, Annabella flew back to France for her twelve-year-old daughter. They are shown meeting Rosalind Russell at the Newark Airport just before boarding an American Airlines plane for Hollywood, where Tyrone Power was waiting to welcome his little step-daughter to her new life on the peaceful Pacific coast

IT'S ZENSATIONAL!

IT'S ZINTILLATING!

IT'S ZUPERB!

IT'S GOT EVERYTHING!

GAY GOOFY GAGS!

TORRID TEMPTING TUNES!

RADIANT RAPTUROUS ROMANCE!

IT'S

Lorina

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance—direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS' ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes . . . it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of Brother Rat—he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART and GEORGE ABBOTT • A First National Picture

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!

TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY!



IF MANY DETAILS GET YOU DOWN JUST USE THIS GUM FROM FLAVOR-TOWN



Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

Beech-Nut



One of America's GOOD habits

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ When *All Quiet on the Western Front* was released nearly ten years ago, it stirred a deep pity for all young boys caught in war. It strengthened a determination in this country that another of our generations would not be sent into trenches. It became a powerful instrument for peace because it stated realistically the futility and the shocking waste that follows the use of guns as arguments.

The great value of the film was its timelessness. It might have dealt with any war. It might have dealt with any group of school-boys. They weren't German, or French, or British or Americans, so far as any audience remembered after the picture was under way. They were boys. With all of the vigor of young ideals, they were doing the next thing expected of them.

Probably the most powerful argument for peace ever filmed was the finale of that picture. Remember the ravaged battlefield in the background? Remember the gigantic ghosts of the dead marching across it? Remember how each boy turned, just as he passed the center, and looked back . . . not in fear, not in reproach, not in accusation or anger or indeed any emotion whatever. He just turned one long insentient look on the world he had relinquished, the world he never had time to discover.

That scene remains in the slightly cut version of *All Quiet on the Western Front* which is being released this winter. Most of the picture remains, though the small amount of cutting has made a decided change in the overtone of the picture. The first version was dispassionate and compassionate. The one you will see this winter has an overtone of anger. This is due to a very well written introduction and to the comments that are interspersed throughout the film, emphasizing the already well emphasized highlights, relating the older events to the battlefields of Europe today. Slight as the cutting is, it makes a profound difference in the film. The scenes that remain are in greater part those of fear, of doubt, of frightful injury, of suffering, of despair. They add up to an hysteria that the film did not have before. They add up, shockingly, to an argument for war instead of a protest against it.

Perhaps that serves a better purpose today. Each one who sees the film will have to decide for himself. But no one who sees it can say "War is a great adventure." No one who sees it can argue that force is anything but a senseless argument. No one who sees it can have anything but cold rage at the men who make wars possible.

■ We shall be seeing a good many pictures about war in the next few months. Willem Hendrik Van Loon's *The Fight for Peace* already is in the theatres. It is an absorbing compilation of newsreel shots tracing the growth of the power of dictators, showing relentlessly many scenes so horrifying that they are



Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres in a scene from *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which is now being shown again somewhat in its original form. A review is on this page



Dorothy Lamour in her jungle elevator designed by her faithful old retainer, the chimpanzee in *Typhoon*, and pretty grim about the whole thing, it seems

deleted from the average newsreel. War in China, war in Spain, the violent careers of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini are employed as an argument for democracy, against war.

The First World War is about to be reissued. It is a collection of newsreel shots, many of which were suppressed during the actual conduct of the war. It was released some years ago, but was not given so wide a circulation as it deserved.

■ Several studios already have announced plans for war films. Many of these will be the usual love story set against a pretty background of shells that never hit the hero except in a neat ineffectual way, of beauteous heroines in lovely make-up and becoming nurses' uniforms, of romping comics and of happy endings.

It seems to me that all of us do well to analyze such films carefully, no matter how amusing, no matter how entertaining they may be on the surface. It seems to me that all of us will do well to remember the heart-breaking *Dawn Patrol*, the overtone of *Journey's End*, to see again *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It seems to me that all of us do well to demand uncensored newsreels. Much of the censorship of newsreels in this country is a voluntary censorship by the releasing companies, and is done because of a thoughtful reluctance to shock audiences. It seems to me that, since war is a fact in the world, we do well to face it realistically before we speak of it.





GRAND PRIZE, complete "Scarlett" set



Vivien Leigh, as Scarlett



Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler

Win Lovely Prizes

"Gone With The Wind" Contest

Here is your chance to win enchanting prizes. Clip that coupon today, and send in your entry

When Ricarde, famous jewelry designer, saw the lovely old brooches, necklaces, ear-bobs, rings and bracelets that had been collected for Vivien Leigh and Olivia de Havilland and the rest of the cast to wear in *Gone With the Wind,* he said "Ah!" just as you will when you see them on the screen.

Before the Civil War, the South was wealthy, and some of the loveliest jewelry ever seen in America was worn by the great ladies of Georgia. When David O. Selznick was preparing to film *Gone With the Wind,* he borrowed priceless heirlooms. They must be returned to museums or to the families which graciously helped by loaning them, but Ricarde, in the meantime, has made modern versions of the lovely jewels you will see in the film.

The glorious "Scarlett" set, offered as grand prize in this contest, is one of the handsomest awards offered in a HOLLYWOOD Magazine contest. Ricarde has made really distinguished costume jewelry from the lovely old patterns, so read the rules, fill out the coupon on page 16, and try for YOUR prize today.

HOW TO ENTER

The contest, itself, is fun.

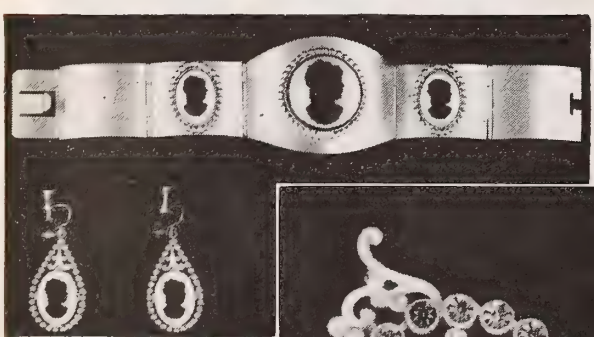
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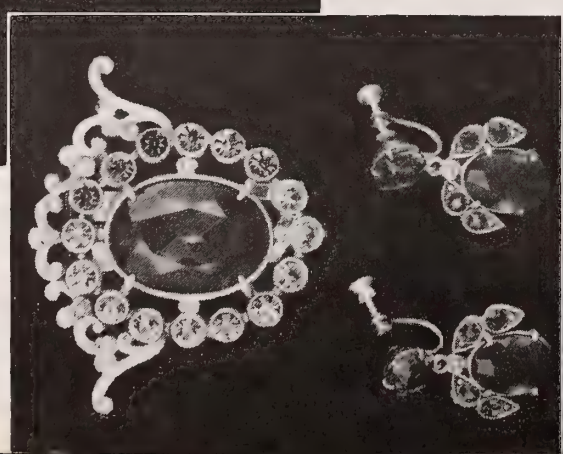
Ricarde of Hollywood, adapter of the heirloom jewelry worn in *Gone With the Wind*



FIRST PRIZE, "Tara" bracelet, necklace



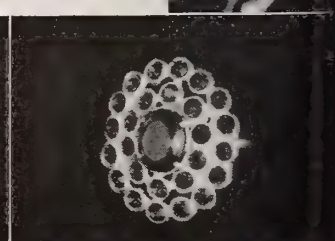
SECOND PRIZE
"Melanie" bracelet and earrings



THIRD PRIZE
"Robillard" brooch and earrings



FOURTH PRIZES
"Suellen" brooch



FIFTH PRIZES
"Robillard" ring

1881 ROGERS by Oneida Ltd Silversmiths PRESENTS . . .



The Glamour Chest

You needn't be a Hollywood Star to have a service of 1881 ROGERS for your own! Not when the Glamour Chest waits at your silverware dealer's right now! See the stunning designs . . . the Free Tarnish-Proof Chest . . . the completeness of these budget-priced services for eight! And—your dealer will gladly arrange planned payments.

40 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest contains 8 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons. Chest is FREE with set. **$19.95**

52 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—FREE Tarnish-Proof Chest contains 16 Teaspoons, 8 Dessert Spoons, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Sugar Spoon, and, as OUR GIFT, a Pierced Pastry Server ($2.50 value) FREE. **$24.95**



THE SERVICE OF THE STARS

Copyright 1939
Oneida Ltd.

Even Mary's conscience is carefree now!



No broken dates . . . no last-minute apologies . . . no more weak, embarrassing excuses for Mary! Now she relieves "regular" pain—lives actively and comfortably right through those dreaded days.

ARE *YOU* the woman Mary used to be? Shut off from life several days each month by the functional pain of menstruation—really giving up a full month of active living every year because of suffering which you think *must* be endured?

Today millions of enlightened women know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless.* Like Mary, they wisely depend on MIDOL to help them through their trying days in comfort—as active and carefree as ever.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, MIDOL helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose—to relieve the needless pain of the natural menstrual process. As an experiment in comfort, get MIDOL now before periodic pain brings more miserable inactivity. A few MIDOL tablets should see you serenely through even your worst day! All drugstores have the trim and inexpensive aluminum cases, just right to tuck in purse or pocket.

MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Win Lovely Prizes

[*Continued from page* 14]

First, find ten hidden names of stars in the following words:

VIVIEN LEIGH AND CLARK GABLE IN "GONE WITH THE WIND."

For instance, ALAN HALE is to be found in the first five words, and there are many other names hidden in the sentence.

Write your list of names in the space provided on the coupon.

Then, in no more than 20 words, give your chief reason for looking forward to seeing *Gone With the Wind* on the screen. Because you read the book? Because of stories in HOLLYWOOD or other magazines? Because of interest in the Civil War period, or whatever your reason.

RULES

1. The contest is open to all with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their families.

2. All entries must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1939.

3. Editors of Fawcett Publications are the sole judges. The judges' decisions shall be final and no correspondence will be entered into concerning letters submitted in the contest.

4. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be written or printed on a coupon provided for that purpose.

5. To be considered for an award, ten hidden star names must be listed on your coupon.

6. Awards will be made for most sincere and best reasons.

7. Originality and neatness will be considered in selecting the winning entries.

8. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE—A lovely set of the "Scarlett" jewelry, including ring, earrings, bracelet, brooch, and necklace in beautifully simulated stones, will be awarded the person who submits the very best entry in the contest.

FIRST PRIZE—A beautifully matched bracelet and necklace of simulated gems in the "Tara" set will go to the clever person who sends in the next best entry.

SECOND PRIZE—Cameo designed bracelet and earrings in the "Melanie" set will be given to the winner of the second prize.

THIRD PRIZE—Brooch and earrings from the "Robillard" set will be awarded the winner of third prize.

FOURTH PRIZES—No less than TWENTY of the lovely brooches from the "Suellen" set will be awarded to the winners in this class.

FIFTH PRIZES—And twenty of the beautiful rings from the "Robillard" set will be given to the next twenty best entries.

"Gone With the Wind" Contest,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Here is my list of hidden names

1. ..... 6. .....
2. ..... 7. .....
3. ..... 8. .....
4. ..... 9. .....
5. ..... 10. .....

And here is my reason for looking forward to seeing "Gone With the Wind" on the screen

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



American Airlines Photo

Maureen O'Sullivan chartered a seaplane, after alighting from the trans-Atlantic clipper, to the Port of Newark and hurried across the city to catch another plane for the west coast

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

of outfitting herself with a new batch of clothes, and when she does no studio, however hard-up for her services, is going to beg, borrow or steal them.

■ For more than a year Henry Fonda has been waiting to turn gentleman farmer, but his picture work has kept him strictly a city man.

Just a year ago, Fonda bought a big ranch near San Diego, California, on which he intended planting lemons, as soon as his next picture was finished.

Since then, his plans have always been "after the next picture", but his popularity has been so great that 20th Century-Fox hasn't given him a day off in a year. Finishing *Drums Along the Mohawk,* he was all set for a two months' vacation which he planned on devoting to lemon tree planting, but the deal's off. The studio informs him he'll be lucky to get a week. Another frustration like that, says Fonda, and somebody's going to buy a lemon ranch, cheap.

■ Quite a furore was created in Hollywood this fall when a beautiful chorine stepped into matrimony with an extremely aged millionaire. The man admitted to 70 years, but it was an open secret that he was nearly 80. Furthermore, he actually looked it.

Tip-off on the match happened at a little reception that the bride gave for some of her friends, this writer included. The guests were seated in the dining room, discussing this and that about the film

[*Continued on page* 51]

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

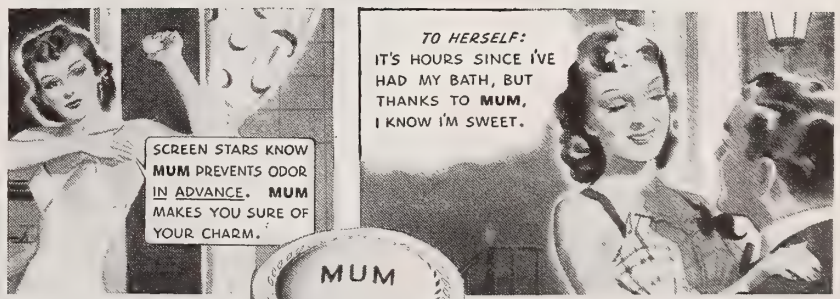
Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* More business girls—more women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business... in love ... guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



And.. Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER



Appear SLIMMER *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 1312, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON— *Columbia*

■ Frank Capra goes to town again with his new film, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* which is reminiscent of the adventures of his *Mr. Deeds* and due for an equal success.

James Stewart is ideally cast as patriotic young Jefferson Smith. Smith is aburst with ideals. He can quote Washington and Lincoln by the hour. He knows great portions of the Constitution. Just by looking at him, you are sure that he is the one man who knows the second verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner." His spare time is devoted to The Boy Rangers. His dreams are possessed with an ambition to establish a national boys' camp in his state.

The political spotlight never would have embarrassed him with its brilliance, had not one of the senators from his state happened to die at a time exquisitely inconvenient for the corrupt party machine that had a stranglehold on state politics. Buried deep in the important Deficiency Bill was a seemingly innocent appropriation for a dam. It just so happened that the state boss (Edward Arnold), the senior senator (Claude Rains), the governor (Guy Kibbee) and the lamented deceased had bought up all the property at the proposed dam site. It just so happened that they stood a chance of losing a pretty penny as well as their reputations and careers, unless the governor appointed a "safe" man to the vacant senatorial post.

"Safe" men, the machine had in plenty. The only trouble was that the enraged populace knew whose safety they were guarding. At this strained moment, Jeff Smith became a local hero by putting out a forest fire. What could be "safer," reasoned the governor, than an innocent and idealistic young patriot who was so ignorant that he would not see the point of the dam appropriation, even if it were shown to him?

So Mr. Smith went to Washington.

From the start, Senator Smith was a joke to the cynical, the sophisticated, the wise-guys, the press and his own secretary (Jean Arthur). He did everything wrong. He went sight-seeing on a bus. He stood in reverent silence before the statute of Lincoln, and spoke at length of the ideals of the Great Emancipator afterward. When he wasn't dropping his hat, he was stumbling over furniture. When he wasn't stumbling over furniture, he was stumbling over facts.

"He isn't stupid, he's honest!" the senior senator discovered in growing alarm.

How young Senator Smith was framed, how he was discredited in the Senate, how he made a brave bid for justice by getting the floor and refusing to relinquish it for 23 hours of steady talking is hilariously funny. It is also a serious reminder that patriotism is not a silly emotion, that honor consists in more than not getting caught.

Teachers may well put this film on the "Must" list for their history and current



Night club in Hollywood. Rosa Ponselle and John Carroll caught by the candid camera at the Trocadero, listening, with the rest of the world, to a broadcast from Europe

events classes, and the rest of the country will do well to put it on the "Must" entertainment list.

THE WOMEN—*M-G-M*

■ Man's inhumanity to man has been a popular theme for some time on the screen, but women's mercilessness to women has had only incidental attention until Clare Boothe's play came along and aimed a barrage of cutting satire at the unfairer sex. The result is that men and women both are lining up at theatres where *The Women* is showing for the heartiest laughs of the fall season.

Norma Shearer plays the only really pleasant person in the whole cast, and so has the hardest time of all in keeping the attention of the audience. So far, everyone I know has fallen madly in love with Rosalind Russell's portrayal of the cat of cats, the snoop of snoops, the medal-winning gossip of all time. Which certainly will not encourage the impressionable younger generation to cultivate the womanly virtues. There's a moral there somewhere, but you better go and discover it for yourself, because the dialogue is brilliant and biting and uproariously funny and the cast is just right.

Joan Crawford gets a hard sound in her voice and a hard look in her eye as the predatory salesgirl who might have been no more than an incident in Stephen Haines' life, had not his wife's friends insisted on showering Mrs. Haines with sympathy. Their concern, their advice, their excited indignation are more than Mrs. Haines can combat, and, against all of her wishes, she finds her pride taking her to Reno.

Prepare yourself for an argument about which scene is the funniest. Some hold out for the exercise sequence in the beauty salon. Some vote for the fight on the dude ranch. Some give all of their loyalty to the powder room scene. It makes no difference, because, with the exception of one or two unnecessary bits of frank slapstick, the film is ALL funny.

Mary Boland as the much married, eternally hopeful Countess, Paulette Goddard as the cool little gold-digger, Phyllis Povah as the mother of many, Joan Fontaine as the tremulous little bride, Virginia Weidler as the well-bred little daughter, Lucille Watson representing the wise, realistic older generation, Florence Nash as the career woman, Dennie Moore as the gossip-gushing manicurist, all contribute to the general joy.

There isn't a single man in the film . . . but plenty of men are to be found in the audience, and for a reason.

RULERS OF THE SEA—*Paramount*

■ Obstinate men who never learn the meaning of "Impossible," who refuse to take "No" seriously are the ones who change the history of the world. They are uncomfortable men to know, but their stubbornness makes grand stories.

Two more obstinate men than Gillespie and Shaw never lived. Their mulish singleness of purpose resulted in the crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship.



Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that often Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.



A lovely child the next year *should* have made their marriage still happier . . .



Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have *everything* to make a marriage successful.



Yet they drifted apart . . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera

She was careless [or ignorant] about FEMININE HYGIENE

****This ONE Neglect*** few husbands can forgive. If only she'd *known* about "Lysol"!

Let "Lysol" Help YOU Avoid It

FOR 50 YEARS many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and thousands of wives*, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually *search out germs*. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.

Lysol Disinfectant



1889—1939, 50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. H.-912, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



"Eyes of Romance"

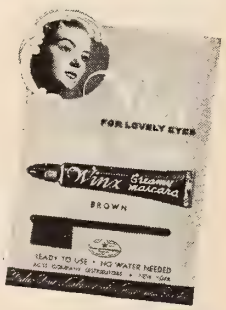
WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

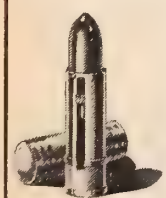


Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!



One of the big pictures for mid-winter release is *We Are Not Alone,* in which Jane Bryan is featured opposite Paul Muni. By the time the picture is finished, Miss Bryan expects to have that crocheted rug complete down to the last stitch

Perhaps Frank Lloyd should be added to their company, because he insisted on making a film about their determined battle. No one could talk him out of it, and the result is an absorbing screen story.

Gillespie (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) threw over his berth as mate on a sailing ship in protest at the callous sacrifice of life demanded by the captain. The captain had to make good time, no matter what the wind or what the weather. Time was money, and, if a seaman or two were lost reefing sail in dirty weather, those were the hazards of the life, too bad and forget it.

On his first night ashore, Gillespie was in just the right mood for a fight, and, had he not mixed in a bar-room brawl to relieve his feelings, had he not been joined by Shaw, had they not rolled home in the early dawn to take a look at Shaw's steam engine, this tale might never have been told.

Shaw is played by a newcomer to the American screen, Will Fyffe, a pudgy, sawed-off, homely, engaging character actor who runs away with every scene in which he appears.

Pretty Margaret Lockwood plays his strong-minded daughter who wants him to keep his job in the shipyards and stop his talk about steam. She loves both men, and she does her best to defeat them, but, when they set out on the madman's errand of crossing the Atlantic in a paddle-wheel steamer, she goes along.

There are magnificent shots of clipper ships, spreading vast sails before sharp winds, and the race between the smoky little steamer and the graceful clipper is a scene you'll remember. Equally striking are the shots of the great shipyards, of the laboring engines and of the shocking explosion at sea.

THE RAINS CAME—*20th Century-Fox*

■ Before the rains came, there was conflict and confusion in the life of every person who found himself in the East Indian village. Lord Esketh (Nigel Bruce) suspected that his wife (Myrna Loy) was unfaithful. She was, in an unhappy search for something which would give meaning to her useless existence. Ransome (George Brent) was drinking himself to death, having long since abandoned his career for the pleasant lassitude of life in the hills. The missionaries (Marjorie Rambeau and Harry Hayden) hated their neighbors. Their daughter (Brenda Joyce) was determined to run away from home. Major Safti (Tyrone Power) found himself falling in love with Lady Esketh, and that alarmed the Maharajah (H. B. Warner), the Maharani (Maria Ouspenskaya) and his devoted head nurse (Mary Nash).

Then the rains came, seeping through the dry soil, rushing down the dusty canyons, piling up behind the great dam. The rain soaked into the brown ground, and the huge wall trembled as the earth shook and settled. Then it broke, spilling death and disaster, followed by plague, through the valley. By the time the wreckage was cleared, problems in each life had been settled.

If you are not good at holding your breath, better practice for that flood scene. It has not been equalled for spectacular power since the earthquake sequence in *San Francisco.* How those great walls of water were controlled, how the stars came through those scenes with their lives is another story, and just as exciting as that on the screen.

Performances throughout are excellent, but you will notice that of Brenda Joyce,

in particular, because she is a newcomer, and because her portrayal of a young girl helplessly and tenderly in love with an older man is brilliantly done. The music score is exceptional.

Louis Bromfield's book was a best seller, and the picture version is sure to be also.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—*Warners*

■ Elizabeth was a headstrong queen, a waspish lover, a suspicious and variable friend, but she was a great ruler and remains, centuries after her death, one of the most fascinating of characters about which to build a play.

Maxwell Anderson convinced the world of that all over again when he wrote *Elizabeth the Queen,* a great success several years ago on the stage. His play has been used as basis for the impressive Technicolor production starring Bette Davis as the aging Elizabeth and Errol Flynn as her willful young lover, Essex.

Throughout the film, Bettie Davis relinquishes personal vanity, and wears a pallid carefully lined make-up, an unbecoming red wig set well back on a shaved forehead and the most magnificent costumes turned out in many a day. Throughout the film, Errol Flynn, even under that rather incredible apricot and roses flesh tone popular for men in color films, is about the most dashing figure that ever swaggered across the screen. And, if the love of the jealous Elizabeth and the proud ambitious Essex never is quite convincing, there is so much else to occupy the attention in this big production that not until you leave the theatre will you be tempted to say, "I wonder if it really happened just that way?"

The cast is splendid, including Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp, Alan Hale, Vincent Price, and many other fine players.

RIO—*Universal*

■ Basil Rathbone, experienced victim of the fates of screen villains, gets sent to Devil's Island in this one, and so attractive is he, first in his beautifully cut evening clothes, later in his carefully bedraggled prison uniform, that most of us sincerely regret that villains must be punished in the eighth reel.

He plays Renard, who is determined to bind his beautiful wife (Sigrid Gurie) to him, throughout his imprisonment.

The brave little woman, scorning to keep the fortune her embezzling husband had set aside in her name, bravely sings through her tears in a South American night-club, until love . . . real love . . . arrives in the person of a drink-sodden engineer (Robert Cummings) who needs only a chance to prove that he still is a man.

Lots of good talent in this one (Victor McLaglen and Leo Carrillo, for instance), and nothing new in the plot to confuse you.

INTERMEZZO—*United Artists*

■ *Intermezzo* is apt to be a memorable interlude in the theatre because of the sincerity with which its love story is told, and because of the first appearance on the American screen of Ingrid Bergman who is a most appealing young Scandinavian actress.

She plays Anita, brilliant young pianist whose entire life had centered about music until Holger (Leslie Howard) returned from a concert tour. Holger, famous violinist, did not know that she existed until she played at his daughter's birthday party. Before either had time to analyze the impulses behind the suggestion, plans were made for Anita to take the place of Holger's retiring accompanist on tour.

Leslie Howard makes quite convincing the psychology of the violinist who was a devoted father, who loved his wife sincerely, but who also loved his intense young accompanist. He also makes convincing his part as a great violinist with cleverly dubbed-in music sequences. If the story were told with less restraint, less sincerity, it would be just another triangle tale of wife and other woman. With the exception of the somewhat melodramatic motor accident at the end, the film is the believable story of kindly people who cannot evade a situation that deals hurt to those they love.

"Camay is so gentle— **it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"**



SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

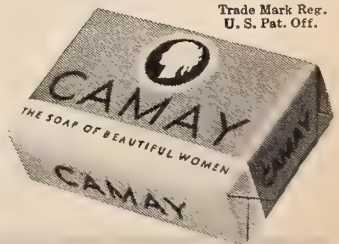
Middletown, Ohio
August 1, 1939

(*Signed*) HELEN ANDERSON
(*Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson*)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help *you!*"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness* with *mildness.* It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely *milder!* Try Camay for your beauty *bath,* too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Patroness of Music



At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

Young Fashion Artist



Begins Art Career—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—But they BOTH give their skin the SAME FAMOUS Simple Care!

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:
"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:
"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"



Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



Like Most Texans, Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.



QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point. It seems to me that cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a marvelous powder base."

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Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm



Both for the Price of One!

For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

Wartime Crossing

By
FRED FELDKAMP

A British star returns to do her part making comedies demanded by her countrymen at war



Madeleine Carroll on the French liner *Champlain* in New York harbor

■ "I didn't believe—none of us believed—that war would really come," said Madeleine Carroll. "It is hard to understand how sure we were . . ."

Even when the insistent cables began to reach her on the Riviera, she remained unconvinced that disaster would shortly overtake all Europe. The anxious demands for her quick return to the United States accumulated on her desk.

"Alarmists," she thought, grateful for the concern of friends and studio, but positive that in France she could estimate the danger much more accurately than her advisers could half a world away.

As it turned out, they were better informed about the degree of tension than she was. European headlines were far more guarded than those in America, and the quiet of the little Riviera town where she was resting was not disturbed by the ominous business of mobilizing men.

Not until the streets of the little village near Monte Carlo began to hum with talk of complete mobilization did she realize that perhaps her American friends were right, perhaps she had better obey orders and cut short her holiday.

But not until she boarded the train for Paris did she realize fully that France was preparing for the worst.

The train was jammed with men in uniform. The compartments overflowed with passengers. All seats were taken and the aisles were blocked. She had just about decided that her own luggage, piled in the aisle, would have to serve as a bed that night when one of the trainmen pushed his way through the groups of travelers and announced, with a gallant bow, that he had secured a place in a *couchette* for Madame.

A *couchette* is a wooden bunk with "berths" above and below. It is far from being the most luxurious or convenient mode of travel on French railways, but Madeleine admits that it looked swell to her then, even though there were no blankets or bed linen in sight.

She was pretty tired from the strain of hurried packing and hasty farewells. She was surprised and grateful to find that she had the little compartment completely to herself for the moment, and her choice of the four bunks—upper or lower in either of the two *couchettes*. After piling her luggage as compactly as possible in a corner, she prepared for bed.

The first negligee she found was a delicate chiffon affair, a bit more elaborate than she would have chosen, but she was too tired to search through the pile of heavy handbags for the exactly appropriate garment for the occasion. So she wrapped its trailing skirts around her and dozed off. Half an hour later the door creaked, and Madeleine opened her eyes just in time to see a trainman staggering back, roundly horrified.

"But, madame!" he protested. "One does not undress when one sleeps in the *couchette*!"

Loosening the tie, it developed, was all the rules allowed.

The trainman recovered from his shock with alacrity and departed hastily in search of a blanket for madame. While he was on his mission to help preserve the traditions of la belle France and the peace of mind of la belle Carroll, the door opened, again without ceremony, and in crowded Madeleine's three companions for the night. This time she waked up in earnest. Instead of three women, three young French soldiers regarded her with frank and admiring amazement.

They indicated respectfully but with enthusiasm that no one ever had told them mobilization was like this. They exchanged doubtful glances. Were they dreaming? Were they delirious? The return of the trainman, spouting profuse apologies for the only blanket he had been able to find, convinced them that strange things really were happening.

It was a horse blanket!

The wool was as scratchy as a currycomb but clean, and Madeleine was grateful for it as the trainman tucked it carefully in at the foot of the bunk and drew it firmly up under her chin.

The young soldiers gulped and exchanged pop-eyed glances for several seconds of thunderous silence. After all, it isn't every day [*Continued on page* 52]

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

Production of

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

IN TECHNICOLOR!

. . . from the great novel of adventure and romance when America was young!

WHEN TORCH AND TOMAHAWK SPREAD THEIR TERROR . . . AND FRONTIER WOMEN FOUGHT BESIDE THEIR MEN . . . THESE TWO BRAVED THE WILDERNESS TOGETHER!



starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · HENRY FONDA

with EDNA MAY OLIVER · EDDIE COLLINS · JOHN CARRADINE · DORRIS BOWDON · JESSIE RALPH ARTHUR SHIELDS · ROBERT LOWERY · ROGER IMHOF

Directed by JOHN FORD

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith · Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien · Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lockwood and Will Fyffe head the big cast of sea-going actors in the fascinating tale of rivalry between steam and sailing ships



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the rigging of the *Falcon*, packet of the eighteen-thirties, which was put under sail for the film

Rulers of the Sea

Our favorite extra finds that life on the bounding main has too many ups and downs for an enjoyable career of acting

By E. J. (Gabby Gob) SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

Well, now that my terrible ordeal is over and I'm back on dry land again, about all I care to say is that I must have been more than slightly teched in the haid when I obeyed the order of the little lady down at Central Casting, and drove down to Los Angeles Harbor to get myself a deep sea sailoring job with Frank Lloyd, the director of Paramount's ocean epic, *Rulers of the Sea*.

And furthermore, if I wasn't teched in the haid when I signed up, I certainly was teched in the stomach three hours later when I found myself aboard the full-rigged *Falcon*, a packet of the 1830 era, and headed for those deep open spaces off San Miguel Island where a long series of storm shots were to be filmed under the supervision of Jim Havens, the marine expert assigned to the [*Continued on page* 61]

"Oh, Give Me My Bandages and Crutches—"

Marlene Dietrich, whose acting to date has demanded no more physical strain than a notable amount of deep breathing, astounds Hollywood with her ring technic

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Miss Dietrich, with her celebrated symphonic legs at concert pitch and a new personality from which all the languor and anger have departed, is the only legitimate reason the movies have ever thought up for their frequent assertion that the West was won in the saloons.

In *Destry Rides Again,* which is now galloping headlong through the badlands of Universal City, Man-Killer Marlene



Left, after the first round. It was Allen Jenkins who quipped of the famous underpinnings, "Bloody, but still unbowed!"

Director George Marshall gives instructions just before the bell

Battling Merkel and Kid Dietrich mixing for the first fall of the day

Below, James Stewart deciding that the female can be pretty deadly

Below, an airplane spin? Is this the way to treat a lady? Maybe!

threatens to erase the memory of all the high-class cinematic torch-song she has suffered through since she first swam into our national vision as the big gam-and-glamour girl in *The Blue Angel*.

Destry is an action picture, with a capital A standing for assault and battery. By its very nature it sets out to be the action picture to end all action pictures; either that or Number One in a cycle that will last from now until the last wad of gum is scraped off the last balcony seat in the last nickelodeon in the land. And Dietrich, formerly the queen of the close-up swoon and the high-class sacrificial scene beginning, "You are wounding me terribly, Nigel," is right down in the saloon sawdust punching and gouging and getting her head banged up against the spittoons.

The casting of Dietrich in a glorified Western is the most flaming stroke of genius since Babe Ruth was converted from a pitcher to a slugger, say many. The metier is such a distinct departure from the dying-swan roles of yesteryear that she is reveling up to her well delineated hips in it. Her maid complains that it is a very blurry three o'clock in the morning when Marlene leaps out of her silken couch and demands that the involved process of hair-dressing begin; the gal is that eager.

The character Marlene portrays is one of a fine gallery of barroom cameos. As Frenchy, a gal with long stockings and a short conscience, she is required to mingle with a diveful of roguery and rectitude played by James Stewart, Charles Winninger and Sam Hinds, Brain Donlevy, Mischa Auer, Una Merkel, Billy Gilbert, Allen Jenkins and Warren Hymer.

The casual mixture of any three of these worthies is enough to guarantee minor detonations within camera range. When the whole twelve, with Dietrich tossed in as the percussion cap, are in juxtaposition, the result is a barrage that echoes up and down the arroyos and canyons of Hollywood and sends an anticipatory shudder through the box-offices of America.

The *Destry* yarn, even after having been subjected to an overhaul job by the top-notch writing squad of Gertrude Purcell, Felix Jackson and Henry Myers, is still the tale about the crooked land baron who also runs a saloon and gambling hell to mask his nefarious deals. It is also, inevitably, the recurring fable about the tarnished vixen with the pliable heart-strings, the fighting fangs of a tigress and the lorelei figger that a wisp of thread imperfectly conceals. But, ah, the difference in 1940, and the difference is Dietrich!

Brian Donlevy, thus far the year's champion hiss-collector for his performance in *Beau Geste*, is plunked down in familiar territory as the big rye-and-roulette magnate who is also the headman of a villainous little bund of real estate operators trying to entrap the poor but honest ranchers in the vicinity of Dietrich Gulch.

Donlevy, who is also mayor of the town, proposes to assess a head tax, or cover charge, for the passage of cattle over the lands he and his henchies are seeking to swipe.

Into this nicely fermented situation lopes James Stewart, complete with pall-bearer suit, string tie, Princeton drawl and the disarming manner that seems to inquire, "Who hit me, dear?"

This casting coup is not so silly as it may sound, since the Destry of the scenario is a specialized type of ruffian who carries no hardware and depends on moral suasion, boyish charm and the poisonousness of his reputation to quell the desperadoes whom fortune strews in his path.

Jimmy is known throughout the length and breadth of the scenario as Deppity Destry, a soft-looking dreamer whose boiling point is 500 degrees Fahrenheit. But the implication is always permitted to lurk in the underbrush that Destry has a spine made by the Bethlehem Steel Company, and that he is a fire-spitting catamount when roused.

Some whimsical gems of dialogue that are permitted to issue from the dreamy-eyed deppity are:

"Where are you goin' with that there Winchester, stranger?"

"The West has found out that guns don't settle things, pard. So don't use 'em."

In another sequence where he is called upon to play pacificator, Jimmy warns a wild-eyed gunslinger:

"Watch out, stranger. That ain't popcorn you're playin' with."

The catalogue of mayhem, both fistic and ballistic, that stretches from the first fade-in to the ultimate throbbing climax, calls for some of the gaudiest boffing that ever exposed itself to celluloid.

Mischa Auer, in the character of Boris Callahan, a Cossack cowboy of Irish sympathies, is the springboard of some of the savager slugfests. Auer hangs around Donlevy's clip-joint and has the bad judgment to get involved in a poker game with Frenchy Dietrich.

Dietrich, by devices known to dance-

[*Continued on page* 60]



Time out for a deep breath and some minor first aid

Below, Dietrich to her corner



Below, and Merkel ready to stop, too

The first words after the battle were "We want stunt checks!" Can you blame the studio for being afraid to refuse?



"Oh, Give Me



"Oh, Give Me My Bandages and Crutches—"

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Dietrich, by devices known to dance-

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Below, an airplane spin? Is this the way to treat a lady? Maybe!



Below, Dietrich to her corner

Below, and Merkel ready to stop, too



The first words after the battle were "We want stunt cheeks!" Can you blame the studio for being afraid to refuse?

Hollywood at War

On these pages you find men whose minds and hearts are with friends and relatives at the front. Some, like Charles Boyer, already are in the armies of their native lands, or, like Leslie Howard are in service behind the lines. Some are too old for active service. Some have taken out first citizenship papers in this country, but all are close to the strife in Europe and many may join it





Charles Boyer



Leslie Howard



David Niven



Louis Hayward



George Sanders



Cary Grant



Ray Milland



Victor McLaglen



Herbert Marshall



Eric Blore



Montagu Love



Roland Young



Robert Donat



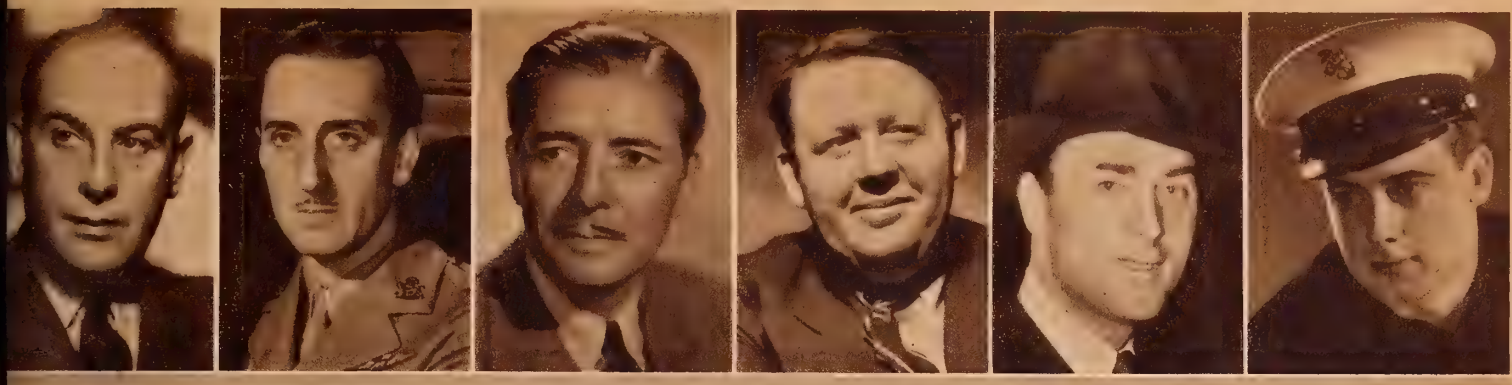
Donald Crisp



Fernand Gravet



Harry Wilcoxon



Sir Cedric Hardwicke | Basil Rathbone | Ronald Colman | Charles Laughton | Brian Aherne | Richard Greene



Walter Huston | Lionel Atwell | Stan Laurel | Nigel Bruce | Alan Mowbray | Charles Chaplin



Ian Hunter | Wallace Ford | Laurence Olivier | Raymond Massey | Errol Flynn | C. Aubrey Smith



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Charles Boyer

Leslie Howard



David Niven

Louis Hayward



George Sanders



Cary Grant



Ray Milland



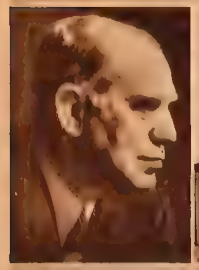
Victor McLaglen



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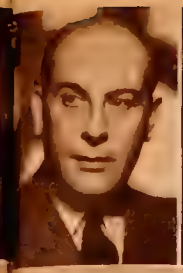
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C. Aubrey Smith



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Ralph Forbes



John Qualen



Walter Pidgeon



Claude Rains

Boris Karloff

What They Want For Christmas

If you are puzzled about what to send your favorite star for Christmas, this story won't be much help!

By KAY PROCTOR

I suppose it does sound too fantastic to be possible when you look at it in the cold and hard light of dollars and cents but it turns out there really *are* quite a few little items the movie stars of Hollywood want and haven't got.

I know, because I waltzed right up and asked them point blank. And got answered the same way.

There's no telling what you and I might blurt out if some one coasted up to us and said "What do you want you haven't got?" A lot of us undoubtedly would say "A job, thank you." A few of us might hold out for a diamond bracelet or some such gaudy trifle. One or two of us might admit, under pressure, that we wanted nothing so much in the world as for Aunt Bessie NOT to send another of those lightning-struck ties.

The movie stars, it seems, are a little more reasonable. Odds and ends, ranging from a cat through an autographed picture of Garbo to a Stradivarius cello, would satisfy them. Incidentally, don't contradict me the way I did Otto Kruger and say "You mean, violin." Stradivarius in his day made a half dozen or so cellos, which is what makes them so darned valuable. Because they are so rare, I mean. Apparently that's why Otto has a yen for one. (He also plays the violin, viola and cello, which might have a little bearing on it.) As second choice he would sell out for a Guadini which is hot stuff in cellos, too.

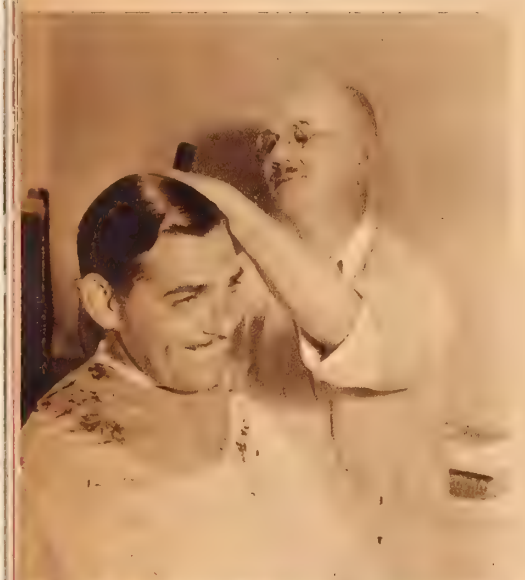
It is Joan Crawford who wants the autographed Garbo number, even as you and I. She sadly admitted her chances aren't much better than ours, Garbo being Garbo, but you can't hang her for wanting. As for the cat, it's Missy Colbert who longs for one.

On the face of it, that would seem simple indeed but it turns out that cats are allergic to Claudette. She has had five of them, and, cozy as the Colbert homestead is, they refuse to stick around.

As long as we're on the subject of animals, we may as well clear it up. Ann Sothern, for no reason which I was able to determine except she just does, wants a "Jersey cow with big brown eyes". Barbara Stanwyck wants a dog. Alas, she is allergic to dog hair and sneezes to beat the band when a canine shows his face around her. (Dion, her son, owns a pooch, but it has to stay in the stables). Barbara also wants a sister, but it's a little too late to do anything about that.

Men can't help sympathizing with Clark Gable. He wants first, a haircut. (Personally, I think that's just a plug for *Gone With the Wind*). He wants, secondly, a chance to burn up all of Carole's screwy hats. (Personally, I think he's got something there.) Carole, he says, uses her hats as disciplinary measures. When she's irked at him she drags out her freakiest number to parade in public. Men, too, can appreciate the chief "want" of Wayne Morris; it's for a slow-

Below, Clark Gable wants a good short haircut from Santa Claus



In the corner you see Loretta Young dreaming of the perfect present which involves bedroom slippers. Below, Joan Bennett is hoping Santa will make her a senator and is reading up for the role





Saint Nick could make Claudette Colbert happy with a little cat that would not run away from her home



burner beard. Seems Wayne has to shave twice a day, come fair weather or foul.

Two of the ladies have political aspirations. The sweetest music to Joan Bennett's ears would be someone addressing her as "Madame Senator". She is a piker in that particular want, however compared to Gail Patrick. Gail seriously wants to be Governor (no less!) of her native Alabam'! She sho' do!

Jimmy Stewart practically wept on my shoulder when he answered, "Fifteen pounds!" The lad simply cannot gain weight although he has tried everything from whale oil to baby food. I would not advise sending him your pet weight-gaining formula, however; he's been a mite touchy on the subject since the experiment of lying in bed one full week and drinking eight quarts of milk a day ended up by his losing a precious pound and a half. Anita Louise, too, wants to gain weight, but a measly ten pounds would satisfy her.

Christmas would be much, much happier for dark-visaged Edward G. Robinson if his wife, Gladys, would take that black rug out of his bedroom and substitute one of gray. Dropped cigar ashes, you see, wouldn't show up so plainly. So far it is no dice because it would spoil the color scheme of the room.

Jean Hersholt is resigned to never getting what he most wants, but he keeps right on wanting it—a Gutenberg Bible. The last one sold on the market brought the tidy little sum of $225,000, I'm told, and all known copies are in museums.

Tony Martin, Shirley Temple and Jane Withers also do not stand much chance of getting their chief wants satisfied. Tony was born on December 25 and wants his birthday (quite understandably from a purely selfish or commercial point of view) to fall on some day other than Christmas. Shirley wants to be a full-fledged *Boy* Scout, knife, merit badges and all. Janie is a little more reasonable; she wants to captain a professional football team.

Loretta Young's "want" has a plaintive note in it. She fancies a certain make of quilted bedroom slippers and kicking off her shoes. So far she hasn't been able to make the two fancies compatible because she never has the comfy slippers handy when she wants to give free rein to her toes. *If* she had a pair of those slippers in every room in her house, in her studio dressing room, on the set and elsewhere, she'd have what she wants. (Reading that over it sounds a little involved to me but that's the way she explained it.)

You might know Jimmy Cagney would want "time to mope". Just plain mope. He may achieve that some day, he feels, but he's certain he'll never get his other chief wish of "one hour of absolute peace and contentment." Ideologically speaking, I'm not just sure what that means. I'm not sure he's sure, if you know what I mean. Anyway it's diametrically opposed to George Raft's idea of what he wants, which is the absolute assurance that he could *live 50 years beyond his allotted span on earth.* He loves life so extravagantly, he explained, and finds it so magnificent and worth living that an average lifetime is not half enough for him. Dolores Del Rio, on the other hand, would be satisfied with a 26 hour day which would give her [*Continued on page* 44]



This is NOT Olivia de Havilland's idea of a car she wants for Christmas







Above, Priscilla Lane sends a thought wave to Santa about you'll never guess what gift

Left, George Brent's demand for Christmas has to do with trains and boats and airplanes

This is the nearest Shirley will ever come to realizing her dearest wish for Christmas, this or any year

"Thief" of Bagdad



When Sabu ran with an extra half rupee, he did not know that he was running away from a film career. Fortunately, he did not run too far, or too fast

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

Left, Conrad Veidt and Mary Martin play prominent roles in *The Thief of Bagdad*

■ Sabu, the handsome, wiry, sensitive-faced little Indian boy who rode out of the jungle and into world-wide film fame in *Elephant Boy,* at the moment is the problem child of the British film industry.

Sabu wants to go to Hollywood. Alexander Korda, the producer who made *Elephant Boy* and *Drums,* the other spectacles starring the young Mohammedan mime, wants to keep Sabu in England at his Denham studios.

The boy's contract comes up for renewal shortly and it may be that Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew will soon have some new teen-age competition from the dusky-skinned Sabu if the young actor gets his way.

I ran into the situation a few weeks ago when I went on the set at Denham where Korda is remaking in sound and Technicolor *The Thief of Bagdad,* the greatest of Douglas Fairbanks' fantasies of the silent days.

They are doing a magnificent job on this colorful fairy story of the Arabian Nights. It is to be Britain's first million-dollar production, and luckily was near enough completion when war broke out to be finished before production activities were generally curtailed. It will be released in the United States some time after Christmas.

Remember the enchanting and imaginative sets in the Fairbanks version of *The Thief of Bagdad*? William Cameron Menzies, who was art director on the earlier picture, acted as associate-producer with Korda on the new production, and the trick effects which Menzies has created for the English film are even more elaborate than the extravaganza Doug Senior offered.

Once more the fantastic, glittering Bagdad of the ninth century has risen with its sparkling minarets and domes, and its teeming bazaars, on the back lot of a motion picture studio. Once more the great galleons set sail from the colorful harbor of Basra. Once more from out of the genii's bottle come the flying horse, the magic carpet and the bag of pebbles that turn into armies when tossed from the clouds. Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, John Justin, a handsome young newcomer to the screen, who flew off to war in the air service the day after the film was finished, and Rex Ingram, the American Negro actor, head the cast supporting Sabu.

I spent a morning watching Dr. Ludwig Berger, the French director, achieve some stunning effects in glass shots which made a miniature street set in Bagdad seems as spacious as the Grand Central Station. But it was Sabu, himself, I was anxious to talk with. There is a quality about the boy's face that makes you feel he must be half mystic, half gamin.

He was, I found, an even stranger mixture. A naive schoolboy thrilled over an athletic exploit one minute, a precocious little arbiter of involved contractual clauses the next. He was sitting in front [*Continued on page* 54]



Left, John Justin, who plays the part taken by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in the first version of the film, talks over a scene with Sabu. Below, the plaster horse that comes alive at just the right moment





Below, Sabu in the market place, planning to make more trouble in Bagdad



Lady Esther says—

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!"



Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to *stop using* heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!



Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking *older than you really are?* Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my *more modern* cream!



Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely *different kind* of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.



A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances . . . to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give *your* skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun . . . more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're *sure* of charm!



Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern* cream that keeps your Accent on *Youth*. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the *one* and only cream for *you?*

See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

TODAY, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the RIGHT face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, *then look at it.* Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and *look at that.*

Thousands of women have been amazed . . . yes, *shocked then* and *there* . . . to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Renounce all heavy creams for *just a month.* You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

A System For Success



Rosalind Russell, now to be seen in the caustic comedy, *The Women*

She knew what she wanted, but she went after it, not all at once but carefully, taking one step at a time

By
JERRY LANE

■ Said Jimmy Stewart, "Roz gets more fun out of life! That girl could be in the middle of the desert and she'd stir up a lot more than sand! Exciting things wait around until she comes, then they happen . . ."

It has not always been that way. Roz, you see, has a system. If you've ever had those I'm-in-a-rut blues, if you feel you're poking along on three cylinders instead of sixteen, and that life is nothing but a bowl of bruised cherries—then this story is for you. Because it's the story of a girl who used to feel the same way—and what she did about it.

It all began at the height of the depression. Roz, just another 5′ 6½″ brunette in those days, was out of a job. She'd been that way for some time. Talking about it between scenes on the set for *The Women* (in which she co-stars with Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer) her eyes snapped fire. "Russell—the world's champion diddler, the getter-nowhere. That was me! I'd go to a couple of theatrical agencies each day, sit around for a few hours, and wind up over a Coca-Cola in some drugstore groaning about the times with a fellow-*depressionee*. [*Continued on page* 46]

Want a rosy, thriving baby? *Study Martha!*

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



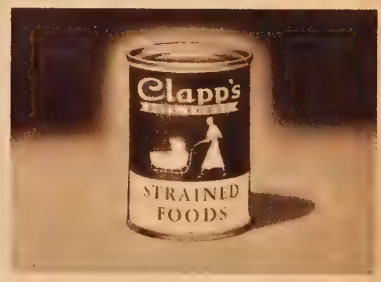
"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."



"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right.

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups —Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits —Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal —Baby Cereal

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."



"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup —Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners —Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables —Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

Wearing (Out) of the Green

Eddie Collins, soon to be seen in *Drums Along the Mohawk*, caught working hard at play





Gay Eddie Collins — starts — to prepare







to get ready — to commence — the beginning — of a drive — Where is it?







I *Missed?* — Don't understand it — I'll show that ball! — Don't know my own strength! — Can't do this to me!

Grrrrrrrrrrrrr — Hands were made before clubs — It ain't what you do — But I'll be back — Loaded for bear!







A WARDROBE A DAY GIVEN AWAY!

IN THE "MOVIE" DONUT LIMERICK CONTEST





See Columbia Pictures'
"BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY"
featuring Penny Singleton as "Blondie," Arthur Lake as "Dagwood," and Larry Simms as "Baby Dumpling" — at your neighborhood theatre.

All you have to do is complete this Limerick:

"Hey, Penny!" yelled Arthur one night,
"I'm hungry and I want a bite!"
Said Penny, "Okay, sir!
This swell donut bracer
_____"

ONE COMPLETE WARDROBE given away EVERY DAY for 8 weeks:

Joyce Hubrite Dress	**Aris-of-Paris Gloves**
Mary Barron Slip	**Mojud Hosiery (2 pairs)**
Shur-tite Handbag	**Enna Jettick Shoes**

PLUS a Grand Prize of $300.00 HOLLANDER HUDSON SEAL COAT

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! Think of it . . . *your* last line that completes the Official Donut Limerick may earn you a complete new Fall outfit . . . may even win you the grand prize of a glorious Hollander Hudson Seal fur coat!

GET YOUR OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY It gives all the rules of this simple contest . . . plus hints to help you win. You'll find the Official Entry Blank tucked in every package of those tempting Tested Quality Donuts that are made before your eyes at the larger S. S. Kresge stores.

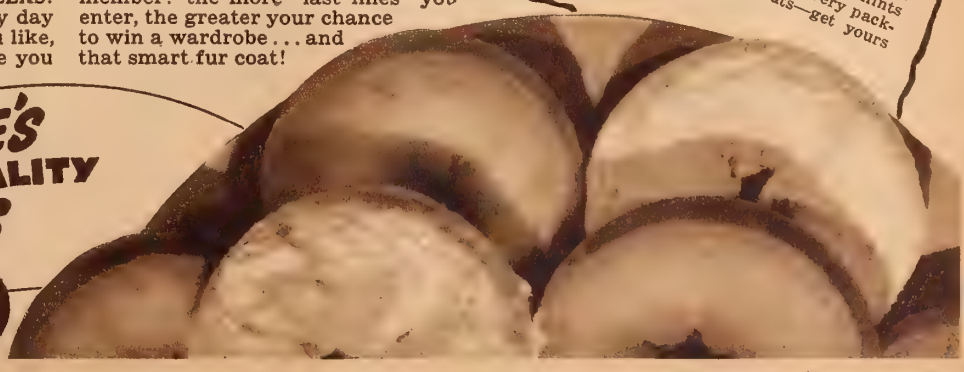
REMEMBER — A COMPLETE WARDROBE GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY FOR 8 WEEKS. You have a new chance to win every day —submit as many "last lines" as you like, as often as you like . . . but be sure you write each last line on a separate Official Entry Blank.

TESTED QUALITY DONUTS HAVE "WINNING GOODNESS" — they're America's *prize* donuts, made of wholesome ingredients . . . crisp, golden brown . . . pure, delicious, digestible! Let your whole family enjoy these grand taste-treats often . . . and, at the same time, remember: the more "last lines" you enter, the greater your chance to win a wardrobe . . . and that smart fur coat!

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK WITH TESTED QUALITY DONUTS AT THE LARGER S. S. KRESGE STORES

To win, your last line must be written on the Official Entry Blank. This entry blank gives full rules of the contest, many hints to help you win. It's packed in every package of Tested Quality Donuts—get yours today.

KRESGE'S TESTED QUALITY DONUTS



The Other Side of Garfield



By EDWARD CHURCHILL

■ At three o'clock in the morning the telephone in John Garfield's hillside home shattered the stillness. Sleepily, John reached for the instrument, answered.

"This is Jimmy Hart," he heard. "You remember me, Johnny. I worked with you in the Eva LeGallienne Civic Repertory company. I'm broke. I haven't anything to eat. And it looks like I'm going to have to sleep in the Union Station."

John didn't recall anyone by that name, but if the guy was starving—

"Gee, that's tough," he sympathized. "Where are you now?"

"I'm at the telephone booth by the cigar stand down here at the station."

"Okay. Stay there. I'll be right down."

John pulled on his clothes, went downstairs quietly so as not to disturb his wife, who was expecting her first-born, got into his car and drove to the station, ten miles from Hollywood. There was no Jimmy Hart. There never had been any Jimmy Hart. Somebody was pulling a fast one . . . . .

■ The next night at a late hour the telephone rang again.

"You take it, Max," John told his brother. And listened on an extension. He tuned a careful ear. Then he smiled happily. He hung up. His brother came in.

"Did you hear?" Max asked. "It's the studio. You have to go right over."

"Go back to bed, Max. It's a rib."

John retired. But he didn't go to sleep right away. He was thinking.

A few days later those quaint practical jokers, the Epstein twins, Julius and Phil, turned in their script on *Daughters Courageous* to Producer Henry Blanke. They awaited a verdict nervously. In an hour their telephone rang.

Julius answered.

"This is Blanke," he heard. "Boys, this script is terrible. I can't even read it. I'm doing the only thing I can—reporting that you just haven't got it, and asking for new writers—"

"But, Henry—" writhed Julius.

"No buts! It's bad enough to get writing like this, but when you deliberately steal from Clifford Odets—"

The receiver banged in Julius' aching ear.

The twins raced madly for Blanke's office. John Garfield was apparently just leaving.

"Sorry, boys," he said, "but Blanke's gone for the day. I wanted to see him myself—"

In this way he let them stew all night. Just John Garfield, the serious mug you and I and millions of others know as a very dramatic guy on the screen, paying off a rib and, at the same time, showing his lighter side. The Epsteins had sent him to the station after the non-existent Jimmy Hart. Now he was even. There was a twinkle in his eyes that you seldom, if ever, see on the screen.

■ John Garfield arrived in Hollywood with a Group Theatre reputation. That meant to those in the know that he was very profound, very much the actor, very much engrossed in his work. So Hollywood got the knife out to whittle him down to his own size.

One day, while having an interview in the Warner Brothers' studio cafe, he was surprised to hear, over the loudspeaker:

"Mr. Garfield, your car is waiting!"

He thought there was something wrong with that. He hadn't ordered any car. So he rose to investigate. And, as he did so, everybody else in the dining room rose, too, and solemnly bowed low as he passed.

John turned several colors, but just grinned. Just another Hollywood rib. He could take it. He knew that sooner or later he would discover the author of the gag and pay him off.

■ In *They Made Me a Criminal*, the Dead End kids were at their best—or worst—behavior, depending on how you look at it. They, too, had picked up the side of Garfield that Hollywood and picture-goers have come to accept. They decided that he was a very serious young man. One by one they thought up gags to plague his life. The company went to Palm Springs on location. The temperature rose to 120 degrees. The company was shooting a quarter of a mile away.

"The director wants to see you," one told John.

John trudged the distance to find that Director Busby Berkeley didn't want him at all.

The kids wished sightseers on him. They did everything but put salt in his ice cream. John waited, tongue in cheek. Then, one day, the Dead End kids went into the pool at the hotel where the company was staying.

John appeared in a bathing suit.

One by one, the Dead End kids went into the drink—and stayed under for an uncomfortable length of time. His job finished, John got out of the pool, went to his room. He was smiling happily.

■ It was on this picture that Ann Sheridan was to introduce him to screen love. The word got around that John was bashful, so Berkeley told Ann to hold that kiss to the bitter end. John was reclining on a couch, waiting shyly. Berkeley called for action, Ann got a strangle hold, and

made the longest screen kiss in history while the entire company's titter developed to a roar.

So far, John hasn't got even, but he's waiting—and Berkeley will pay. However, he did show up on his latest with Sheridan, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing,* wearing blinders.

"I know you," he told Ann. "You're the Oomph girl. I haven't forgotten that kiss."

■ What Hollywood hasn't waked up to is that John is an incurable practical joker, and that behind his studious, serious face is the heart of a clown. On one occasion, while working with the LeGallienne company, he climaxed a series of gags and practical jokes by changing around the make-up boxes of more than 30 players just before curtain time. The members of the company put their make-up boxes on tables, opened them, covered them with towels, and went away.

John knew that they would return at eight o'clock with just enough time to make up and get into costumes for the 8:15 curtain. Miss LeGallienne is still fuming about the back-stage pandemonium of that opening night.

Later, when someone stole a character man's shoes at the last minute and he had to go into his part barefooted, Miss LeGallienne took guilt for granted as a matter of course, and rebuked John.

"Oh," he told her later, with a surprisingly straight face. "I'm sure you're mistaken. I didn't do it."

No, he hadn't done it, but he admitted with a cockeyed little grin that he wished he'd thought of it.

■ Not long ago the boys introduced a pseudo interviewer to John. He took one look at the woman and decided shrewdly that this was another "rib."

"And now," said the woman, "I understand you're famous for your love scenes, Mr. Garfield. How about explaining your technique?"

Quietly, seriously, and at exhausting length, John began outlining what he thought of the state of the nation, the political situation, and other subjects very near and dear to his heart in his more studious moments. The fake interviewer finally gave up. The boys in the know on the set didn't laugh. You can't laugh at a smart guy like that.

The press has unconsciously absorbed the idea that John is a very serious young man. That's because he played a neurotic musician in *Four Daughters,* something of a bum in *Daughters Courageous,* a very serious reporter in *Blackwell's Island,* and a man with a career ahead of him, Porforio Diaz, in *Juarez,* and the underprivileged boy in *Dust Be My Destiny.* Furthermore, they'll probably think he's even more heavy-minded after seeing *Years Without Days,* in which he's cast as a racketeer.

■ John's wife is the former Roberta Mann, a New York girl who is the other half of a childhood romance. She is constantly ribbing him about his acting, never admitting that he's good. The other

[*Continued on page* 44]

HOW TO FOIL A BUSYBODY!



Here's a busybody! The busiest trouble-maker in town! She pokes her nose here. She pokes her nose there. And heaven help your reputation if she pokes through your linens—and discovers a smidge of tattle-tale gray!



Quick! Nip the chatter before it gets started! It's weak-kneed soaps that cause tattle-tale gray—soaps that just *can't* wash clean. So scamper to the grocer's as fast as you can and change to the soap that's bound to take *every* last speck of dirt—peppier, livelier Fels-Naptha Soap!



Then behold—a busybody foiled! For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* get clothes so beautifully clean, they fairly gleam like snow! Let any busybody poke around. She'll pop with wonder and not with scorn. She'll say nice things about you and never a word about tattle-tale gray!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

Patterns For Your Parties

Take some tips from the stars and don't enter the holidays in a holidaze. Plan gags and games in advance

By HELEN HOVER

■ Emily Post, Dorothy Dix and Beatrice Fairfax have been giving us the dope on how to be popular for many years, but I think a squat, fat lady from New York really has the right idea. Her name is Elsa Maxwell, and she doesn't do it with beauty, money or mirrors. Her secret of social success is parties.

It can be yours, too. Particularly at this time of the year is the art of being a clever party-thrower an important one. In fact, it is excelled by only one other charm. And that is, the art of being a clever guest. You know, the kind who doesn't sit around daring you to entertain him, but will lift a limping party right up on its heels.

Christmas—New Year's—St. Valentine's Day—Washington's Birthday—Lincoln's —college get-togethers—all of these holidays just naturally throw a lot of people together. These days, a radio and a few highballs aren't enough to put a party across. There is a genuine art to tossing a shindig that will be remembered long after the last rug has been laid down again.

Since there is more creative talent per square block in Hollywood than any place else in the world, it is natural that the colony's social functions should be the most original in the world.

I'll never forget the Jack Benny get-together, when Robert Taylor stood all the guests on their ears when he passed a glass of water through his coat sleeve. Everyone crowded around Bob (as though that profile weren't enough!) begging to know how he did it. Bob wouldn't tell. It was a trick he had learned from Fannie Brice, who had picked it up from the great Houdini himself. However, Bob did oblige with the details of another trick which is just as surprising.

"For this," advises Bob, "you need a strong magnet. Place the magnet on the wall, and hang in front of the magnet a sheet of paper. Upon the paper draw a hook. This should all be prepared in advance, of course. Then announce to the guests that you can hang a key upon the hook on your sketch. Just watch the faces of the people when you actually do it! Then, if you're quick, remove the magnet and ask the others to try to repeat your performance!"

This promptly set off George Burns' inventiveness. He announced that he could light a candle without touching it. Benny, Fred MacMurray, Bob and the others all hooted and thought that George had gone as balmy as his Gracie, but George fooled them. Really did it. And here's how:

He first lit the candle and allowed it to burn until it had a long snuff. Then he blew it out suddenly. A wreath of smoke ascended.

"Now," George explained to me, "if a lighted match is put to the smoke at a distance of about three or four inches from the wick, the fire will run down the cloud and relight the candle."

But all that is putting the cart before the horse. It's a great gift to be able to know clever tricks and games that will make you the attraction of the party—and later I'll tell you how Clark Gable, Maureen O'Sullivan and others do it—but let's start at the beginning.

■ You're throwing a party. You want it to go off with a bang. Right from the start. Okay, then, here's what Ann Sheridan did to get her party going at a merry pace even before all the guests arrived.

She sent out cards of invitation which requested that each visitor bring one of his baby pictures. Each guest handed the photograph to Ann upon arrival. She numbered them and arranged them about the living-room. The guests were then given pencils and papers already numbered. Each was asked to guess which photographs belonged to whom. You can add the final fillip in the way of a small prize to be given to the one who has the greatest number of correct answers.

■ Judy Garland introduced an amusing game to her gang recently. Those who do not know the game are sent out of the room and called in one by one. Judy and her arch-conspirators Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney and Bonita Granville try this on all newcomers.

Two or three small objects, such as a footstool or a vase, are placed in a line on the floor. The one who is called in is told that he is to walk blindfolded over these without touching them. He is then blindfolded and before he begins, the objects are quietly removed.

"You should see the way he steps, high, trying so carefully to avoid what is not there. When Jackie Moran was the victim, he tried so hard not to step on the objects that he tripped himself up. This is a game that's fun for the spectators—I can't say as much for the victims."

■ Since Hollywood is suppose to be the hotbed of scandals and rumors, it seems to like a sly game called "Scandal". Ida Lupino always starts it going when she has more than a half-dozen people at her house.

"The company is seated around the room and the person at one end whispers some remark or brief story very rapidly to the party next to her. For example, the last time I played it, I whispered, very low and fast to John Payne: "It looks like a nice day in Wichita if it doesn't thunder." Then he whispered what he heard to the person next to him, and so on it went around the circle. Well, to show you how easily an innocent remark might become scandal after it's been tossed about by more than three people, the person at the other end of the group—who happened to be Anita Louise, repeated aloud the form in which she heard it. And you'll never guess what it was. With a straight face, Anita said, "The withes in the city will ruin the picture business if war doesn't stop." Now that's it, so help me. You've no idea of the suspense and fun you get out of playing this game. The final 'rumor' is so different and funny, it will panic you!"

■ There are some moments in a party when there seems to be a deadly silence. If you want to bring the party back to its feet again quickly, and don't want to go through the details of a game, this will perk things up and have everyone laughing. The suggestion comes from Jeanette MacDonald.

"This isn't a game, but a stopgap. Tell a third of your party to say "hish" together when you give a signal; then another third to say "hash" and the remainder to say "hosh". Then give the signal, and the result is the sound of a tremendous sneeze!"

■ An exhibitionist by profession, your Hollywood star likes to take the center of the stage any time. Deep down in our hearts, each one of us likes the spotlight, but we don't know how to command it. At a party, the surest way is by knowing some clever tricks. I told you earlier a few that Robert Taylor and George Burns do. Here's one from Clark Gable.

It happened at a housewarming at the Fred MacMurrays. Everyone was talking about the war and Paris fashions and how to cultivate dahlias, when suddenly Clark



took a cigarette, held the burning end of it between his thumb and forefinger, and, without a wince, slowly crushed it out with his fingers. That was something! Immediately, the vital topics under discussion were dropped, and everyone wanted to know if Clark's fingers were made out of asbestos.

Now wait—don't try it yourself, until you hear how Clark did it. It's not done with mirrors. Just an ice cube. He smuggled an ice cube in his hand, held it between the two fingers for about a minute, until the two fingers became numb. Then he wiped his fingers dry. After that he could hold the burning cigarette without feeling it.

■ Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow have a trick that always defies detection. Maureen goes out of the room, while John asks the guests to select a number from one to twelve. Then Maureen comes in, and immediately guesses it. How? Aha—here it is.

In front of John is a large round ashtray. He treats that ashtray as though it were a clock. If the number selected is three, he places his cigarette in a three o'clock position. If it's eight, he places it on the lower left hand curve where the eight is on an ordinary clock. That's all there is to it. Get yourself a round ash tray and a co-conspirator, and you can play it all night without the others wising up to the stunt.

■ The same idea is used in an even more spectacular way by Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

"All you need," explains Dick, "are three walking sticks or match sticks, and a partner with a poker face like Joan.

"I go out of the room, while Joan asks the group to choose a number not higher than 999. They select a number—say, 739. Then Joan arranges the sticks on the floor. The sticks don't look like anything to the others—just three sticks thrown together with no rhyme or reason.

"Ah, but then I come in, take a quick look at the sticks and say, "The number is 739!" After that, Joan and I are made. We're the cream de la creme—the lions of the party.

"We never explain how we do it—but here I am in a generous mood, so here goes:

"The sticks are arranged one above the other. The lowest stick represents units, the middle one tens and the top one hundreds. Joan arranged them so that the lowest one point to nine o'clock, the middle one to three o'clock and the top one to seven o'clock of an imaginary clock face. Ten, eleven and twelve o'clock stand for O."

■ Priscilla Lane's favorite party trick is taking candid camera shots of her guests and exhibiting them the next time the crowd gets together. Olivia de Havilland still goes for "kid" games like Musical Chairs. Anita Louise likes costume parties that tax her guests' imaginations rather than their pocketbooks. Her favorite is the "half-and-half" party. Guests are asked to come in costumes that

"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"



Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child



1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy . . . I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.



2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?



3. BILL: Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.



4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.



5. BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE!*



6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.

PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

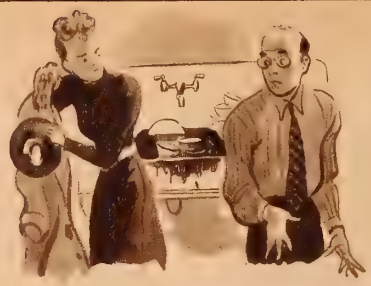
The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

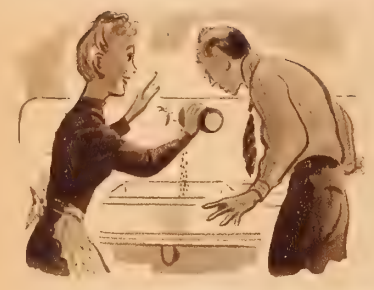
MR. HUNT GETS A LESSON !



1. **"Welcome home, honey!"** beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"



2. **"A clogged drain—with Drāno in the house?"** explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drāno in the cupboard —and watch!"



3. **In the drain goes Drāno**—out goes the clogging muck! Drāno gets down deep and *digs out* all the grease, grounds and stoppage.



4. **"See, darling?"** smiles Mrs. Hunt. "Drāno *cleans* drains—and a teaspoonful each night helps *keep* them clean, free-flowing!"

P. S. After the dishes — use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN



Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.



indicate dual personalities. Some examples are "half-angel, half-devil" (costume being half white nightgown and halo on one side, and sewed on the other side is red flannel undies and horn); half rich—half poor (one side is laden with ten cent jewelry, the other half tatters), half soldier—half sailor, half good girl—half bad. These costumes can be run up at home at little expense, and the party rivals Elsa Maxwell's famous "come-as-you-were-when-you-were-invited" stunt for originality and laughs.

■ The gold-enameled caviar sandwich for the most "invited out" couple in Hollywood, goes to Virginia Field and Richard Greene. The date pads of these two could be as full as the Bronx telephone directory if they accepted all the invitations that came their way. One of the reasons for their party "oomph" is that they give, rather than receive. Instead of being just another pair of guests who make a grab for the sandwiches, they *contribute*. They contribute fun, gags, stunts, conversation, games.

Virginia told me that she and Dick are inveterate tricksters; that no sooner does a bit of magic come out on the market than they fall for it. But of them all, this is her favorite—and it happens to be one of the simplest, too.

"Soak a piece of thread in a solution of salt or alum," she instructs. "When it's dry, carry it nonchalantly and ask someone to lend you a ring. By borrowing someone else's ring, it eliminates all suspicion that you're using a trick ring. Fix the ring to the thread. Then dip the thread to the flame of the candle. The thread will burn to ashes but will still support the ring. Even I get dumbfounded each time this works!"

■ Dorothy Lamour threw a party recently to introduce her new hillside home. She made great plans, starting with unique invitations which contained a road map and the instructions: "Follow the dots to Dottie's." But she could have dispensed with most of the elaborate preparations, because what went over biggest was a simple game which she played with Wynn Rocamora.

Dorothy left the room. When she had gone, Rocamora placed both his hands on his knees, then lifted the right hand while he counted ten. "I'm counting ten," he explained, "so that you'll have a good chance to see which hand is up." Then he placed his hand back on his knee again.

Immediately Dorothy came in, and amazed everyone by saying, "Your right hand was up." They did this three times (warning: don't repeat a good trick too often!) but no one even had a glimmering as to how she guessed it. Some of the guests even went out with Dorothy to see that she wasn't taking an unfair peek. This made it appear all the more difficult.

How was it done? Well. . . .

"The point of it all," laughed Dorothy, "is this: blood rushes down to the hands when they are resting on the knees. When one hand is held up in the air above the head for about ten seconds, the blood rushes back again. When I returned to

the room, I looked at the hands. The one without the full veins is the hand that was held high."

■ Breathes there a guest with soul so dead who never has wanted to know a good coin trick?

Here's one from Bob Hope. Coming from Bob you wouldn't expect the conventional coin stunt, and you'd be right. This is a parody on all of them—and so, much funnier.

"Take a coin in each hand and stretch out your arms as wide as you can. Then tell the party that you can make both coins pass into one hand without bringing your hands together.

"Of course, no one believes you. But what do you care? You fool 'em—and how. Look them all square in the face, and place one coin upon the table. Turn your body round till the hand with the other coin comes to where it lies. You easily pick up the coin and both will be in one hand.

"So what if it is easy? You made both coins pass into one hand without bringing your hands together. That's all you promised!"

■ There is no doubt that parties are a short cut to popularity. And if you don't make them yours—either guesting or hostessing—you're missing out on an opportunity that won't occur again.

Not for another ten months, anyway!

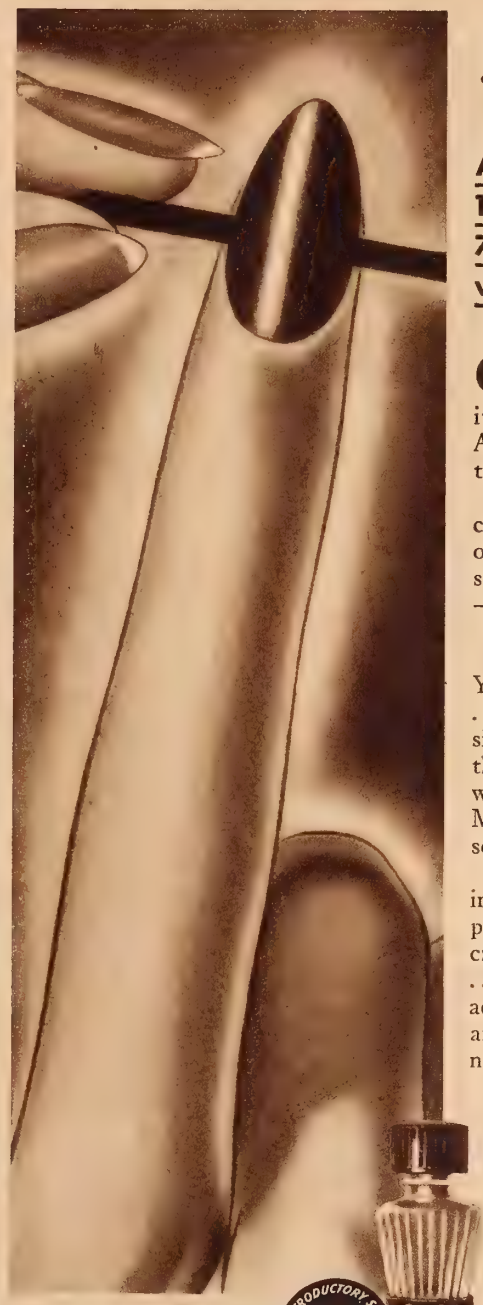


Jimmy Stewart and Virginia Weidler meet in front of the gargoyle at the premiere of M-G-M's picture, *The Women*

Get my FREE "Magic Fingertips"

AND DISCOVER YOUR

Lucky Nail Polish Shade!



says Lady Esther

Amazing new way to try all 12 shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish without buying a single bottle!

ONCE in a while a new idea comes along that's so striking, so brilliant it almost amounts to a stroke of genius! And Lady Esther's New Magic Fingertips is an idea like that!

For these Magic Fingertips, almost incredibly like the human nail, are made of celluloid and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish *—the actual polish itself!*

How to Find Your Lucky Shade

You slip them on over your own fingernail . . . one at a time . . . holding the slender side tabs. Quickly you find the shade that's loveliest on your hands, smartest with your costume colors. And my 12 Magic Fingertips are yours *free!* Just send me the coupon below.

Once you have found your lucky colors in Lady Esther's 7-Day Polish, your nail polish problems are ended! For here is a cream nail polish of amazing superiority . . . a *new kind* of cream nail polish that actually triumphs over chipping, peeling and cracking for 7 long days. And all you need apply is *one* sparkling coat!

End All Polish Worries Now!

Why puzzle over color charts or polish in the bottles? Why guess about choosing the right shade of polish . . . that may look all wrong on your nails?

Send for Lady Esther's 12 free Magic Fingertips now. Be among the first to discover this brilliant new way to find your luckiest, loveliest nail polish color!

Lady Esther's

7-DAY NAIL POLISH

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (50)
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me a complete set of your Magic Fingertips showing the 12 new shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



PREPARE YOUR BOY for life's hard knocks. Strengthen his body. Give him cod liver oil. Many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build strong bones and good teeth. Also in helping adults recuperate after illness. And now there is a BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

EACH AND EVERY MONTH

In HOLLYWOOD Magazine, you will find the latest news about the film stars, interesting feature stories—funny and gay and humorous stories about your movie favorites and lots of informal pictures of the stars at play and work. Plan to buy the January issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine on the stands December 10.



A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT

DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Campana

Italian Balm

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

The Other Side of Garfield

[*Continued from page* 39]

night he got even with her. He bought balcony tickets, insisting that she watch *Daughters Courageous* from the last row. After the show she asked him why he'd done it and he replied, "I thought maybe you'd like me better if you saw me from a distance."

John is pleased that Mrs. Garfield is unimpressed with his work. He revels in such cracks as he got from her the other day when he left articles of wearing apparel scattered untidily around their bedroom.

She called:

"Hey, star—come here and pick up your pants!"

Part of John's quietly humorous philosophy is due to the knocking around he received in his younger days, when he was newsboy, wheat harvester, bum and what have you. He learned then to take his life, gags and his job in his stride.

Now John is taking Hollywood, expected and unexpected, in his stride. Nothing bothers him. When his wife cracks at a party, during which he is discussing weighty subjects, "John—stop talking like a dictionary," he laughs at that, too. And when a man can laugh off a crack like that from his wife, you KNOW he has a sense of humor!

What They Want for Christmas

[*Continued from page* 31]

two more hours with her busy husband, Cedric Gibbons.

Materialistic gals are Jeanette MacDonald and Priscilla Lane. Jeanette wants a cure for insomnia. Pat wants black curly hair (natural). Cute little Olympe Bradna, now 19, yearns for an unchaperoned date. Believe it or not, Papa or Mama Bradna go where baby goes or baby doesn't go!

Olivia de Havilland just recently acquired one of the two things she very much wanted and didn't have—a piano. The unappeased desire is for a snorky sports roadster. I doubt if her check would bounce if she wrote one today for that car, but that isn't the point. She has set herself a certain savings account goal and until the mark is reached, no snorky car. What self control!

And what do you suppose it is Lupe Velez wants, now that her Johneee is out of the picture? It is to produce a play by her favorite author, Blasco Ibanez. She has talked herself hoarse trying to sell some Hollywood studio the idea but so far the spectacle of the mercurial Lupe as a *producer* has been too much for any film mogul to swallow. Just about as difficult to comprehend, apparently, is "Blondie" Penny Singleton's tremendous yen to play the sultry Tondeleyo in that South Sea shocker, *White Cargo*.

Irene Dunne wants to study voice in

your funny stories, your piano playing—or something. Right now it's piano playing with Roz. "When I get so I can play a Chopin concerto like Frances Marion, I'll stop . . . But I'll never forget the R. R. A. I took in remembering good stories! Every time I rehearsed them on my friends I nearly lost them—the friends, I mean. . . ."

Not long ago Roz invited two hundred people to a dinner dance in her garden. (Everybody warned her it couldn't be done. That you couldn't get together in Hollywood two hundred people who were on speaking terms.) By ten o'clock Roz had to admit the affair was dying on her hands. It was so stiff you could have chiselled it. Nobody moved. Nobody danced. They murmured something about the floor being too waxy. Miss Russell, wearing the most fragile of orchidaceous gowns, marched into her kitchen and got a mop. She plied it with vengeance on that floor while $5,000,000 worth of famous eyebrows rose in wonder. Then she stood the mop up as a microphone and began "announcing." She told stories that brought forth first chuckles, then roars from the crowd. The ice was broken—and it was after dawn before anyone left. But what she didn't tell was that the stories had been carefully studied and saved from the time she was concentrating on parlor tricks, long before she came to Hollywood.

"I'll bet I have had a round dozen R. R. A.'s in clothes alone," chuckled Roz. "You have to. Every once in a while you have to go into a huddle with your full-length mirror and say, 'Now, old girl, what's wrong with you? Are you acquiring a hollow or a hump anywhere? Let me see you walk in that outfit. Let me see you sit. . . Yes, my dear, with your browner skin you're going to have to wear different colors. . .'

"Frankly, clothes have gotten me a good number of jobs—after I found out what I was doing wrong with them. For example, a girl should never try out her new hat or dress on a prospective boss. She ought to wear something she *knows* is becoming and that is comfortable, an old friend. She'll be less self-conscious in it. I know from one experience. When I first came to Hollywood, I nearly ruined everything, dashing around in new clothes that I couldn't forget."

■ Whenever her friends can't get Roz on the telephone they know she's having a special R. R. A. (Her system, you see, has gotten pretty well known hereabouts—and more than one starlet has started using it.) Recently she disappeared completely for three days. When she came back everybody greeted her with, "But, Roz, how *rested* you look!"

"Reconstruction Act No. A 49," said Roz cryptically. She has been to the hospital having treatment for a vertebra which she'd injured in a fall three years ago. "I kept thinking it would be all right. Funny how much time we spend kidding ourselves.

■ "That's a habit in Hollywood—kidding yourself. I have a terror of the place for that reason. Everything out here is in exaggerated nine inch type—colossal, grandiose. It's so easy to lose all sense of perspective. I've found a way of regaining it quickly. Get into the crowds down in Los Angeles around Hill and Third streets, watch the people in the fish markets, the women at remnant sales. It drives out self-pity and puts your feet on the ground faster than anything I know."

She is seldom recognized. The other day she was standing back watching a line of women at a bargain counter. One old lady stepped out of line. Her arms were filled with bundles and tears were running down her cheeks. "I'm that mad," she told Rosalind. "I've been waiting nearly an hour to get near enough to buy curtains. And when I got close up I saw they weren't curtains at that counter at all. They were baby shoes!" Suddenly the funny side of it struck her and she began chuckling. In a minute they were both laughing. They finished up at the store's cafeteria having coffee together. "I liked that woman. She wanted curtains, and she laughed when she didn't get them—then she rested and went right back for another try!

"The only dull people in the world," says Roz, "are the ones who never *try*. . ."

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE MERLE OBERON'S

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Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor

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What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

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Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are *right* for you!



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My eyes are Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

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Because the under-breast band in this narrow brassiere is made of Maiden Form's own specially-named "Trico-O-Lastic," it holds snugly and at the same time yields graciously to every movement. In various fabrics — $1.00 and $1.50. Shown with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1468, also of "Tric-O-Lastic" — $1.00



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Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. Then you cough.

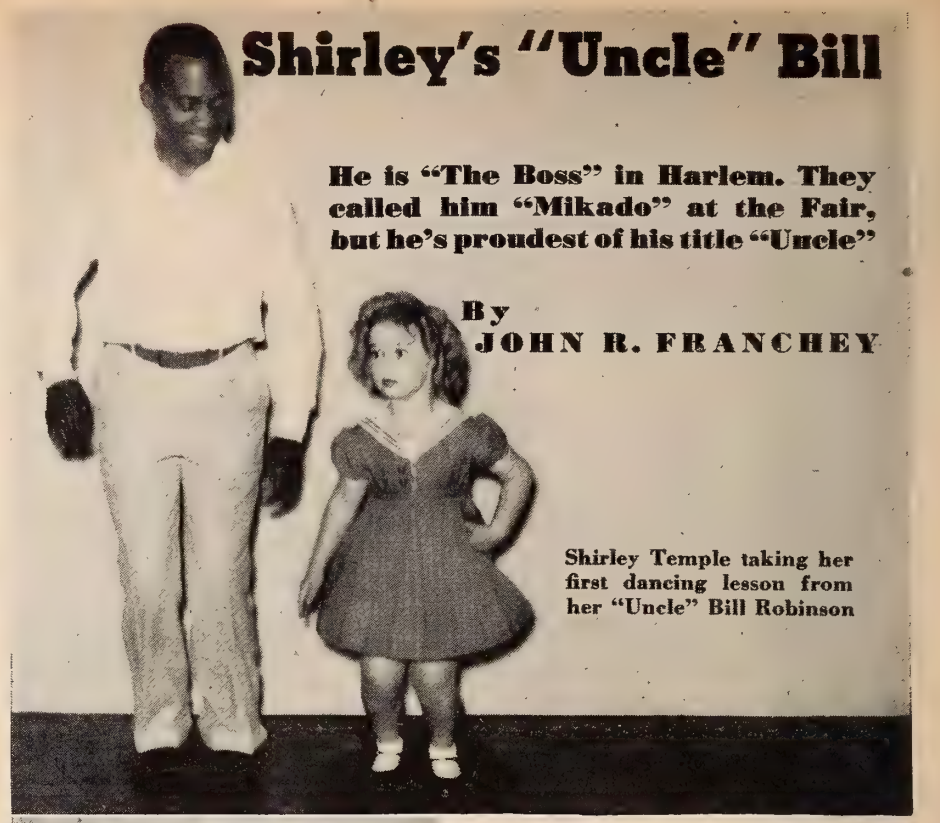
Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to Pertussin, Dept. 15, 440 Washington St., New York City.

Shirley's "Uncle" Bill

He is "The Boss" in Harlem. They called him "Mikado" at the Fair, but he's proudest of his title "Uncle"

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY



Shirley Temple taking her first dancing lesson from her "Uncle" Bill Robinson



All dressed up and having fun in a number for *The Little Colonel*



Going to town in a fast routine designed by "Uncle" Bill for *The Littlest Rebel*

■ Not every little lady just turned ten can have an "uncle" who is a Mikado. Shirley Temple has one, and she's real proud of him.

On duty, he wears a brown, spangled uniform with gold braid, an immense silver chain around his throat and the largest ermine collar you ever saw on one man. For a hat he sports a brown derby from which there sprout ostrich feathers, lush and flamboyant, and if he is actually the Son of Heaven, as his subjects swear he is, it's all on account of his wonderful winged feet.

Blow, bugles, blow! All hail Bill Robinson, lord of tap, who reigned as "The Hot Mikado" over Grover Whalen's colossal festival known as the World's Fair last summer and who now is making a peaceful conquest of the country as the show begins a winter tour.

No wonder Shirley's proud of him, but not merely because he's boss of a sepia Nippon. He was her "Uncle Bill" long before Mr. Whalen began dreaming of Tomorrow. It's an old friendship, hers and her Uncle Bill's. It goes back to the time Shirley was hardly six and 20th Century-Fox decided to bring the two together in *The Little Colonel*. Right from the start Shirley decided to adopt Bill Robinson and make him an uncle. Nothing ever pleased him as much—at least, nothing that happened in Hollywood.

No young lady could have a more devoted adopted uncle.

Every other Saturday or so he picks up the telephone in New York and calls Hollywood just before Shirley's bed-



A little more grown up, but still having fun in intricate numbers for *Lucky Penny*

time. When Shirley recognizes "Uncle" Bill's voice, she lets out a war whoop.

Then the two settle down and talk. Inevitably the conversation gets around to dancing, and Shirley is off for fair. This is where Bill's eyes light up. It brings to mind all the grand fun he had on the lot showing her routines, for Shirley was a model pupil. She learned fast. And what a grand little trouper she was!

Take those moments in rehearsal when her wise teacher would notice that the little feet moved a trifle reluctantly. She was tired but wouldn't admit it. That is when Uncle Bill would call time-out. Together they would sit on the floor and play jacks. Or maybe he would draw with a pencil outlandish animals never seen on land or sea.

Then, after his little pupil had rested, he would confide a terrible secret: he had, of all things, forgotten the step he had been teaching her! Would she show him how it went? Please? Up in a flash, she would go into her buck and wing, hand in hand with Uncle Bill, now beaming



Truckin' on down the road for one of the scenes in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*





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KARO SYRUP PITCHER

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Enclosed herewith is fifty cents in ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER and a Karo Label. Please send the KARO PITCHER to

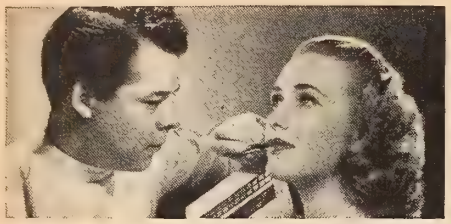
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Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for *your type . . . for more glamour!* 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. D-12, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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HOLLYWOOD

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YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

broadly. His little charge was dancing. That to Bill was of paramount importance.

Not since he first met her has he let a birthday go by without a remembrance from him. And what mementos they were!

Once it was a miniature automobile, cream-colored and custom-built, a sport job that made Shirley the envy of all the kids on the block. Again, at her suggestion, it was a lordly statuette of himself. Another time it was a diamond-studded badge which made her an honorary police chief. This last April 23rd, the big day, it was a handsome bracelet adorned with souvenirs of their pictures together. And next year a sliver from the moon, if Shirley says the word. Or maybe his imperial robes. You never can tell.

■ Three other loves has Bill Robinson. First is his wife, Fannie, whom he married 16 years ago in Chicago. He spotted her at 35th and State in a drug store where she was an apprentice pharmacist. He spent almost a thousand berries buying ice cream sodas, epsom salts and hot water bottles—anything to come into the store—before he won her.

Next it's his nifty Dusenberg, a number that cost him $17,500 and is the envy of even Father Divine. It is tagged BR-1, just as if everyone in New York didn't know Bill and his car by now.

Finally, it's the Yankees. To the American League golden boys Bill Robinson is the Good Angel. Consequently whenever he has time to see a game, the players welcome him on the field. He rates the welcome. For what Bill does is to take a pinch of salt in his hand and walk over to the enemy dugout, where he sprinkles it around, so's to bring bad luck. And it does.

Connie Mack of the Philadelphians is one man who fears Bill and his magic so much that he won't let him approach the dugout. "You're a hoo-doo, Bill," he says. "Go 'way."

■ Dancing is the very being of the man, his method of communication. Beethoven took a German poem called "Ode to Joy" and transposed it into his ageless Ninth Symphony. Bill Robinson creates an ode to joy with his feet every time he dances.

He has been doing it since the age of seven when, as an orphan, he danced barefoot on the sidewalks of his native Richmond for whatever the passers-by cared to contribute. He danced his way up out of a stable where he was a hostler into his first job as a hoofer in *The South Before the War,* a wheezy extravaganza, at the astounding salary of $8 a week.

In Harlem Bill Robinson is "The Boss," as everyone knows. The cops hail him from all sides, coffee-colored moppets congregate around him, neighbors beam when he passes and panhandlers get itching palms.

He is just as popular in the world of the theatre. Possibly no man in the amusement world is more admired by his co-artists and appreciated by his public. His den is a glowing testimonial to this general regard. All four walls are covered with pictures of men and women who count.



Sandy has forsaken her baby boy roles. She appears in dainty little dresses in her next Universal film, *Little Accident*

Centerpieces of this gallery of notables is the President, whom Bill knows. Then there's the Governor of New York and the Mayor of New York City. Gene Tunney looks on with warm regard. Eleanor Powell has scrawled on her portrait, "What an inspiration you were to me!" Lou Gehrig hopes always to be worthy of his friendship. Katie Hepburn is there, exotic and elfin. Harry Carey is proud to have been on the same bill with him. The kind face of Will Rogers peers down, flanked by a message of gratitude, and Fay Bainter, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown; Babe Ruth, Nora Bayes, Fred Astaire; Max Schmeling, Ex-Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, Shirley Temple—they are all there.

■ Shirley's Uncle Bill at 61 is not only the torrid Mikado of a musical-comedy Nippon, but monarch of the whole field of tap, a soft-shoe sultan and a glowing proof of the postulate that all the poetry in the world isn't locked up in quatrains and sonnets. A goodly part of it abides in his magic feet.

At an age when most honest citizens are casting a covetous glance at the 65 mark, when F. D. R.'s old-age insurance releases them from the woes of working in this wicked world, Bill Robinson is not only feeling fine but working twice as hard as he did at twenty-five.

His phenomenal health and good spirits continue to amaze his doctors. To them he responds during physical examinations like a young Minnesota football tackle.

"I'm fixing to dance until I'm a hundred," he says. "Then I'm going to take a short rest before I commence to dance all over again."

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 17*]

colony's great and near great, when our attention was called to the ancient bridegroom.

He had raised himself from the deep-cushioned chair in which he was seated, and his bones were creaking as he gradually tottered to his feet.

The bride was solicitous. "Where are you going, my darling?" she asked.

My darling glanced toward the library, a few short steps away. "I'm going to the library," he wheezed. "The walk will do me good!"

■ Sidney Toler, who is Charlie Channing his way to movie fame, is pestering his friends with proof of his careful driving. His insurance company recently presented him with a six-dollar bonus check and a beautifully engraved certificate as a reward for not having an accident in 25 years of auto driving.

■ Eddie Collins, the comic, was flabbergasted for once in his funny life, when the director of *Bluebird* told him he not only had to act like a bulldog in the picture but to think as one. If you happen to know how a bulldog thinks, and what he thinks about when he does think, write, wire, or phone Eddie, who's practically gone to the bow-wows trying to figure it all out.

■ Wayne Morris says the main reason he wants to learn to speak Hawaiian is because when he goes to the island next spring and is introduced to one of those hula gals in one of those grass skirts he thinks it might be embarrassing just to be able to say "Shake!"

■ Jeffrey Lynn, the up-and-coming Warner star, says that he is going to be very careful about what he says from now on. Within a week after he announced that he was looking for a ranch and a bride, he received more than 200 proposals of marriage. More than fifty of the young ladies inclosed snapshots of themselves, and insisted that he need not look further. One gal, with whom truth was more than a virtue, admitted that she did not want to write to him, but that her mama insisted. "Mother," she wrote, "thought I might as well do something to support her."

Jeffrey, in the meantime is keeping strict rules about talking about marriage. He's declining all proposals, too.

■ Soft-spoken Joyce Allen, graduate of the University of Montana, is demonstrating in Hollywood today that a woman can hold her own in a world of men—that is, if she's able to master the technique.

Joyce, so far as we've been able to discover, is the only superintendent of transportation in Hollywood. Perhaps in the world. The little lady has absolute authority over 40 hard-boiled truck drivers and a fleet of 24 trucks, cars and motorcycles.

Former secretary for Charles Walrod, purchasing agent at Selznick Studios, Joyce was promoted to her post a short time ago and has already made good at her exacting job. She has not fired a man or lost a single article from 50,000 tons of valuable cargo during the past few months since her promotion. Not a minute has been lost out of any 24-hour period and according to her well-kept records, no truck, passenger car, or motorcycle has reported late on its scheduled order.

"The men like me, I think," she says with no false modesty. "Maybe because I like them. We shoot straight. If I had to do it, I could take out any truck on the lot and deliver."

Joyce's manner is crisp, but pleasant. She radiates efficiency, but she's essentially feminine. A vanity case lies on her desk, weighing down a flutter of transportation charts, orders and drivers' reports. A dainty mirror hangs conveniently on the wall.

Miss Allen has no yen to be an actress. "They come and go too quickly in this business," she says. "I want something permanent, even if the job is a tough one. This 'here today and gone tomorrow' isn't my idea of good business."



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Wartime Crossing

[*Continued from page* 23]

that a soldier of France enters a train and finds a movie star in negligee in his compartment.

"It is easy to see that our ravishing English guest knows little of our traveling customs," said one in French to his companions. Then, all together, they bowed, loosened their collars and repaired to the three remaining bunks.

They did not talk long, but the situation certainly could not be dismissed without comment. That would have called for more than human restraint.

"She is lovely," said one.

"She is beautiful," said another.

And, jumping to the conclusion that their rapid French protected them, they discussed in admiring terms Madeleine's golden hair, blue eyes, and latest pictures.

Madeleine smiled to herself, but remained silent. The next morning when she awoke, the three soldiers had considerately disappeared.

They returned, bowing, in time to offer, in halting English, assistance with her heavy bags. Madeleine accepted gratefully, in English. They cleared the compartment in record time. Finally just one heavy bag was left—wedged in a high rack. A stepladder was really needed.

Madeleine could not resist the temptation.

"Better leave the big one," she said in rapid French slang. "If you don't, you'll hit yourself in the puss, and it would never do to be wounded in such a fashion before a war even begins."

The soldier turned as though shot, and bolted out into the passageway to where his companions were standing, open-mouthed with amazement. How could they have known that Madeleine's mother was French, that she had mastered French idiom in her childhood, and that she is quite as much at home in that tongue as she is in English?

"French chivalry is still alive!" Madeleine said in ringing tones, her eyes twinkling at the memory. "They bowed again and declared that a 'bump on the konk' from my luggage would be nothing but bliss. Wasn't that sweet? And funny!"

■ Typical of an Englishwoman's courage and sense of balance at a time of crisis was Madeleine's telling of that amusing tale. No tears, no hysteria, even though her dear ones are in danger, even though her beloved country is caught in a grim disaster. You realize when you hear her describe those trying days how much gallant courage lies behind the British "Business as usual."

But the really serious part of Madeleine's trip was only now beginning, and that enviable courage was to help immeasurably in keeping up her spirits—and those of her fellow passengers as well—on the stormy trip across the Atlantic which followed.

German submarines were already stationed at strategic points in the Atlantic in anticipation of a formal declaration of war involving the major powers. The faces of the captain and the crew of the French liner *Champlain* were grim as they left Europe, and they grew grimmer as the ship neared New York. War was in the air when they sailed. War had been declared while they were still three days from port. Full speed ahead was ordered and the liner strained to reach port more quickly than it ever had before. On this trip, too, it was loaded to the gunwales with returning travelers who had heeded the warnings of the American embassies, and who had fled in time to escape the terrors of another major war in Europe.

Madeleine is a veteran of Atlantic crossings, so she was frankly bewildered when she saw the captain's face relax, and a look of relief spread over it as a heavy fog rolled across the ocean on the last day. Fog on the ocean is bad news. She knew that landing would be delayed. She realized the dangers of collision in the crowded sea lanes near New York.



Most of the movie colony turned out for the tennis matches after Hollywood's historical "hot spell." The Fred MacMurrays and Ray Millands were interested spectators

She sought out the ship's second officer, a friend from other and happier crossings. At first he was evasive. Finally he explained that, while no one believed that a submarine attack on a passenger liner filled with returning Americans was likely, the *Champlain* was taking every precaution. For that reason, the portholes were shrouded, lights were forbidden. For that reason, the captain welcomed the fog. On the open ocean, the *Champlain* had been able to vary her course, but, once within a day of New York, the sea lanes narrowed and it was feared that there, if anywhere, attack would occur.

■ The relief which the beautiful British star must have felt when at last the *Champlain* made port safely was mirrored in her features as she reviewed for us that final night of the most exciting trip in her career of transatlantic commuting. With characteristic English calm in the face of acute danger, she is determined to concentrate on comedy parts for the present—films on the order of *Cafe Society* and *Honeymoon in Bali*. She feels that anything that lends to the general gaiety is desirable, and that it is just as much her duty to help preserve her people's morale by acting in gay pictures as it is the duty of many of her countrywomen to become active members of the Red Cross. Her people, she knows, will be extremely grateful for this further opportunity to maintain their enviable "even keel." One French journalist also begged her: "For heaven's sake, send us everything that has nothing to do with the war."

It took a few weeks longer than the studio had expected to finish *Honeymoon in Bali*, her latest picture. She thoroughly enjoyed making the picture, but she found it ironic and more than a little annoying to be doing retakes of scenes of her preparing to leave for exotic ports, while actually she was extremely anxious, in view of threatening conditions abroad, to get to her home in England and back. Consequently, relations between Miss Carroll and Edward H. Griffith, the director, grew slightly strained.

The minute the picture was completed, Madeleine, still pretty peeved at the delay, was off like a shot for New York on the first lap of her trip.

The blond British star is not haunted by that little devil who follows women around reminding them to reduce, but she kept an especially careful check on the size of her lunch, throughout the shooting of the picture, in order to keep her vitality at a constant pitch all afternoon on the set. Usually she ordered a frugal meal, consisting of cottage cheese, grapefruit, and a salad of some sort with a mineral oil dressing.

All who see *Honeymoon in Bali* will remember the scenes in which she and Fred MacMurray sing those popular old West Indian phrases: "Mama don't want no peas, no rice, no cocoanut oil."

Just before sailing from New York for Europe, Madeleine received this charming conciliatory telegram from her director: "Mama don't want no cottage cheese, no grapefruit, no mineral oil." Now they're exchanging "trade lasts."

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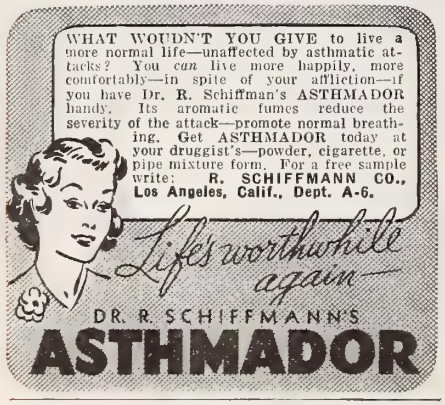
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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

"Thief" of Bagdad

[*Continued from page 32*]

of a huge plate of ice cream in the studio restaurant when John Ware, Korda's publicity director, introduced me. With charming manners, Sabu acknowledged the introduction, and then lit into the hapless press agent over a newspaper story that he had been reading when we joined him.

"They've got another one of these crazy life stories in the paper," expostulated Sabu.

"I didn't give out any such interview. The story isn't true. Why don't they ever really print a true story of how I got in pictures? I've never seen one yet."

It was a made-to-order cue for me.

"Why don't you tell me the real story," I suggested. "I know the readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine would like to hear it in your own words."

And so, according to himself, Sabu gave for the first time an accurate account of how he was discovered by Robert Flaherty, director of *Elephant Boy,* in Mysore, the town in Southern India where he was born.

Sabu's father had been a mahout in the service of the Maharajah of Mysore. When Sabu was six, both his father and mother died, and the young orphan went to live with an elder brother who drove a taxicab



From radio comes "Little Cupcake," nicknamed by Tay Garnett and the cast of Walter Wanger's *Send Another Coffin.* Ruth Terry is her more prosaic name

THIS LITTLE GIRL WILL HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS *but*



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So from now 'til Christmas, mail no letter—send no package—unless it is decorated with the Christmas symbol that saves lives!

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States



BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

NEXT MONTH

"You'd Hate to Be a Star!" says a famous star and sets forth a long list of reasons. If you don't believe her statement, read her story in

January HOLLYWOOD
On sale December 10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of HOLLYWOOD published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1939.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of HOLLYWOOD and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Lewellyn Miller, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Larchmont, N. Y.; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Pequot, Minn.; Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Springdale, Conn.; Marion F. Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Gordon Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Port Chester, N. Y.; Frances M. Fawcett, Pequot, Minn.; Margaret Connor, Seattle, Wash.; Clarence Fawcett, Portland, Ore.; Gloria Fawcett Trust, La Jolla, Calif.; Virginia Lee Fawcett Trust, Los Angeles, Calif.; John Fawcett Trust, Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ————. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1939.

[Seal] DOROTHY C. ZIPF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 9, 1943.)

about the bumpy streets of the Indian Prince's capital.

He was twelve when the event occurred which was to lift him out of the poverty of the Indian village and set him on the road to riches in London.

"It happened this way," said Sabu. "One morning I was going to the Maharajah's palace to get my father's pension. Each month I went there and they gave me two rupees. That's about four shillings in English money, or . . ." Sabu stopped a moment for calculation, "about a dollar in American money." The boy smiled a little. He was rather pleased at this chance to exhibit his knowledge of exchange rates.

"This day when I went there," continued Sabu, "there was much activity in the palace. A motion picture company was making scenes there and everyone was standing around watching.

"The paymaster was excited and as he counted out the money he gave me half a rupee too much. I noticed a big tall man looking at me, a man dressed in English clothes, who looked like he might be with the movie company. Indian movie companies had made scenes in Mysore before so I knew what they were.

"Well, as I say, the paymaster was excited and gave me a half a rupee too much, and so I turned away quickly and started out of the palace. I would like to have stayed there and watched to see what the movie men would do, but I was afraid the paymaster would discover his mistake,



James Cagney, making the '20's roar in a scene from Warner's *Roaring Twenties*

so I walked as fast as I could toward the street.

"I heard the tall man say something to the paymaster. I thought he was telling him he had overpaid me. So when the paymaster called to me, I just stuck out my tongue at him and ran.

"That afternoon a servant from the palace came to my brother's house for me. I was to go back to the paymaster. I was sure they wanted that extra half rupee back, and so I didn't want to go. But the servant made me go along with him.

"When I got back to the paymaster's room, the Englishman was there. He said something in English I could not understand. Then the paymaster told me what it was. They did not want the half rupee. They didn't even know about it, and all the time I was holding on to it for dear life, my hand in my pocket!

"What they wanted, the paymaster explained, was for me to go with the movie company into the jungle and work as a mahout's helper. They would pay me ten rupees a week, they said.

"I said 'sure!' It was fun in the jungle and, besides, the ten rupees was more money than I got in months from the pension. When I reached home I told my brother about it and asked him if I could go. He said 'Yes,' and then told me to hand over the two rupees pension. I did.

"Then he told me to give him the extra half rupee I had received by mistake. Was I mad!" Sabu's bright little black eyes flashed in a smile, but you knew he still



Posed by professional models

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of the first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results.

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May we suggest a facial and eyebrow arch while Wally Westmore pacifies Big Boy with ice cream. See the 640-pound glamour boy in Paramount's *Untamed*

resented not having spent that famous half rupee on himself.

"So I went with the film company to take location scenes," the boy continued. "I was just another one of the mahout helpers when the company started out, but after a few days Robert Flaherty, the big man I had seen that first day, came to me and through an interpreter asked me if I would like to play the leading part.

"Back in Mysore they gave me a test, a lot of tests, and decided I would be all right. So they hired a Brahmin teacher to help me learn the lines, which at first I simply repeated without knowing what they meant.

"I was very proud to be working. I bought a lot of new clothes and my brother and I moved into a better place to live. All this time I thought they would leave me in Mysore when the picture was finished. And then they asked me if I would like to go to England!

"I was very pleased and so my brother and I came to England. And that's how it all began."

Sabu sat back with a pleased expression on his face. At last he had told his "life story" as he wanted it to be given.

■ From John Ware I picked up the thread of his later experiences. When *Elephant Boy* was released and the sensitive face of little Sabu caught the public's fancy, Alexander Korda, producer of the film, tore up Sabu's contract and gave him

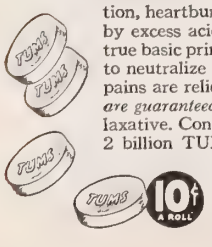
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another, a ticket which raised in easy stages his salary to its present four figures.

There was almost a year's wait between *Elephant Boy* and *Drums*, Sabu's second film, and the untutored little Mohammedan boy, who could neither read nor write in his own language when he was first hired by Flaherty, was entered at Beaconsfield, a small boarding school near the studios at Denham, where foreign boys are taught English and prepared for the larger British public schools.

Here, along with English and the conventional "3 r's," Sabu was initiated into the rituals of the playing field. The boy is a natural athlete and took quickly to organized games. By the end of his first year he was playing a back on the school rugby team, and had earned a local record with six goals against the school's chief rival.

Swimming, tennis and skiing all came easy to the youngster. Ice skating became his favorite sport and last winter he achieved, after long practice and several strenuous spills, a six-barrel jump. He is waiting eagerly for the skating season to open this year. He's sure he can jump seven barrels this winter.

■ When he was a boy around the elephant stables in Mysore, Sabu's ambition was to be a mechanic and work on one of the gloriously exciting automobiles in the Maharajah's garage. That love of machines has stayed with him and his chief desire now is to attain the age required for a driver's license in England, 18, and buy a racing car of his own.

As for his ambitions for later years, when and if he leaves the screen, Sabu declares he would like to be an aviator. He has considered, he said, going back to India and enlisting in the army as the quickest route into the air service and the cockpit of a plane.

But first there is one film he would like to make. He is eager to play the part of "Mowgli" in a film dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books, and it is likely that Korda will make this story the next vehicle of his boy actor.

Only the promise of such a part may keep Sabu at Denham, for it is known that for some time he has been casting an appraising eye at Hollywood.

Following the release of *Drums*, Sabu was sent on a public appearance trip to America and visited Hollywood. He was deeply impressed by the scale of production there, openly envious of the salaries paid such contemporaries as Freddie Bartholomew. Ever since his return to England he has talked longingly of California and the American film capital.

Sabu's contract with Korda comes up for renewal in December and it is not unlikely that unless some rather stiff demands on the part of the precocious youngster and his money-wise brother are met, he will ask for a release and hie himself to America and Hollywood.

That magic carpet in *The Thief of Bagdad* carries a lot of dreams.



Pretty Mary Carlisle and funny Joe E. Brown hide from the spooks in a fun house in a sequence for Columbia's thriller-chiller mystery picture, *Beware Spooks*

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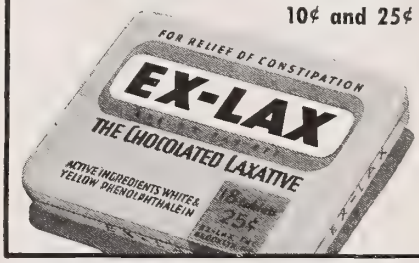
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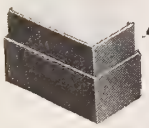
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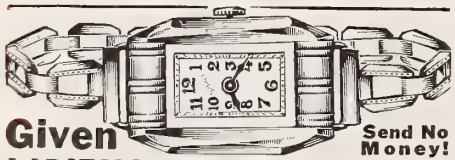
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Enticing On Ice





Ann Sheridan knows that a few minutes in preparation for winter sports do much to prevent red hands and chapped lips

By ANN VERNON

■ Romance often takes the place of the sun in casting a glow of warmth over the ice. While the traditional setting of soft lights and sweet music still spells quickening of the heart beat—don't for a moment underestimate a winter sports setting as an aid to romance.

With a little forethought and care you can be as enticing on ice skates or on skis as you can be on the dance floor in a drop-shoulder evening frock. These entrancing new skating costumes, like Ann Sheridan's, and the new streamlined ski suits are mighty flattering! Oh, I know all about how wintry weather can roughen and redden the skin on your hands and face, and turn your nose into a small tomato, but that's only when you don't know how to care for your good looks and frustrate the icy blasts. In this article I mean to give you the lowdown on how it's done.

First, let me say a word in favor of this new vogue for winter sports. Ice skating (even on an indoor rink), skiing and sledding will do a lot toward making you lovelier looking. Most of the skin and hair troubles that beset us in cold weather are caused by inactivity, lack of outdoor exercise, too much heavy food and too much steam heat. The circulation of the blood slows up, under these conditions, and the oil glands in the skin and scalp refuse to function properly. So stop hugging that radiator, and join the parade to the nearest ski trail or ice pond . . . and to renewed and glowing beauty.

But before you do, be sure that you follow a sensible daily routine for cleaning, lubricating and protecting your skin. If you go away for a week end of outdoor sports, be just as sure to take along all the preparations you need in a little kit, otherwise all your good work may be undone.

■ Don't abandon your soap and water facial cleansings, with the first cold blasts. If your skin becomes chapped and irritated, it's not the fault of soap and water scrubbings—unless your soap is all wrong. Dry, normal and oily skins need the stimulating and cleansing action of soap and water all year 'round. Just be sure to scrub your face first, then apply cream to offset any sensitiveness that may develop. If you're wondering *which* toilet soap you should use to keep your face smooth as silk, and free from bleackheads and large pores, write me for the name of

Write to me before December 15th if you would like the names of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed (U. S. postage, please) for your reply. Send your request to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

a bland white one that is tops. All excess moisture is pressed out of it in the manufacturing process, so that it is economical as well as pleasant to use. The lather is swift and copious even in hard water, and the perfume is so delicate that it can't irritate your skin. If you have noticeable large pores or blackheads, try leaving a film of this lather on till it dries. It will help to correct the unpleasant condition.

■ The cream that always goes with me on my week-end skiing trips is a fluffy white one that does a first rate job of cleansing, lubricating and protecting my skin—no matter how many times I collapse into snow drifts. I always apply it after my twice-a-day scrubbings; and after the bedtime cleansing, I leave a light film of it on. This counteracts the drying effects of my day outdoors, and when I wake up in the morning my skin is real pretty. Another nice thing about this cream is that a smidgin of it makes a wonderful protective and adherent powder base. You should use a powder foundation always—but certainly you'd be foolish to omit it during cold weather, when your skin needs all the protection it can get. Remember that only a tiny bit is necessary to provide an adherent base for your rouge and powder. But that little bit is just the difference between rough and smooth make-up, between wind-bitten and smooth skin. This cream comes in several sizes up to a dollar, but if you're verra skeptical, you can buy a sample size for a dime, to see if my enthusiasm is warranted.

■ A beauty problem that looms large and menacing in cold weather is that of chapped lips . . . Piercing winds are partly responsible, it's true, but they can be foiled. Just be careful to use a good lipstick, one that has an emollient base and won't dry the delicate lip tissues. In addition, massage a rich cream into the lips each night at bedtime. If you will write to me I'll send you the name of a perfectly superb lipstick "buy." It's been on the market for some time in a trim little 50 cent size, but now it's out in a pleasingly plump version (for a dollar) *and* in a magnetic new red shade. The stick merits your approval by being non-drying, and it should also win your heart by its rich, clear, splashing red. Maybe you're a little weary of lipsticks that verge toward the blue, the pink or the brown, and have yearned for one that is a real, honest-to-goodness, flattering red. This is the most youthful color imaginable, so you'll like it if you're sixteen and want to be suitably made-up—or if you're 30 and want to look 22. Incidentally, the color remains true *on* the lips, stays on faithfully, and gives your lips a smooth, velvety look. Interested?

Anyone who's skied or skated much knows that mittens get soggy after a couple of hours in damp snow . . . That's why you should be extra-fussy about using a good cream or lotion on your hands to keep them from looking like underdone lamb chops. Besides being faithful about applying a good one everytime you wash your hands—follow these rules for keeping your hands smooth and white and young; always use luke-warm—never hot water—for household tasks and bathing. Use mild soap flakes for dishwashing and laundering. And be sure to dry your hands *thoroughly* after having them in water.

■ When you've attended to these things, you're ready for a swell new hand cream that I've been using for a couple of weeks. It's the baby sister of a famous hand lotion that's been on the market since 1875. The new cream has all the nice qualities of the lotion, and is handier if you're awkward about lotions or travel a lot. It helps prevent chapping, roughness and flaking, but it's not the least bit sticky or greasy. Smells as feminine as a flower, and is economical to use. There's a ten cent size in the V and X, and a large 39 cent jar in drug and department stores. I'll be delighted to send you the name.

NEXT MONTH

"You'd hate to be a star!" says a famous actress, and tells you just why she is not to be envied. It is a startling confession. Be sure not to miss it in the January issue of

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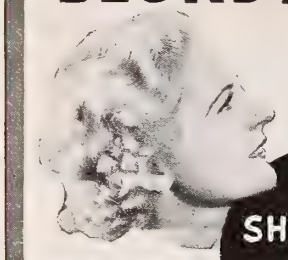
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"Oh, Give Me My Bandages and Crutches—"

[*Continued from page 27*]

hall floosies through the ages, deprives him not only of his currency and nuggets, but also wins his pants. Boris demurs, in an expansively demure sequence, and Dietrich sets out to take possession of her winnings.

In this she is impeded momentarily by a pretty series of lefts and rights thrown by Una Merkel, playing Mischa's bride. When it came to shooting the fight scenes, Director George Marshall, in the interests of having enough leading ladies to finish the picture with, called in a couple of stunt gals to perform the fisticuffs; this despite the violent protests of Mlles. Dietrich and Merkel, who insisted they could fight their way out of any saloon ever built, however lacking in practical experience.

Nevertheless, two top-ranking stunt queens—Babe DeFreest and Helen Thurston—were substituted in the early takes, which called for a wrestling, biting, kicking and punching match over the entire 500-foot area of Donlevy's Bar & Grill.

The stunt kids came out of their corners in a low crouch and went flailing at each other as if the Golden Gloves depended on the outcome. Bloodthirsty Thurston, impersonating Dietrich, had the reach on Dynamite DeFreest, but DeFreest was a more experienced infighter and mussed up the favorite when she got her head jammed between the brass rail and the mahogany bar.

When Director Marshall called "Time," both battlers looked as if they had gone up against the business end of a mail train. At the end of the fight, when both contenders were prone on their pretty profiles, Marlene called, "Bring all the champagne from my dressing room and give it to those kids!"

The champagne was brought, and the kids, when they had been picked up and pasted together, went for it just as devastatingly as they had gone for each other's throats a quarter of an hour earlier.

By that time the camera set-up was ready for the main bout, between Manslaughter Merkel and Dead End Dietrich. Inspired by the example of the stunt gals, and to add to the general rowdiness of the picnic, they pitched into each other with such gusto that it seemed impossible Marlene would emerge with her assets all in one piece. Nobody among the 500 spectators was enough of a spoil-sport to stop the battle and it ended in a double knockout.

A snapshot of the celebrated Dietrich legs as she staggered away from the carnage would be an item for any collector's book. Bruised, bleeding, dirty, and wrapped in the rags of her specially-made $25-a-pair stockings, they still somehow managed to achieve an air of nobility.

"Bloody," as Allen Jenkins remarked, "but still unbowed."

The Dietrich features, almost frantically animated under a thick layer of come-hither make-up and a superimposed stratum of dirt, sawdust and ingrained cigarette butts from the floor, had not escaped so lightly. A splinter the size of a toothpick was embedded in the celebrated right cheek.

The first words Marlene uttered after getting up after the double count of ten were, "I want a stunt check!"

And the demand stuck. She refused medical attention and the ministrations of her maid and hairdresser until the $35 for hazardous work before the camera was forthcoming. Una Merkel backed up the demand, loudly maintaining that she would picket the studio unless she too were paid for jeopardizing her neck.

As if by magic, the checks appeared. Everybody in the company agreed that the shakedown was justified. But as soon as Marlene and Una got their hands on the money they handed it over to Helen Thurston and Babe DeFreest, the two actual stunt girls who had whipped them up to their fighting frenzy and set the pace for the star bout.

■ Kid Merkel struck the most telling blow of the whole picture when she registered an uppercut on Warren Hymer's forehead with a bottle in her hand.

According to the plans of the humanitarian gentlemen who manufacture such weapons for the films, the bottle should have dissolved in harmless shreds upon contact with Hymer's formidable head. But the particular breakaway bottle that Una used evidently had not read the script, or else possibly it had become imbued with the spirit of atrocious assault that seemed to pervade the set.

At any rate, when Una let the blow go she put enough follow-through behind it to make it convincing. And the bottle, seeming to get the idea, also stayed in and punched, refusing to disintegrate harmlessly as per plan and inflicting a neat six-stitch cut in Warren's brow.

As soon as he returned from the embroiderer's, the plucky victim of the assault went right back to work as a target for Una, who kept breaking bottles on his head for the rest of the afternoon, always taking careful aim so as to hit the stitches, which served as a bull's-eye.

That sort of thing epitomizes the spirit of Destry and Dietrich and their playmates. The delightful homicidal camaraderie of the thing is summed up in a stray line from the script:

"They slug each other happily."

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Rulers of the Sea

[*Continued from page 25*]

picture. Jim wasted a lot of words telling me that he was reversing the usual procedure of shooting sea scenes by looking for bad weather instead of good. I could see with half an eye that those waves were getting bigger and meaner and more sickly greener with every knot, and that the wind off the starboard bow was already lustier than any big blow ever produced by a conference of Hollywood press agents. The huge white sails on the 170-foot-high masts of the *Falcon* were swelled up as though they'd been poisoned. Ropes of all sizes were snapping and whipping through the air, and when some smart-aleck shouted "Man the mizzen mast," I just fell smack on my face and shouted back, "For gossakes, somebody man the stomach pump!" I was feeling mighty poorly and dying would have been a pleasure. Sick? Say, when those bounding waves really began to bound, and that old *Falcon* really began to rise and fall like the elevator in our office building, I had just enough strength to obey another of Jim Haven's commands. When he said "Heave to," I certainly did. And how!

And don't think I was alone in my misery! Director Lloyd, George Bancroft, Margaret Lockwood, Will Fyffe and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., along with scores of others on the ship were forced down below and were given first aid treatment by Bill Tummel, Lloyd's assistant. From a practitioner in Laguna Beach, Bill had obtained a supply of privately compounded capsules which, he proclaimed to all and sundry, including me, were the finest preventive remedy for seasickness extant. Confessing to no love for the sea, Bill took two or three of the doses and urged everyone to do likewise which was easier said than done considering the tall and lofty tumbling act our stomachs were staging, but finally we managed to gulp 'em down, and finally they managed to stay put. In time the green coloring on our faces faded out, and we all managed to stagger back on deck. Fortunately the director and the stars were much better sailors than the rest of us. Three scenes were shot and okayed before noon. How it was done I can't say, being too weak to do much observing.

Now you may be thinking I'm laying it on rather thick, even for a drug store sailor, but let me tell you something. That old *Falcon,* poorly named because it certainly wasn't a bird, certainly received an old-fashioned drubbing by the heavy gales it encountered. By six o'clock her starboard anchor winch was rendered *hors de combat* by the strain. They finally lifted the 1,300-pound anchor with the aid of a standby tug, and the sailing vessel was headed back to port. The damage was repaired at the Craig Shipbuilding yards in Long Beach, and on Sunday she was ready for another bout with stormy weather off the San Miguel Islands. Oh, yes, I went along, being dumb enough to think maybe it wouldn't look good to sort of renege on the job. Besides I felt that if I dosed myself with those seasick capsules of Bill Tummel's I might manage to get by.

Well, everything went along fine and I was beginning to feel that I owned a pair of sea legs that would keep me stiff enough to stay on deck—and then it happened!

George Bancroft, as an 1830 sailing captain, was on the quarter deck ready to rehearse a scene with Douglas Fairbanks. At the same time, Havens was bringing the packet around to take advantage of better light. "Steady, now!" George boomed and the helmsman, to whom movie business was all new, took him at his word, swung the wheel sharply and four sailors, clinging to the rigging, lost their grips and nose-dived into the sea! Your humble (and very sore) scrivener, was nonchalantly surveying the goings-on from the head of the companionway. So he lost his balance, six square inches of skin from a place he doesn't care to mention, and his temper all within the space of ten seconds. When I finally managed to crawl back up I felt like I'd been fighting Joe Louis. I felt like quitting when Director Lloyd gave me a dirty look and said: "Hey, sailor, if you want to go below for a nap, you'd better wait until I'm through shooting. Or else." "Or else what?" I said. Then he got a look at my torn pants, and the place where the skin was scuffed up, and he put me on board a tug along with the four sailors who had plunged overboard. He barked a few words into the short wave radio transmitter that was set up on board the *Falcon,* and when we arrived at location headquarters on Catalina you'd think we were a bunch of conquering heroes, the reception we got was THAT good!

■ We had quite a long chat with Will Fyffe, the noted Scotch character actor, when he came ashore that night to rest up from the beating he had taken during the day's shooting.

Commenting on the ducking the four sailors had received he revealed a promise he had made to the director: "No matter how many times ye dunk me in the sea water, I'll nae be taking a single drap o' grog for the chills!"

Behind this promise, Fyffe explained, was the sad story of what had happened, the last time he played a Scottish engineer.

"That was in *Rolling Home,*" he said. "A British-made film with the late Ralph Ince. There was one scene, not much to my liking, where I was supposed to play the hero. When Ralph fell overboard I had to dive in and save him. Well, take after take was bad. And each time we plunged into the water, which was icy cold, we came back aboard with chills. So, each time we came back aboard, we had a nip o' grog for the chills. This went on, as I remember it, through thirteen takes. Thirteen takes, thirteen chills. thirteen restorative nips. A bit too many of all of them ye'll admit. Finally, we lined up for the fourteenth try. And



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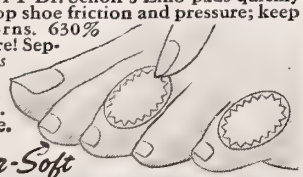
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d'ye know? We both were so mellow, by then, we just clutched each other affectionately around the necks, smiled feebly —and fell overboard. But I gi' my promise to Frank that it won't happen this time."

■ Two days spent in getting doctored up and then, a fool for punishment, back on the bounding waves again, but not quite so bounding this time, thanks to Papa Neptune's disposition which had considerably improved.

Yep, this gabby gob put out to sea again, but not on the skittish *Falcon*. This time I hopped aboard the *Dog Star*, a replica of the *Sirius*, the famous vessel that revolutionized trans-oceanic navigation almost 101 years ago by being the first ship to cross the Atlantic propelled solely by steam power.

This historic ship departed from London Docks on March 28, 1838, put in at Cork, Ireland to take on cargo and passengers and then, at 10 o'clock in the morning on April 4, steamed down the river Lee and out into the open sea on its history-making voyage.

Eighteen days later, on the eve of St. George's Day, April 22, 1838, the *Sirius* berthed at the Battery in New York, having survived mutiny, gales, high seas and head winds during most of the passage. A converted sailing ship, with a 40-foot smokestack amidship between her masts, and great paddle wheels at either side, the *Sirius* was never meant for other than coastwise service. A fact which made her trip from Cork to New York the more remarkable. For contrast, Director Lloyd uses a packet of the period, the *Falcon*, the most beautiful sailing ship, so say the shipbuilders, ever seen on the Pacific Coast.

■ Everything on the *Sirius* was serene as we steamed out of the studio-built set representing Greenock Harbor on the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Greenock is renowned as the birthplace of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, and the harbor itself was the home port of the famous vessel. Well, as I say, everything was serene as the side paddles began to dig into the Pacific Ocean, and I was of

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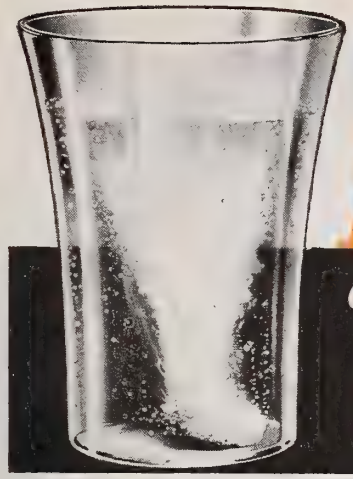
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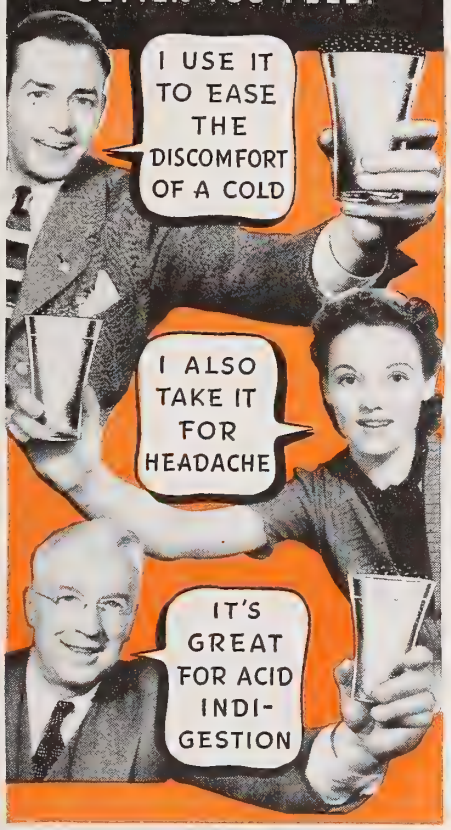
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AT ALL DRUG STORES



the opinion that I was getting by as a fairly good off-shore sailor, even if I didn't know starboard from larboard. I had myself enclosed in a brand-new pair of 1830 sailor pants and was practicing how to walk seadog fashion when I run full-tilt into more catastrophe.

■ Director Lloyd had his shooting machinery all set up just outside the engine room, ready to grab off a couple of scenes showing Fairbanks attempting to repair a broken steam line.

Around Doug was a gang of machinists and oilers. Off three paces to one side was old Nosey Smithson, eager to take a good gander when the director yelled "Roll 'em!"

The only mistake I made was that I had planted myself a trifle short of the margin of safety for onlookers. When the camera went into operation someone "pulled the string" releasing about ten tons of icy cold water that spilled from overhead, soaking Doug and everyone else within a radius of twenty feet. I didn't have enough time to close my mouth even. I had water on the brain, water on the knee and so many chills it took a pint of saltwater snakebite to cure me.

The next two days were spent on the set built on a 600-foot strip of Los Angeles Harbor. And such a set! Wait until you see this masterpiece of the movie builder's art. Set designers spent five months reproducing Greenock Harbor of 101 years ago.

Waldo Twitchell, head of Director Lloyd's research staff spent several months in Scotland collecting the thousand and one "props" to dress the set and believe me, it will take more than a practiced eye to detect a movie "boner" when you see it on the screen.

■ Not only is Greenock Harbor reproduced along the waterfront of Los Angeles Harbor, but there is also a 400 foot set representing the old London Docks. You'll see such signs as "The Mooring Chain Grog House," "Blue Raven Alley," "Wapping Docks Barge Co.," and a score of others tacked onto the long string of buildings erected in the early 19th century style. Carts, hogsheads, crates, barrels, boxes, sacks, wicker baskets of wine, meat, and other produce litter the wharf. Chickens, dogs, and ducks wander about under foot. Pet purveyors walk about trying to sell pigeons. Skiffs and rowboats are scattered off-shore. Director Lloyd, a fanatic on authenticity, even saturated the set with what I'd classify as mighty violent odors. I don't know where his research man got 'em, but they were what you could call ancient. Which revives the gag about the progress of the movies.

First they were silent, then they talked—and now they smell. But you needn't worry about *Rulers of the Sea* on the last score.

While we were working at the harbor filming the Greenock and London Docks sequence, we were held up by bad weather and it was a week before Lloyd could resume shooting so I stuck around home waiting for a call announcing that the weather was clear and the shooting was to be resumed.

Well, the call came, right enough, but at what an ungodly hour!

■ My telephone rang at precisely 4:30 one morning and a sleepy voice from the studio said would I beat it down to the harbor. At 4:30, mind you! At 4:35 the phone rang again and the same voice said: "And I do mean you—you dope!" And hung up quick before I could make a comeback.

At 7:30 more than two hundred extras were on hand, made up, and ready—but not rarin' to go. Cameras were already set up, Director Lloyd and the entire cast of principals were there—yawning in the early mawnin'—and one of the really big scenes was in the bag not later than 9:15.

"They'll just be getting down to their offices at the studio," I heard Director Lloyd say to his assistant Tummel. "Phone in and tell 'em we've done a day's work already. Give the boys and girls some coffee. Then we'll really settle down and make movies!"

It constituted a sort of shooting record for me, because when the 4:30-in-the-morning voice tried to rout me out of my downy bed, the next time, I just said "Nertz to you, Duke," turned over and pounded my shell-like ear until four in the afternoon!

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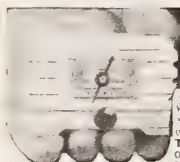
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Carrillo in the Kitchen

A red-hot dish on a cold day is a good winter habit, and Carrillo tells you how to make it

By BETTY CROCKER



■ "Viva Mehico! Viva Carrillo!" That's what you'd shout if you had some of Leo Carrillo's *chili con carne* these cold nights! It's positively guaranteed to warm you from top to toe. But come down to this Santa Monica rancho, and savor this delicious Spanish food with Leo. He lives in a rambling hacienda overlooking a wooded canyon, and you go right back to early Spanish days when you enter his colorful home.

Leo is a great-hearted host, famed everywhere for his hospitality. If you want to know his favorite dishes, he will hear of nothing but a summons to the cook for whatever you hunger for. And as for *chili con carne*, Leo himself must supervise.

First of all, Leo started the kitchen into swift activity as he ordered ingredients by their Spanish names. The enthusiasm was infectious; I scrambled for paper to make notes and keep up with them. Here's what you need for:

CHILI CON CARNE

½ cup olive oil
1 medium-sized onion, chopped
2 pods garlic
4 tsp. salt
⅔ lb. ground steak
⅓ lb. lean ground pork
*1 ½ lb. Mexican beans
3 cups boiling water
1 can tomato sauce
*2 1 tbsp. chili powder
*3 1 tbsp. Kumis seed
*4 1 tbsp. Oregano

"Now, we put the chopped onions into hot olive oil," directed Senor Don Leo Carrillo. "Let it simmer ten minutes, so, while we stir in ground round steak and pork. A good Mexican always has some bits of meat he can lay hands on," grinned Leo. "Just put in whatever meat you have. Now, while that simmers for twenty minutes, we'll get some more stuff ready.

"We want tomato sauce, some chili powder, and some garlic. Oh, yes, have some boiling water coming along on the stove, too. Dump in the can of tomato sauce, chili powder, and the grated garlic. Put in boiling water, not too much if



Leo Carrillo, famous actor and equally famous cook, in his kitchen hard at work on one of his Spanish dinners



Joan Blondell is treated to a surprise party on the set of Columbia's *The Incredible Mr. Williams.* Director Alexander Hall and Lucille Ball help celebrate

you do not like it soupy. Salt it to taste.

"Now you put some pulverized Oregano and Kumis seeds into a cheesecloth bag—about 1 tbsp. of each—and leave it in just to give flavor. You take out the bag when it is all finished.

"You've got to have Mexican beans, too, remember. We have some that soaked overnight and are all cooked, tender and nice. We'll add them when we are about ready to serve.

"Meanwhile, we must have some biscuits. I'm not so good a cook for biscuits, so I use a ready-mixed biscuit flour. You got to have biscuits to mop up the good gravy, sabe? Well, let's see how our chili is coming along. It should cook slowly for maybe an hour and a half or two hours. But you got to taste it as it cooks. If not enough meat flavor, add some beef extract. If you want it very hot, put in some chili capenos while cooking. Or, you can add capenos to your plate if you want your own dish hot. When the sauce is about ready, you mix in your beans and let them get good and hot.

"Then you are ready. You have a big pot of *chili con carne,* enough for everybody. You have hot biscuits and maybe some honey. You eat, and ah, it is good to be alive!"

Delightful Leo Carrillo, how right you are! It's good to be alive when there is such delicious food as your chili con carne. We are happy to add his special recipe to the hundreds that have been given us by Hollywood's stars.

Remember the Hollywood Kitchen has a huge library of "Kitchen-tested" recipes. If I can help you with some particular meal-planning or baking problem—or some fine points in entertaining—just drop me a note in care of the HOLLYWOOD Magazine and send three cents in postage for my reply.

*1. Soak the beans in 1 qt. of water overnight. In the morning cook them in this water (with 2 tsp. salt added) for 1 hour. Cook slowly so that the beans do not break up.

*2. Leo Carrillo's recipe calls for 5 tbsp. chili powder, but for the average American taste this is much too much. So, unless you can enjoy *very* "hot" foods, we advise using the 1 tbsp. chili powder indicated above.

*3 and *4. Pulverized Oregano and Kumis seed may be purchased in stores making a specialty of Mexican, Spanish or Italian foods.

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Around the Gable Ranch

Between pictures, the Clark Gables spend their time on their new 20 acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. Farmer Gable is working as hard at harrowing his fields as he did in *Gone With the Wind.* Carole Lombard is resting vigorously after completing *Vigil in the Night.* The horse in the picture in the lower corner is "Sonny," who follows at Gable's heels wherever he goes on the ranch



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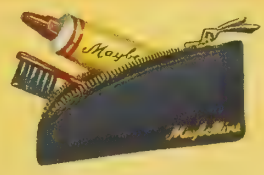
Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive — your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades — Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



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